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FOREST AND STREAM.

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A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL,

PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,

FISHCULTURE, PROTECTION OF GAME,

-AND THE-

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST

-IN-

OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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## THE KENNEL.

## RIFLE AND TRAP SHOOTING.



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# FOREST AND STREAM.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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Such a law as that proposed would be pernicious in the extreme. We cannot believe that it will be enacted by the Legislature. It would be a step backward, a sacrifice of the public good to the grasping greed of a few selfish men.

The proposition of these Maine petitioners is a very fair illustration of the unscrupulous, every-man-for-himself spirit that to a lamentable degree inspires the game legislation of this country. There is hardly a game law on the statute books to-day that has not been put there after a desperate conflict with such selfish and improvident clamors for present gain; or else contains on its face some special clause or exception in favor of this class, and in total disregard of the rights and interests of the community at large.

This condition of affairs will continue just so long as the sportsmen of a State are content to leave game legislation in the hands of any and every man who cares to tinker at it for his own private ends. There ought to be in every State in this Union a live society of sportsmen, representing the whole State, and working together to secure a law framed for the common good.

## ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

IN his very entertaining paper to-day Lieut. Schwatka illustrates the point, made by a correspondent of this journal last June, that the Arctic exploration of the future must be conducted on different principles from that which has proved so disastrous in the past. The successful Arctic explorer must be, first, a successful sportsman, able to avail himself of the game resources of the country. Lieut. Schwatka's experience demonstrated very clearly and conclusively the practicability of living on the country. He and the members of his party used their rifles, and with them secured a constant supply of food. They have established a precedent, some modification of which must be adopted by future Arctic explorers, if they are to do any more than add new names to the long and melancholy list of those who have perished in the futile Arctic search.

The situation of a trained hunter in such a country, adapting himself to the habits of life of the native dwellers there, self-reliant and capable of winning a subsistence by his skill with the rifle, is in decided contrast to that of the shipwrecked seaman wholly ignorant of the ways of game and inexperienced and incapable in its capture. We commend the account of Lieut. Schwatka's hunting in the North to the consideration of future Arctic explorers.

## THE TARIFF ON FIRE-ARMS.

THE present import duty on shotguns is thirty-five per cent. ad valorem. The Tariff Commission recommended an ad valorem duty of twenty-five per cent., and the Senate last Monday agreed to retain the present rate of thirty-five per cent. ad valorem, with ten per cent. on barrels in the rough. But the Tariff Bill now before the House of Representatives provides that the tax on fire-arms shall be as follows: "All sporting breech-loading shotguns, with plain or twist barrels, of iron or steel, five dollars each; with laminated iron and steel or stub twist barrels, fifteen dollars each; with Damascus or other fancy barrels, twenty-five dollars each; all other shotguns, and all other fire-arms not provided for in this act, thirty-five per centum ad valorem."

The increase of duty here called for on the cheapest grade of imported guns would be 900 per cent. With this we have no fault to find; if Congress could put an absolutely prohibitory tax on such guns it would admirably serve the interests of society. It is also patent that were the tariff amended according to the provisions of this bill, the price of expensive guns would be lessened just in proportion as the uniform duty of twenty-five dollars is less than the thirty-five per cent. on their cost in the foreign market. It is with neither of these extremes, however, that we are especially concerned, but rather with the arms of moderate price, the guns most in demand by the class of men who constitute the majority of sportsmen.

The proposed duty would materially increase the cost of such guns, and the burden of the tax would fall upon those who are least fitted to bear it. In fact, if this bill is put through, so great will be the discrimination against this grade of arms, that the imported goods specified will be driven out of the market, and the manufacture will be virtually in control of American makers. No such protection as that contemplated by this bill is necessary. There is ample profit in the manufacture of shotguns in this country with the foreign competition as it is at present. We can conceive of no good to result from the cutting off of that healthful competition.

RELIEF FOR THE FOWL.—The seizure and destruction of two of the big swivel guns, which have long been known to be in use at Spesutia Island, will be a severe blow to the poachers. The capture and fine of two of the ringleaders of the gang will not be without effect in intimidating the outlaws, but that is a small matter compared with the taking of the guns. These murderous weapons are not easily obtained, and it will require time and money to replace them. Unfortunately, only a portion of the armament appears to have been secured, but so far as it went, the raid on the outlaws is a most encouraging sign of the interest taken in their rights by the owners of ducking shores in Maryland. A constant system of espionage and harassing of these and other lawless individuals in the winter feeding grounds of our fowl could not fail to work great good to the shooting all along the coast. Nothing is more destructive of fowl shooting than the use of lights and these big guns, and we hope that the day is not far distant when an advanced public sentiment will prevent the use of such engines in any waters in the land. The authorities, or, better still, the sportsmen of some of the Southern States, should look also after the duck traps which are being used in some Southern waters. These traps should be destroyed, and the owners, whether white or black, should be promptly called in jail.

BIG GAME.—The average American understands the value of advertising; he scruples at nothing that will bring his scheme and his goods before the public. In a recent police parade in this city the ranks of blue-coated officers marched bravely through the streets to the music of the band, and close upon the rear of the last column followed a wagon setting forth the charms of a cat show in a dime museum. This shrewd genius successfully used the police force of a great city to advertise his cats. When Dr. Carver went abroad, his manager's first step was to have the marksman exhibit his skill in the presence of the Prince of Wales, that dignitary in exactly the same manner that the cat showman used the police. And now the Associated Press dispatches from abroad state: "The London *Army and Navy Gazette* says: 'We understand that the Prince of Wales, at the urgent request of the Princess of Wales, is bestirring himself to put down the cruel sport of pigeon shooting. The ladies have formed a ring, and intend boycotting Hurlingham until the Gun Club discards the pretty dove and adopts the terra-cotta pigeon, a new invention which is being brought out under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, and can be seen at work at the Ranelagh Club grounds.' There is no cat in that meal-bag, only a clay pigeon."

ON TUESDAY LAST a hearing was given by the Committee on Agriculture of the Massachusetts State Legislature to those who advocate the offering of a bounty for the destruction of English sparrows. No friends of the sparrow appeared, to raise a voice in its defense, while, on the other hand, a considerable mass of testimony was given against the bird. It was stated that the species is causing great and increasing damage to the crops, and that it is particularly destructive to apples, nearly one-half of last year's promised yield having been destroyed by it. It does not destroy insects injurious to vegetation, while it drives away our native insectivorous birds, which would, if left to themselves, do good service in this way. If the bird should ever become numerous in the West, it would do a vast amount of damage to the crops of grain. From all points of view, therefore, it is to be condemned. These arguments, with all of which the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are familiar, are advanced to induce the Legislature to take steps to abate what has become both in our large cities and our lesser towns a real nuisance.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.—We print in another column a very few of the numerous remarks, editorial and personal, which have been called out by the recent fight on the Yellowstone Park grab. The only hope of the engineers of this project was to have railroaded it through with such silence and celerity that the grant would have been confirmed to them before the matter could have been subjected to any scrutiny by the people or their representatives, and this they did not quite succeed in doing. As soon as the true import of the job was understood by the people, there was but one sentiment expressed in regard to the matter, and the general condemnation which it received quite frightened the projectors of the scheme from their original position. The whole matter may safely be left in such good hands as those of Senator Vest and Secretary Teller.

PROPOSED MAINE SUMMER SHOOTING.  
THE present open season for deer, caribou and moose in the State of Maine is from October first to January first. There has been presented to the Maine Legislature a petition to so amend the law as to make the open season for killing this game begin July first, thus extending the time by the addition of three months.

It is needless to say that this change is not wanted by the sportsmen of the State, but by the hotel and steamboat men and the guides. It is alleged in the petition that the time is now so short as to seriously "discourage" and "inconvenience" visiting sportsmen, who, provided the discouragements and inconveniences are not removed, will be obliged to seek other fields of slaughter and renown. It is further alleged that with this change no special harm can come to the deer. This is beautiful logic; a summer shooting season is wanted so that visiting sportsmen may shoot more deer, and yet the deer are not to suffer therefrom. It is the reasoning of greedy men, who have regard for nothing save stuffing their own pockets with the proceeds of untimely game slaughter. They know very well—no one else better—that deer shooting in June and July means death to the mother doe and death by lingering starvation for the fawns. This is not the kind of shooting that respectable sportsmen ask for; it is not the kind they would tolerate; it is sought and defended only by the class of greenhorns and butchers who like to fire into a deer in the water while their "guide" holds the victim for them—and by these same guides, who have an eye for the almighty dollar and nothing else.

Maine has a rich store of wealth in her native game supply. Her recent wise and provident action in securing better care of this resource by the appointment of game wardens, and the way in which these officers have set an example for their task, have been among the encouraging signs of the times. The State has made a good beginning. It only remains for her to pursue the same course, without regard to the selfish and improvident demands of summer shooting petitioners.

## HUNTING WITHOUT A GUN—II.

LET your gun hang on its own hooks; and go you to the wooded hill, from behind which you first saw the sun rise, over whose length and breadth you have hunted every fall and winter since you began to carry a gun. You know every ridge and hollow so well that if you were led to any part of it blindfolded you could tell where you were after you had looked about a minute. Let yourself drift about in these familiar woods some autumn day in search of nothing, and the chances are that you will find many things you never saw before.

You are not hurried. There is time for your nostrils to drink all the subtle odors of the woods, the mingled perfumes of flowers, fruitage and decay. You hear the voices in voices, the sounds beyond the environment of silence, outside sounds of civilization and husbandry piercing but not breaking the stillness of the woods. From the moss and mold at your feet to the frayed horizon that closely encompasses you, there is enough to keep your eyes busy for a day and then leave a world unexplored.

I have known fox-hunters, who year after year have ranged all the woods for ten miles about them, and who never yet saw the biggest woodpecker that lives in them, the pileated. They have heard him calling them more than once to come and see what a brave woodchopper he is, how he can make the chips fly and the woods echo to his strokes. But they had come hunting foxes, not woodpeckers, and had no time to turn out of their way to visit him, and he was too great a personage in woodpecker circles to come to them. If they desire his acquaintance, they must come to where he is doing business. Then he will show them his work. What a barkpecker he is. Wilson says that he has "seen him separate the greatest part of the bark from a large dead pine for twenty or thirty feet, in less than a quarter of an hour." With hammer and chisel in one, he can cover the roots of a tree with its iron slivers and cut a doorway to his home almost large enough for a coon's passage. He will show them his aerial paces as he hops from tree to tree, exhibiting then the white feathers of his wings, and his crest has not faded a whit since Hiawatha first dyed it. Though seldom seen he does not desert us, with the golden-winged and red-headed, but stays all the year round, and by the few country folks who see him is called woodcock, a name which fits him better than it does the horer of bogs, who by ancient usage bears it.

I wonder how many times in my hunting with a gun I had crushed the walking fern with my knees, and torn it up with my nails, as I sealed the ledge before I ever saw it. There are not a score of people of my acquaintance—hunters and woods-hunters of all sorts—who know that it grows here at all, far less that it is almost common. Having got the secret of its hiding, one finds it on almost every northward and westward-facing ledge from the rocky shores of Champlain to the backbone of Vermont, not everywhere, but here and there a patch of it, looping its small fronds along a shelf of the ancient mossy walls.

I am ashamed when I remember that I waited till I was a big boy for a lady to come all the way from Pennsylvania to show me the arbutus, growing almost as common as wintergreen and prince's pine on our rocky hills. How dull my senses were never to have caught the fragrant trail of its blossoms in the May woods, and to have followed it up till I found them blushing among their own rusty leaves and the last year's dead ones of their tall neighbors. Every one who cares for it knows where it grows now, and people come in troops to rob the woods of it for the decoration of churches at Easter. They might better leave it in these first temples. In the chippings, where the thin soil is heretofore of the shade of the trees, I find its leaves withering as if scorched by fire, but like a girdled apple tree, every spring is full of blossom, it dies with its crown on.

Till the coming of the fair Pennsylvanian, it had blossomed for me only in books, and grew as far off as the *Victoria regia*. As for finding it here, I should sooner have thought of hunting for seals in the lake, for there had been two or three of them killed in its waters or on its ice.

Though I hardly expect to find a seal or a *Victoria regia* within the limits of our State, there is no telling what fortune there is in store for me. If one stays beneath the star he was born under, watching and waiting, it may, at last, prove a lucky one.

R. E. R.

GENERAL GRANT DECLINES.—There has been a strong feeling among certain of the directors of the National Rifle Association that some strength would be gained for the organization by the use of Gen. Grant's name as president. The proffer of the position was made him but promptly declined. The nominating committee are now casting about for another available candidate.

SWIVEL GUNS.—A correspondent tells us that one member of the Committee on Game Laws, at Albany, is a professed advocate of the use of the swivel gun for duck shooting on the Hudson River. This is one very good reason why the Albany game law bills should be closely watched.

SPRING SHOOTING.—The advocates of the abolition of spring shooting are increasing in number and influence. The matter is one well worthy of agitation. We should like to hear from those who can add anything to the discussion of the subject.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

## NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY MR. T. FRED SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

## III.—The Rifle and the Reindeer—Part One.

OF all the animals with which my party came in contact on my Arctic expedition, there are none with which I can claim such a close personal acquaintance as the Arctic deer. Before we started on our sledge journey in the spring of 1879—that is from the time we had landed among the Esquimaux, my own party and hired hunters had killed between three and four hundred. On the sledge trip we secured five hundred and twenty-five, and after our return to Hudson's Bay, many animals were added to this already enormous score. On the sledge trip, probably three-fourths of our subsistence (including the month's supply of civilized food taken along) was derived from the reindeer, whose habits were taken advantage of as much as possible by following them to the north in the spring, and keeping them with us on their southward migration as we returned on the same course during the autumn months and winter.

Shortly after arrival in North Hudson's Bay, in the early part of August, 1878, Colonel Gilder became our pioneer in inland hunting and camping. The loneliness of the place after the Esquimaux had left the vicinity of our camp upon their annual autumn reindeer hunts, and a desire to kill some of the many reindeer reported so thick north of our habitation, induced him to turn in that direction with two young Inuit boys, hoping to find a large herd of reindeer meat to sell, or rather trade, for powder, caps and balls. The little party started about noon on the 25th of August, and Colonel Gilder returned home late at night on Sept. 1, during a heavy storm of snow, very hungry and very tired. He had been living for the last three or four days on native diet—raw reindeer meat and wild berries—having injudiciously shared his civilized provisions too generously with his native companions, and had brought us the first sight of a Nimrod, would give him an early opportunity to kill his coveted reindeer, when he could return in triumph to Arctic Rome. But, alas for hopes based on Esquimaux generosity. A few scattered reindeer were seen, but it was a wild foot race, with every man for himself, in which the unpracticed Caucasian stood a poor chance in the contest over razor-edged moose-horn harpoon heads, wet, spongy moss, and other equally severe impediments.

The cold snap at the end of October commenced by bringing the scattered native hunters to erect their winter quarters of snow and ice houses, and our little camp so long nearly deserted, began to assume a very lively aspect. A summation of the autumn's hunting showed that between 400 and 500 reindeer had been killed by all the natives that would make their quarters with us that winter, so that we felt relieved of all anxiety in regard to a winter's supply of the very best of all Arctic meat, and a plentiful supply of reindeer skins for winter clothing and bedding. And these latter were of the very best quality, for the reindeer skins secured in the month of October are superior to those taken later in the year, the hair being less liable to come out, and not so heavy as to render the clothing impliable. After January the reindeer skins of this season are worthless, owing to the readiness with which the hair comes out; and are thrown away by the native hunter, they having no use for the skins whatever, except so far as they hold a useful amount of fur on them. During this part of the winter they are fed to the dogs, should the latter be hungry enough to want them, and probably one in five or ten thousand is tanned of its hair and made into their *kas-luk-thas* or drums for singing and religious ceremonies. The skins are worthless, owing to the fact, I think, from the summer coat, as the loss of that of the winter does not commence until spring and lasts nearly through the summer. In short, I think the reindeer sheds twice annually, the lengths of both periods being much longer than in the temperate regions, and almost overlapping each other. About the middle of August, when all the winter hair has shed, the short summer coat is in its prime, and from the back, all the native underclothing, or that which is worn with the hair toward the body. From the middle of September until the first or middle of October, the skins are valuable for outside clothing (worn hair side out) and for bedding, and after this date they steadily deteriorate, but are still used to place beneath the bed until January, when the hair readily pulls out and they are no longer saved. At all times the skins of reindeer are preferred to those of caribou, and the late autumn *kas-luk-thas* are very highly prized, as they make an exceedingly fine, soft suit of underclothing, especially for their children, to whom this people are fondly attached, and who always receive the best at their disposal.

When the white man has come entirely "at home" in this clothing and accustomed to life in the native *igloos*, or snowhouses, the matter of temperature alone, however, is all that he has to contend with, and he is not at all prepared for it, as he has been told of so often by previous Arctic travelers that it would be a superfluous burden on your time to describe it here. The utility of the *igloo* and reindeer clothing can not be exaggerated. Habituated as my party of four white men were, during our two winters in these desolate zones, to a constant life in these simple habitations, and the many comforts securing therefrom, I often marvel at those who could stand the distresses and oftentimes even dangers of a spring tent life on the many expeditions wherein tents were used. I have read so often of their sufferings while living in this manner and dressed in clothing made from the furs of the temperate zone, under circumstances that to my party would have been absolutely beyond pleasure and of discomfort when even housed in ships, and the perils they risked in short daily journeys from these abodes during such intense low temperatures—30°—40°—60°—and even 70° Fahrenheit, when, under the same circumstances, my party was prosecuting a sledge journey, with no discomfort, 400 to 500 miles from its depot, with no provisions except such game as was killed from day to day, the conviction becomes two-edged that the accessories of *igloos* and reindeer clothing are essential to a well-managed Arctic sledge journey. With their help the subject of the intensity of cold, strange as it may seem, becomes of secondary importance, and if it was not for the long dark night which accompanies the season of these depressions of temperature, a winter sledge journey could be carried forward in any part of the Arctic appropriate for it with no small chance of success.

And now a word in regard to this Esquimaux reindeer clothing. The native has two suits of it, an outer one with

the hair turned outward, and an inner one with the hair turned toward the body. This is true of the coat, pants and stockings. With the exception that the inner suit is generally finer and softer fur, being made from fawn skins or doe skins, secured earlier in the season, there is no essential difference in the two suits; in fact, by reversing either, it may be used as a substitute for the other.

In the latter part of December, I made a short sledge journey due north about thirty miles, to see if I could get through the high hills known to exist between Hudson's Bay and Wager River. I took only Too-looah's family and a Netschilluk young man, Mitkoilluk, and expected to be gone a couple of weeks, leaving December 22 in a severe snowstorm, which lasted four days. We pushed on, however, on our sledge journey, January 1 being the first fine day we had, and the rare New Year's treat was, after so much dreary dismal weather. Hoping that the day was prophetic of the coming year, I pushed on with light heart, but after all only succeeded in making some ten miles, owing to our having seen reindeer, which it is impossible to prevent an Esquimaux from attempting to kill after they have once laid eyes upon them. Thus an hour or two were lost, and when the day is but a couple of hours in length this becomes of impossible importance. Too-looah and his family, at night at one of his former *igloos*, built while reindeer hunting, and where he had cached some four or five carcasses of reindeer. The Esquimaux *cache*, or meat cache, is built of loose, heavy stones, before the snow becomes deep or solid by freezing, and of that material afterward, with the addition of plenty of water to form a protecting cover of ice to prevent the depredations of wolves and wolverines, preventing their scratching through, and also killing the scent which allures them to the place.

On the 8th of January, having satisfied myself that I could find a practicable route by this way to the Wager River, I started homeward, but feeling somewhat disappointed that I had seen no recent sign of musk-oxen, reported by the natives to be abundant in this locality. Their huge carcasses, compared with that of the reindeer, makes them a more reliable source of food, and a larger supply of meat. I saw the reindeer, and this was a very important item in my forthcoming sledge expedition.

I reached home on the 13th, the coldest weather I experienced on the trip being on the 13th, when about two hours before sunrise, the thermometer indicated—53° F. That day I made a journey of twenty-five miles, riding most of the way on the sledge, and at no time during that day did I feel uncomfortable in the coldest weather which I felt from—30° F.; and I might here say that I really enjoyed the whole trip. I attribute this almost wholly to the Esquimaux reindeer clothing and constant living in a snow *igloo* like the natives, where the temperature is never above freezing and generally ten to fifteen degrees below that point. I do not believe—and my belief is confirmed by the written accounts of others—that any Arctic voyagers, housed in warm ships as our last was, could stand the usual Arctic winter so comfortably as I could stand such a journey without more or less material discomfort.

Once only did I learn the lesson of caution. I took off my right mitten in attempting to get a shot at a passing reindeer, the wind blowing stiffly in my face, and the thermometer—37° F. when the persistent refusal of the frozen gunlock to work, and the fact that although I felt from the cold, I had intended. When I attempted to use it again, it seemed paralyzed, and looking at it, I noticed that the skin was as white as marble. Too-looah, who was beside me, noticed it at the same time, and with an Inuit exclamation of surprise, hastily doling both his mittens, grasped it between his warm hands, and then held it against his warmer body under his *coo-ke-tah*, or Esquimaux coat. It soon resumed its life, and I thought, when I felt from the cold, I was holding on to a hornet's nest. I experienced no more serious results than a couple of ugly looking blisters where the iron of the gun had come in contact with the bare hand. The reindeer escaped.

As the reindeer clothing is the warmest in the Arctic, so it makes the warmest bedding, two large skins made into a long coffin-like bag or sack, the hair side in, being a sufficient protection in the coldest weather which I felt from, when I was in the *igloo*. When the first severe cold came in North Hudson's Bay, I was sleeping under a blanket and two fine buffalo robes, which I found as the thermometer sank below—30° to—40° F. to be inadequate to secure comfort, until I procured a reindeer sleeping bag, weighing not half as much, after which cold nights were no longer dreaded. The robe of the American bison seems under the least provocation to become damp, and the dampness is apt to catch a piece of skin, and so spoiled in this manner, it is difficult to dry it and restore it to its former pliability in the low temperature of an *igloo*. The furs of the beaver and muskrat I found to be equally unsuitable in our mode of life, and I believe that all the other furs of the temperate zone would have shared the same opinion if tested in the same practical way.

I have said in my former articles that we started on our main sledge journey of the expedition with a piece of seal skin, in the shape of the 4th we had the cheering sight of a small herd of reindeer, although none were secured, owing to the barking of the dogs, but next day we were more fortunate, Too-looah killing two and Joe Eberling one out of a small band. All through the month of April our larder was constantly replenished by a fair supply of reindeer, which allowed us to save our civilized provisions and giving them a chance to disappear before they had time to grow stale. One spoiled in this manner, so that the latter would not be forced upon us as a repulsive novelty. Our breakfasts consisted mainly of boiled reindeer meat, some three or four pounds to each adult, followed by the heavy soup that was thus derived, thickened by a few crumbs of hard bread. Our suppers were the same, prefaced, however, by a good, generous supply of frozen reindeer meat, which we ate while we were washing our faces and hands in a piece of seal skin which was cut off with a hatchet into chunks about the size of the three fingers and then generally mashed by the back of the hatchet to convert it into brashy shreds before being chewed. The first effect upon taking this into the mouth is to chill one through, often making the teeth chatter, but the reaction is rapid, and followed by a genial warmth all over the body, especially if a generous supply of the frozen reindeer meat is taken, and then a piece of seal skin which is always the case if we have it. Freezing may be said to be one method of cooking, and reindeer meat thus eaten tastes not unlike compressed corned beef without the saltish taste of that article. No attempt was ever made by us to salt it, although we had that necessary condiment along with us. One can soon accustom themselves to it without this when eating frozen meat, reserving it for this cooked in the pot. Seal and walrus meat tastes much saltier

than the reindeer, besides the natives often cook the former in the salt sea water in whole or in part, and in this manner derive all that is necessary to supply them, a quantity which is much less than that used by the cooks of civilization.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## LONG LAKE LOITERINGS.

HEARTILY concur with all Mr. Mather has said in regard to the shooting of deer in the Adirondacks before September 1. I can conceive of no more heartless action than the killing of a doe during the months when her young depend on her for life.

I have listened to the feeble bleat of a young and motherless fawn at midnight, in the still North Woods, my heart full of sympathy for the helpless little creature I could not aid. I have inwardly cursed the mighty "sport" who could do such an inglorious deed as to murder—for murder it is—the mother of the little innocent, and years ago resolved that no act of mine should be the cause of such pitiful misery.

It has been said that one's features are to a certain extent evolved from interior processes. A man who thinks vilely will look vile. A photograph of the man who shoots the mothers of young fawns would betray the face of a snake.

Whoever shoots deer in the months of June, July or August, knows that he is liable to do the wicked things referred to; and the only way to keep clear of it is not to shoot deer at all during those months. A hunter has no business to be in the woods during June and July certainly; if he goes to fish, let that satisfy him. Even by September 1 venison is none too good. What must it be during the months named?

Some of the guides will not allow their patrons to kill deer out of season, but the majority of them give the matter no concern as long as they please those whose money they get. While at Long Lake last season, I had the pleasure of hearing a jury announce a verdict against a fellow who had been shooting deer out of season. It was a flagrant violation of the law, and as there were several unimpeachable witnesses—two ladies among them—it was a clear case. A purse was made up on the spot that more than half paid his fine, and why? Because there were many in that crowd who felt guilty, knowing that they had either killed deer themselves out of season, or knew of those who had, and so, to ease their conscience, chipped in and helped to make the shooting deer out of season as venison. I will not say that all who contributed were guilty, but some were, and it was no secret in the place.

That transaction revealed too much altogether; it revealed a brotherhood of law-breakers. There was one man—a guide—there, however, who showed his spirit as well as principles, and savagely denounced the hypocritical sympathy manifested for the accused. He gave the true state of the case when he asserted, "that those guides who were guilty of similar acts, or who knew of those who were, and did not complain of them, were the worst enemies of the profession, and deserved the ultimate consequences—no employment on account of the extermination of the game." There are men at Long Lake, however—some of them in a judicial capacity—who are clear-headed on this subject, and if they have proper encouragement, will do much to execute the law.

Since I have referred to Long Lake, I will speak of other matters there. Most of the old readers of FOREST AND STREAM have some idea of the place doubtless, while hundreds of others have called there at least. The village is about four miles from the head of the lake, and has two or three hotels and a little church. Yes, and Lysander Hall—the man who stocked, or helped stock that lake with pickerel. Now I am aware that Hall has had much more than his share of cursing. He says he placed the fish there, or, at least, helped do it, and the result has been, that they have afforded hundreds of visitors capital sport for years. The fish well cooked, fresh from the clear waters of the lake, are capital eating. Never have I tasted a more delicious fish than one that Mrs. Sabattis stuffed and baked one day two years ago, when an attack of the sick-headache rendered me altogether unable. The dinner made of that five-pounder (taken by my better-half), made me feel so happy, that my disposition was improved for time and I, hope, for eternity, and I have loved Lysander Hall ever since, and hereby extend my hand in recognition of his valuable services to fish-loving humanity. I have fairly enjoyed hearing him swear, when he put on the gloves and went for his defamers, Mr. Dawson among the number. This was in the early days, and the time when he was as good as an enthusiast, but at the time Hall put the pickerel in that lake, the speckled trout had almost disappeared. So, gentlemen, "let up on" Hall—all your choicest adjectives were exhausted long since—and go for Seth Green, who has introduced fish into some of the waters of the Adirondacks that will rout out the trout faster than Hall's pickerel ever did. Trout may still be had near Long Lake in fair quantities, but as "trout hogs" are all dead, we may expect to see them exterminated ere long. Last season one of these pests took from Fishing Brook, five miles out toward Newcomb, about three hundred in a day, and said that the "sport" of catching those fingerlings amply paid him for his trip from New York. For a consideration invalids who cannot tramp far may obtain permission (this is a supposition only), of lawyer, farmer, blacksmith, merchant, parson and gentleman, Robert Shaw, to fish in his private pond near.

I said before commencing this digression, that Long Lake had three hotels, Mr. Helms keeps a neat and comfortable house, the Kellogg place a short distance from the lake.

Mrs. Kellogg has a new house at the landing, which will accommodate fifty persons, and the post-office is here. The charges are moderate, and the place is very pleasant.

Last year Mr. Srs. Dornburg & Butts erected a spacious lot on one of the most prominent points on the lake, near the village, which will accommodate two hundred guests. The house is built in modern style, four stories high, with French roof, and the rooms are large and pleasant. One of the grandest views in the entire wilderness is had from this house. Looking down the lake, that beautiful sheet of water extends for a dozen miles, while grand old Seward, and other lofty peaks, form an imposing background. One may watch with never-ceasing interest the cloud shadows chase one another along the immense slopes of those ranges, forgetting meanwhile the petty cares that crowd our poor lives in slavish routine down the course of time.

The magnificent outlook from almost every part of this house must of itself attract many visitors. Its interior is first-class, with spacious dining room, large parlors, ample office, and all the adjuncts that make up an attractive and

comfortable house. I am no prophet if the tide of travel does not set thitherward, as it is one of the easiest places to reach in the wilderness. From North Creek—the end of the Adirondack Railroad—the distance is a few miles further than to Blue Mountain Lake; but the road being less hilly, and as good as the other, the journey of forty miles is easily made. If there was a good road between Long and Blue Mountain Lakes, the tide of travel between the two points would be very great—the distance being but nine or ten miles. An extension of the telegraph line from the latter point would largely contribute to such a result. The long journey via the Raquette, through lakes and carries, would then be avoided, to the relief of invalid tourists.

Game may be found in as great a supply in the vicinity of Long Lake as elsewhere, as was amply proved last year. The writer was camped during the month of September, only seven miles out, and had all the venison that any white man ought to kill in that time. Three deer were shot directly in front of the camp, that came in from some quarter not known to us.

While I agree with Mr. Mather, that hounding deer into a lake, and then dispatching them with a bludgeon, or shooting them from a boat, is not the most sportsmanlike method of capturing them, yet at that season it is about the only way they can be had. Later, after the snow has covered the ground, deer may of course be had by stalking; but most camps would see little venison if their capture depended on that manner of hunting. Better jack or night hunting in June and July, and August if you like (although not so many are taken in that way during that month), and allow the use of dogs the rest of the season.

On no account would I favor their slaughter in the way it is commonly done, by killing them while close at hand in the water. Let us shoot at them like men while they are off at fair range, and give them a chance for their lives. The only objection to this would be the inability to main-

tain them, so they would escape and die in the woods. Last year our party killed them at varying distances, from four feet to forty rods, but I never shot at one unless the chances are in his favor at a fair range. I will not, however, agree to do "Nessmuk" says he will—confine himself to a muzzle-loading rifle—and shoot but once, and if not killed, let them go. "Nessmuk" would draw the thing a little finer if he would dispense with a rifle and use a bow and arrow, which would also be lighter for that twelve-pound shell he proposes to use.

Let us shoot the deer in the water. Deer shot in deep water will sink before the fall coat is full grown, and that fact makes it necessary to kill them while close at hand if they are to be killed in the lake. The fairer way is to let them gain the shore, and shoot as they are in the act of springing out of the water. We don't always get them, but who cares, there are more left and we have more fun hunting them. I had a favorite stand on a certain rock last year, and when the poor things came within range, I shot the lake (which was the north Woods). I shot, took careful aim with a twenty-inch Maynard, and let slide. Killed one at that distance and missed two. One bright morning I came a fine buck just opposite, when I threw up the rear sight for forty rods, but for some cause did not fire, but waited until he was reaching the shore not four rods from the spot where we stood. I then blazed away, supposing, of course, that a fresh pair of antlers would make him disappear, but he came back, and he was not there and disappeared from my observation forever. Shot over, of course, with the forty-rod sight up, but felt a little stricken, all the same. Shouldn't have cared so much about it had not "the partner of my toils" saluted me with, "Humph! should think you had shot away lead enough to do better than that. Oh, dear! I could do better myself." I think so might.

Bears abound in the vicinity of Long Lake, and one morning while the guests were breakfasting at Kellogg's, we heard the cry, "A bear! a bear! a real wild bear!" Up we all jumped, and on reaching the door, sure enough there was a shaggy black fellow over on the lake shore sixty rods away. Hearing the commotion, he reared upright, and disappeared in the woods. Dogs were put on trail, while three valiant sportsmen manned a boat and sped down the lake, landed and made for the mountain side where Bruin was expected to be. They were not there. The party retraced their way to the house, happy in the consciousness of having periled their lives for the safety of the people of that sequestered hamlet.

A bear was killed in sight of the hotel thushy: Two men were coming up the lake, and saw the animal swimming; so, having no weapons, they drove him ashore and placed a lot of stones in his boat. Then they pelted him until he again took to the water, when he was not there. The boat and fire were started until he "kerdumaxed."

A guide in search of lost dogs near by encountered a bear and shot him, when another showed himself, which he also killed. A third appeared, which was dispatched, when the man discovered that he had but two cartridges left, and fearing that more might be mousing around there, decamped as fast as his long legs would carry him. Ren Towne, while watching for deer on Slim Pond, killed a bear, or thought he did, until convinced to the contrary. There was some mystery about the affair, as Ren avers that he shot him four times in vital parts, and that the bear lay stone dead on the shore. The writer certainly heard him pumping that Winchester as fast as mortal man could, but never was able to account for the absence of the bear on visiting the spot with his guide.

A fine deer was shot in front of the house as it was going up the lake on the new horse.

From the foregoing it is expected that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will understand that this writer and sojourner in this vale of tears is interested in the prosperity of the before-mentioned place known as Long Lake. I am; for, like many others, I have been elsewhere, and got—no, not fleeced—but got no game, no fish, no deer, no bear, and no panicles. Here we have all these without city prices. I have invested in no building lots, no banks and no insurance companies at that thriving place, and have no axe to grind—only a little hatchet. Here lives Uncle Mitchell Sabattis, known to thousands all over the Union as a good guide, hunter and friend.

"That reminds me." There is a little church here, and Mitchell, as everybody calls him, has always taken a great interest in it. So good friends, when you tarry over Sunday, don't forget that the little society needs the aid of its friends. A dollar bill looks well in the bottom of a felt hat as it goes around the church in the hands of our friend. Besides, you will have the reputation of being rich, and it can't be got cheaper. Rev. John Todd, who used to come here to hunt and fish thirty years ago, gave the society a good boost, made friends of all the guides, and is held in everlasting veneration in that quarter, and has in all proba-

bility been given a good berth over on the side of the na- tory. He did missionary work, and on his fishing and hunting long before people concerned to blab about the locality, consequently he had a good time. The people of Long Lake are in a fair way to become indebted to another habitué of the wilderness—Mrs. E. W. Crosby, of Albany, N. Y.—who has been laboring for two years to raise the necessary funds to establish a free library for the guides.

She has already about half of the amount that will be required to carry out the project, and its early completion is anticipated. There are many intelligent people there who will patronize the enterprise for themselves and families, whose means do not enable them to procure all the books they would like. Any contribution of books or money may be sent to her, and will be promptly acknowledged. The old-school people there do not care for the latest phase of thought, and a clergyman who attempts to give it them will hardly be appreciated. Style and tone, and all the fixings, may be had on the Raquette every summer, but here, religion makes no parade—is dispensed under no particular garb. Last season one of the big guns of Boston conducted the service on a Sunday, and as he was fresh from the woods, and at peace with himself and all the world, was in no mood to give 'em hell, and he didn't. He referred to man's relations to his Maker, and to his spiritual nature, after the method of treatment of such subjects among cultured and well read people, and the sermon was not a success. My guide more than intimated that if that was religion he didn't want it. The scattering of pearls does not always pay, even if they are picked up in the city that has had the benefit of the brains of Phillips, Brooks, Dr. Duryea, Theodore Parker, Emerson, Paige's Hall and Murray. TEXNIS.

RIVINGTON, Conn., Jan. 22, 1888.

## AROUND THE COAST OF FLORIDA.

BY DR. J. A. HENSHALL.

Second Paper.

AILING out of San Sebastian River into Indian River, a break in the coast line opposite can be seen, which is the beginning of an attempt by the settlers in the vicinity to cut an inlet to the sea. Four or five miles below the mouth of San Sebastian we came to Pelican Point, and on our way out of a group some eight miles in extent, forming Indian River Narrows. For two years the pelicans had ceased breeding on this island, owing to their being continually harassed and wantonly and mercilessly shot by Northern tourists. This year they were again nesting and we paid them a quite visit.

On our approach the pelicans hovered uneasily around, while a rookery of egrets, cormorants and man-o-war hawks on a small mangrove island adjacent, saw some of great excitement and commotion. We anchored the schooner several hundred yards away and landed in the small boats. The dead and stunted mangrove trees and the ground of the entire island, of an acre or two, were literally covered by the nests of brown pelicans. Those on the mangroves were rude, flat affairs formed of sticks, those on the ground often consisted of but a handful or two of grass or rushes, while many eggs were lying on the ground. In some nests there would be an egg, a newly-hatched, naked, purplish-red pelican, and on four times the size sparsely covered with a yellowish-white down. This occurred so often as to attract my particular attention. There were usually two or three eggs or young to a nest. The young pelicans kept up a continual screaming and screeching as we approached them, darting out their long bills and opening their mouths, uttering a cry that sounded very like "go-w-a-a-a-a." Some of them, however, were incapable of sound or motion, being literally "too full for utterance." It was very comical to see them sitting solemnly in their nakedness, their bills elevated vertically, with the tail of a fish sticking out and pointing heavenward. Pulling out some of these fish I found them sometimes twice the length of the young bird, bill and all, the lower or head-half of the fish being entirely digested. And thus they sat for hours in a state of perfect helplessness. In some instances, however, the young bird, having, owing to the process of digestion going on, at the lower end, grown smaller by degrees and beautifully less.

I had always been under the impression that the pelican fed its young entirely on digested or macerated fish, but whatever may be the habit of the white pelican in this particular, the brown pelican certainly feeds fresh fish to some of its young which have arrived at the dignity of a downy vestment.

Most of the young had been fed macerated or digested fish, but some of the older ones had fish in their throats no many minutes out of the water, which were usually needle fish (*Henirbanus unipunctatus*) and mullets (*Mytilus*). Some of the old birds, seeing our intentions were honorable and peaceable, remained on their nests within a few yards of us, but most of them took to the water, where they were gracefully swimming by hundreds, near the shore. The pelican, considering its large size and ungainly appearance, is remarkably graceful on the wing or in the water; this is to be accounted for by the fact that the cellular tissue between its skin and body is distended by air, instead of fat as in most other animals, thus giving it great buoyancy. Taking a few fresh eggs from the ground, we relieved the anxiety of the parent birds by taking our departure.

Passing through the Narrows, we stopped awhile to visit old Capt. Estes, a noted hunter, who has lived alone in and about the foot of the Narrows for nearly thirty years. We found him laid up with the rheumatism in his palmist shanty; a fire blazing in a huge iron kettle sunk in the floor lit up the sombre interior, the smoke finding its exit through openings along the ridge-pole. The old man's slumbers had of late been much disturbed by dreams of encounters with bears, printers and Indians, and on some occasions when sorely oppressed, he would utter his rheumatic limbs, dashed head first through the mosquito bar around his bed, which, in consequence, was a mass of patches. In the shanty were many trophies of his prowess. Among others, the skull and skin of a large manatee, also a large rope net used in the capture of these curious animals. Capt. Estes took two live manatees to Philadelphia during the Centennial Exposition, but which, unfortunately, were burned in the fire that occurred opposite the main entrance the night of the first day the fair was open on Exhibition Week. Within a mile of Estes's shanty is United States Life Saving Station No. 1, on the sea beach.

On the mainland, at the foot of the Narrows, is an extensive marsh covered by low shrubs and bushes, and intersected by numerous creeks, which is the breeding and roosting ground of innumerable gulls. Toward night they may be seen flying over by hundreds. This gannet is a



large bird, nearly as big as a goose, but flies and swims gracefully and swiftly. It is, like the pelican, is remarkable for the pumacity of its body. Like the pelican, also, it has a gular sac, though a small one.

About ten miles below the Narrows, and nearly opposite Fort Capron, we entered Gardiner's Cut, at the entrance to which was the turtle camp of Arthur Park and Jim Russell, and a mile further on we anchored in Pinkham's Cove, near the sea beach, and just above Indian River Inlet. After a ramble on the ocean beach, where we saw half a dozen immense blackish stranded, we gathered several barrels of oysters, fished to our heart's content, and shot a number of curlew and bay snipe. Toward evening we were driven away by the sandflies. Making sail we crossed the inlet and entered the Fort Pierce Cut. Here we encountered a school of porpoises and a number of large tarpon (*Megolops atlanticus*), the latter being from six to eight feet in length. As they rolled out on the surface their bright armor of silver scales, as large as silver dollars, shone resplendent in the slanting rays of the setting sun. Jack was trolling and expressed a great desire to hook one, but it was well enough he didn't, for he might as well have been fast to a steam tug. We crossed over to Fort Pierce, on the mainland, four miles below Fort Capron, and dropped the anchor about dark, after a rather long and weary day, in which blew his guns, but the Rambler did it like a duck.

We went ashore at Fort Pierce to chat with Ben Hogg, who keeps a store at that place. Ben has a monopoly of the Indian trade in Southeast Florida, and buys their deer hides, gator teeth and beeswax. A party of Indians from the Everglades were then hunting back in the flat woods, their canoes being drawn up on the shore in front of the store. Ben has a good-looking sloop in which he carries several tons of goods to Jacksonville, and calls at the inlet opposite, leaving his guide wife and boys to tend store in his absence.

A few miles below Fort Pierce we stopped at Hermann's Grove for a supply of sour oranges for culinary purposes, sour orange juice and soda being superior to baking powder in the construction of the mysterious but gustatory flapjack. The old grove was formerly founded by a tree bearing sweet orange on sour or wild stocks, but the trees having been burnt down to the stumps, the new growth, of course, produces only wild, or sour and bitter-sweet oranges. Below this, and about seven miles above the mouth of St. Lucie River, Mr. Richards has built a large house and has quite a clearing planted to oranges and pineapples. Nearly opposite, on the east shore, can be seen the hamak once owned by "Old Cuba," the first of a newly-arrived young man, who was drowned by the capsizing of his boat, and when found his body was headless. Four miles below Cuba's is U. S. Life Saving Station No. 2, opposite the mouth of the St. Lucie. A few miles below Richards's we came to Waveland, a new post-office at the residence of Dr. Baker, who has a good hamak lying between Indian and St. Lucie rivers.

At the mouth of St. Lucie, as usual, were thousands of coots and many ducks; we got a good supply as we sailed along. The St. Lucie, from its mouth to the main fork, some eight miles, is a large river whose waters are entirely fresh; it divides into a north and south branch. We sailed up to the main fork, seeing several manatees on the way. As we passed Mt. Pisgah, a high ridge on the northeast shore, whose bare summit is crowned by an ancient mound, we saw in its foot the tent of a newly-arrived young man, and his wife, from Philadelphia, who had bought a piece of land without seeing it, and found it to be located on the bald top of Mt. Pisgah.

The wind being favorable, we sailed up the south fork some four miles, being altogether about twelve miles from the mouth. Here we moored the schooner for a camp of several days, and had fine sport, there being an abundance of deer, turkeys, and quail.

One morning I entered a clump of bushes near a spruce-pine thicket, where I had seen some turkeys the day before, and began calling, or "keouking," with the intention of enticing some old gobbler within range. Just outside of the clump of shrubbery was a large bare space of white sand, which I had examined carefully for deer or turkey tracks before concealing myself. After a half-hour's fruitless endeavor I came out, and was surprised to find the tracks of the fresh track of a large panther, who had approached within six feet of where I was concealed. He evidently mistook my efforts at "keouking" for the complainings or agonizing cries of some turkey in sore distress, and thought to make a meal of it, but seeing me, he beat a hasty retreat, for his tracks led to and fro between the thicket and my hiding place.

One day I had perforated and blown some pelican eggs, and left them in a shallow box on deck to dry, when all hands went hunting. We returned after a few hours with a fine buck and some turkey. As I stepped aboard I noticed that one of the eggs was missing. Going toward the stern I found it on a coil of rope, and on picking it up, a fish-crow, sitting on a limb of a pine tree to which the bowline was made fast, uttered a hoarse and mischievous "caw, caw, caw," seeming to say:

"Ah, you black rascal, you found it too light for sucking and dropped it, didn't you?" said I, shaking my fist at him.

"Caw, caw, caw," he laughed derisively, as he flew away.

The fishcrows are comical fellows, but very impudent and audacious. Some thirty-five years ago, when Squire Charley Moore of Lake Worth was a younger man, he was engaged in wrecking on the Florida coast. He and his comrades used to rendezvous and camp at the lower end of the lake of Lake Worth, which was separated from the ocean by a narrow timbered ridge, some two hundred yards wide, known as the "haulover." Anything of value found on the beach was conveyed across the haulover to the lake, where it was safe from observation, as the existence of a lake twenty miles long would not be suspected from the beach. The fishcrows hopped around the camp like barnyard fowls, picking up bits of corn and other scraps of refuse table of the wreckers. There was one crow that had lost a leg in some manner, who was made an especial pet on account of his misfortune, and in consequence became quite tame, feeding royally at the bounty of his friends, and to the great envy of his sable companions. But he was a great rogue. Like Silas Wegg, he stumped his way into the stations of his patrons, at amusements, and by his grotesque antics and hoarse croaking, and like the indomitable Silas, insisting on double rations for "mellowing the voice." He became very familiar, hopping over the feet of the men for the tid-bits dropped to him; but his familiarity, as usual, bred contempt, and, like Silas again, he became aggressive and exacting, snatching food from hands that fain would have caressed him. As it was about the time of the Mexi-

can war, the wreckers, naturally, named him "Santa Anna." Whenever they returned to their camp on Lake Worth Santa Anna and his companions were sure to be on hand. On one occasion they repaired to the lake after an unusually lucky expedition down the coast, but Santa Anna failed to put in an appearance on the first day; the other crows were there, but kept a respectful distance as was their wont. The second day came and passed, but with no appearance of Santa Anna. Then the men lamented him for the first time. But the next day, while at dinner, beheld the recent Santa! He hopped about on his one leg in a very stiff, awkward and painful manner, and withal seemed unusually shy and humble.

"He has been sick," said the men, "and has not quite recovered his strength."

"He don't look like himself, at all," said Charley, "he is thinner, and not so sleek and noisy; but he'll be all right in a few days. I once had a parrot that acted just that way, when sick."

"He's got a wonderful appetite for a sick bird!" said one of the men, as Santa gobbed the fragments of bread, bacon, fish, venison and sweet potatoes; for the men, in their youth, had heard of the fatted calf, and were very lavish with their grub, which they bestowed with cumulative hands on the returned prodigal. But there is a limit to which the prodigal can go, and Santa's appetite was not an exception. Santa was filled to repletion. He made several ineffectual attempts to take flight, but his one poor leg was not sufficient or strong enough to give his overloaded body the upward boost required to enable his wings to come into play. He was weighed down with prog, like Mark Twain's jumping frog, with shot.

"Poor bird!" said the men, "he is very weak, quite ill." But *mirabile dictu!* "Poor Santa!" was seen, and put down a second leg, which had been artfully drawn up and concealed, and then, by the combined effort of two good legs, and a quick preliminary squawk, accompanied by a hurried and contumacious "caw, caw!" he bounded upward with an "initial velocity" that would have gladdened the heart of a rifleman.

The black panther looked at his neighbor, wistfully and expectantly, but being a foreigner, he said, "No one felt equal to the task. No one could do the subject justice. Alas! Santa Anna was dead, indeed; but worse than all, their hospitality imposed upon, and their affections outraged by the duplicity and usurpation of an infamous, dissembling and fraudulent fish-crow."

The black bass fishing of the St. Lucie cannot be surpassed any place in Florida, and for that matter, in the United States. Their numbers are legion and their size monstrous. We caught them from two to fourteen pounds, the catch usually averaging five pounds. The boys, especially Buck, never seemed to tire of the exciting sport, of course throwing most of them back as soon as caught, when they were ready to bite again; for it was cut and come again with these voracious and gummy large-mouthed bass; gummy, indeed, as those of any other waters, though, on account of the general sluggish current of these rivers, they are sooner lured. Fish in fresh water seem to be endowed with more vigorous and lasting fighting powers, but which is really to be attributed to the force of the current, which aids them materially in their opposing and staying qualities.

At night the favorite sport of the boys was shark-fishing; and even at this remote camp, though fully twelve miles from the shore, they caught many small sharks. On one occasion they hooked and landed an immense soft-shelled turtle (*Tryonichide*), whose carapace was nearly three feet long; he made a good pot of soup, and furnished some palatable steaks.

With a favorable wind we left St. Lucie camp and proceeded down the river, seeing several more manatees or sea-cows, in the main stream, with one of which we had an exciting race for a short distance as he swam a few yards ahead, but was forced to make for the grassy bottom as the bow of the schooner touched him. They swim very swiftly for so unwieldy an animal, but make much fuss about it, leaving a wake as large as a steam tug. Sailing down Indian River we soon came to Jupiter Narrows, near the head of which is a close inlet, Gilbert's Bar; there was some talk of reopening this inlet, but the captain, Mr. Sperry, says, "No." On one occasion they hooked and landed an immense soft-shelled turtle (*Tryonichide*), whose carapace was nearly three feet long; he made a good pot of soup, and furnished some palatable steaks.

At Jupiter we found several parties of tourists; among others, Major Macrea and some of Philadelphia; Dr. Sweet of New Bedford, Mass.; W. E. Sperry, of Chicago, Ill.; the Kellogg of Fall River, Mass.; and Mr. Clark, of Maine. Dr. Sweet had a whaling harpoon in his boat, and had some famous sport harpooning sharks and sawfish. Mr. James Armour is still chief keeper of Jupiter light, his assistants being Messrs. Spencer and Carlisle. He was very courteous during our sojourn, and twice he and Mr. Carlisle hunted with us their hounds, but the Indians had made the deer wild; turkeys, however, were plentiful enough. The boys and two narrow wags with his life while we were there: A ride in the hands of an inexperienced person was accidentally discharged, the bullet just missing him; and in the afternoon, while descending from the dome of the lantern (a hundred feet from the ground), on an iron ladder which rested on the railing of the balcony surrounding the lantern, the rail broke as he set his foot on it. A less cool-headed man than Mr. Carlisle would have been dashed to the ground, but he is noted for intrepidity and level-headedness.

The boys had many a fierce contest with the large sharks and sawfish at Jupiter, catching many white and blue sharks from six to twelve feet long. Their shark fishing was always practiced at night, they being engaged in other sports and adventures during the day. These sharks are formidable monsters, and are very dangerous to man. They are found along their edges, and which, being encased in cartilaginous sockets, can be erected or depressed at will. With one snap they can take off the leg of a man as clean as the sickle of a mower can decapitate a quail. While the boys were playing a small shark, I have seen a larger one sever it completely in twain at one bite; and I have seen a piece as large as a shark's jaws taken out of the body of a man, and the man himself was not hurt, but cut from the maw with a sharp knife. As it is considered how tough and unyielding is the skin or shagreen of a shark, the power of his jaws and the sharpness of his teeth can be imagined.

One night the boys tackled a foe worthy of their steel in a huge jewfish, or black grouper (*Epinephelus nigritus*). It took all hands to land it, and, as in the case of the sharks, a rifle ball through the head to quiet it. The next morning

Mr. Armour weighed it on his steelyard, which it balanced at three hundred and forty pounds. The shark tackle consisted of three hundred feet of half-inch manilla rope, and immense long-shanked shark hooks with chain and swivel attached. Some central-drift short-shanked hooks were completely straightened, proving that there are frauds in shark hooks as well as in fish hooks.

At Jupiter, Buck left us, to our great regret, being compelled to return to Texas on business, for it was now the middle of February. He took passage with Capt. Hammon for Titusville, and on his sharpie rounded into Indian River, and waded our pleasant comrade an adieu with a little semblance of glee, but our hearts were heavy as he left, for Buck was a genial companion, a good shot, an enthusiastic angler, and a life-long hunter. As the boat passed from view around the bluff, Jack exclaimed:

"Forever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius."

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;

If not, why, then this parting was well made."

There was no shark fishing that night, and the boys turned in early. The next day we went out over Jupiter Bar at high water slack, and with a head wind, consequently we had to use the poles in getting out. There was a heavy swell but not much sea, and with a light easterly breeze we made Lake, and in a few miles below it, in a little less than three hours. We ran the inlet about half way, but there not being wind enough to stem the strong ebb, we anchored until the turn of the tide. Lake Worth inlet has increased in depth to about seven feet at low water, and withal is much straighter than at its former view. With the young flood we entered the lake, and at once sailed down some six miles to the house of Squire Charley Moore, whom we found as kind and friendly as our new location, and vastly improved, a post office was established, new settlers were coming in, and all seemed prosperous. Two schooners were running to Jacksonville, carrying tomatoes, bananas, pineapples, etc., which, with the boats running to Rockledge and Titusville, afforded good transportation.

The next day we sailed down the lake to the residence of E. M. and John Brelsford, formerly of Xenia, Ohio, who seemed to be well pleased with their new location, and were living comfortably in their tropical home, which was doubly blessed by the presence of their charming mother and lovely sister who were spending the winter with them. We took tea with them, and afterward we all repaired to Capt. Dimmick's, where we passed a most agreeable evening, one very enjoyable feature being an impromptu concert by the Brelsford family, singing, playing violin, guitar, and cabinet organ. Jack, Squire Moore, and the Skipper all took part, and on this occasion, and in order to keep peace among the boys, and to preserve a proper state of discipline aboard the Rambler, I deemed it imperative to take our leave the next morning.

## UP AND DOWN IN COLORADO.

BY HENRY L. ZIEGENFUS, RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, POCONOKEE, N. Y.

WE have heard much of the wearisome monotony of the plains, and of their caustic alkali, but we found both largely mythical. Well sheltered and well fed in the sumptuous sleepers of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, we passed through the rich, fertile Lincoln and Red Cloud country, with stretches of rolling land covered with thrifty villages, with almost endless fields of corn and wheat, or with that rich, succulent grass on which vast herds of horses and cattle browse freely in winter as well as in summer. The soil is so exceedingly fertile that abundant crops are the inevitable result of skillful irrigation. More wealth will yet be gathered from the "Great American Desert" than can ever be dug out of those mountains so rich in precious metals.

Leaving the Missouri in the forenoon, the next morning found us in Denver. In the year 1870 it had a population of 4,759; at this date it is generally conceded that the Queen City of the Plains contains at least 65,000 inhabitants. It is regularly built, principally of brick and stone, along wide, densely-shaded avenues. In the central portion of the city are blocks of magnificent buildings, mostly devoted to business, and many more are constantly being added. The electric light turns night into day; tramways, Herdic coaches and the telephone bring distant points into close contact; numerous schools and twenty-five or thirty churches are scattered here and there. Of periodicals there are about twenty. The *Republican*, *News* and *Tribune* are published every day in the year. The eight-page morning *Post* is published twice a week, and sixteen times a week, and give constant evidence of ability, enterprise and undoubted prosperity. The *World* and the *Times* are bright stars of the evening. The *Great West*, a spy weekly, is published under the editorship of "Brick" Pomeroy.

The city can boast of gas and water works, of the steam heating system, of a rolling mill, of seven banks, of a \$200,000 smelter, a \$250,000 hotel, a \$250,000 city hall, a permanent exhibition building 300 feet in length, a \$250,000 hotel, a government building, for which there is, so far, an appropriation of \$300,000, a union depot 503 feet in length, erected at a cost of \$150,000, and a \$700,000 opera house, which, in internal finish and appointments, is unsurpassed by any similar structure between the Atlantic and the Pacific. In spite of all this lavish expenditure the debt of the city is but a trifle, and the rate of taxation only one and three-eighths per cent, at a fair valuation.

Looking from the heights of Denver westward the eye sweeps along the Rocky Mountains for more than 200 miles. Eastward the rolling grazing lands extend to the Missouri River. That the entire State was originally a grass-covered plain is evident from the fact that on the summits of the various ranges there are generally found the same soil, and the same grass, and the same vegetation, as on the foothills. The uprising of the mountains, at a geologically late date, simply lifted, tilted and folded the rich alluvial deposits of by-gone ages. Barring the underlying and oft outcropping bed formations, the Rocky Mountains are, as a rule, not rocky. Some of their highest elevations are smooth and stoneless as a newly-mown lawn, so that in passing westward from range to range one is again and again reminded of the closely-clipped pasture field of New York or Pennsylvania.

The trip from Denver to Pueblo southward and parallel with the mountains for 120 miles is a fitting preparation for the coming internontane revelations. Castle Rock is passed, and numberless formations of its kind. Lake Palmer on the Divide, with its two highwater outlets, one seeking the Platte and the waters of the Missouri, the other flowing through the Arkansas into the Mississippi. A corner of

Monument Park is traversed, where many-hued sandstone, capped with igneous rock, assumes forms strangely grotesque. The Grand Cañon, Verde and Montezuma, the Santa Ana of the plains, and much more than that in all but folly. One ward by buttes and mesas, through the cattle on a thousand hills, through sage, and cacti, and the homes of prairie dogs, till Pueblo, the great manufacturing center of Colorado, is reached.

For the last hour the Rocky range had been receding toward the West, in which direction we now set our faces, following the Arkansas through a low, wide cañon, over grassy and wooded fertility. We met through the shadows acres of maize, as tall and lush of growth as that on the rich soil of Iowa, through leagues of those diminutive sunflowers, ubiquitous on plain and mountain, through dense groves of cottonwood and large fields of wheat and oats, a very Eden of abundance, until we arrive at Cañon City. Here an observation car is attached to the rear of the train and speedily filled with tourists. We enter a cleft in the mountains, cut down from top to bottom by the ceaseless, age-long toil of those rushing waters. The sides converge more and more, till there is scant room for stream and road bed; higher and higher rise the many-colored, seamed and jagged cliffs; closer and closer, higher and ever higher, till the wonder of the Grand Cañon ends in the amaze of the Royal Gorge.

There is but scant room for the angry stream which roars and surges between the narrow rock walls, the lift comes straight up for more than half a mile. From river bed to pinnacle tip the distance is over three thousand feet. Over a bridge suspended from iron trusses mortised in the rock overhead, and following the stream lengthwise for ten rods or more, we pass the narrowest point, but thirty feet wide, and thus through grandeur indescribable ascend to Salida, ninety-six miles from Pueblo.

A bounding mountain chain that is destined for Leadville in the north, we take one that is headed in a westerly direction, and soon cross Poncho Pass, noted for its hot springs, its scenic attractions, and the abundance of its trout.

From Mears, eleven miles beyond Salida, the ascent toward Marshall Pass is extremely rapid, the grade being frequently two hundred and eleven feet to the mile. The road climbs up on one side of a valley, makes a turn at the end of it, and ascends the other side; then, rounding a projecting spur, it reaches the process at last, the summit is reached, at an altitude of 10,858 feet above the level of the sea. The direct distance from Mears to the summit is hardly more than five miles, but the curves and lapings of the road cover no less than fifteen miles. The time consumed is one hour and thirty-eight minutes.

The outlook is magnificent. On either side slope down valleys for thousands of feet. Above us rises the peak of Mt. Ouray, so bare and snowed and grass-covered that a child, delicately shod, could make the ascent with the greatest ease, so far as the overcoming of obstacles is concerned; but let the "underfoot" not rashly attempt it, for such is the rarity of the atmosphere, that breathlessness and throbbing temples are the usual results of the slightest physical effort.

In descending we curve down along well-embowered mountain sides, through beautiful valleys, along trail and streams of crystal clearness, over meadows and river bottoms, dotted with ranches, saw-mills and hamlets, till finally we enter a wide open plateau, and far in the distance catch our first glimpse of the city of Gunnison.

The town, with its five or six thousand inhabitants, is the capital of a county that is larger than Massachusetts and Rhode Island taken together. Along its wide and regular streets are the most inviolable and magnificent. Beautiful structures of stone and brick indicate stability and prosperity and confidence as to the future. There are numerous schools, five or six churches, a fine court house, several excellent hotels, two banks, gas and water works, and two more than usually alert daily newspapers. There are now in course of construction a large smelter and a hotel that is to cost \$125,000. Situated as Gunnison is at the confluence of the main mountain ranges, and by the mouth of the exceedingly fertile Uncompaggre Valley, surrounded by rich deposits of iron and anthracite coal, and by such flourishing mining towns as Ruby, Gothic, Crested Butte, Tin Cup, Tonic and Pitkin, there can be no doubt that it is destined to become the most populous and affluent city in Colorado west of the Divide.

From Gunnison we took the train for Cimarron, which in August last was at the end of the track. For about twenty miles our course lay down through the valley of the Gunnison. As advance was made the scenery became more and more picturesque. On our right were rare specimens of nature's carving—monuments, pyramids, minarets, broad domes, tall, sharp spires, and lofty castellated heights of all hues and magnitudes, until we entered the rock portals of the Black Cañon.

The tireless water has here also done marvelous work. On our left, across the stream, rise up steeply well-wooded acclivities thousands of feet in height, while on our right cliffs high as those of the Royal Gorge lift themselves skyward and darken this tortuous chasm. Fifteen miles of unvaried grandeur, a little stream is crossed, and we halt at Cimarron, a typical end-of-track town. It was near midnight when we arrived, yet the entire place seemed as if lights glimmered through every canvas. There were tents only, yet no lack there of offices and shops and hotels and saloons and noisy dance-houses. As we lay on our improvised beds in the passenger coach, across the noisy Cimarron and through the darkness came the irritating notes of a French horn, shrill misery from a violin, and the sharp calling-off of a female blest with painfully stridentulous voice. Into our very dreams that musical torment wormed itself. It was night long to be remembered, that first night at Cimarron.

From the latter place the Denver & Rio Grande is rapidly extending its track westward. Before the end of January next it is expected that Salt Lake City will be reached, and that by co-operating with the Central Pacific in the West and with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and with the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe in the East, the Denver & Rio Grande will become an important link in a new and most attractive transcontinental railway chain. It will not be long before this enterprising corporation will have no less than seventeen hundred miles of all-steel track in full operation.

As the tourist is carefully transferred over higher than Alpine passes, and whirled along steep slopes where even the venturesome mountain sheep never found a footing, or through gorges whose lowest depths of darkness the eyes of man never penetrated, in cannot help admiring the skill, the patience, the liberality, and the heroism so displayed. In

his excellent manual, "Health, Wealth, and Pleasure in Colorado and New Mexico," Mr. F. C. Xmas, of Denver, tells how in the Royal Gorge, and in other places like it, "Men and tools, and mules and carriages were let down over the precipices by ropes, and men and animals received their food, like Elijah, from above, till they cut a track through the granite cliffs; how the surveyors first picked their way through the cañon on the ice, where before only fishes and birds had been; how the rockmen hung suspended in the air, and drilled holes in the granite for blasts that sent tons of rock crashing into the stream, with a noise louder than thunder."

By supplanting the stages and pack trains of burros, the Denver and Rio Grande Railway has been a most important factor in making Colorado the rich State that it is to-day. Into every mining camp that is worthy of consideration, and in any way accessible, branches of the road have been extended or are now being so advanced. In the Leadville region it is tapping such towns as Red Cliff, Dillon, Frisco and Breckenridge, ascending at Summit an altitude of 11,329 feet; in the Gunnison region, Crested Butte, Ouray, and Lake City; in the Salida region, Mayville, Bonanza, Bismark, and Saguache; from the Cañon of the Arkansas, Silver Cliff, Rosita, and numerous coal mines; and in the south, El Moro, Del Norte, Wagon-wheel Gap, and the New Mexican Espanola—the richest portions of the State being thus nourished and strengthened by these life-giving arteries of traffic. Well worthy are these men of our admiration, and of the \$800,000 that they are earning every month.

From Cimarron we return to Salida, and after a delightful wandering through Brown's Cañon, along the base of such peaks as Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, each more than 14,000 feet in height, Leadville is reached, the city above the clouds, with its fifteen thousand inhabitants, and its altitude of 10,200 feet. We knew that during the past year Leadville had produced precious metals to the value of more than \$16,000,000, and still we were surprised by the size and beauty of the city; by its blocks of substantial stone and brick buildings; by its churches, schools, opera house and many beautiful private residences. If one is in search of a rough and lawless mining-town, it is necessary to search elsewhere—in fact, it is necessary to emigrate from Colorado. Leadville is decidedly like any Eastern city of the same size; save that here some things are done openly that in the East are done behind fast-closed doors, but that are done all the same.

Leadville is surrounded by places of unusual interest, such as the snowy wonder of Holy Cross Mountain, the delightful summer resort at Twin Lakes, whose waters attract the angler, and whose glacial moraines will not be heedlessly passed by the geologist. The civil engineer will not forget to make a pilgrimage to the Calumet iron mines, where the branch railroad runs at a maximum grade of four hundred and six feet per mile.

From Pueblo southward the journey offers very little of interest, save as the ever beautiful mountains in the west, and the Spanish Peaks in the south bewitch the eye with varying beauties of form and color; but from Wadsworth onward interest increases with every added mile. Toward the mountains and upward among them lies our way. In August only the mountain peaks are around curves of thirty degrees, and up grades of two hundred and thirty-seven feet to the mile. As the plain beneath recedes further and further the lifting up is felt. Our progress is slow and arduous. We unconsciously labor with the locomotive as through the stillness of the half-lit night its dry, metallic pinging smites our ears. Of a sudden a mist sinks down upon us and shuts out the last traces of the hitherto independent and pleasing picture. The road is a long and deep, concave bend, and a sharp spurt up a long and steep ascent, when we emerge from the clouds and look down upon a vast ocean of light, rifted here and there by abyssal darkness—islands of blackness—lapped by multitudinous waves of soft, silvery whiteness, tinged with nacreous blue, so Veta Pass is crossed almost ten thousand feet above the tide.

Up to the grand valley on the other side of the range a rapid descent is made. San Luis Park, the largest of all in Colorado, being one hundred and forty miles long and sixty miles wide, covers an area considerably larger than the entire State of Massachusetts. With a few exceptions the plain is level as a floor, and devoid of all timber save where the groves of cottonwood fringe the numerous intersecting streams. Of the latter the San Luis and the Saguache flow in a marshy tract of land called San Luis made from which there is no visible outlet. The soil is amazing fertile, producing excellent crops wherever the irrigating ditches have been sent. Men of intelligence and enterprise are now spreading the waters of the Rio Grande over thousands of acres, and there can be no doubt that they will receive large returns for time and money so expended. Vast sections of the Park are still unappropriated, and can be purchased at government prices, a fact that ought to prompt many a toiler from the East.

Resuming our journey we pass Alamosa in mid-plain, and soon thereafter to Antonito, hard by the adobe plaza of Conejos, with its ancient church and convent, a typical Mexican town. Further onward another ascent is made. We now take a last look backward across the Park, and behold, eighty miles distant, the graceful outlines of Sierra Blanca, most beautiful of peaks along the entire range, and with one single exception the highest in the United States, having an elevation of 14,464 feet.

We then climb mesa after mesa in interminable windings, so that frequently six miles of travel are hardly equal to three miles of direct advance. At the "Whiplash" a section-house is passed three times in less than ten minutes, the track being shaped like a low and broad S, the width of which may be half a mile, and the height certainly less than eighty rods. The winding of the track is such that the higher the top of the hills the lower the track. So we wind along leisurely, rising higher and higher, till on turning the crest of a hill twenty-three miles from Antonito, we are surprised to find that we are skirting along the rim of the cliffs that overlook the beautiful Los Pinos Valley.

The scenery is unusually picturesque. As far as the eye can reach, back and forth, vale follows vale. The mountains approach the eye from the north and east, and fringe below with dense groves of bright aspen; while down in the valley beneath wanders the glistering streamlet through the grayish-green of grass and sage. On our side the scene is ever changing. Now we pass through groups of highly colored monumental rock; then by dark eruptive monoliths of astounding heights, standing in startling contrast with cretaceous formations of almost endless hues, of delicate rose, bright yellow, and vivid green, alternating sharply

with reds and browns, and shades of blue, constituting a landscape that is unique and so strangely fascinating. As the winding panorama passes by, the tourist is suddenly notes that the end of the valley is reached, a bold mountain range seemingly cutting off every chance of egress; but the mountain side is climbed, the train rounds the out-jutting brow, thunders through a tunnel, and then runs along a narrow ledge cut into the precipitous cliffs of "Toltec Gorge." But a stone's throw across rise up opposing rock walls more than two thousand feet in height. At dizzying depths below the foam-flecked stream rushes on and leads us on. The colorful and peaceful vales of beauty so transcendent that one longs for leisure there to rest for days and days, as do the sons of Nimrod and the disciples of Father Isaac that dwell in those white tents by the Los Pinos. But we must hasten on over the Divide at an altitude of more than 10,000 feet; through Chama, blest with genial Boniface and famous for its daily trout feasts; through the forests of the Tierra Amarilla, one hundred miles in length, on whose brushy, grass-covered plains stand grand old pines, smooth of bole, and tall and straight as masts; then onward we pass by Amargo, the agency for the untidy, shiftless Apaches; by the wondrous trap dikes between Dulce and Navajo; over the Piedra and the Rio de los Pinos; then by Ignacio, among the yellow-topped peaks of the Southern Utes, owners of immense flocks and herds, and across the Rio Florida down into bustling Durango.

The first town hit in Durango was sold in September, 1890, yet at this date it contains between three and four thousand people, who support a daily newspaper, two banks, numerous schools and churches, and one theater. A fine smelter, giving employment to several hundred men, has lately been erected. The town carries on an extensive wholesale trade with neighboring mining camps. Coal and iron of excellent quality and practically inexhaustible quantity are found in the immediate neighborhood. The long blocks of substantial business buildings speak of prosperity and prudence stability.

Not far from Durango, west by south, are found some of the most interesting ruins of the ancient cliff dwellers, whose houses are hung "like eagles' nests among the lofty crags," and which far antedate the Teutonic ruins of Middle Ages.

Following the beautiful valley of the Rio de las Animas, we pass through fields of natural fertility, by private and public deacons that betoken thrift and opulence, till a halt is made at Rockwood, eighteen miles north from Durango. We have hardly left this station before we find that the valley converges more and more until it culminates in the Grand Gorge of the Animas. Midway between top and bottom the roadway has been cut into the side of the perpendicular cliff. Beating heights are above us, and down below, at an amazing distance, the tumultuous waters of the narrowly confined river. Here beauty and grandeur have kissed each other—the beauty of rock and mountain slope, of the swift and sheen of water, and the grandeur of mass and astounding height. At every turn of the river new beauties are revealed, new vistas of exceeding loveliness. Those waters of brightest emerald flow garrulously over shingly bed, or gather quietly in still, dark pools, or rush impatiently through narrow clefts, and from height to height dash down, until reaching a scorching whiteness. For thirty miles river and road run side by side, closely pressed by cliffs and wooded steps that rise abruptly more than four thousand feet on this side and on that, thirty miles of exquisite enjoyment, and then the valley winds out, and there before us in Baker's Park lies superb Silverton, surrounded on all sides by lofty, snow-tipped mountain ranges. The scene is remarkably Swiss-like. The groups of low, flat-roofed houses, the beautiful, the distant, the alpine, the cool, the blue, the cloudless sky of darkest blue, all these must recall for many a one memories of happy Alpine days.

But the place is intensely American. The streets are clean, wide, right-angled, and bordered with irrigating ditches filled with the clear, cold water that comes down from those snowy summits. Thousands are digging in these mountains and bringing forth treasures in abundance. With railway, postal and telegraphic communication, with shops, and schools, and churches, and hotels, and newspapers, one does not feel as if he was on the frontier. Person and property are as safe in Gunnison, Leadville, Durango or Silverton as in any town of the same size along the Hudson River.

In a quiet way Silverton is honeycombing the mountains and gathering great quantities of valuable mineral, most of which is now being sent to Durango for treatment, but it is expected that before the close of this year, the Beckwith smelter will be ready to go into operation in Silverton itself.

In returning from the Silver San Juan toward Denver we stop at Alamosa and make a side trip of 125 miles to Lake City. Forty miles northwest from Alamosa, at Del Norte, we enter one of the stages of Sanderson's Overland line at half-past ten in the morning, and reach our destination at three o'clock on the following morning. Our leisurely tour of look along the wide and charming valley of the Rio Grande del Norte, on either side of which lofty, many-colored cliffs and fir-covered mountains are standing guard. As Wagon-wheel Gap is approached quietness gives way to grandeur, the mountains on the south and the walls of rock on the north drawing near and nearer till at last height almost touches height. A capital place is this to tarry at with rod or rifle. About a mile south of the little wayside town of Ashcroft, the sure and charming valley of the Rio Grande close by two hot springs far-famed for their medicinal virtues. In one of these the water boils up at a temperature of 150 deg. F., while hardly ten feet from it there is a spring of water intensely cold.

The narrow rock gateway of the gap having been passed, the scenery relaxes into the foretime quietness, till at Antelope Springs the river is forsaken, and the road turns westward, through the right bank, to meet with and maintain region. As we climbed up to an elevation of more than 10,500 feet on one of the last days of August, a dreadful snowstorm was encountered. With the velocity of a hurricane it rushed down upon us, chaining the thickly falling flakes in a blinding fury, till landscape and pathway were completely blotted out. The horses' feet balled so badly that we could but creep along slowly in a temperature bitter cold.

Quickly as the storm had burst upon us so suddenly it passed by. The sun shone at once with mid-summer brilliancy and intensity. The dark green branches of the evergreens were heavily snow-laden, while the crystal ice spicules aloft in the air and the whiteness under foot were touched of rare iridescence.

Corduroy is here called an excellent roadway, and over six miles of it we thundered along at terrific speed, then

down the Pacific Slope in almost headlong descent, on through the scenic beauties of the unpopulated Slumgullion into the diminutive park in which lies the out-of-the-way hamlet by prophetic fence called Lake City.

Like Zion of the Bible, the "heavenly" situation, "Lying at an altitude of nearly ten thousand feet, and remote from the centers of traffic, it nevertheless has daily mails from all directions, telegraphic, stage and express lines, two weekly newspapers, a fine public schoolhouse built of brick, several churches, a flourishing bank, and numerous shops that drive an immense trade with the contiguous camps.

To the south of the town, amid several hundred feet above it, lies the beautiful Crystal Lake, a lake of wondrous loveliness. Its waters have been well stocked with trout, and there can be no doubt that in years to come it will become the resort of thousands who seek rest, or health or pleasure.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railway has already graded a road-bed hence to its Gunnison branch, and rails will doubtless be laid as soon as the Pacific connection has been effected. The distance to the Gunnison branch is but about thirty-five miles, in which direction most of the freighting and traveling is done.

Of its two thousand inhabitants the great bulk is digging in the silver-laden mountains. The extensive smelter established by and still under the management of Messrs. John J. and Robert Crooke, has been an incalculable blessing to the place, furnishing the miners with cash for his ores, and giving employment to hundreds of others.

Here, as elsewhere in the State, there are many mines that are most undeservedly buried under bad names. Rich leads lie undeveloped because capital is too timid or too faithless to come and make personal inspection and effort. Not mining stocks ought to be bought, but mines; for most true it is, that excellent claims can be purchased in almost any portion of the State for sums ranging from \$1,000 to \$10,000. Unfortunately too many buy simply on speculation, and speculation at last invariably defeats its own ends. The mine ought to be bought to be worked, fairly and honestly, just as the mine of coal or iron is worked. Success in mining means personal presence and interest—it means intelligence, clear grit and hard work. Fortunes would fill the coffers of thousands of disconsolate stockholders if they could but have the courage to work their mines on a large and generous scale; for as a rule it holds, in Colorado at least, that the deeper the shaft the richer is the mineral output.

From Lake City we return to Antelope Park, the sportsman's paradise, a quiet, restful retreat in the very heart of the Sierra Madre. Here the waters are alive with trout, and plain and height are the haunt of the antelope, the mountain sheep, the black-tailed deer, the bear and the elk. At Galloway's, up at the head of the Park, the tourist will find a genial, sympathetic host, a warm welcome, large, comfortable rooms of exceeding neatness, and such dishes of venison and mushrooms as he never tasted before, and probably will never taste again, unless the pilgrimage be repeated. It is well worth coming two thousand miles to revel in such limitless wealth of sport, to breathe air so pure and life-giving, and to feast the eyes on such magnificence of mountain view.

We have cast the fly in the Tomich, the Gunnison and the Cimarron; we have partaken of the treasures of the Los Pinos, the Piedra and the Rio de las Animas, and uniformly we found the fish abundant and most excellent; but nowhere can the angler so speedily burden himself with good, solid trout as he can at almost any point on the Rio Grande, between Del Norte and Antelope Park. With a red or brown hackle, a dark or whitish fly, and a wee bit of a gnat, with a little rod, high wading boots (the water is of icy coldness) and a fair share of the angler's instinct—given these, and one man can not only supply but easily gorge a good-sized camp; that is to say, if sixty or seventy pounds are sufficient to compass that end.

For sixty miles or more the turnpike follows the course of the river, whose banks are generally free from overhanging trees or undergrowth. It is so shallow that it can easily be waded at almost any place.

The open season begins with July and ends with November, of which July and September are said to be the choice months. In August rains are not infrequent, and fly-casting in the turbid waters of the Rio Grande is reported to be a waste of time.

The bend with trap, net and cartridge is not unknown, in fact, some mountain streams he has already nearly depleted. Giant powder does occasionally happen to kill one and another of this pestiferous tribe, but it is doing its work with painful slowness. The angler's hope and good wish rests with the Colorado Game and Fish Protective Association, of which W. N. Byers, Esq., of Denver, is president.

Through a blinding snowstorm the genial host took us to Antelope Springs, picking up game of divers sorts here and there by the wayside, and leaving us there to the mercies of the Overland line and the pitiless cold. James P. Galloway is an admirable specimen of the genuine Western pioneer. In times most tumultuous he has ever been on the side of law and order. Far and wide his worth is acknowledged, and it is because of this that he is represented in the legislature in the upper house of the State Legislature. Heroic deeds he has done, yet there is in him the gentleness of a child and the courtesy of a prince. Let him that don't know go and see.

## GRAB AND GREED.

I AM more than glad to see your hands up against the Yellowstone outrage. You, with Senator Vest and others, are doing good work for the nation—building better than you think, possibly. Time only can give final results, but at least the swindlers shall not win untired.

I have lived to see the Mammoth Cave and Niagara Falls degraded to mere show for the benefit of landlords, hucksters, flunkies and thieves. And now the three grand parks on the face of this favored land are being desecrated to the same tune of money, money, money. Grab and greed. When the glorious Adirondack region has been converted to a miserable desolation, and the sources of its beautiful rivers dried up from the Moose to the Hudson, until the latter will not float a first-class steamboat a hundred miles above New York City, when these clear, cold streams are bringing malaria instead of health to the dwellers along their banks; when the Yosemite and the Yellowstone parks are properly parceled out, appropriated, labeled and tariffed, the public may wake up and enter a bootless protest, but too late. The mischief will have been done; rings and companies, having beaten and swindled the people ut-

terly, and each other as badly as possible, will have "whacked up" and got away with their plunder. And human skill will not be able to make good the desecration and desolation of a century that a few greedy hoodlums have wrought in a single year.

I have often wondered, when cruising among the "thrown lands" of the Adirondacks, why the guides did not hold every dam in the wilderness with dynamite. It is no answer to say this would be lawless; it were rather self-defense. When any man or number of men assume the right to poison the air I must breathe and the water I use, and my family too, it is a duty to blow his villainous traps sky high, if I can. "Logie is logie."

Maybe I shall live to see the dawning of a day when the almighty dollar will not be all in all, but the outlook is not a bright one.

NESBITT.

## Natural History.

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### THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH.

STRIGIDÆ: THE OWLS.

137. Barn Owl—*Nyctale americana* Aud.; *Aluco flammeus americanus* Ridg. 394. *Aluco flammeus prairiecola* Cs. 461.—Accidental straggler. In June, 1866, I saw a fresh specimen of this owl in the workshop of L. C. Daniels, taxidermist, at Portland, Me., and was informed at the time that it was shot at Falmouth, Cumberland county, Me.

138. Great Horned Owl—*Bubo virginianus* Aud., Ridg. 406, Cs. 462.—Common. Not abundant. Probably resident. Breeds. Owls of this species almost invariably, if not always, have a very marked odor, such as is emitted by the common skunk. So constant has been this mephitic odor in all the adult specimens I have examined, as to suggest that it emanated from the birds. But close investigation has convinced me that in all cases this perfume had been acquired by contact with the mammal, which probably had been attacked by the bird as a object of prey.

An owl of this species was found by a friend of the writer one morning in his henhouse, where about one hundred fowl were confined. The owl was standing upon the ground, surrounded by dead ducks and hens slain by it. During the previous moonlight night this bird had darted through a window that was close to the perches of the fowl, which were probably seen, and therefore attacked. Once within the inclosure, the owl had either remained by choice or was unable to find the aperture effected on its entrance by the breaking of a pane of glass, and the space was too limited for flight and darting through another pane. A bit of wood in the hands of the owner of the slain poultry soon stretched the owl beside its victims.

139. Screech Owl, Mottled Owl—*Bubo asio* Aud.; *Scops asio* Ridg. 402, Cs. 465.—Uncommon. No record of the nest and eggs of this species has been made in Maine, but it is probably a regular summer visitor to Western Maine from more southern localities. Mr. Boardman regards it as "very rare" in Eastern Maine. In the summer of 1880 an owl of this species flew into a hotel at Bangor, and was there captured, and its skin was preserved. No other specimen has recently been taken in that vicinity.

In Western Maine the species is not very rare, and a few may be there resident throughout the year. Prof. Verill in his list of the birds of Norway, Me., mentioned this species as "resident, common, breeds," and the same list mentions the short-eared owl as of "probable occurrence" only. Yet the latter species is common along the coast, but the screech, or little red, owl is decidedly uncommon on the coast, even of Southwest Maine, and does not appear to be of common occurrence anywhere in this State. Prof. Verill, in his list of the birds of Norway, Me., mentioned this species as "resident, common, breeds," and the same list mentions the short-eared owl as of "probable occurrence" only. Yet the latter species is common along the coast, but the screech, or little red, owl is decidedly uncommon on the coast, even of Southwest Maine, and does not appear to be of common occurrence anywhere in this State.

140. Long-eared Owl—*Otus vulgaris* Aud.; *Asio accipitrinus* Ridg. 395; *Asio villosus* Cs. 472.—Common. Probably some remain throughout the year. Breeds. One of the most common in Maine.

141. Short-eared Owl, Marsh Owl—*Otus bembolus* Aud.; *Asio accipitrinus* Ridg. 396, Cs. 473.—Common. Arrives in April. Breeds on the ground; lays four dull white eggs with a slight bluish tinge. This owl is common all along the coast in suitable localities, such as marshes and meadows. It is rather diurnal in its habits, and I have observed it seeking food on bright sunny days, as well as during cloudy weather, and in the evening.

Its favorite haunts are the marshes, and it resembles the marsh hawk in its habits of flying low over the meadows in search of its prey, upon which it pounces when discovered, but rarely pursues it. I have never known of its occurrence here in winter.

142. Great Gray Owl—*Syrnium nebulosum* Aud.; *Urbio cinereus* Ridg. 399; *Strix cinerea* Cs. 474.—Rare. This is the largest North American *Strigidae*, exceeding in size the great horned and snowy owls. It is only occasionally taken in Maine, where it probably occurs merely as a rare and irregular visitor from the north in winter.

143. Barred Owl—*Syrnium nebulosum* Aud.; *Strix nebulosa* Ridg. 397, Cs. 476.—Abundant. Resident throughout the State. Breeds. The most abundant species in Maine. This owl is easily decoyed by an imitation of its cries. They are apparently of a very social disposition, and are not infrequently found together. I have called them about my camp to the number of four or five in an evening, in a favorable location where they were abundant, and they would respond to the call, and come flying throughout the whole night, keeping up their peculiar call conversation, and occasionally hooting replies to more distant birds of the same species.

144. Snowy Owl—*Syrnium nyctea* Aud.; *Nyctale scandiaca* Ridg. 406, Cs. 479.—Irregularly common. Visitant from the north in autumn and winter. More commonly seen along the coast than inland. In October and November, 1876, there was a remarkable abundance of snowy owls along the coast of New England. During the month of November, 1878, I saw quite a number of specimens while visiting some islands and ledges on the eastern portion of the coast of Maine. These appeared to seek their food on the shore, and were observed perched upon the rocks left bare by the receding tide. One small, treeless island where I spent a

night was frequented by a number of white owls, and I devoted several hours of the day and evening to watching their movements. During the day they were rather inactive, remaining perched upon rocks watching some pool for crabs or fish with a patient, rivalling that of Bank Walton, and when approached would fly but a short distance from rock to rock. They appeared to be rather shy, and much more so than are usually the owls of other species.

The markings of the plumage of the snowy owls vary greatly. Upon some the black seems rather to predominate, and I have seen one specimen almost entirely black. This species is very common in the State. Ridg. 407, Cs. 480.—Not very common. Autumn and winter visitant from the north. Possibly a few may be resident, but there has been no instance of its breeding in Maine reported, yet it is quite probable that a few of the species may do so.

146. Tengmalm's Owl—*Urbio tengmalmi* Aud.; *Nyctale tengmalmi richardsoni* Ridg. 400, Cs. 482.—Rare winter visitant from the north. Mr. Henry Merrill collected this species in the city of Bangor in March, 1876. The bird was in the street, and appeared to be so dazed by its surroundings that it was easily knocked over with a stick. In this connection it is interesting to recall the fact that the great naturalist, Audubon, procured at Bangor, Maine, "in the beginning of September, 1832," the only specimen that he ever saw alive. Mr. Boardman has obtained a number of specimens, all taken in winter. Two owls of this species, taken in Bangor, were brought to Portland in November, 1882.

147. Acadian Owl—*Urbio acedica* Aud.; *Nyctale acedica* Ridg. 401, Cs. 483.—Common. Undoubtedly some are resident throughout each year, and it probably breeds in Maine. Although the discovery of its nest and eggs has not been reported, immature specimens have been taken, and the adults observed during the breeding season. This little owl, the smallest here known, is sometimes termed the "saw-whet owl," on account of some of its notes resembling the sound produced in filing a mill-saw. The immature birds have been termed "white-fronted owls," on account of the coloration of plumage, varying from that of the adults. An acadian owl was captured alive in a stable on State street, Portland, Me., January 13, 1875, by Mr. Merrill, Esq., of Portland. It was apparently of an epileptic nature, and when seen at the time in the garden near by. This captured owl I kept alive, and occasionally permitted it the freedom of my chamber, that I might better observe its habits. Upon one night, after I had stuffed and mounted several rail-pollinets, and left them upon a piece of furniture in my chamber, the little owl aroused me from sleep by the compulsion of spirited attacks upon the stuffed birds, and these attacks were repeated ever after I had arisen, and illuminated the room with gaslight. No sooner had I picked up one of the stuffed birds which had been knocked down than the owl made a dash at it while held in my hands. It missed its prey, but not me, and I learned that my midnight apparel would afford but little protection against the needle-like claws of this diminutive owl. The bird was subject to convulsions, apparently of an epileptic nature, and when thus afflicted would utter repeated cries of distress until it fell off its perch, and after a little tremor became rigid. These attacks gradually became of frequent occurrence, until death finally ensued.

### FAMILY FALCONIDÆ: THE FALCONS.

148. Iceland Gyrfalcon—*Falco islandicus* Aud.; *Urbio gyrfalco* Ridg. 402, Cs. 500.—An exceedingly rare falconer from the north. Geo. A. Boardman, Esq., has in his collection two specimens of this species of gyrfalcon, both of which were killed near the mouth of the St. Croix River. A gyrfalcon was shot at Cape Elizabeth, Cumberland county, Me., October 13, 1877, probably referable to this species, and its skin is now in the collection of Prof. J. T. Stanton.

149. Labrador Gyrfalcon—*Falco gyrfalco* Aud.; *Urbio gyrfalco* Ridg. 402, Cs. 500.—Uncommon. Mr. Boardman has had three specimens of this gyrfalcon in his collection. Two of these were killed near the mouth of the St. Croix River, in the Bay of Fundy.

150. Peregrine Falcon, "Duck Hawk"—*Falco peregrinus* Aud., Cs. 503; *Falco peregrinus veridicus* Ridg. 414.—Rare. Occasionally seen during migration. Mr. Boardman reported to me that he had seen this species at Grand Manan Island, in the Bay of Fundy, many years ago, but there appear to have been none frequenting that locality within the last few years, and the species is now but rarely seen anywhere in Maine. The capture of a specimen in autumn of 1876 at a house on Cape Elizabeth, occupied by Daniel W. Fessenden, Esq., is recorded in an interesting contribution to the Proceedings of the Portland Society for the Study of Natural History, by Mr. Brown, given before the Society April 3, 1882. "The hawk chased a pigeon into the corner of a veranda surrounding the house, and was so absorbed in killing its prey that Mrs. Fessenden threw a shawl over it and took it alive."

151. Pigeon Falcon, "Pigeon Hawk"—*Falco columbarius* Aud., Cs. 505.—*Falco columbarius* Ridg. 417. Not seen only during migrations. Rare in the spring, but more common during the autumn. Mr. Clifford Brown, of Bangor, has secured the upper parts of this hawk is dark blue, and its appearance, with the size of the bird and its swift flight, gives it a semblance to the common wild pigeon; hence the name "pigeon hawk." No instance of this species breeding in Maine has been reported, and probably those seen here breed in more northern regions.

152. Rusty-crowned Falcon, "Sparrow Hawk"—*Falco sparverius* Aud., Cs. 508; *Tinnunculus sparverius* Ridg. 420. Abundant. Arrives in April. Breeds in trees, commonly in holes; lays five or more cream-colored eggs covered with blotches and spots of brown. This species is very common in Eastern Maine, where it breeds, but is not commonly seen in Western Maine except during the migrations. The name "sparrow hawk" is quite inappropriate to this bird, as it does not resemble a sparrow in any way. It is a small bird, but its little hawk consists of insects and small reptiles. I have many times watched hawks of this species associating with small birds, and not only have they always refrained from attacking them, even under the most tempting circumstances, but the small birds do not evince the alarm that is always manifested upon the approach of other hawks. I have never seen in the stomach contents of any hawk of this species a trace of bird having been preyed upon, even when shot at a time when small birds were very abundant and insects, etc., comparatively scarce.

Although to a great extent subsisting upon grasshoppers, crickets, beetles and other insects, as also mice, small snakes, etc., yet these hawks have been reported as occasionally attacking with determination birds of various sorts, including even the dove swallows and domestic pigeons, unless the ac-



counts of the latter incidents can be referred to the sharp shinned hawk.

This little falcon much resembles the European kestrel, not only by its coloration of plumage, size and general appearance, but its cries greatly resemble those of the European kestrel. And in comparison with the name "sparrow hawk," it may perhaps be rather more appropriate to term our bird the American kestrel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## REPTILES AND THEIR HABITS.

I AM tempted to say a few words on the innate vicious disposition of the snapping turtle, and to refer to an incident to which there are living witnesses. An adjoining farmer turned up with his plow a number of eggs, and brought them to me to examine. They were near the size of pigeon eggs, and covered with an elastic tough membrane. On opening, several they were all found to contain turtles about the breadth of a thumb nail. All were alive and soon began to crawl about, and to prevent falling off the board they were turned with a broomstraw, at which they would snap and bite as viciously as would the parent turtle.

While on the subject of natural history, and the pen in hand, I will briefly refer to another incident, and in part in reference to articles read in *FOREST AND STREAM*. Some writers appear to be of the opinion that serpents propagate their species without the intervention of eggs, and also kill their prey before devouring it. I believe neither to be correct, and know the rattlesnake is propagated from the egg. Some years ago, in company with several acquaintances, I visited a den three or four miles southwest of Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for the purpose of destroying them. Early in May. We had killed quite a number—two under one rock, and three under another. When I stepped on a large rock which overlooked the den, on a south hillside of an acre of loose shaly rocks, on and under which the snakes were usually found sunning themselves, after leaving the den in a semi-torpid state, and before roaming abroad for food. My attention was attracted by a peculiar sound. After carefully examining the surroundings, I discovered a large rattlesnake in coil on an adjacent rock some twenty feet distant, and apparently in a great rage. Possibly near its maturity, as my position was free from danger. I observed it for several minutes before firing. I had killed scores and scores of rattlesnakes, and it was the first instance of one causing any sound other than by the rattle. The snake would inflate the body to nearly double its size, then so forcibly eject the air as to produce a blowing, and almost a whistling, sound, in addition to the rattling, and could be heard twenty-five or thirty yards. After killing it and approaching to take the rattles in the body mutilated by the explosive shell, we counted twenty-three eggs, and each contained a living serpent in embryo.

As to the belief of some that venomous snakes kill their prey by poison before devouring it, this is, in my opinion, incorrect. I have been informed by many intelligent mountain friends, whom I consider entirely reliable, that they had often seen rattlesnakes in the act of swallowing their prey, and it was invariably alive while visible, not killed previously.

Some years ago a friend in the Alleghenies sent me—and unasked for—a large live rattlesnake in a box, which he had captured in May. My first impulse was to destroy it, but it was so much of a curiosity here that many visitors—and from a distance—came to see it. I decided, therefore, to construct a secure cage, and observe its instincts; a strong box, three by four by six feet, and the top and sides covered with woven wire, a sliding metal door, locked, and key in my pocket. With a similarly arranged box placed at one end food and drink could be introduced without a possibility of danger. It lived ten months, but during an unusually cold spell froze to death. During that time it took no food whatever, except about two tablespoonfuls of milk. It killed all the rodents put into the cage, but would not eat them. One small crippled bird was introduced. On its hopping on the snake, was struck on the neck and almost instantly killed, did not live two minutes. I saw it repeatedly afterward attempt to swallow the bird, but the moment it reached the poisoned part, it would invariably throw it out. Hence, with this and other evidence as conclusive, I doubt the rattlesnake's killing its prey for food—by poison. Having a ditcher at work, I came across a small snake, and desired to "introduce it to its brother serpent." When placed in the cage the snake appeared to dread it and would not permit the cat to touch it, changing its position constantly as approached by the cat, but would not strike it. It was amusing to witness a deadly serpent completely conquered and cowed by a harmless cat. I have witnessed two conflicts between snakes of different species, the first between a viper and a blacksnake; the latter was the victor by coiling around and either crushing or strangling the viper; the second, quite recently, was witnessed by several persons—a mottled, black and white snake was captured by one of my sons to send to the Academy of Natural Sciences as an unusual species, and in the same box was afterwards placed one of another species, about half the length of the large one. Very soon the larger seized the smaller one, and began to crush it in its coils; the box was covered with snakes, and not morning the smaller one was invisible. Nor was there any mystery about it, as escape was impossible, and from the previous conflict and largely increased size and torpor of the victor, it was clearly demonstrated that the larger one had killed the smaller, and then swallowed it. Of this fact all were fully convinced beyond a doubt, and so end my snake stories. I have heard a saying that "dog won't eat dog," but I am fully satisfied that snakes will eat snakes just as much as that a cannibal will feast on his fellows.

E. S.

SANDY SPRING, Maryland, Jan. 1893.

MAINE WINTER NOTES.—Bethel, Me., January.—By a private letter last week from an old hunter friend over in Somerset county, Me., he informs me that recently prospecting in those deep forests, he came across moose signs, and after following up the buildings and looking for trail to winter works, and finally struck the droves or tracks of two moose freshly made, and by careful creeping he discovered in the distance two bull moose, both armed with fine, heavy antlers, looking the picture of loveliness to his old hunter eyes. In trying to creep nearer to get a shot, he accidentally stepped on a dry limb, which cracked with so loud a noise as to frighten the game, who made off at a tremendous pace. This shows that the Maine woods are not entirely depleted

yet of the noblest game that ever roamed these woods. Today (the 25th of January) I shot a very beautiful male grouse. Snow buntings are quite common here this winter. A chickadee and a sparrow are constantly on my door yard, and the former takes his meals from a large sundowner hanging by the side of my woodshed. Our location is twenty miles east of Mt. Washington, of the White Mountain Range, and the thermometer keeps way down below zero most of the time.—J. G. R.

PINE GROSBREASTS IN NEW JERSEY.—Stanley, Morris Co., N. J.—While sitting by the window on the 16th of December I saw six strange birds light on an apple tree a few yards from the window, and commenced eating the decayed and frost-bitten apples that remained on the tree. I finally recognized them to be pine grosbeaks (*Pinicola enucleator*). They continued feeding for about five minutes, when they flew to some pine trees near by, where they commenced feeding on the seeds. Having satisfied themselves they returned to the apple tree. Thus they went from pine tree to apple tree and back three or four times. I noticed one peculiarity in their feeding, that is, each separate bird selected an apple and always returned to feed on the same one. Very unlikely for me it was Sunday, if it had not been I would have added some of their skins to my collection. They were mostly immature birds with the exception of one or two mature females.—HARRY DE B. PAGE.

## Game Bag and Gun.

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### THE CANEBRAKES OF ISSAQUEUNA.

THE cotton-planter and his sons are, as a general thing, fond of their guns, rods, dogs and horses, and in this part of the country are blest with a land teeming with game and fish, offering unequalled facilities for frequent sport. In hunting, the negro, bear and deer, as well as the smaller game, the dog takes an important part, in fact, the principal one. Such being the case, it may interest your readers to describe the favorite dog for the several occasions.

First is the bear dog—a mongrel, part cur and part hound, full cur, full hound—a motley collection. The "trail" dogs are usually full hound, although it is questioned by some whether the full hound or half pointer and half hound is the best for this purpose. As to this as it may, the packs I have in view are by full hound, English stag and Virginia fox-hound, and they are capital ones, too. The fighting dogs, those who do the heaviest work, are generally of the mongrel kind—terriers, curs, hounds, etc., mixed and intermixed until it would be difficult to trace distinctions. Bruin stands a poor show in a contest with these fellows, and generally retreats after a race of an hour or so, and is then easily shot by the hunter.

Good and "tough customer" is roused, and a square fight with the dogs is made, usually ending in Bruin's defeat, and another short race, a second stand and fight, another run, and so on, until some fortunate hunter gets into the fight in time to get in a shot, which terminates in the death of Bruin. The victory is signalled by the "call blow" sounded from the horn. This "call blow" consists of three long, distinct "blows" or sounds from the horn. The sound of the excitement of the sport would urge a person to indulge in it, yet it is the finest sport of all out hunting. Once you try it, it sticks, and the fondness for it will not shake or wear off.

The blood-curdling stories told of the bear's dangerous fighting qualities are a humbug, for unless he be badly wounded, and cannot get away, he is, next to the panther, the veriest coward that infests our forests. There is no danger in him, except to your dogs. These he handles pretty roughly, and many of them are killed; scarcely a chase occurs but some of the dogs are seriously wounded or killed. Especially is this the case if your dogs are any of them green in the business.

We use in the bear chase every description of gun. My friend Smith and the members of our club mostly use breech-loading shotguns, 12-gauge, with round balls. This gun is certainly the best for the purpose, and the hammerless would be especially so since the danger of accidents by the hammers being caught against the cane, and the gun discharged, is removed. Several of our "bear-hunters" prefer the breech-loading rifle used in the U. S. Army, and commonly called "needle-gun." None of "Byrne's" pistols are used here. All are armed, in addition to the gun, with heavy hunting knives, which are used mostly for cutting a way through the dense cover.

The deer-drive is made with full-blooded hound, English stag and foxhound preferred. Sometimes the hunter is placed upon stands along the favorite runs, and the deer is shot as he is driven by, but this feature of deer-hunting finds little favor here, as to occupy a stand means the loss of the best part of the sport, which is the better-skitter ride through the timber, a perfect steeplechase, with the music of the hounds' voices ever in the ears, and the excitement of this is to the hunters music indeed. I've tried it and know—fifteen or twenty hounds in full, cry make soul-stirring music to the hunter's ear. In our drives every man must look out for himself, each one's chances for a shot is equal to that of the others, provided all are equally well mounted. It is a race, as usual rewarded to the practiced and swiftest, who heads the deer and kills him, if he can. It isn't done every time, I assure you.

Deer were driven here before the overwood last spring, and our chases were generally short. But frequently if a deer gets out of the usual ground covered by the drive, he is allowed to go in peace—the dogs are recalled and another deer started. Sometimes in the course of one day's hunt twenty deer are chased; and right here let me say that the very next, or, at latest, the day after the hunt, you could go over the same ground and run out the same deer, or as many as on the first day, presumably the same deer. The

deer were never frightened away by driving with hounds—try it here and you will be convinced.

Sometimes our hunts we start a panther, one of those "son-of-a-bitch" cats which are so frightful to gaze upon, measure often nine feet from nose to tip of the tail. When we strike these fellows, the race is short and sweet. The cowardly rascal will take to the first tree, like his cousin the cat, and is easily shot. It sometimes happens, however, that he does not tree, especially if he is surprised by the dogs and caught before he has time to "climb up" a tree. When this happens you may count on some good fighting, and a dozen men and two or three dogs will surround a sized panther can whip all the dogs you can crowd upon him.

Several years ago, a party of us was on a camp hunt in the lower end of this county we were after deer, and bagged eleven in four days. On the morning we had appointed to break camp we were up early, preparing to have a short drive before leaving. After going about five hundred yards from camp, we came upon a freshly killed deer that had been partly devoured by some animal, which had evidently been frightened by our approach, and had concealed itself. The dog coming up soon found the trail, but seemed loth to follow it, displaying uneasiness and fear by their bristling backs and their growls; but one favorite, old Jack, a pointer-hound, came up, took the trail and bravely led off the chase. When once started the whole pack were off in a hurry; and we followed close up. A race of a hundred yards brought into full view a magnificent young panther, which manifested defiance for a race, but a stubborn determination for a fight.

She did not have long to wait. The dogs, once over their fright, were in for it, and some-sized her ladyship, and the hunt began. According to their usual fighting tactics she lay upon her back, feet up, and her four feet containing twenty claws, as sharp as razors, fairly made dog meat and hair fly. Panther and dogs were so completely mixed that we were compelled to withhold our shots for fear of killing man and dog. Every second a dog would crawl out satisfied; the fight lasted only a few seconds, when Walter Smith, one of the party, got in a shot that satisfied the panther and ended the fight. Several severely crippled dogs and one dead panther were the list of casualties.

There are many of these annually here yet. One was killed within half a mile of my dwelling, by E. V. Miller, that measured nine feet from nose to tip of tail. Three were seen on the same ground last spring and became caught by the negroes living on this and adjoining plantations. These three panthers came near riding the county of that nuisance the "yaller cur," that infests it by the hundred, every darkey owning at least three. The panthers killed quite a number and devoured them—in fact, the dogs were the principal food of these animals while they remained. The brutes finally became such a terror that friend Smith was called in by his bear dogs, and drove them off, failing to kill any one of them.

My dwelling stands in the center of 200 acres of cultivated field, and the tracks of these panthers were made within 200 yards of the house.

So much for bear, deer, panther, and the dogs used to hunt them. R. M. Smith, Jr.; W. J. Smith, W. P. Allen, John Stem, Mr. Wescott, and R. B. Phipps are now out for a week's camp hunt for bears, and will doubtless bag five or six of the kind, and two or three of the deer. W. E. Allen, R. B. Phipps on a two days' hunt. This swells the record of the hunt to the present time to eighty-seven bears. R. M. Smith, Jr., was in at the death of every one of these except two. How is that for bear hunting? It was not a good time for bear either.

Quail are plentiful and good bugs can be made any day. Our favorite dog for this sport is the pointer, because of his short tail, which he loses too much time pulling cockle-burrs from his long hair.

More anon.  
ISSAQUEUNA COUNTY, MISS.

STEELE'S HAYCO.

### THE NEGROES AND THE BIRDS.

IF Sly Reynard is the champion bird extinguisher of the old Dominion—mother of States and statesmen—then does it happen that in the southeastern counties, where partridges do most abound, there, also, the fox is most abundant? "M., who writes in your issue of Dec. 21, must be amazingly unsuspecting if he thinks the freedman kills partridges for the pleasure of displaying them to his white brother, particularly during the close season. Indeed, his faith in their simplicity is childlike and blind; whereas, the craftiest diplomat that ever wore a white skin is a novice in the art of concealment compared with the Virginia negro. Does "M." imagine that the colored brother never interviewed a henroost because he has never seen the trophies of the interview hanging on the outer walls of his log cabin?

I did not mean to assert that the partridge had been exterminated by the freedman, or that he was the sole cause of scarcity, but I do affirm that scores of negroes from the James River to Mataponi River, and east of the Richmond & Fredericksburg Railroad, hunt for squirrels and hares all through the spring and summer, skulking along the edge of woods, swamps, and thickets, and keeping carefully out of sight of white folk; that he pretends to be nothing but a pot-hunter, and that there is no fairer mark for the pot-hunter than Bob White sitting on a rail, be he an African or an Anglo-Saxon; and pot-hunting is not confined to the former, by a large majority, I am glad to say.

I remember the winter of '80-81, but found no birds frozen, nor missed any from several flocks I watched closely in Hanover county (the birth place of Patrick Henry and Henry Clay), nor did I hear of any that had been found frozen, although I made diligent inquiry, and east of Hanover there was very little danger of their freezing, but the winter of '81-82 was the warmest we have had since '42, nevertheless, there were not so many birds by half last fall as the fall before. I also remember the bitter cold winter of '83-84; yet in the fall of '85 the oldest hunters in Virginia had never seen birds in such immense numbers. And why? Because for four long, weary years we had been after bigger game, or rather that bigger game had been after us, and the birds had been allowed to lay and hatch and rear their broods in peace and quiet, with none to make them afraid, save birds and man.

And well aware, too, that Bob White's enemies are legion—the hawk, the fox, the mink, the weasel, the skunk, the black snake and the half-starved hound, the greatest egg sucker and poacher on earth, yet I believe the main cause of the general dearth of partridges in Virginia is the wholesale slaughter of the innocents by the insatiable pot-hunter re-inforced by the aesthetic wing-shot. What more deadly weapon than a leg-bag, or "leg-leader," or what animal that walks, runs or flies half so destructive as a sportsman, who

goes out full of vim and ardor, and who can cut down a bird by the glint of its wings in the thickest cover." An experienced hunter is a terror to the crack shots of Richmond, Lynchburg and Charlottesville.

Perhaps I do not exactly understand what "M." means when he says the freedman is not "a social or political factor" in the Northside and Piedmont counties of the State, as he has never been admitted into Virginia society (noted for its exclusiveness), but he casts 2,000 votes in Albemarle county, and is regarded by every candidate for office as a very large "factor." I had just met the gentleman who ran for Congress last fall in the First District lying in part on the Potomac River up to Aquia Creek, who was enormously surprised to learn that the freedman has cleared out of that part of the politician's vineyard, when he was present in the late election to the number of 7,000 votes at least.

But "M." must forgive me if I fail to see the connection between "a political and social factor," and a shooting and hunting factor. There is a tribe of Indians on the Pamunkey River, in King William county, who make their living by fishing and hunting, and who are death on fin, fur and feather—but they can't vote, nary time.

I have no apology to make to the good-natured, shrewd, shiftless freedman, since I know he will take no umbrage at my saying he pops in and out of the scene, and he has the "factor" in his hand. But if I had known my reference to him as one of the "factors" of bird scarcity would have sunk so deep in "M.'s" heart I never should have mentioned him. And it gives me genuine pleasure to bear testimony to the good character, industry and honesty of a very large class of our colored population.

"M." failed to read my communication attentively. I expressly said that partridges were scarce north of James River, from the Blue Ridge Mountains to Chesapeake Bay.

There are a number of negroes in and around Charlottesville who keep dogs for possum and hare hunting, and all this had, snowy weather they have scoured the fields hare hunting. Is there a white man in the world so green as to believe that they refrain from shooting partridges whenever they come upon them the game law to the contrary notwithstanding? RALEYWOOD.

VIROGINA, JANUARY, 1888.

### A ROCKY MOUNTAIN DEER HUNT.

IN Montana the blacktail deer winter in the heavily timbered foothills adjacent to the main range of the Rocky Mountains, staying there until the warm sun and melting snows of April remind them that the time has come to seek the refuge of the mountain peaks, whence, safe from the pursuit of man, and far from the turmoil of the world, they may raise their young in peace.

The first heavy snowstorm in October drives them from the main range into the foothills, where they stay until the heavier snows of winter push them further south. It was at this time of the year, after the first heavy snow, that my friend Dan, as line a young man as it has ever been my pleasure to meet, and myself, decided to bring forth our rifles, which had been laid away all summer, and try our luck with the blacktail.

Early one bright October morning, having loaded our wagon with "grub" and blankets, with Bess and Moll, two little mares as pretty as can be found anywhere, to haul provisions and pack our game, and whistling to Prince, our dog, to follow, we started for our camp in the foothills, where we had pitched our tent.

We had traveled some six miles, and were passing through a narrow valley when Dan says: "Look, what are those white appearing animals moving along that little reef half-way up the side of the hill?" It must have been a band of antelope. They were watching us, so we drove on till they passed out of sight over the ridge and into a little basin on the side of the hill. Hastily unclipping Bess and Moll, and telling them to wait, we hurriedly climbed to the top of the reef. Looking between the rocks we saw some nice fat antelope feeding quietly in the basin, but out of range. We decided that Dan was to go around to the right and try to head them off, and I was to stay where I was. I waited some time, and as he did not appear, and the antelope were feeding away from me, I concluded to go around them to the left. By reaching around behind I at last got ahead of them, and slipping down behind the rocks, I heard the report of Dan's gun and saw one of the antelope drop.

The rest ran through a pass between Dan and me, and as they ran by we both shot, but still they rushed on. Following them a little way I almost fell over a two-year-old buck lying in the long grass, which had evidently been shot as he was passing us, and running a short distance had fallen dead. I picked up the two antelope to the wagon we had come to camp.

After a hard pull, a long pull, and a pull all together, at 4 o'clock we reached the head of the little stream on the edge of our hunting ground, where we were to camp. After moving our camp out into the brush for shelter and picketing the horses, I suggested, as there was still an hour of daylight, that Dan, taking the dog, should go up into that heavy timber at the top of the hill, while I, taking a stroll down the creek, and as I had seen fresh signs of the deer in the brush close to camp, I felt quite sure of seeing some whitetail.

The creek was a small one, with only a few bushes along it—just room for a deer to hide. I was walking quietly along the bank, above the creek, a few hundred yards below the camp, when I noticed the bushes moving a little just ahead of me. I heard a louder crashing, and out jumped a deer whitetail, and I fired a warning shot, and two fawns. They stopped an instant to look at me, and quickly taking aim at the dog, I fired. They were too close and my bullet went over her. At the shot they loped off, waving their white flags at me in defiance. Another shot a little lower at the yearling passed through both her shoulders, bringing her quickly to the ground, when she was soon dispatched. The other three ran and till they came to the heavy brush along the Dearhorn River, and I was obliged to give them up.

Bringing the camp up to the top of the hill, preparing supper of antelope steaks, potatoes, flapjacks and coffee when Dan arrived. He had struck fresh sign as soon as he entered the timber, and going very carefully, a deer which had heard a noise in the brush below ran across and stood in front of him, looking at him, not fifty yards off. He could barely see the deer in the brush, but aiming just back of the shoulders he fired. The deer ran and he shot again. Going to the spot where the deer had stood he found blood. Following the dog's lead in the direction in which the deer ran, he was taken to the dead deer, a two-year-old buck, which had run fifty yards and then fallen dead, shot through the lungs. After supper we made our beds of hemlock boughs,

or, as we call them "mountain feathers," and well satisfied with our day's sport slept as only true hunters can sleep.

Breakfast can be next morning at daylight, and we were off for the runway, one-quarter of a mile from camp. We watched from behind the scrub pines until sunrise, and as the deer thought they would stay at home and not travel that day, we followed up the gulch to visit them. We had passed through several heavy patches of timber, when we saw tracks in the old snow drifts, and then separating, Dan took down into the heavy timber of the ravine, and I kept on the crest of a hill and cut across the pine belt, when a three-prong buck, which had been lying down resting, sprang to his feet. He stood and looked at me. He was seventy-five yards off, and as yet half asleep. Slowly I raised my rifle, sighted carefully and fired. He sprang away, apparently unhurt. At the shot Dan came up, and I told him "I had just missed the finest shot at a buck I had ever had." There was no sign of blood. Keeping the dog steady, we let him take the shot. He led us into the open, and at a hundred yards from where I shot we stood over the body of the dead deer. He was shot through the lungs, and going at full speed, had stopped short, reared up and fallen backward dead, for he lay facing the direction from which he started. Dragging him to the nearest tree, we hung him up and marked the place.

There was only ten or twelve deer, and were quite enraged at the prospect of the deer's sport. Dan was to take the edge of the timber, and I was to take the inside.

Dan heard a rushing, crashing sound on the hillside above him, and saw two large bucks running madly down toward him. The timber was so thick that he only got a snap shot at them as they sped past him. They had winded me, and never noticed Dan at all till he fired.

They were now in the open, and we had an open glade, where the timber had been burnt off, and the ground was covered with low bushes and fallen trees. At first we saw nothing unusual, but on closer inspection Dan thought he saw a pair of horns above the grass in a little clearing. On examining it with the glass, we not only saw through the brush the owner of the horns, but three or four more deer partly hidden by the undergrowth. They were too far for a shot, and we were so wary that we did not shoot. The deer were very still, and did not scent us. We crept back over the hill out of sight, and held a council of war, which resulted in Dan making a full detour of the woods and approaching the deer under cover of the bushes till he was within 150 yards of them. A snapping of a stick, and in an instant with a snort the old buck was on his feet, followed by two does and two fawns.

Mean while I had got to the head of the ravine with the dog and intercept them if they took up the mountain. Watching Dan I saw the smoke from his gun and at the report the deer jumped around a little but did not run. Again his Winchester spoke to them and I saw one of the does fall. She was up again now, and although behind the rest was making a good run. Up the hill they came, passing me 200 yards off. I shot, but my gun being sighted for 100 yards my bullet fell short. By the time the does were within a little, and turning Prince loose I hastened after him. Presently I heard him bark; he had overtaken her and was having a desperate fight. Several times she shook him off, when Dan, closing up, finished her with a shot which broke her back. He had shot her too far back and too low down the first time. Without the dog we would have lost her, although eventually she would have died. We hung her up over the edge of the timber and by a roundabout way started for camp.

We saw several more deer but could not get a shot until crossing a gulch near camp. At the foot of a ravine I saw a large buck which had just come down from the timber and was on his way to water. He was 200 yards off. I raised my sight, dropped on one knee, fired, and to my surprise, saw him fall. Running up to him I found his neck was broken by the bullet, and he gave a few convulsive kicks, he relinquished the struggle. Next day we packed our game to camp; floding one of the deer which we had hung up was considerably torn by a mountain lion, and as we had all the meat we needed for present wants, and the clouds were threatening snow, we struck camp for home, which we reached in good season, feeling very much the better for our few days' camping in the mountains. The deer which we shot on my sheep ranch in October or November, I will be most happy to show them the home of the deer and mountain sheep, and if they can't kill one it will be their own fault. If they have lost any bear and want to find him, I can put them on the track where, if they don't find the bear, perhaps the bear will find them. THE ROCKIES.

### THAT REMARKABLE SHOT IN FLORIDA.

IN THE FOREST AND STREAM, of January 18, "Yours for a truth—Knick," writes thus: "I see that your correspondent 'Wells,' says he doubts the statement I made of a deer being killed with No. 9 shot, etc." What part of the "etc." did I doubt? What is the "etc."? Now I beg to assure "Knick" that I think he will find it rather difficult to discover the "doubts" to which he refers, in the article in question. I surely said I should accept the statement as being true, and I said that it would have been rather unsatisfactory if the writer had condescended to inform us what was the distance of the unfortunate deer from the fortunate sportsman, at the time the remarkable occurrence took place. It was a remarkable shot, and for that reason, "Knick" handed it down to history—or contributed it to history. I admitted that a good charge of gunpowder would kill a deer, at very short range, with any shot in front of me. But I said that it would have been rather a long shot, such a charge would not penetrate the hide of a buck in the "blue season."

I suppose "Knick" inferred from the fact that I made his statement the foundation of some remarks upon the extravagance of expression. Perhaps he is rather sensitive in regard to it. But I do trust that he will not permit Capt. V. J. S. to make any such outburst. Ordinarily the expression of a willingness to swear to some big story suggests a doubt of its truth. But I surrender. Capt. V. J. S. killed a deer in Florida with No. 9 shot, propelled by four drams of gunpowder, "a little over twenty yards measured." How much "over"? What sort of a measure was used? Hunters' measure, or cloth measure? How did he find the exact spot where he stood, and where the deer was? He put the oath of a respectable witness, before a justice of the peace, all doubt must vanish; and so "Purcell, a proud editor professes,"—"or words to that effect." But, "I reiterate," it was a very remarkable shot.

I must be allowed to express a grave doubt whether any justice of the peace, who really comprehended the character and duties of his position, would allow his office to be used to strengthen by the solemnities of an oath, the statements made by any sportsman, to the distance which he killed a deer, a duck, or a sand-hill crane. Justices are allowed, or rather empowered to administer oaths, in matters of controversy between parties in regard to legal rights. In mere matters of opinion, when no legal right or duty is involved, they have no such authority. Even if they did, somehow might object, that he did not have notice of the time and place of investigation, so that he might not be present either in person or by attorney, and subjected the applicant to a cross-examination. But I object to all swearing upon the subject, except, perhaps, as to that part of the comment which states that the shot penetrated the "ribs." That, I must say, requires a little corroboration. That is indeed remarkable.

Now, I trust I have not offended my friend "Knick" by making an extent that he will not have the kindness to forgive me. I always make allowance for a vivid imagination, and confess I take many statements of sportsmen "*enno grano salis*." It was just this measure I used when I saw the assertion of a hunter in the FOREST AND STREAM a few weeks ago, that about Lincoln, in this State, it was not uncommon to find coveys of quail containing fifty birds. That I did not believe, I do not believe it now. I have seen many coveys of these birds, and never yet saw one so large as that. Gentle men are often deceived by the appearance of things, and few men have such accuracy of vision as to be able to count the number of birds as they whir away with great velocity. So much for that. WELLS.

[We have the records of half a dozen authentic cases where deer had been killed with No. 10 shot, and in one or two instances over points. Several of these cases have been recorded in FOREST AND STREAM. It is hardly necessary to say that in every instance the deer were shot at very short range.]

### INDIANA GAME INTERESTS.

A BILL to prohibit quail shooting for three years has been introduced into the Indiana Legislature, by Mr. A. C. Lanier, of Madison, has published a circular in which he says:

"It does not seem possible for the Legislature of Indiana to convene without having a tilt at the game law. No State has a better law than ours, and none more universally observed. There is before the House now a bill (H. B. No. 30) forbidding the killing and sale of quail. The object of this bill is, no doubt, to make quail more abundant; but a greater mistake could not be made. It is not the gun that destroys so many birds, but the cold waves that sweep down suddenly from the North that freezes them to death as they sit huddled together in the field. Whenever the temperature falls 18 or 20 degrees below zero, the quails are frozen to death in whole coveys. They rarely seek a sheltered place to roost, but are usually found in the open field, oftentimes in the most exposed positions.

"During the seasons of 1874 and '85, the quail were more abundant than ever known before or since, in this State. The three preceding winters had been mild and the summers dry and favorable to their nesting; but the winter of 1856 almost destroyed the entire crop. When spring came and summer whistled by, the bird was rarely heard. When the season arrived for shooting it was a rare thing to find a covey.

"From 1856 a gradual increase took place until Jan. 1, 1864. On the morning of that day the mercury fell from 20° to 25° below zero. Thousands and tens of thousands of birds were frozen to death before noon.

"From 1864 to 1881 the increase was slow. It more than once occurred where the winter was mild and the summer wet and unfavorable for nesting, and so no increase took place.

"The winter of 1881, like those of '50 and '64, was also very destructive to the quail. In many portions of the State one-half or more of the crop perished from cold, and in other portions nine out of ten died from starvation, the ground being covered with snow for a long time.

"The excessive cold of winter and a wet summer both retard the increase of quail. Last summer was a fair illustration of the injurious effect of a wet season. The first nestings of quail and prairie hens were both drowned out by the excessive rains of May, June and July. Many of the quail had a second brood. The prairie hens never have but one.

"Here is a simple and true history of the increase and decrease of quail in our State and the causes therefor, for the three preceding years. There is every portion of the law where prohibition could effect any good I cannot see it. It has been tried in Ohio and signally failed. If it were enforced by law, the trap and the hawk would take the place of the gun. 'The Lord greth the increase.' So let us enjoy it when it comes, and not make laws trying to forbid that over which we have no control.

Mr. F. M. Greenleaf, the well-known humorist, and editor of the *Evansville Journal*, has recently been appointed game warden of the First District of Indiana. In a late issue of his paper he announced his intentions in this vigorous manner:

"It is highly probable that in this city a little more attention will be paid to the game law in the future. It has been shamefully neglected here, having been openly violated by parties who have expressed their own appointed game warden in this district and we propose to do our duty. It is a thankless position, as all such positions are, but we don't propose to be intimidated. Right is right, and wrongs no man. Parties who have handled game in this city in past years have laughed when cautioned. Netted quail have been openly exposed, and it is safe to say that not one dealer out of fifty in this city ever looks to see whether the birds consigned to him are game or not. There is no game law here. It is just such disregard of the law that has netted us in the past. It is just such disregard of the law that has netted us in the past. The man who loves to go out in the fresh air and hunt game legitimately finds none; it has all been sacrificed for the sake of the stomachs of a few epicures. Every time anything is attempted in the way of stopping this wholesale slaughter of quail, a virtuous howl goes up, and the air is full of mud and mud-slinging. Little beetle-legged scribbles, who don't know a jack-snipe from a gutter-snipe raise their paws in virtuous indignation, and add their feeble howls to the rest. We are happy to say that things are now entirely changed and there is a general feeling all over the country that this wholesale butchery must be stopped, no matter who suffers. We wish to say right here that to any and everybody who makes any

bird tie shoot off with C. L. Church. Both shots had twenty birds, and in the shoot off Taylor got five birds and Church four. There will be a club shoot of the Tallores this week.



or 30 there will be a grand journey at that place given by the sportsman's club and Cogan, Hays, Tarrill, Williams and the rest of the Chicago shots are wanted over there to carry off some sweepstake money. This is about all there is in the week.

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.

### THE AIR SPACE.

I FIND quite a discussion going on in your paper in regard to an air space in guns. During my experience as a rifle maker for the past thirty-five years, I have seen as many as fifty guns spoiled by being fired when the bullet or some other obstruction was near or back of the center, or at the muzzle of the barrel; in most cases in rifles where the bullet was wedged at a point from eight to twelve inches from the breech. The column of air in such case is driven into a space of  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch long, which cuts a groove in the barrel as cylindrical as though it had been done with a tool made for the purpose. The air being at so high pressure causes the barrel to bulge at that point, which loosens the ball so it passes out. A bullet driven into the muzzle from two to six inches will not damage a strong barrel, because the column of air is so long, and divided over so much space, that it starts the bullet without damage to the rifle, but it would be likely to spoil a shot barrel unless it was uncommon strong. A good shot barrel might stand when fired with a wad in the muzzle, but wet earth or sand would burst them. To fire a rifle or strong shot barrel with a ball only two or three inches from the breech would not be likely to damage them. It depends on the length of the air column whether it spoils the gun or not.

A light, loose-fitting ball might be fired when twelve inches from the breech of a strong steel barrel and not injure it, but if a heavy conical ball of soft lead was used it would spoil the gun, provided the ball fitted air-tight, and a suitable charge of powder were used as in target-shooting. I consider it dangerous to fire a gun with the ball or charge of shot from two to three inches from the breech, and had for a shotgun when the obstruction is near the muzzle. I wrote a few lines on this subject in my letter published in FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 24, 1878. GEO. H. FERRISS, Utica, N. Y.

### Editor Forest and Stream:

I have seen corvids fired from the muzzle of Springfield military breech-loaders on several occasions, and once in the summer of 1880 (being captain of a team), coming from the target to take my turn to shoot, I loaded and fired hastily. I made a good four with the bullet, and made the sand fly with a half-ounce sinker and a yard of stout line with an oil rag attached used for a wiper. No bad results to gun. The wiper had been left in the gun for safety, but was lost.

EMUE, Pa.

HEAD LIGHT.

### DUCK TRAPS IN THE JAMES RIVER.

WHEN on the James River last December, about fifteen miles below City Point, we found on the feeding grounds "duck traps" by dozens, each visited every morning by men in boats, and yielding up from twenty-five to a hundred or more victims who are scooped out with a hand net through the opening left in the topnet, which is tied again when the trap is emptied of its contents. The ducks' necks are wrung as they are flung fluttering into the boat. The trap is built on the principle of an ordinary fyke net and baited with corn, which is plentifully strewn in the entrance. The dimensions of the trap being 12ft. x 16ft., each one will hold a large number of fowl; and I was informed on good authority that two of the most successful machines had captured, one, over one thousand, the other, from eight to nine hundred; and this in the space of eleven days only. These traps are set along the river for miles, by fours and fives, on the most frequented feeding grounds, and the destruction they cause is enormous. The effect of this wholesale slaughter is growing more perceptible, year by year, in the scarcity of fowl on their old haunts. Broadbill, widggon and black duck are the greatest sufferers; the canvas-back and red-head avoid them to a great extent. The proprietors are mostly negroes, although the "white gentleman" is not by any means backward in the business, sometimes having three or four of them in running order. The first heavy ice coming down the river takes them with it, but they are easily replaced and at small expense. All condemn them, and yet no one has courage to take steps toward their removal, for fear "some one will get square," you know. Many a fine bird is sold in the Southern markets, and I dare say in New York, if the truth be told, without a shot mark upon them—"scared to death," one might say. But in the words of one of our notorious public men, in years gone by, "What are you going to do about it?"

NEW YORK, Jan. 25, 1883.

DICK.

### PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.

AN extract from a letter from a friend residing in the Lehigh Valley, Pa., will show how much good the planting of quail and attention to them in the winter season has done in his section of the country between Mauch Chunk and Catasauqua. "What little time I put in last fall was near home. Woodcock were scarce, but quail were plentiful in certain districts where we put them out last spring. The trouble was that the young birds were all small at the opening of the season and before they were large enough to shoot. I went West on business and did not return until it began to get cold and blustery, and I never had a fair chance at them until between Christmas and New Year, when the season was nearly over. There are any quantity of birds left over here. A friend, who was out on the last day of the season, reported ten coveys, most of them full with twelve or fifteen birds, within a few miles of town. We shall trap and keep all we can over until next spring. We have had some bad weather for birds lately, one snow after another, not very deep, however, but crust made. Winter is not half over and there is plenty of time for more."

Until within a few years quail have been an unknown bird, so to speak, in the portion of the Lehigh Valley from which my informant writes, owing to the general severity of the winter in that elevated section of the State, and it has only been by the exertions of four or five gentlemen that the birds have been steadily increasing. Your correspondent can always get a good day's sport there, and has it yearly on invitation, although the hill climbing is terrible, and a more level country would be greatly preferred. The efforts of these gentlemen may well be copied by others in every State. In New England especially, I am sure, the same re-

sults could be effected by a systematic care of the quail in the winter.

Hawks this winter, in Maryland, are very numerous, and have been very destructive to the quail. I am also told by residents of Milford, Del., that whole coveys that were left over on the "neck" farms of that section have been reduced, bird by bird, by the same pests, until but few remain.

A trip down the Delaware River on one of our city boats as far as Reddy Island shows no fowl except a few shrikes from a distance. The water is very low, the ice is floating, and this freezing during the cold snaps requires the efforts of all the iceboats to keep the channel open. The weather is moderating to-day. We look for more snow.

A large snow owl was shot back of Pennsgrove, N. J., last week.

The Delaware River shores about Burlington, N. J., and Bristol, Pa., are black with flocks of crows eking out a scanty livelihood. Netters catch them by hand when the snow covers the ground and will supply them for trap-shooting at ten cents apiece. Their flight is slow and heavy and such practice from a trap is poor.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 27.

### "LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE."

I LIKE black flies, punkies, mosquitoes and small-pox, in their time, so already have proposed amendments to the game laws put in their appearance at Albany, to distract the attention of the legislators, perplex the public, and make trouble and expense for all interested in the protection of game and fish. No such changes or amendments are needed. First—because existing laws, as a rule, are sufficiently stringent and intelligible to accomplish the desired purpose; and secondly—and what is of great importance, because the laws are now generally understood, and in some sections of this State, where enforced, are respected, because the public have learned from the different seasons open and close, what the penalties and other conditions are. These being the facts, to amend or enact will surely cause doubt, confusion and indifference, and if after a series of years, and a thorough enforcement of present laws, defects shall be found, then, and not till then, should any changes be made. You cannot make a horse draw a load by urging him on and making him stop at the same time.

There is not a poacher or marketman in this section that does not know just how far he can go with impunity, and how far he cannot go without subjecting himself to penalties that he does not care to incur.

Therefore I say, "let well enough alone." What is needed and what the public will insist upon is a greater number of game protectors, made so by the State, paid by the State, and made to do their duty by the State, and unless this is done let all game laws be expunged from the statutes, and let every man kill, or catch, or have in possession, when or where he may, and the devil ought to and will do the hindmost.

STRACZE

### SPRING WILDFOWL SHOOTING.

I READ with pleasure the article in your issue of January 15, by "Upland and Bay Shooter," and heartily advocate the principles therein enunciated. It is not only eminently proper, but absolutely necessary, in order to insure the continued existence of migratory bird lands among us, to stop spring shooting. The sagacity of wildfowl is well known to observant sportsmen. They soon get "trained," and the continuous "bazing" of them in the springtime when they have alighted in our waters for quiet and rest for the purpose of mating, and while they are engaged in this sentimental pastime preparatory to their begonia homeward to their nesting places, makes a lasting impression upon them, and the consequence is that in the autumn, when the old ones are leading their respective broods southward, they take good care to avoid the places where their previous reception was accompanied by death and destruction.

Moreover, many times their eggs have commenced to germinate when they are killed in the spring, and the death or wounding of one is equivalent to the destruction of the old and the prospective young.

Notwithstanding it is pretty generally admitted that spring shooting is disastrous in its consequences and is rapidly driving all wildfowl from our waters, there are still many self-styled sportsmen who oppose its abolition. Their minds seem so completely imbued with the "harmless" world "two in the bush" principle, that they have entirely overlooked the necessity of first having the birds in the bush before they can get them in the hand.

The matter resolves itself into this simple question, viz.: Shall we for a very few years of poor spring shooting in present, absolutely destroy all shooting for the future? Shall the near future be absolutely sacrificed to the present?

In reference to the contribution of money from the different clubs for the purpose of paying the expenses of the game protector, I regard the suggestion as a good one. There should be yearly contributions and a yearly convocation of representatives chosen from each club in the State, the number of representatives from each society to depend upon its numerical force, so that whatever action was necessary to be taken would have the strength of union, and there has been the case, occasional epidemic and disintegrated efforts by a few individuals.

The only way to effectually establish a thorough game protective system is for the sportsmen in every part of the State to form game protective societies, then from each such society let representatives be chosen who will form a central organization, whose duty it will be to procure the enactment of proper laws leaving no society to see to their enforcement in its own particular locality.

There has always been a deep-rooted prejudice in the minds of our bucolic brethren against all game laws, and it is not until a recent date that legislatures dared even think of such measures. The injustice, severity and cruelty of the old English poaching laws are well defined traditions with them, and they still see visions of Rumymade before them, and all game laws and prosecutive agencies are still looked upon as relics of old world tyranny and infringements on natural liberty, and it is this prejudice that renders protection of game so difficult. The formation of societies as above suggested would greatly tend to overcome and show the foolishness of such prejudices in these times of highly moral ideas, and when such prejudices are overcome there will be no difficulty in enacting and enforcing all proper game laws.

GALESEN.

### NOTES ON BACK NUMBERS.

#### Editor Forest and Stream:

Your ever welcome paper reached me this A. M., and as usual it was full of items that were interesting and instructive. First your editorial on the People's Park. Now I don't know that I shall ever have an opportunity of enjoying the beauties of those grand old mountains, springs, etc., or shooting any of the game there, but this is of national interest, and I wish to thank you for exposing this big fraud.

"Nirard in the North" was read and enjoyed very much by myself and sons. We had learned much of Capt. Hall and Esquimaux Joe and the Arctic world from our own mounted Capt. E. A. Chas. at whose fireside we have passed many pleasant hours listening to descriptions of the northern country. Then "Upland and Bay Shooter" says he is in favor of prohibiting the shooting of water-fowl in the spring (so am I). May I ask how he stands on the woodcock and grouse close season? We, in the interior of the State, are particularly interested in these birds, and would like to have the close season September 1 to 15, have always found, when we have suggested this change, that Kings, Queens and Westchester counties, as a majority say, "We don't care what you have; we want summer shooting." But we have had summer woodcock and summer grouse shooting to such an extent that there are no birds left, and as "Nessmuk" says, "the birds must go."

I read "Fious Jeeimes'" article, and being a lover of the red Irish, began to look up some of the facts, and my limited experience of field sports found that some Irish dogs had been well to the front, and know that the Irish dogs had too many friends here to let this go by without the facts and figures. "Mont Clare" shows us that there are some level-headed Irish dogs, and I am just foolish enough to keep my little Irish bitch and hunt her another year before giving her away and buying a Llewellyn.

And now a word about Speaker Chapin's appointment of Cassius M. Goetz as Game Protector. They may be all in favor of the protection of game, but I know one that is not, or at least was not last year. "And by their acts ye shall know them." Mr. Schermerhorn, the representative from this district (not the true sportsman's or game protective representative, be he Democrat or Republican), tried to do all of the last year to help a bill through to allow the use of the swivel gun on the Hudson River in Columbia and Garrettsville counties. The swivel gun men told us that this year it will pass, as Schermerhorn is right where he can do more for them than he did last year. This being the case we ask the gentlemen composing the Committee on Game Laws that they will see that four or five men owning swivel guns are not granted the privilege of using these death-dealing machines (at 200 yards) on this river or in any part of this State. We are ready to see Mr. Schermerhorn and all the swivel gun advocates before the committee (if necessary), but know full well that there is not a man that would listen for one minute to any argument in favor of swivel gun. Leaving this in the hands of the gentlemen composing the committee (not Columbia's representative), I am yours,

HENSON, New York, Jan. 19

PLANKERS.

### SPESUTIA ISLAND NITRO HUNTERS.

[From the Baltimore American, Jan. 28.]

SPORTING circles in Baltimore were quite excited yesterday over the news that a raid had been made on the pot-hunters on the Susquehanna River. The interest in the affair is also heightened by the air of mystery which surrounds it. Exactly who instigated it is not generally known, beyond that it was done at the instance of the gentleman who owns ducking shores around the Susquehanna, Gunpowder, Bush and Back rivers, by club and individuals who live on the Potomac, the Ohio, the Delaware and the Susquehanna. A considerable comment over the raid here, as there are many gentlemen in this city who are fond of duck shooting, and who have had occasion to bemoan the decrease of the canvas-back. For a long time there has existed in and around Havre-de-Grace a gang of pot-hunters, who, armed with huge guns, mounted in skills, go out at night and slaughter ducks by the score, in the most reckless manner, but owing to the fact that some of these poachers are politically influential men, the law is a nullity so far as Harford county magistrates are concerned.

Last winter there was a law passed by the Legislature making the penalties more stringent. Since this the pot-hunters have become practically a band of outlaws, with a captain, whose name is Susquehanna, who has taken possession of a small island, which is about six miles below Havre-de-Grace, and made it their stronghold. No sportsman not in accord with the gang can shoot ducks in this neighborhood, as the poachers cruise around in their sloops all day, and by raising and lowering their sails purposely scare ducks away. Taking Spesutia Island as the base of operations, the pot-hunters conduct their business, which is remarkably lucrative. The poachers are sometimes terrible. These men kill ducks by means of what are known as "night guns." They are huge fowling-pieces, on the pattern of the ordinary shotgun, but weighing 150 pounds apiece, with a bore like a howitzer, and a capacity for at least a pound and a half of powder. A gun of this kind is mounted in the bows of a small skiff, which can either be navigated in water or put upon runners, and propelled over the ice. The poacher, sitting in a small boat, so that the recoil sends the boat back through the water, and there is no big shock as there otherwise would be. The gun is usually painted the color of the boat, some dull neutral tint, and is fitted with a patent buoy, by which the owner, if surprised by an officer of the law, can pitch it overboard and return for it again when the alarm is over. The sound of one of the guns can be heard five miles, and the effect of the shot is so great, as to keep deep water upon the water. There are instances recorded where eighty-five and one hundred canvas-backs were killed at one discharge. On account of this slaughter the law passed by the last Legislature imposes a fine of \$200 or imprisonment for each and every offense constituted by having in possession, using or disposing of any sink boat, sneak boat, big or swivel gun, or killing a duck in the night, time to any further adds that it is to be proved that any party so charged was at or about the place at the time when the duck was killed with a gun in his possession, it shall be deemed prima facie evidence for his conviction.

It was on the strength of this last section that Mr. John E. Semmes, acting as attorney for the parties who intended rooting the pot-hunters out of their lair, laid his plans for a raid. Proving the parties guilty before Harford county magistrates was long known to be worthless. What was



required was to get possession of the guns and confiscate them. The services of a Philadelphia detective were enlisted, and the operations of this shrewd man began the game. First he went to Havre-de-Grace and found out who the great duck killers were. Of course, nobody knew who they killed their ducks, but to these men the detective went, and being an engaging and companionable fellow, he made them all his friends. They took him down to the strong-belt on Spessart Island and gave him all the ducks, and he was very satisfied. They had splendid game patterns, and were willing to show him how to kill ducks from a bar or a blind, but never a chance did he get to go out in a snook boat with a "big gun." They were very reticent about these, and their hiding places for them were of the cleverest and most unsearchable character. The detective wanted to see the guns fired, so as to have unquestionable evidence. At last he was taken out with Wash Barnes, the great duck-killer, and the big leader of the poachers. On this occasion Barnes killed 104 ducks. Afterward the detective was taken out with another man, and was shown the modus operandi. With this evidence, and the knowledge of the fact that upon a certain day all the poachers except one would be away from the island, the detective joined Mr. Semmes, and they set out in a small boat from Havre-de-Grace for the island for the purpose of capturing the ducks. The detective knew where the ducks were hidden. Unfortunately, the river began to freeze, and after about five hours' hard pulling the boat became ice-bound when near the island. The two men were discovered by the sloops of the duck pirates which were cruising around, and three of them made a descent upon the yawl and its occupants. The law breakers suspected a raid and smelt a rat, and Mr. Semmes and the detective were taken aboard of Wash Barnes's schooner. The detective, relying on his friendship, and he was just bringing his friend, Mr. Henry, a Philadelphia banker, down to the island for a day's sport. In the cabin of Barnes's boat there were two Henry rifles, three double-barreled shotguns, and several revolvers. Suspicions were aroused, Mr. "Henry" got his day's shooting and went back without the "big guns."

Another raid was planned. This time two Baltimore detectives were brought into requisition and several special officers. The detectives were great admirers, and before yesterday the party made an attack on the island, armed with warrants for the arrest of Barnes and the other man, whose friendship had induced him to take the detective out in his boat. To the surprise of the raiding party, the poachers were found entrenched on the island armed to the teeth and prepared to make a desperate defense. It was afterward learned that a special officer who had been sent to Belair to be deputized by the sheriff had acted in an officious manner, and the duck-killers had gotten wind of the affair. There was a fix. There were eleven poachers in all, and about six in the party that had come to arrest them. The poachers swore that they would die rather than be arrested. Mr. Semmes hoisted a flag-of-truce and opened a parley. He told the men that he was going to arrest them anyhow, and that they had better submit. They would not better their submission, and the officers, fearing the crime of murder, whereas, if the officers of the law should kill any one in making the arrest, it would be a praiseworthy act in the eye of the law. The poachers considered this a knock-down argument and surrendered, thinking that at best they would only be taken before a Harford county magistrate. A "cute" provision of the law, however, allows the offenders to be prosecuted either in Harford or Baltimore county, and when Mr. Semmes took Barnes to Baltimore, he was going to slap them into jail at Towson, they begged for mercy. A compromise was then effected and Mr. Semmes promised that they should be taken before a Harford county magistrate, and that he would allow the law to take its course without argument upon the evidence if they would give up their "big guns." The men begged and implored, and even wept over parting with their guns, fearing that they would then be taken to jail. Mr. Semmes took them, however, and brought them to this city yesterday, when they were broken up and given to Winteritz, the junk dealer. They were enormous single-barreled affairs, painted a dirty white, and were both loaded. One of these guns is said to have been owned by old Captain Cadwallader, of ducking fame, and cost \$600. The lock was a beautiful piece of mechanism, and the metal was perfect. The barrels were about 18 inches long, and were released. The Philadelphia detective—who, by the way, has made himself very scarce—alleges that there are still eighteen of these guns in possession of the gang, which will doubtless continue its nocturnal depredations upon the ducks.

WHEN THEY COME AND WHY.—Cleveland, Jan. 15, 1888.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The experience of your correspondent, Mr. Venzor, is that "the snowy owl" is more common about Montreal in exceptionally mild and open winters. Our experience here in Cuyahoga county, O., for the last four or five years, is that the bird comes from the North, generally about the last of November and remains never later than the last of January. I have never seen a specimen taken here after this month, and as a rule we have always considered their appearance the precursor of the winter storm. The owl, so far as I know, generally comes in about the first of the fall, and in the early winter of 1870 was a real staple from the Arctic regions between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and what an extremely cold winter followed. Now was this great migration of owls southward due to a short crop of ptarmigan, or something else yet to be explained? In fact, do you believe an Arctic owl can catch a full-fledged ptarmigan? I should think not. He might, at times, gobble up the fellow he has as a rule, but in the fall, when he is in the hawk-way, especially in the winter months, when he would like, most of all, ptarmigan dinners. As a fisherman this owl is quite expert, but does not catch his fish after the manner of the bold and honest fish-hawk. Considering the country this bird inhabits, his food must necessarily be of a "go-as-you-please" nature, of which we know but little. The same is true of his general history. Hall, the Arctic expert, says that he has only one far as I know, that was met with its nest and eggs. "What has become of the ptarmigan?" Perhaps many years of persecution to the race has taught them to avoid the Dominion?—*DR. E. STERLING.*

QUAIL IN CONSPIRACY.—(Westfield, N. J., Jan. 23.—The quail are coming freely (two I was able to leave from the ground, out through the snow) and I have bought a dozen wild ones, part of which I will turn out in the spring, and part will keep for quail breeding in confinement on a larger scale next year.—*JOHN J. WILLIAMS.*

## THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Inclosed I send you a copy of a petition I laid before the Kent County Sportsmen's Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., on the 2d of this month, which was indorsed by the club and ordered signed by the officers in their official capacity and presented to Congress. I am not sure whether this is the first movement of a club on this subject or not. It is certainly the first I have heard of. I do not mention this boastfully, but I regret that the game and fish protective clubs and associations are not more active in their efforts to save the National Yellowstone Park from the spoliation that threatens it, especially as a game preserve. At the annual session of the Michigan (State) Sportsmen's Association, on the 9th inst., I laid a copy of the same petition before that body, which was unanimously indorsed and ordered signed and forwarded as above. I hope every association, society, and club will go and do likewise.

E. S. HOLMES.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., JAN. 20, 1888.

### THE PETITION.

To the honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

We, the undersigned, members of the Kent County Sportsmen's Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., do respectfully ask your honorable bodies to enact such laws as may be necessary to secure the enlargement of the National Yellowstone Park by the addition of about forty miles of the national domain on the east and about ten miles to the south of said Park. We also, in addition, as recommended by Lieut.-Gen. P. H. Sheridan in his report of his recent summer trip to said Park.

We also ask that the control of the said Park be transferred to the War Department, and that the United States Army stationed in contiguous forts be instructed to protect all wild animals, especially game animals, of the air, on the land and in the waters of said Park, and to prevent any trespass within the boundaries of the same.

We also protest against the leasing of said Park or any part thereof to private parties.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

Some of the reasons for passing Senator Vest's bill may be found in the report of Mr. P. H. Conger, the superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park. Speaking of the vandalism of visitors and their utterly wanton destruction of the natural curiosities there, he says:

"I have hardly the patience to discuss this subject without passion. The most of the depredations committed seem to me so entirely purposeless that I am unable to conceive the cause that impels men to engage in so wantonly destroying a purely for destruction's sake. What are we to think of a man that will pack long poles, as heavy as he can carry, a great distance for the purpose of thrusting them into the cone and down the throat of these great geysers, when the only possible effect must be to obstruct their flow and mar their beauty? This is done repeatedly, although I have neglected no opportunity to warn, admonish, and entreat all tourists whom I have met in the Park and not on any account to do so. I have also, by published order, forbidden the collection of any specimens and cautioned all persons having occasion to build a fire in the Park to be certain to extinguish the same before leaving camp. But notwithstanding all this tourists go into the Park with iron bars and picks secreted in their wagons, with the express intent to disregard the law and defy the Superintendent. The famous geysers of the park are already badly defaced, and vast tracts of the beautiful forested land, the wonderland are laid waste by fire annually, through the wanton carelessness and neglect of visitors. Another source of great annoyance is the hunters in the Park. I am sure you will agree with me that it is not possible for a single game-keeper to guard so vast a territory as the National Park and prevent the breach of the laws in regard to the killing of game. The geysers, the hot springs, the waterfalls, and the mountains, which these vast solitudes afford, give me need no wonder that the laws are broken and the orders disobeyed. But I leave it for the superior wisdom of the Honorable Secretary of the Interior to suggest some remedy for these evils."

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Allow me to congratulate you upon the fight you are making against the land grab in the National Park. I think that all the moral support possible should be given our representatives in Congress, and all others, who are trying to preserve this Park to its intended and legitimate uses. The famous Park says that the law is the law, and that our Senator Vest weakening in the investigation, for we do not believe any subsidy will be able to cause him to swerve from a plain line of duty. Please give us all the facts as they are brought to light in this investigation. OCCIDENT.

SEBASTIA, MO., JAN. 30, 1888.

[St. Paul Pioneer-Press, Jan. 22.]

The letter of Gen. James S. Brisson to Congressman Bedford, of Colorado, under date of Sept. 25, 1887, betrays his unselfish devotion to the cause of the frontier. He says that he is a sportsman, and that he desires to give to the people of the United States a National Park and desire to give to the picturesque shores of the lake from a palatial steamer or a white-winged yacht. He expected to make a million by extending to them the hospitality of the British hotel. The general is a self-sacrificing patriot, and doesn't believe in allowing a bloated monopoly like the Hatch syndicate to serve the dear public.

[St. Paul Pioneer-Press, Jan. 22.]

[St. Paul Pioneer-Press, Jan. 22.]

If a plain-spoken and well-written article ever appeared in public print it was the one in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 21, in relation to the "Leasing of the National Park." Fair warning of gigantic fraud and outrage was given, and the result was that the National Park was always a map of unscrupulous and unprincipled schemers on hand to defraud the Government or its people, when the least show of even a pretense of resistance was shown. It is one thing to be throttled or checked in government matters than another puts forth blows, blossoms, and brings forth a hundred fold for the originator. The famous Park is not yet fully settled, yet the honest people are started by a new enterprise ("the Leasing of the National Park") to private parties, for private interests and private aggrandizement. The National Park is not yet fully settled, yet the honest people are started by a new enterprise ("the Leasing of the National Park") to private parties, for private interests and private aggrandizement. The National Park is not yet fully settled, yet the honest people are started by a new enterprise ("the Leasing of the National Park") to private parties, for private interests and private aggrandizement.

[Boston Star, Jan. 22.]

Gen. Brisson has no objection to the "Hatch party" "hog" the Yellowstone Park for all it is worth. He demands only a water privilege, worth a million or so within the next ten years.

[Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle, Jan. 22.]

The Yellowstone Park is a grand and beautiful thing, and Uncle Rufus may realize handsomely out of it with his virtuous and unsullied partners, but in the meantime the people understand the situation and are not so easily deceived. The National Park is a grand and beautiful thing, and Uncle Rufus may realize handsomely out of it with his virtuous and unsullied partners, but in the meantime the people understand the situation and are not so easily deceived. The National Park is a grand and beautiful thing, and Uncle Rufus may realize handsomely out of it with his virtuous and unsullied partners, but in the meantime the people understand the situation and are not so easily deceived.

Nobody objects to the erection of hotels in the Park. Speculators may build as many as they want to. What is objected to is the giving of exclusive rights to a few individuals to monopolize the Government gives something for nothing. Neither Mr. Hatch nor Mr. Coulting nor anybody else who has anything to sell or lend ever does business this way. But they will make their point. All the signs indicate it.

[Boston Sunday Herald, Jan. 22.]

The struggle for the control of the Yellowstone Park privileges has brought out some very interesting facts. General Brisson, who is stationed in that vicinity, has been granted the privilege of running one steamboat on Yellowstone Lake, and his published letters to Congressmen and Senators show his anxiety to have the privilege enlarged and issued exclusively to him. He estimates that the privilege will be worth \$100,000 for ten years. The scheme of the Rufus Hatch combination to "hog the whole Park" is very obvious to this modest monopolist, but he promises not to object if his navigation privilege be not interfered with. The action of the Assistant Secretary of the Interior in executing the absence of Secretary Teller, leases for seven tracts of land of 640 acres each, and including the geysers and other natural curiosities, has a very suspicious look. If there is not jobbery afloat in connection with this Park, the ear marks are misleading. The Senate has not moved any too soon to protect the Yellowstone country from its "protectors."

[Knickerbocker, Jan. 24.]

The Yellowstone Park fraud, which our able and reliable contemporary, *FOREST AND STREAM*, was the first to denounce, will bear a good deal of investigation. The last contention to the point, does a lot of letters on the subject in answer to Senator Vest's call for correspondence. This has opened a pile-hole full of epistolary trifles, by which we learn that General Brisson got the privilege of a steamboat on the lake for the convenience of "tourists" "convenience of tourists" is good. General Brisson, with a quick eye to the advantages of competition, writes to the secretary for an authority in writing to run his little boat, as those fellows, Hobart, Douglas, Hatch & Co., are going to gobble the whole Park. Our Assistant under-secretary, Joslin it was who, in Secretary Teller's absence, made the laws and gave rights and profits worth millions. Nothing for nothing is good political economy. What was Mr. Joslin's little share in the spoils?

[N. Y. Morning News, Jan. 25.]

The United States Government, now having a National Park on its hands, is chiefly engaged in proving to the world how incapable it is of doing it. The domain of the National Park is a vast one, and it is, after having set it apart and barred out the worthy settlers, it must now be given up to speculators. This appears to be another example of the kind of thing that has been done in the past, for the general benefit. A National Park was a new idea and a noble one. The hatch scheme is a very old one, and doesn't appear to be noble at all.

## A GROWL ABOUT GUNNERS.

NOTICE an article in your last on the "Indestructibility of Game Birds," from one of your correspondents. He admits that the wildfowl and snipe are frightened away by night shooting, and have got the gauge of modern choke borer down so fine that they can keep out of range. That is just what all of us "growlers" complain of. Nothing has done so much to drive away our wildfowl and snipe as the introduction of modern breech-loaders at a low price—a good one costs now no more than a muzzle-loader a few years ago. It is not the birds that are killed, but those that are scared away, that do the mischief.

The coast is lined with "stuckers" and "snipers" the whole season, everyone of whom own a gun, and so they must shoot at everything with feathers on, sea gulls, swallows, and the like. "What earthly difference does it make if the ducks and snipe are 'indestructible,' so long as they keep themselves where you cannot get at them. Your correspondent, who mentions that he has seen a duck shot where he has as good shooting as ever, but I notice that he takes good care not to advertise its exact locality. If he did, about one season would show him what is meant by scarcity of game birds. GROWLER.

NEW YORK.

OREGON GAME.—Cove, Oregon, Jan. 5.—For the past two weeks we have had a cold snap, with snowstorms, ice and slush following each other. Shooting has been pretty fair among the prairie chickens, ducks, jack rabbits and large game. Geese have left for a warmer climate. The sharp-tail grouse, called here "chickens," during a snow storm frequently settle in the trees on the streets, and are shot from the houses. Notwithstanding the depth of snow, the game is good, and the shooting is good. On Monday, yesterday two of us went down some half a mile, walking near a warm creek still open, and found plenty of game. Ducks, to protect themselves from the wind, were under the banks and bushes, and as we turned sharp crooks in the stream, they would rise almost under our feet, only to fall with a bound right and left. Now and then "chickens" arose with a whirr from the snowbanks and thickets. When again settling the snow would prevent us from getting at them. Almost before taking wing. They afford the finest of the finest of shooting when the weather is cold and snow covers the ground; but when the snow disappears the birds are wild and difficult of approach. My companion, noticing fresh tracks of a jack-rabbit, followed them only a short distance when it jumped up near by and was brought to bag. They are almost invisible now, being white. We made two particularly fine shots, bringing down a pair of mallards at seventy yards high. After a half day's sport we returned with one mallard, six ducks and twelve chickens.—*J. G. S.*

NEW JERSEY QUAIL STOCKING.—Plainfield, N. J., Jan. 29.—The first installment of three hundred live quail for stocking purposes, ordered by the New Jersey Game and Fish Protection Society, arrived at the headquarters of the society in this city last week, and are doing finely. The birds came from the Indian Territory, through Reich Bros., New York, and are in good condition. They have been placed in excellent quarters and are receiving every attention necessary to their welfare, until the proper time arrives to turn them loose in the various counties of the State destined as their future homes and breeding places. The society is in flourishing condition, and rapidly increasing in membership. Non-residents desiring to become members should address the Secretary, W. S. Force, Plainfield, N. J. There is a prospect of more quail being left over this winter than in many previous years. The writer knows of several broods which were saved over from last fall's shooting in this immediate neighborhood, by the exertions of members of the society, who would not shoot them themselves, nor allow others to do so as far as lay in their power, fearing that the birds would sport in vain, and the birds would increase in numbers and thus afford better shooting in the future. Grouse are scarce in this section. No important changes in the game laws are likely to be made by the present Legislature.—*FOX.*

MIGRATORY QUAIL.—New York City, Jan. 27, 1888.—Will you be kind enough to publish in your esteemed paper, the any and every desired information, and, if possible, from the next spring can obtain all information, etc., by applying to the undersigned, 46 Beaver street. Over 13,000 quail have been imported through me from Mexico to this country.—*CARL F. BRAUN.*

## Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

WE were sitting around a roaring fire in the "Dawn of Day" cabin. We were the day shifts on the "Orphan Girl" and the "Maggie." The storm was roaring outside, but loud as it howled its noise was drowned by our peals of laughter, for in the center of the circle, seated on an inverted cracker box, was "Yunk," boss liar of the Rocky Mountains. For two mortal hours the tears had been streaming down our faces, making strange looking white streaks, for we had followed his trail from "The first time I crossed the plains, boys, in '49," and "I tell you, fellows, it makes a man think of his wife's people when the arrets is comin' at yer ping, ping, ping, straight as a clothes line fifty yards long and not an inch between 'em," until we landed him "in the San Luis Valley wit'out chuck or water, blinded wit' sandstones," surrounded by Indians. Then somebody said "antelope."

"Wal, now just listen to me boys and if any of yer can discount a strange coincidence that happened to me in that that same San Luis Valley I'll throw up my hands and take water. Yer see we had been out of meat for over a week, having eaten the last of a dead mule we found that was so tough the coyotes couldn't touch him, and we was gettin' kind o' peckish, when one evening, just as we was makin' camp, what should I see but a doe antelope. Down I drops and, boys, I tell yer I did some tall stakin' right that that would have turned a 'Pache yaller with envy, but just as I got within shoothin' distance somethin' skeered the doe and off she went on the dead jump. But meat I had to have, so up I jumps and led drive, but, what with bein' weak with hunger and frin' in a hurry, instead of hittin' her behind the shoulder I just crashed her across the belly, when, as I'm a livin' sinner, without breaking her stride she just dropped two fawns, who lit on their feet a runnin' and all three disappeared together. Good night." A. B. B.

You may send the writer who believes in hunting without a gun, out here in the spring when ducks come. I claim him for a pardner.

Was hunting last fall up near Malta Bend, as fine a duck country as there is anywhere. I think, and I believe I hunted part of the time without a gun. It happened this way. It was just in front of a storm; and the ducks were flying thick and rapidly. I unloaded my traps from the wagon and plunged into the long grass that lines the shores of a lake that never fails to bring duck and geese in spring and fall. The point I was making for was about a mile from where I started in, and by the time I got there I had killed eight. Just before I got in position to "slay 'em," a very fine looking setter dog came to me and anchored himself as though he meant to see the fun.

Here come the ducks by the hundreds over the point of timber; they pitch down and skim along, giving a fair shot with both barrels; and down came three ducks fat and sleek. The dog retrieved them in a workman-like manner. Hurriedly putting away shells in the gun, I did not notice that one of them was wet; and when I emptied the gun the next time that "settled it," I could no more get that shell out than I could fly. The ducks come thick and fast, and almost sat on my head; and the look of disgust that that dog would give me, when I would fail to shoot as each flock came sailing over us, was too comical to describe. I was as completely without a gun as the writer of your article could wish. This condition of things could not last long; and finally the dog struck out, I suppose for home; and I struck out for the wagon.

It may be that there is something in hunting without a gun, but it certainly is not satisfaction. J. D. A.

MARSHALL, MISSOURI.

## Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. and not to individuals, in order that the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

Ye Nymphs of Mulla, with which careful heed  
The silvery trout do fond full well,  
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed  
(Those trout and pikes all others do excel);  
And ye, likewise, which keep the rusty lake,  
Where none do fishes take;  
Bray up the locks which hang scattered light,  
And in his waters, which your mirror make  
Behold your faces as the christall bright."

—Epithalamion, (1595).

### MCCLOUD RIVER TROUT.

BY LIVINGSTON STONE.

THE question has been raised, "Is there more than one variety of black-spotted trout in the McCloud River, California?" It is settled beyond question that the McCloud River contains *Salmo iridia*, the coarse-scaled trout of the McCloud River proper, that grows to a weight of eight or ten pounds, the trout with the obtuse nose and large eye, with the bright red gilt covers and the broad red band along its body. We know that this fish is in the McCloud River, for there are hundreds, thousands indeed, in the ponds of the U. S. Fish Commission on the McCloud, which have been caught in the river and placed in these ponds, from time to time, but the question remains, is there another kind of black-spotted trout in the ponds or in the McCloud River itself scaled and differently shaped?

With special reference to this question, I took a day to examine the trout in the U. S. ponds on the McCloud River. These fish, two or three tons in all, were caught in the river and tributaries, and all, or nearly all, are above two pounds in weight, and probably all are over two years old.

After a thorough examination of the fish, both alive and dead, I am compelled to give it as my opinion, which I admit is nevertheless not based on a scientific study of them, that there is only one variety of black-spotted trout in the U. S. ponds on the McCloud River, or if there are two or more varieties they shade into each other by imperceptible degrees.

It is the opinion of Mr. Myron Green and Mr. Loren Green, who have had more experience with these fish than any other white men, that there is only one variety of trout in the U. S. trout ponds and in the McCloud River, or if there are more that they breed together indefinitely,

so that all specific characteristics of distinct varieties, if there were any, have become lost.

One thing is certain, which is, that if there are two or more species of trout in the ponds, the eggs distributed from these ponds are the fruit of an intermixture of both or all the varieties, for all the males and females in the ponds are used indiscriminately in the egg-taking season and all seem to be equally efficient in producing fertilized ova.

The only distinction which the writer could discover between the so-called fine-scaled and the coarse-scaled varieties was simply this, viz., that the larger fish in the river were coarse-scaled, and the smaller in the brooks and flow into the river were fine-scaled. This holds true universally. It is the general opinion on the river (which opinion the writer shares) that the trout in the river are the same variety as the trout in the brooks, but that the younger and smaller trout affect the brooks and the larger and older trout prefer the river. According to the generally received nomenclature in the Eastern States, I suppose the brook trout would be called the fine-scaled or mountain trout (or *Salmo charit*), and the coarse-scaled or river fish would be called the McCloud River trout (or *Salmo iridia*).

I confess the subject is very much of a puzzle to me still, particularly because persons who have hatched the California trout eggs and have raised the fish from them, are very positive that what are called the "California mountain trout" and what are called the "California McCloud River trout," are two distinct varieties, while according to my theory they ought to be both the same variety. Mr. Roosevelt speaks very decidedly about it, and says that "the distinctions between the McCloud River and the mountain trout are quite apparent to the eye," that "there is some difference in their habits," that the mountain trout does not grow to more than half the size of the McCloud River trout, and that when cooked there is a marked superiority in favor of the mountain variety. These, I believe, are also Seth Green's opinions.

Now if this is all true, and I do not here dispute it, how does it happen that we have but one kind of trout in the ponds of the U. S. Fish Commission on the McCloud River? Our trout there have been taken indiscriminately from brook and river, and if there are two distinct varieties in the brook and its tributaries it seems impossible that both varieties should not be represented among the thousands of trout in the ponds, but they are not. I do not pretend to solve the problem, and will only add in closing that in the ponds of the Lenni Fish Propagating Company, in California; I saw many thousand fish, all of which were alike and all different from those in the U. S. ponds on the McCloud, the main differences consisting in the shape of the head and the greater number and different localities of the black spots, the heads of the Lenni trout being less symmetrical and graceful than those of the McCloud River trout, and the spots extending over the abdomen and lower fins, while in the McCloud trout the spots are absent on these parts.

### TROUT. HOGS.

IN your Journal of January 18, "Nessmuk," in his article "A New Year's Seren," in speaking of the trout he speaks of a sample of that species of fishermen who fish for numbers and not for weight that I met on the Neversink two summers ago. I started in one fine June morning at Mable's clearing on the West Branch, to fish down a little below Rosencrance's clearing, where a team was to meet and take me over the mountain to the Big Indian; there I was to meet a friend and try that stream for a few days.

I did make but a few casts when I discovered prints of hob-nailed shoes in the moist sand, and knew there were fishermen ahead of me. So I took it leisurely, not wishing to follow too closely behind them. Trout rose in large numbers, but few large trout came, and, as is usual on streams in that locality, about six were returned to the water where one was dropped in the creel, but I was satisfied with my luck, for a few fair-sized fish had been taken. The day was as near perfect for trout fishing as could be wished for, with no wind to interfere with casting stream in perfect condition, and what more could one wish? But there are too many men who go for the fish, not for the fishing. I enjoy the fishing, that is what I go for, and if the fish are there, so much more pleasure.

About 3 P. M. I reached the little tumbled down log bridge near Rosencrance's clearing, and as I stepped up on the bank I heard a voice, "falloo, what luck?" I looked around, and saw no wind, under an old butternut tree, which stood a little way back from the stream, reclined two very nobly-looking fellows smoking cigarettes, and a quart flask with a shoulder strap was very conspicuous in the foreground. They had rested their rods against the tree and one of them had fallen down, the line having caught in the branches, the rod was bent in nearly a half circle, the tip being supported by the line, and the sun was shining full upon it. They invited me to come over and see their catch, and the following conversation took place:

Nobly Angler No. 1, reaching for the flask—"Have a drink?"

Myself—"Thanks, but I don't use liquor much in hot weather."

N. A. No. 2—"Oh, have a drink. Cool you off."

Myself—"I am obliged, but please excuse me."

N. A.—"Have a smoke," offering a bunch of cigarettes.

Myself—"I'll smoke a pipe if you have no objection," and I produced my briarwood that had been my only companion on more than one fishing trip.

N. A. with a contemptuous twist of his nose at so vulgar a thing as a briarwood pipe—"When did you start in, had any luck?"

Myself—"I started in at Mable's, took about thirty-five I guess."

N. A. with another twist of his nose—"Didn't do much, did you?" and in an off-hand manner, "We got about three hundred." He then took a pull at the flask that almost made it collapse and caused the other N. A. to reach for it with a look that was appalling.

Myself, giving a couple of pulls on my pipe—"Got very many large ones?"

N. A. No. 2—"Large ones! There ain't a cussed trout in the ponds on the McCloud that's larger than the ones I take. We have tried all kinds—blue, grey, scarlet fish, green heckle and everything—and then had to fall back on bait, which I never like to use, but without it a fellow can't get a showing of trout to-day." and he went down to the stream and pulled out two creels, where they had been soaking for a couple of hours, and brought them up for my inspection. I should say there were three hundred trout in the two creels, neither

of which was more than two-thirds full, and I could not find a trout more than six inches long, and those had to be looked for. By this time one of the fishermen so far forgot himself as to look in my creel, which only contained thirty-four trout. He nearly dropped the basket, and looked as if it was in order.

"Where in thunder did you get those trout?" Thunder was not the word he used, but I substitute it for one which might set the paper on fire.

"I caught them between here and Mable's."

"N. A.—"The devil you did! Have a drink?" I had set my rod against a small tree when I stopped to converse with the fellows, and one of them now took it up and began to switch it in a manner that caused me to regret having let it out of my hands. It was one of my pet rods, and I loved it.

N. A., as he gave it a switch, the tip striking in a bush behind him—"This feels like a Mitchell rod." "Did he make it?"

Myself, rather sharply—"No, I made it myself. He looked at me, but refrained from calling me a liar.

N. A.—"Did you catch your fish on these flies?"

Myself—"Some of them. I have changed all my flies several times, excepting the beaverkill, that has done good work all day."

N. A.—"Which is the beaverkill?"

Myself—"The second dropper."

N. A.—"I guess I'll make a change in my flies."

He drove his hand down in a spacious pocket in his fish-vest, and drew forth a book, a trifling smaller than a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which was well stocked with salmon and bass flies. He had nothing that looked like a beaverkill fly, and I gave him a couple from my Holberton fly book. On seeing my book he said he should think I would get out of flies if I didn't take more than four dozen on a trip. I told him I had some in my valise at the house where I was stopping. He said he thought I was about burnt out, and didn't know as there was any in carrying such a lot of truck around on a fishing trip. I told him I thought it quite unnecessary to carry a satchel full of salmon flies on the Neversink.

The sun was getting behind the hills, and as I wanted to reach the wagon before nightfall I bade the N. Anglers good day, lighted a fresh pipe and started down the stream.

I know a good many anglers like the ones I found under the burnt tree, and I know a good many trout fishermen, who seem to think it a disgrace to be outbaited, no matter what the size of the fish may be. NEVERSINK

FISHERMAN ON THE NEVERSINK.

### FISH POISONS.

SOME time ago I was present where there were several gentlemen, and the conversation chanced to turn upon fishing, fish, and fishbait. I remarked that in my boyhood I had seen fish caught by something thrown in the water; the fish ate it eagerly and then appeared to go crazy, and the drug, or whatever it was, was called crazybait. I remember this, the fish, after eating it lost all fear, and you could go into the water and catch them with your hands, or spears, for I have to go on. After no longer being so near being drowned once at that sport. It was after my father came to California, in 1854 or '55; he had sold a ranch we had been living on a short time and we went into camp again until he could suit himself with another, and for convenience to water, we pitched our tent near a large bayou making out of the Sacramento River, and very near us was a large, deep hole in which it was supposed there were good fish. 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In that kind of weather one should go about sunset. I recollect one little occurrence that happened years ago, when I was a boy, that I must relate. It was on one of those warm, muggy days known as dog-days, in the month of August. Taking my rod one afternoon, I went down to Sebago Pond, where I had some fine luck the first of the season, fishing around fallen bushes. Arriving there early in the afternoon, when the sun was shining quite hot, I sat down under a tree and cooled and comforted myself, and then adjusted my tackle. I put on a worm and caught a few chubs for bait. Cutting off several as tempting-looking baits as I could, I put one on my hook and walked along to the bushes and began to fish. I had never failed to have good luck, and consequently I expected a bite every time I threw my bait, but nothing seemed to care for it. I fished over an hour without a bite, when happening to look down under the leaves in the water, I saw a large pickerel lying there as quietly as though nothing had been around. Winding in some line, I lowered my bait down in front of him, but he refused to take any notice of it. I got tired of trying to get him to take the bait, and putting up my rod, I started for home, with the determination of giving that fish a waking up next day if I could find him. I got home and fastened three large hooks together, so as to make a first-rate grapple. The next afternoon I went back prepared to find him, and I did not fail. I saw him, and he took the old fellow in another place, not far from where he was the day before. Putting on a bait, I tried to tempt him out, but he refused to stir at all. Taking off my bait and hook, I adjusted the grapple. Lowering it carefully down under his tail, I gave a good yank and succeeded in hooking him just behind the back fin. He was thoroughly wide awake about that time, and never in my life did I enjoy myself so. I told him and he never did I see a pickerel handle himself as he did. But it was of no use, I had him securely hooked and after a while I reeled him in, and he weighed six and three-quarter pounds. I shall always remember that—PICKEREL.

**TROUTS OF LAKE HURON.**—I noticed no less than three distinct species of lake trout brought in at Alpena last fall, besides many variations in color, etc., according to the runs and localities from which they were captured. The blackjaw species predominate in numbers; these, I suppose, are the most common. Next in abundance were the "Buckskins," as the fishermen call them; this variety has tougher, more leathery skin (hence, I suppose, the name buckskin), and is lighter in color and weight. Then come the racers, which are comparatively scarce; luckily, too, as they must be terribly destructive, having a mouth and head of immense proportions—altogether disproportioned to the size of the body, taking the other species as the standard of comparison. These are especially antagonized by the fishermen.—S. BOWEN.

**ICE FISHING, Erie, Pa., Jan. 24.**—The fishermen are having fine sport fishing through the ice on the bay, at Erie, Pa.; the catch is mostly yellow perch, though some of the lucky ones sometimes hook a black bass and frequently a good sized pickerel. Herrings have not put in an appearance yet; they go to hundreds of men and boys may be seen on an acre of ice near the channel.—HEADLIGHT.

## Fishculture.

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### SALMON AND SHAD IN THE MERRIMACK.

THE Lowell, Mass., Courier says: "Representative Varnum has introduced a bill in the Legislature which removes restrictions upon fishing in the Merrimack with net or seines certain months in the year, the proposed enactment being intended to permit the catching of shad with seines in the Merrimack to a point above this city. The fish name are used for bait in pickerel and other fishing."

Warren Ordway writes to the Haverhill, Mass., Bulletin: "The fishermen of that river, and those below Lawrence, have waited for twenty or thirty years upon the experiments of the Fish Commissioners to restock the river with salmon and shad. They have waited in vain, for nothing of any consequence has been accomplished. The fish do not come into the river now as of olden times, and there is no good reason why the stop-laws that relate to the fishing in Merrimack river should not be repealed. The spawning grounds on the river and its tributaries are all shut off, and the fish have given up their homes to catfish and dry staff. Let every town on the river petition for the repeal of these useless stop-laws and let the people, if by chance they can catch a stray shad or salmon, have the privilege of eating it honestly and by daylight."

The Lawrence, Mass., American says: "Mr. Edwin F. Hunt, of Newburyport, who was directed to make observations in the river by the Fish Commissioners, states in his report that soon after the Pacific river when a large amount of dyestuffs and other chemicals flowed into the river, report came to him that a large number of dead salmon were to be found on the shores of the river. He made a careful inspection of both banks, and found one dead salmon below Merrimack bridge, and six between Lawrence and Haverhill. He is convinced that this is the extent of the injury done to the fish, although reports multiplied them into hundreds."

### FISHWAYS FOR MARYLAND.

The following is an extract from the fish law of the State of Maryland, section 15, "C" of chapter 440, acts of 1882:

"The commissioner of the western shore of the State shall cause to be erected, on the Potomac River, during the next ensuing year after the passage of this act, suitable fish-ways or ladders, whereby the fish may be able to ascend over the said dams, and the sum of twenty-four hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated for that purpose."

Section 15, "D." The owner, or owners of all dams (except the canal-dams) now erected, or hereafter to be erected, in or across the Potomac River, or streams running into the said river, upon which dams are accustomed to be erected, shall make and keep in repair, properly constructed fish-ladders or fish-ways, to be placed on said dams so as to afford to the fish in the said river or streams, free course up and down said river or streams, and the said fish-ladders or fish-ways shall be approved by the Fish Commissioner, and if any owner or owners of such dams shall fail to comply with this provision within six months after notice has been served as hereinafter provided, he or they shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be liable to a fine of not less than three hundred dollars, nor more than five hundred dollars, and such dam shall be deemed

a nuisance, and liable to be abated as other nuisances under the laws of the State.

Section 15, "B." The county commissioners of the county along which a dam or dams erected now or hereafter to be erected, in or across the Potomac River, or streams running into said river, when satisfied that said dam or dams are so constructed as to cut off the fish from free course up and down said river or stream, shall give notice to said owner or owners to construct and keep in repair proper fish-ways or ladders as hereafter provided.

Section 15, "H." This act shall apply to the Potomac River and its tributaries only, above what is commonly known as "Little Falls of the Potomac."

Section 15, "I." This act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved May 3, 1882. (In this connection we learn that Mr. Delawder, the Commissioner of Fisheries for the western shore of Maryland, has approved of the McDonald Fish way and the McDonald Fish-way Company are now engaged in building several of them on the canal-dams on the Potomac River. The company has bought the exclusive control of the patents on this fish-way and is preparing to erect them in all parts of the country. To meet the wants of mill owners on small streams they have designed a form which may easily be built of lumber by any carpenter, and at a very small expense.)

**LAND-LOCKED SALMON FOR NEW HAMPSHIRE.**—Plymouth, N. H., Jan. 24.—Sixty thousand Scotch salmon eggs were received at the State hatchery to-day from Grand Lake Stream, Maine.—H.

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES. BRANCH SHOWS.

February 20, 21, 22 and 23, 1888.—Grand International Bench Show, Washington, D. C. Entries close Feb. 12. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, Office, Stating Clinic, Washington, D. C.

March 20, 21 and 22, 1888.—Boulevard of the Kennel Club Bench Show, at Ottawa, Canada. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

April 3, 4 and 5, 1888.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, at Erie, Pa. Entries close Feb. 12. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. For English setters whelped on or after January 1, 1882, close February 1, 1888. Chas. Lincoln Superintendent. C. B. Elbin, Secretary.

May 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1888.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City. Chas. Lincoln, Sup.

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Owing to the illness of the Kennel Editor, any communications are deferred.

### WASHINGTON BENCH SHOW.

EVERYTHING looks very well here for a successful show. The applications for entry blanks have been more numerous than expected. One thing is very gratifying to say, they come from all parts of the country, and what is more important to us, that most of their owners are coming with them, so that they may take in the sights of the gay capital, and also celebrate Washington's Birthday.

The Erie Railroad will carry one or two dogs free, but in all cases the owner must accompany the dog. For N. Abbott, General Passenger Agent, 21 Cortlandt street, New York. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will carry dogs in their special cars, fitted up expressly for the transportation of dogs, for a very small charge.

The express companies will return dogs free of charge to the original shippers, providing they have paid their usual rates to the show.

Tiffany & Co. give \$100 cap for the best trio of sporting dogs. The Hon. John S. Wills, of Richmond, Va., will judge English and Gordon setters; also pointers.

Mr. C. H. Mason, late of Bradford, Yorkshire, England, will judge Irish setters, spaniels, fox-terriers and miscellaneous. Mr. Wm. Ward of New York, will judge mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlanders, collies and all small non-sporting dogs. The entries close 12th of February, and it is earnestly requested that entries be made as early as possible, as the space is limited.

CHAS. LINCOLN, Superintendent.

### NEW ORLEANS CLUB. NEW ORLEANS.

The cold wave that struck here last week had the effect of waking up the members of the New Orleans Club, and our leading gun stores were under the necessity of employing an extra force of men to fill orders for loaded ammunition. It had one good effect, at all events, for the subject of dogs and guns became the leading topic of conversation whenever two or more sportsmen would meet, and finally brought about a meeting of the New Orleans Gun Club.

This was the first time a question of that organization could be obtained since their late field trials at Opelousas, and as a great deal of business, old and new, was before the club, the meeting was necessarily a prolonged one.

The principal business before the club was as to a question of another field trial, its location and prospects of success. It was clearly demonstrated at Opelousas that the season was too early in that locality to display superior field work on the part of the dogs, as the weather was excessively warm and the cover heavy beyond description. The decision of this matter finally resulted in the club's decision that they give a field trial, this fall, immediately following the one to be given by the National American Kennel Club, and at a point convenient of access from Grand Junction.

The question as to what should comprise the various stakes drew forth an almost unanimous opinion that the Derby be left out and in its place one should be substituted to be known as the "Championship Stake." The stakes will be open only to those dogs who shall have won a prize in some previous All-aged Stake, and as it will be open to winners throughout the world, the winner in this stake to be known as the "champion of the world." It will be the sole event of the day or days of the trial, and ought to result in a battle of the giants, so to speak. There will be a valuable prize, of course, but the honor of owning the champion of the world will count for something. The other stakes in these trials will be the "Memorial Stake," the "All-Aged" and the "Two Year Old" prizes, and the amount was ordered placed to the credit of a future field trial fund.

The secretary read a letter from Mr. Washington A. Costar, secretary of the Eastern Field Trial Club, enclosing a copy of the resolutions adopted by that club in the case of Mr. Wm. Tell Mitchell for breach of field decorum at High Point, N. C., and requesting this club to act in concert with him in carrying out his banishment. The resolutions of the Eastern Club are as follows: "Resolved, that any owner and owners as shall be debarré by them in the future. The reading of this letter brought forth a resolution that was unanimously carried, i. e., "That this club shall recognize

the acts of any similar organization in barring from participation in field trials any owner or handler who shall be guilty of conduct unbefitting gentlemen, or who commit a breach of field decorum."

The other business of Mr. H. M. Short, the handler of Sue, Peep-o'-Day, Pink B., and other dogs at Opelousas, who was barred by the executive committee from participation further in the then trials, and any future trials given under the auspices of the National Club, was then taken up. The committee and the action of the committee was unanimously sustained. It was shown that Mr. Short was guilty of gross impropriety, both as to language, threats and actions. The committee had acted promptly in his case, but out of consideration for the owners the dogs he was handling and from the fact that none of said owners were present, their action was far more lenient than the gravity of the case required. They addressed to Mr. Short the following letter:

OPELOUSAS, La., Dec. 11, 1882.

Mr. H. M. Short: Dear Sir—The remarks attributed to you, and circumstances attending your withdrawal from the field this afternoon, are of such a peculiarly disagreeable character to this committee that in doubt as to your intentions with regard to a continuance in these trials on your part as handler of the balance of your entries, we cannot but insist that such continuance be preceded with full apology to the judges and this committee for a breach of field decorum and a violation of the rules such as we cannot permit to pass unmentioned, and we must state, and we must state, that you establish yourself in the good will of the judges and this club purely from considerations of the highest regard for the Messrs. Bryson and other gentlemen you represent.

E. L. RANLEY, Jno. K. RENAULT, Ex. Committee.

The committee gave him until the following morning in which to tender an apology before final action was taken, to which letter he refused to reply, and he was not allowed to run any dog afterward. The committee regretted the necessity of having to pass so severe a sentence on a man who, naturally, is one of the best of the breed, and the best of the trainers of dogs in the South. He is uniformly kind to his dogs and is very well thought of by those who entrust their dogs to him. The writer speaks from personal acquaintance and furthermore, and furthermore, the committee, addressed to members of the committee have been received, asking them to be as lenient as possible in his case and try to have him reinstated.

The meeting of the club was in every respect a harmonious one. A field trial committee is to be appointed at once, and begin their labors. The entrance fee in the stakes this year will be the same as last, namely, \$5 to each stake, while the cash prizes will be much larger. You may rest assured that the coming trials of the N. O. Gun Club will prove a greater success than the last was. Fox Hunt.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 25, 1883.

### THE ENGLISH KENNEL CLUB TROUBLE.

ONE of the peculiarities in the constitution and temperament of our English cousins is their bluster whenever any aspersion or even anything with the slightest tinge of insinuation is made against their country, the people, or their institutions.

We say bluster, for the old picture of a man behind the thin veil of "Briton's never, never will be slaves," we find there a slavish adherence to antiquated notions, and anything that has as its claim the fact of there being a precedent in the days of Charles I. for its observation, are sure to find a ready adherent. The Emperor sitting on the shoulders of the next in authority in the country, complacently fanning himself; he is in turn perched on a secondary grade of mandarin, and so on, until the old picture of a man behind the thin veil of "Briton's never, never will be slaves," we find there a slavish adherence to antiquated notions, and anything that has as its claim the fact of there being a precedent in the days of Charles I. for its observation, are sure to find a ready adherent. 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For these reasons, as well as to obtain the valuable adjunct of a habitation in small boats, and lead their owners to an appreciation of a quality of sport much above that of aimlessly skipping about in some puddle with an unsatisfactory death trap, we have sought to further the introduction of healthy, but not under-rigged yachts, of small first cost. Their outfit in detail, size of sails and number of kites is much a matter of individual fancy, to suit each man's purpose. We should mention, *en passant*, that the publication of lines





ANETO.—Of the inside ballast of this yawl, illustrated in last issue, 1000lbs. are to be of lead cast to fit frames, rest in loose pig. Cabin will be upholstered in plush of a shade known as royal blue. The area of the topsail, jibheader, will be 65sq. ft., and the spinnaker, also to be used as a balloon jibtopail, will contain 125sq. ft. Jib and mizzen balance and an easy helm with mainsail only. There are two lines of reef knifiles in the latter dft. apart. Topsail bent to bamboos and cut with iff. roach on foot. Cooking gear consists of an Adams & Westlake oil stove with cast-iron reservoir.

**NEW CUTTER**—We have received photo and draught of a new cutter in course of construction for Mr. G. H. Winans, of Kalamazoo, Mich. Length over all, 25ft.; waterline, 23½ft.; beam extreme, 5ft.; draft, 4ft.; depth of hold, 14ft.; cabin, 9ft.; galley, 6ft.; head room under low beam. Has 2,000 lbs. iron on keel. Hoist of mainsail, 18ft.; boom, 21ft.; gaff, 13ft.; topsail, 20ft. on bluff; fore sail, 20ft. on stay; jib, 27ft. on bluff; mast, from end of loadline, 9ft. bowsprit, outboard, 10½ft.

**BUTTERFLY.**—The new four-beam cutter for Mr. Ed. Burgess Boston, has a displacement of 13.8 long tons, equal to 15.4 tons of 2,000lbs. Her lead keel weighs 16,520lbs., or 8½ tons, and it is expected she will take only 1½ ton more inside for trimming. Ratio of ballast to displacement is therefore as 8½ to 15 or 0.57 of displacement. Lower sail area 1,680 sq. ft. for cruising only.

**SINGLE HANDED.**—In Mr. Buckman's new 21ft. single hand yacht building at West New Brighton, there will be a 15in. floor and 4ft 10in. head room under a house 12in. high at crown of center. The yacht is 18ft. on load line, with 7ft. beam. This cabin is seldom equalled in ordinary sloops 6 to 8ft. longer and of 10 to 12ft. beam.

**MISTRAL.**—This sloop, Mr. W. W. Kenyon, is out on the hard at Wallin's, South Brooklyn, for a thorough overhaul in time for spring. She will stow lead ballast this season in place of the iron kentledge will have cockpit floor raised, fresh mahogany fittings, new rigging and cabin redecorated.

NEW SLOOP.—Lennox, Thirty-fourth street, South Brooklyn, is building a sloop for Mr. P. Delaney. Over all, 39ft.; keel, 39ft.; beam, 12ft. 6in.; depth, 4ft. 11in.; mast, 44ft.; boom, 36ft.; gaff, 18ft. bowsprit, outboard, 14ft.; topmast, 20ft.; cabin, 14ft. long with 5ft. 6in. headroom.

**NEW SCHOONER.**—The Lawleys are making progress with their new moderate beam schooner. Load line, 60ft.; on deck, 70ft. beam, 18ft.; draft, 8ft. Frames double of white oak, sided 4in. and molded 6½in. at heels and 3¼in. at heads. Plank of yellow pine 2in.

**NEW SLOOP.**—John Munn is busy with the frame of Mr. J. W. Cooper's new sloop. Length over all, 51ft.; on the line, 47ft.; beam 16½ft., and depth, 6ft., with 5ft. draft. These are much better proportions than were wont in the old premises at Gowanus.

**HALCYON**—Is receiving new suit of sails, by McManus, of Boston as it is intended to race her next season. Winsome is also receiving a fresh fit from the same makers, including square-headed topsail, now becoming fashionable in the East.

**MEDUSA.**—The frame of Mr. Dexter's new 30-ton cutter, building in Boston, will be double, sided 3in.; molded  $4\frac{3}{4}$  at heel and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  at head; plank of 13in. yellow pine; deck,  $2 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ in. white pine, long lengths, blind-nailed.

HEART'S EASE.—Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, with Seth Green and others, have reached Jacksonville, Fla., in the nonpareil sharpie Heart's Ease, and intend continuing the cruise, studying the habits of Southern fish.

**BIG STEAM LAUNCH.**—The Rev. John L. Aspinwall is having a launch or river yacht built by Mumm at Bay Ridge. Length, 118ft. on water line, 168ft.; beam, 18½ft.; hold, 9¼ft.; draft, 6½ft.

NEW YORK, Y. C.—Annual meeting to-night, for election of officers, at club rooms, Madison avenue and Twenty-seventh street.

HOPE.—Mr. J. S. Hathaway's sloop Hope is hauled out at Hutchins & Pryor's, South Boston, to receive keel in place of board.

**ROMER SHOAL LIGHT.**—The Lighthouse Board will place an automatic gaslight on the Dry Romer in the lower bay.

LETTERS.—We have letters for Mr. John Harvey and C. G. Y King at this office.

### Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

F. S. G., Newton Centre, Mass.—You can address him at Hillsdale Mich.

JACK HANNISTER, Newburgh, N. Y.—See answer to another letter.

FLATHEAD, Missoula, Mon.—Address Mr. J. Mortimer, Morris street, New York.

A. P. H., Hyde park, Mass.—We know of no Irish setter of that name that has been conspicuous on the bench or in field trials.

R. D. P., Portland, Me.—The only advice we can give you is to refrain from performing such a cruel operation to the disfigurement of

J. P. S., Linwood, O.—Owners of Chesapeake Bay dogs should advertise their dogs if they have any for sale. Perhaps some one will do so on reading this answer.

MEDICUS, New York.—"Stonehenge on the Dog," "Book of the Dog," by Vero Shaw, and the "Management and Diseases of the Dog," by Woodroffe Hill, are all standard authorities.

G. W. C., Washington, D. C.—H. G. Dungan's Frank did not receive a mention at the New York show of 1879. He was entered in the open dog class and was described as 2½ years old, by Frank-Sis II.

P. V. S. P. Farnham, Mass.—As you acknowledge yourself that the photograph of Fan is "poor and does not do her half justice," it is not fair to ask us to give you an opinion of her "judging from the picture."

C. L. R. II., New York.—We doubt very much if you could get one of the old stamp. They were so much neglected during the war that the breed ran out, and is now much crossed with the foxhound.

C. E. C., Lyan, Mass.—Will you give me a full description of the Bethabara wood; that is I would like to know the color—whether white or dark—and if it is heavier than lancewood or not. Ans.—It is much like greenheart, if not the same. It is a dark wood, and

J. F. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. It is not too old to try what she can do. Send her to a good breaker and get his opinion about her. 2. In the early spring as soon as the snow is cleared off and the grass

not likely to be killed off. Liberate them on the place you purpose they should breed and see that they are supplied with food. The rest must be left to nature.

E. W. B. Bucklin, Linn Co., Mo. - 1. I have broken a young Irish

setter this season. He is pretty good at everything except ranging. How can I teach him quartering and style? 2. What is distemper? Can you give me symptoms and cure? 3. Can you tell me of any good ground for snipe and wildfowl shooting within easy reach.

not over forty miles of either Kansas City or St. Joseph. Must be in the State of Kansas. Q. Is the enclosed hair the correct color for an Irish setter? Ans.—1. Read "Training vs. Breaking," 2. A fever. The first symptoms are nearly always catarrhal. Almost everyone has a definite blood-poison. We have a rich supply of the best of

was an absolute remedy. We have tried many of these, but find the most successful plan is to let them alone, at least so far as drugs are concerned, and give nature a chance to work a cure. 3. We are unacquainted with the grounds. 4. Yes.

**Coughs:** BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES will allay irritation which induces coughing, giving relief in Bronchitis, Influenza, Consumption and Throat troubles. *—Jda.*

five and ten cent bottles,—*zart*.





# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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## THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

WE print elsewhere the views of several correspondents on the proposed amendments of the New York game law.

We agree with Mr. Zerega in thinking the provisions of the bill relating to the collection of specimens by naturalists somewhat oppressive to the ornithologist, but it will at least, if enforced, stop the present wholesale destruction of small birds. It will be a difficult matter to make such protection effective, and at the same time to cut the ground from under the feet of the man who makes merchandise of bird skins.

It was to have been expected that there would be a difference of opinion on the provision relating to the bounty on hawks. Our correspondent is quite right in stating that, "Nature if left to herself will absolutely balance all things;" but he must remember that, at the present day and in this country, nature is by no means left to herself. On the contrary, she is interfered with in every possible manner. The game birds have a host of enemies and but few friends. The rapacious birds, on the other hand, most of them die of old age. They are terribly destructive to the quail. In order that the balance of nature may be preserved, there should be meted out to them some of the measure that they give to the game. We do not underestimate the havoc which these *Hapacæ* cause among noxious rodents and insects, but that they cause a great amount of destruction to game, we know very well. Even the marsh hawk, which most people regard as no better than a mouse, we have known to catch quail, teal and meadow larks, besides other smaller birds. We have examined the stomachs of too many hawks and owls not to have a pretty clear idea of the food which they eat.

There are, of course, a number of species of *Falconidae* and *Strigidae*, which are of the greatest benefit to the farmer; but in framing a general law, it is hardly possible to deal with the individual species. The good must suffer with the bad.

We expected when we penned the paragraph relating to bay bird shooting, to which exception is taken by another correspondent, that it would by no means meet the views of

a considerable number of our readers. Still, we are obliged to hold to our original view, that a postponement of the open season to August 1 would result in better shooting—more shots and more birds—than if it opens July 1.

We do not regard the matter as an especially important one; the birds have bred, and may well be shot during the late summer and early autumn by those who enjoy the sport. There is usually a flight late in July, but it consists only of a few birds, chiefly dowitchers, with an occasional plover, which from the moment they sight Montauk Point, are banded at unceasingly. A few of them are killed, but the majority hurry on in the hope of finding some resting-place, where they will be free from constant molestation, until they reach the quiet shores and marshes of Virginia. If the shooting of these birds was postponed to August 1, a very different state of things would ensue. The birds would not hurry onward in the wild rush for safety that now takes place. They would loiter along the Long Island and Jersey coasts, feeding and fattening. Their presence on the beaches and marshes would call down others of their kind. This would continue for a week or two, and by August 1 there would be birds enough to afford good sport until the August flight came on. As it is at present, the appearance in July of a little flock of dowitchers is the signal for every man in the neighborhood to run for his gun, and the birds have hardly time to alight before they are being chased away again. The result of all this is very naturally the shooters in July get few or no large birds, and devote themselves to the tiny peeps, sandwings, ring plover, potato snipe and other little birds about as big as one's thumb which breed on Long Island, many of which in July are still occupied in raising their young.

From the facts presented by Mr. Collins it will be learned that the provision forbidding the transplanting of trout is designed to remedy a most flagrant abuse, and in view of these facts it is desirable that such a clause should be incorporated in the law.

The report of the meeting of the Game Law Committee at Albany in another column, gives the views of some sportsmen on the various points brought up in the Townsend bill. It will be observed that there is a tendency on the part of a great many gentlemen to ask for special provisions excepting the regions where they shoot and fish from the provisions of a general protective law. All special legislation of this kind is wrong, and tends to render inoperative a law otherwise good. If one county is to be excepted from the provisions of the act, its next door neighbor may ask the same privilege, and so for the whole State, county by county. We shall regret to see the bill materially changed except as to section 4.

The Chairman of the Assembly Committee on Game Laws, in his closing remarks on Tuesday, touched, as with a needle, the root of the greatest bar to successful game protection by law. He said that the Committee was anxious to give sportsmen the necessary protection, but they did not seem to be able to agree on what this was. Of course he did not put it quite so bluntly as we have, but that was about what it amounted to. Until the angling and shooting public come to be practically of one mind as to what is the best course to be pursued to preserve our game and fish, each step toward such protection can only be made after a hard fight.

Our laws at present are absurd in the number of exceptions, which they make to the general provisions of the act. Who can tell, for example, why it is, that "in the waters of the Walkill River, within the county of Ulster," it is "lawful for any person or persons of the same family or household to possess and fish for suckers and eels in the waters of said river during the months of March, April, October and November with a single fyke, the meshes of which shall not be less than one inch" when for the greater portion of the waters of the State, any such fishery at such times and with such a net is unlawful. Of course we all know well enough how such provisions come to be inserted.

The worshipful member from Ulster, whoever he may have been at the time when this law was passed, no doubt arose in the Assembly chamber or committee and stated that to forbid his constituents to catch suckers and eels was outrageous, and his legislative brothers who knew nothing about the subject and cared rather less agreed that an exception should be made in favor of the gentleman's constituents. And so it goes all through the bill. The members of the present committee on game laws, it must be said, gave the fullest and most courteous hearing to those who appeared before them on Tuesday, and showed that so far as they were concerned this important subject will have intelligent and careful attention.

## OUR RIFLE FUTURE.

THE summary, elsewhere published, of the report of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, shows how much of a fixture in the general life of the Kingdom the practice before the targets has become. Notwithstanding apparent set-backs there has been for nearly a quarter of a century a steady growth of the interest in rifle shooting, and with that interest may be traced great improvement in the arms used.

There are many good observers who find reason to think that without rifle shooting and the rivalry which naturally springs out of its pursuit the Volunteer movement in Great Britain would have been a failure ere this. Instead of making the enrollment and the drilling of bodies of men the one great end and aim of the National Home Guard, the requirements of an efficient Volunteer embraced that of shooting fairly well. Here came in an element which set the men individually on a level, and while the metropolitan centers gave large commands admirably drilled and fit to make a brilliant showing on parade, it was the little squad of a company far off in some scrubby hamlet which, likely as not, carried off the shooting prizes, and so the honors were distributed about in such fashion as to keep the whole force a vigorous and healthy one. The city commands might have fine chances for parade over broad thoroughfares and with commodious drill-rooms, but the country guardsman with a range at his back door burned powder, kept a clear eye and a steady hand, and was very properly recognized as a very important factor in the make-up of the whole force.

The National Rifle Association came in as an important adjunct in this direction. While structurally independent of the Volunteer force it lived only for that force, and was controlled by it. It was not a bureau of the regular establishment, yet without it the force would have lost an essential part of its life, and it is doubtful whether either could have long survived the other. Shrewdly managed in a business way it has prospered through liberality. Seemingly at times over conservative, its record will show that there has been a steady encouragement of the best arms, and it is safe to assert that without Wimbledon the world-to-day would not have several of the rifles which are now recognized as the best. The rules of shooting have been changed and altered from time to time, and though always against a certain amount of protest, yet always for the betterment of rifle practice. There have been many reasons which have helped the managers of the National Rifle Association. They were enabled to draw a very large clientele from a very small area of territory. The run up to London is but a matter of a few hours from any part of the Kingdom. The time of holding the meeting is well selected. There is a widespread feeling of intense local patriotism or clanishness which institutes sharp distinctions of section, and upon this feeling it is easy to build up a rivalry such as been seen at Wimbledon from its first establishment. Then, too, special journals most admirably conducted, and generous notice and encouragement in the ordinary press channels, have helped the movement greatly, until we see it to-day rich and as firmly established as it is possible for such an agency to be.

On this side the water there have been at times expressions of surprise, that in ten years of existence, modern rifle shooting should be in such a backward state. The error which was the foundation of this surprise, is in supposing that the United States will ever in proportion to its population make such a showing as that annually seen at Wimbledon.

It will be noticed at once that many if not all of the conditions which have made the broad common on the outskirts of London such a popular resort are wanting in this country.

We have no such Volunteer force or National Guard as that which exists in Great Britain, simply because we do not need any such a cumbersome agency of defense. To preach the danger of a foreign attack is to be laughed at and with a few companies of reliable militia, ready to act on call as a sheriff's posse in suppressing any riotous demonstration, we have all the National Guard which is really necessary. The regular army is little more than this and both organizations deserve support, mainly because they serve as schools for officers, and in this fact there is a feeling of security for Americans and a quieting hint to would-be meddlers with us as a nation. We have little of that clanishness which is so marked abroad, and repeated attempts to push inter-State matches show the absence of that sentiment. In short, the conditions and environments of position and feeling, which go to make Wimbledon such a busy center during a certain period each year are entirely wanting on this side the ocean, and all steps in the encour-

agement of rifle shooting must be taken with that fact plainly in view.

This condition of affairs does not mean, however, that there is to be a dying out of rifle practice here. Just as a single regiment of our National Guard in the late war furnished officers for an army, so the handful of marksmen who practice intelligently and persistently before the butts keep alive a knowledge of the art, and when occasion requires it they form a nucleus around which there soon clusters an efficient corps of riflemen. The American works under impulse, and it is idle to expect a large body of men to undergo the drudgery of ball practice when there is no incentive in view. We have no organization with a richly-endowed prize-list which would encourage, if nothing more, at least a certain amount of pot-hunting marksmanship, neither can we secure the use of the ranges by vigorous orders to our National Guard. The members would not permit their labor of love to be turned into a toil under a task master. Quick to catch and improve upon an idea, with no prejudices born of established practice, the American marksman should fill the post of an expert observer.

Winthelton itself is an excellent place for study, and had more note been taken of what was going on there, the fiasco of our International Military Match of 1882 would not have taken place. We certainly should have known something of the sort of rifles the Englishmen were using for the style of work in which they challenged our competition. That the British pursue this plan of observation and adoption is manifest by their ready acceptance of the sensible American device of a wind gauge for military rifles.

There is no reason, then, why America may not and should not hold her own with the other nations in the matter of rifle making and shooting. She should hold her place at the front of the line, but this can only be done by an intelligent noting of what is going on the world over, and it may be carried on without those great gatherings of marksmen engaging in a whirl of competitions, and then rushing away to renew the struggle a year later. A score of ranges here and there over the States, by an interchange of continuous records, can do fully as much for the real advance of marksmanship as any central gathering, and then the need of a National Rifle Association will come in as a regulating body, to make rules, secure uniform conditions of practice, and point the way to the best endeavor in the line of new work.

#### FRIENDS OF THE PARK.

**A**MONG the public men who have come out in vigorous defense of the Yellowstone National Park against the audacious schemes of the prospective monopolists is Mr. John Schuyler Crosby, Governor of Montana, whose letter to Senator Vest was published in our issue of Jan. 11. In his message transmitted to the Territorial Legislature of Montana, Jan. 23, Gov. Crosby recommends that the Legislature take measures under the Federal Government to convert the Park into "an asylum for the great game of the Northwest." This, as we have all along contended, is the one and only sensible course to pursue, so far as the game is regarded, and it is exceedingly gratifying to find in the present Governor such a public-spirited appreciation of the true interests of Montana and of the nation.

The Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Illinois have transmitted to General P. H. Sheridan, an official copy of their joint resolutions, thanking him for his report on the Yellowstone Park to the War Department, in which report he called attention to the danger of leasing the Park to a private corporation. The resolutions further declare against allowing the Park to pass into control of the Improvement Company, to be used as a cattle ranch and for the extortion of money from visitors. The resolutions also thank Senator Vest, of Missouri, for his bill, now in Congress.

The issues involved in this Yellowstone Park matter have been clearly defined, and are now well understood. On one side is corporate greed; on the other are the present and future interests of the people. No man at Washington who has a vote to cast on Senator Vest's bill can escape putting himself upon record. Public interest has been aroused. The people will carefully watch the course pursued by their representatives in Congress.

**THE AMERICAN EAGLE.**—A bill has been introduced into the Connecticut Legislature providing a fine of \$25 with added imprisonment for the killing or snaring of "the bird known as and called the American eagle." This is good so far as it goes; but another law ought to be passed to imprison for life the perpetrators of the horrible caricature of the bird of freedom, which is stamped on the light weight coinage of the land. The average citizen of these United States never saw an eagle—unless captive or stuffed—and would not know one in the woods from a turkey buzzard.

**THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS.**—The bill to prohibit in future the sale of public lands in the Adirondacks went to the Governor last Monday; and it will without doubt receive his signature and become a law. This is one step in the right direction; it will put a stop to the extreme folly which has in the past characterized this State's course in relation to the momentous subject of maintaining a normal water supply for the Hudson River Valley. The present movement is all too tardy, but we hope that it is only the beginning of a wise future policy.

**JORDAN AND GILBERT.**—The names of Jordan and Gilbert are very familiar to those who have paid attention to the progress of ichthyology within the past ten years. In fact those who do not keep up with the labors of Dr. Gill, Goode and Bean, Jordan and Gilbert, are apt to be left behind in the modern classification of fishes. These men have partly unraveled the tangled skein left by the early workers in American fishes, and having better facilities than their predecessors, and the advantage of their labors, have been able to go over their work with more material at hand from the great stores of the National Museum, and confirm, correct and revise their work. The early workers like Holbrook, De Kay, Girard, and those who laid the foundation of American ichthyology, labored under the disadvantage of having only a limited collection of local fishes to work with, and the only wonder is that their work was as good as it is. These remarks have been called up by the receipt of the January number of the *Indiana Student*, a journal published by the students of the Indiana State University at Bloomington, which contains a list of all the scientific papers of Prof. David S. Jordan, arranged in the order of their publication. This list comprises sixty-seven papers, principally on ichthyology, and Prof. Gilbert is an associate writer of most of them. The papers have appeared in various monthly, weekly and other periodicals, many of them in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and the list will be of value to those who wish to look up what these writers have said on any subject.

**THE LONDON FISHERIES EXHIBITION.**—Those who intend exhibiting at London are reminded that goods will be received up to the 15th of this month. The Albatross will take over the American collection, which will be a large one, without duplicate of anything, except canned goods, etc. The exhibition opens in May and time will be required to set up the goods and prepare for the opening day. Among other things a life-sized group of colored men, in wax, will show how oysters are opened, preserved and canned. Models of white men will illustrate how salmon are gaffed, and how the eggs are stripped from them. Everything connected with the fisheries, from the clothing and implements of the men, their boats, houses, etc., to the methods of drying, salting, and curing fish with smoke, will be shown. The exhibit will be in charge of Prof. G. Brown Goode, who will be assisted by Mr. R. E. Earl, in charge of the fish-cultural department. Mr. Earl is prepared to make the best show of fishculture that has ever been seen and is well informed on all subjects connected with his department. The party may sail early in March in order to prepare the exhibit in time.

**A HALE FISCHULTURIST.**—In our fish-cultural columns will be found an article on carp culture, by Mr. Edward Stabler, whose "Reminiscences of an Octogenarian" we published in our issue of January 4. Mr. Stabler is now in his eighty-ninth year, and is still in active business life. He has been president of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of Montgomery Co., Md., for the past thirty-five years. He is also the oldest postmaster in the United States, his commission dating back to 1880, under President Jackson's administration, and he still discharges the duties of the office at Sandy Spring, this being the fifty-third consecutive year that he has held the office under the many changes of political supremacy. Mr. Stabler has taken to carpiculture with success, and we hope that he may live many years to enjoy his fish and his well-earned rest from the more severe labors of life.

**CARVER AND BOGARDUS.**—As may be learned by reference to our trap columns, Carver and Bogardus have agreed to shoot a match at Louisville, Ky., Feb. 22. While the exploits of professional shooters have in the main ceased to excite much public attention, this match will be regarded with interest. There are no other professional shots in the world to-day concerning whose relative merits such a difference of opinion exists. The results of this match, and of the others which presumably will follow, will not necessarily be accepted as determining which of the two is the better wing-shot, for the public understand very well that both Carver and Bogardus shoot to make money, and that they are smart enough to manage a hippodrome pigeon match in a way to do themselves the most good.

**A PROPHYLACTIC AGAINST HYDROPHOBIA.**—Mention has from time to time been made in this journal of the work of the French microphysiologist, M. Pasteur, who has been conducting a series of researches into the nature of the microscopic organism of hydrophobia. Procuring a quantity of the saliva of a victim of hydrophobia, M. Pasteur succeeded in cultivating the germ of the disease through numerous generations, finally obtaining a product which, having been introduced by inoculation, proved efficient to prevent the introduction of the germ of true hydrophobia into the system. He has thus, it is reported, demonstrated the possibility of vaccination for the prevention of hydrophobia.

**SCTERTISORS.**—An impression appears to prevail in certain parts of this State that the county supervisors have power to extend in their counties the open seasons on game and fish. No such authority is granted them by the law. They may only extend the close season.

**AN EDIFYING SPECTACLE.**—That of a number of professional men in Massachusetts, who dare not venture into the State of Maine for fear of being arrested and clapped into jail because they have violated the moose and deer law of that State.

#### FOREST AND STREAM FABLES.

**XII.—THE PUPPIES WHO DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.**  
**A**n old Hound whose Home was hard by a Ledge where many Skunks lived, had often cautioned her Puppies against playing with the Old or the Young ones for fear of most unpleasant consequences. For a time the Puppies heeded her and kept aloof from the Skunks, but at last were tempted to disobey, and presently came Home half blind, howling with pain, and smelling so outrageously that no one with a Nose could endure their Neighborhood.

"My Children," said their Mother, "if you cannot see, you can feel and smell what your Disobedience has brought upon you."

"Ah, Mother," whimpered one, between his howls, "it was such a little Skunk, that we did not think it was Loaded."

"Naughty Children," cried she, "you should always treat all Skunks as if you knew they were Loaded." Whereupon she whipped them all soundly.

#### MORAL.

Puppies should not fool with Loaded Playthings.

#### WINTER TALKS ON SUMMER PASTIMES.

##### XII.—THE ADIRONDACK STATE PARK.

Majestic woods of every vigorous green.

Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills,

Or to the far horizon wide diffused,

A boundless deep immensity of shade. —Thomson.

**I**T is now more than thirty years since I wrote my first article in favor of dedicating the entire Adirondack region to public use as a State Park. Since then I have availed myself of frequent opportunities to press the subject upon public attention, but when most needed, independent of any general response, I may have been moved primarily by my appreciation of its importance as a fish and game preserve and as a summer resort where all the people could find repose and healthful recreation. But the subject expanded under reflection and discussion, until it became easily demonstrable that what was suggested was not simply desirable as a preserve of sport and recreation, but as vital to the material and commercial interests of the State as well. The argument in brief was this: Forests are great natural reservoirs, holding for gradual distribution the rain-falls of the year, and thereby not only preventing sudden and destructive freshets, but furnishing steady supplies for adjacent streams during the summer months. No forest on the continent performs this office more profitably than that which crowns our northern border. Its waters, held back artificially until needed, feed the Erie Canal. Without this supply this great commercial artery would be practically useless during a portion of the season, and the gradual filtration of what is absorbed by the hundreds of square miles of spongy soil embraced within the forest limits gives to the Hudson River the supply required for the navigation of that river, and for the power of its waterfalls, and, therefore, of more recreative or sanitary consideration, the preservation of this vast forest region would be the highest wisdom, because indispensable to the permanent commercial supremacy of the State.

Since this subject was first agitated on this line of its material importance, many tens of thousands of acres have been stripped of their best timber, and large tracts have passed from the control of the State into the hands of individuals. Fully one-third of the territory has been transferred within the period named, and whatever beneficial results may be hereafter secured by State guardianship and supervision will be curtailed to this extent. But it is not yet too late for the Legislature to render effective service; and I am glad to know that that body has at last recognized the importance of the question which has been so long treated with stupid indifference and criminal neglect.

Statesmen and statisticians can only look at this subject in its material aspects, and these are of sufficient importance to challenge their best thought and most immediate attention. But it is of interest to all who find pleasure in seasonable out-door life as well, and all such will rejoice as they realize the danger to the preservation of this vast forest from ultimate denudation as those who may be in such action the uninterrupted efficiency of the Erie Canal and the Hudson River as the great arteries of our inland commerce.

The present probability is that before this article finds its way into print, the needed statutory provision will have been made to secure the dedication, forever, of this vast forest as a State Park. And no single act of the present Legislature will be longer or more gratefully remembered, its value as a game preserve and as a summer resort for the whole people will grow into fuller appreciation with every passing year, and future generations will rise up to "call those blessed" who had the thoughtful sagacity to thus contribute to the sanitary, recreative and material needs of the State.

In this tardily consummated measure a gratifying illustration of the potency of public sentiment and the salutary influence of the public press. It is not many years since the proposition to preserve this immense field of forest, mountains, valleys, rivers and lakes was scouted as an absurdity which only æsthetic visionaries would suggest, and none but reckless marauders upon the public treasury approve. This idea has gradually given way before the overwhelming arguments in favor of the project, and now it is not only accepted with enthusiasm, but the stolid stupidity of the past is the subject of universal regret and denunciation.

The final outcome of this long-mooted subject should encourage you in your persistent and patriotic war upon the conscienceless speculators who are seeking to acquire possession of Yellowstone Park for their own benefit and to the imminent peril of the generation which precedes them. But if these men seek is conceded, a great wrong will be done to the people, and a policy inaugurated which will result in the practical destruction of that vast province, if not in its ultimate alienation from the custody and supervision of the Government altogether. But I am hopeful that no such calamity is to fall upon the generations of the future. The present generation of public men may not be more virtuous than that of the generation which preceded them, but if some things they are wiser, and in nothing more conspicuously than in the growing idea that statesmanship embraces

a broader field than the mere material, dollar-and-cent interests of the people.

The characteristics of a nation are illustrated by the characteristics of its individual subjects. Whatever happens and exalts the individual, happens and exalts the nation, and vice versa. The individual repose contribute to the physical enjoyment and beautiful development of the people. That nation best performs its functions which makes most ample provision for what is so essential to individual vigor and vitality. The Yellowstone Park, if preserved in its full integrity, is destined to become the great pleasure resort of the continent, and the present is the time (sooner would have been better) to inaugurate a policy for its preservation, and to prevent the reckless vandalism and the grasping avarice of insatiable greed.

Although large tracts of timber have been cut in the Adirondack region during recent years, the entire territory still retains its wilderness character. The forests have been simply culled, not destroyed, except at a few points where hostilities have been placed for the accommodation of tourists. The mountains are still densely covered with forest foliage. The lakes retain their primitive beauty and still retain their swiftness through their original channels with their old-time velocity. The water in both lakes and rivers still remains unpolluted by foreign substances, and is as transparent and of the same grateful temperature to-day as when the stars sang together on the morning of creation. At one or two points, to be sure, dams have been erected which, by the back-water they have occasioned, have marred the beauty of many miles of river border. This is noticeably true of the Raquette river from Setting Pole Rapids (where the dam was built) upward very nearly to the falls. Before this obstruction interfered with the natural flow of the water, the river, for most of the distance, was fringed with beautiful hemlocks, spruce and soft maple, which were killed by the back-flow caused by the dam. The same cause also spoiled a great many old trout haunts by changing or entirely obliterating the current of the stream. But notwithstanding this, the Raquette is still a beautiful river through its entire length, and the whole region has still enough of its original characteristics to make it worthy of preservation and of the perpetual guardianship of the State.

A large number of small tracts of land have been sold to those who have learned to appreciate the advantages of the region as a summer resort. These will be enhanced in value by the State, but as most of them will be improved and beautified by the owners, and the whole is different with tracts purchased for timber purposes alone. If possible, they should be recovered by the State—as they may be at moderate cost—that the process of denudation may be carried no further. If this shall be done (as is proposed), the State of New York will be an Empire among the States, because of the extent and magnificence of its Park, as well as because of the vastness of its commerce and the boundlessness of its wealth. G. D.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

### NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY LIEUT. FRED SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

#### III.—The Rifle and the Reindeer—Concluded.

ON the 7th of May our party killed ten reindeer out of a herd of fourteen. The scene was an exceedingly short one. The herd being described about a mile distant lying down on the side of a hill, all the Inuit hunters and dog sleds started in pursuit of the sledges and dogs remained on the spot. For about half an hour the hunters were shielded from sight by the hills, but nearly all the rest of the distance was consummated by crawling, Indian file, in full sight of the animals, until a near hill for a minute or two allowed them to get within about a hundred yards, when a volley of rifle shots greeted the astonished herd, and almost only one was wounded at the first fire, before the bewildered herd could determine a safe direction to pursue, ten of their number were wounded or dead, all of which were secured, for it is seldom that a reindeer wounded at all severely is lost by a good hunter. Two of the remaining four were secured by Tooloah the next morning when returning to look up their missing comrades.

We were now in a country never trod before by white men, and by persons armed with their weapons, so it was evidently a new and untried hunt. The hunters were of the locality, and they acted with a stupor of the mind revealing these facts. Where the reindeer is hunted considerably with firearms he becomes shy enough to give one excellent sport in his capture. Like the antelope he will circle around until he catches "the wind" before he is off, and this peculiarity, with a few magazine guns in full blast, thus hunt rapidly. They also have something of the curiosity of the antelope, but in this respect they are different. Like all animals that have developed to such an extent, security resulting from numbers makes them much slower to pick out their line of retreat. In this manner they closely resemble the stupidity of the American elk, and like them, when often hunted and in small bands, they are game worthy of any man's powder.

On the next day, the 8th, we encountered a fresh musk-ox trail and a reindeer, killing seven; we also came upon old signs or markings done by salmon people and by natives of this country. On the 13th, the bad weather being such that we remained over, I noticed that the many reindeer signs kept Tooloah nervous, until he had sallied out in the tempestuous elements, and after an absence of a couple of hours, he returned to get the dogs and sledges to bring in the carcasses of seven reindeer that he had killed out of a herd of eight, with eight shots from his Winchester carbine. Returning with these two others were secured.

On the 14th, we passed a herd of about two hundred reindeer, but our sledges being so loaded with meat, we allowed them to trot by within easy rifle range, unscathed and astonished beyond measure at this wonderful innovation. They were singularly tame and often running toward us a few paces, would halt like a company of cavalry coming from late in the rear, gaze at us with dilated eyes and distended nostrils, until a snort from some suspicious creature would send them off by the flank with meek and respectful well drilled troopers. It seemed like a grateful chance to exercise our humanity once more by not taking advantage of their confidence, and we willingly declared an armistice until our heavily laden sledges should become somewhat lighter.

Signs of natives daily grew fresher, and on the 15th of

May we came upon a band of some thirty souls, only two of whom, a couple of old men, had ever before seen any white men. We consequently attracted an unusual share of their curiosity, and their staring eyes riveted intently upon us, followed every motion that we made. If the old men moved, the children followed, and their guns, as we showed them their use, was truly appalling. We had expected to meet natives upon or near the mouth of Back's Great Fish River where it empties into the Arctic Ocean, and had depended, to a certain extent, upon procuring from them dog food and oil, but now we found the tables turned. Instead of being beggars, we were philanthropists, and instead of being receivers, we were obliged to give, for we found our Esquimaux friends in a state of semi-starvation. Their food in the summer and early winter is furnished by the numberless shoals of salmon that then ascend the creeks and smaller rivers, and are speared as they run the gauntlet of the rapids. The flesh of the musk-ox, which they hunt with dogs and bows and arrows or spears, gives them a precarious subsistence during the remainder of the year. They kill barely enough reindeer in the summer to supply them with clothing, the noise of walking or crawling on the crisp snow, and the action of their guns, making it impossible to get sufficiently near to secure the game with bows and arrows. The twang of the bowstring traveling more rapidly than the arrow, the active deer has no difficulty in jumping out of the way at any distance beyond twenty-five or thirty yards. But in the summer time the wary native sometimes succeeds in crawling within these limits, or lying in wait on certain paths followed by the game, will obtain one.

Another plan much followed by those natives throughout the Arctic not without success is to establish a line of stone monuments at about fifty to a hundred yards interval along the crest of some prominent ridge, often two and three miles in length, which runs obliquely toward and terminates in the water's edge of some large lake or wide river. A sharp lookout is kept from some available point, and if a herd of reindeer is found feeding or walking within the crevice and formed by the shore line and ridge, bristling with stone cairns, the natives engaged in the chase deploy into a skirmish line sufficiently long to close the mouth of this angle and walk slowly toward the reindeer, their bows and arrows or spears and their kinks (light skin canoes) being carried along or concealed in some convenient place near the water's edge. The herd, seeing the slow approach of their enemies, trot leisurely away until they come within gunshot of the rock monuments, which have been made to imitate the human form as far as possible, when, believing themselves to be surrounded on the land side, they take to the water as the only means of escape left them. No sooner is the herd fairly in, than the agile natives are in hot pursuit, with their kinks flying through the water, and rapidly overtaking the bewildered animals, they dispatch them with arrows and spears, and haul their carcasses on shore to be butchered.

This sport is without its dangers, as oftentimes a wounded animal or a belittled buck seeing flight impossible, with swinging horns and plunging horns, turns so swiftly on its pursuer that he succeeds in tearing the fragile kink to pieces, and the wrecked Esquimaux, unable to swim, drowns if he is not promptly rescued by some near neighbor, or manages to float on the wreck of his boat until help arrives. It is a singular fact that a herd of reindeer, so the natives say, will repeatedly graze upon the same place, and remain until on any further notice, than a few suspicious glances at them as they pass by, but the minute moving figures force them against these stationary ones their suspicion is raised to a pitch high enough to make them prefer the water rather than to trust them. Yet this is not very hard to comprehend if one knows the almost half amphibious nature of the Arctic deer. I have seen them when taking up a line of march, wading and swimming right through a creek, and posed itself in their direct course rather than to go around it, although this would not have exacted a marked detour, which fact, I imagined, must have been as patent to the deer as it was to myself. And the Esquimaux tell me of even bolder deeds. When pursued and "cornered" on some of the long narrow tongues of land projecting into Hudson's Bay, they have known the deer to take to the sea and swim directly overboard, and when they were in vision, and whether they were thereby drowned or not they could not tell. The Arctic deer seems to be almost as much more amphibious than his Southern fellow as is the polar bear than his Southern brethren.

We crossed over to King William's Land on June 11, and the greatest consolation in our first few days' journey was the great number of reindeer we here encountered, and which rapidly grew to be a matter of course. It was not long, had led us to believe would not be, that we came to the interesting note that on June 20, 1879, the civilized provisions of the party were exhausted, previous to which time they had been greatly reduced in the reindeer country, and from that date until March 20, 1880, we lived solely upon the same diet as our native allies, and as we have already said, principally upon reindeer.

On July 20, while we were in the southern part of Erebus Bay, we found a herd completely out of meat, an occurrence which had seldom happened, owing to Tooloah's activity and good hunting. I now felt that we surely had a fast ahead of us, for the fog was one of the very thickest I had ever seen in my life, but despite all this, Tooloah secured three reindeer after being absent about four hours. The Inuits, when hunting reindeer during thick, heavy weather, generally go in pairs, accompanied by a good, trained dog, and the hunter and his dog keep well to the side of the quarter suspected of containing game. The dog's nose soon tells them if their conjectures are right, and they follow him, his nose high in the wind on his aerial trail, until his frantic tuggings at the harness line by which he is held (for the well-trained Esquimaux dog never barks in the presence of game) show them to be near by, when one of the party holds the dog and the other with his weapon crawls cautiously forward on his unseen victims. If the fog is very thick the deer can often get within a few yards by hugging the ground closely while crawling. During the time the snow is on the ground they may take several dogs, and after being successful in the chase, utilize them to drag in the carcasses. This is only done, however, when the skins have become useless; then the butchered deer is put into the hide and it is used as a sled. The men then claim that it is not difficult to kill a reindeer much further in the fog, if it is a drifting deer, than in any other circumstance. It is not unreasonable to infer that the scent will not be so diffused in such a dense medium as an Arctic fog, and therefore be more concentrated at greater distances, yet I have heard good hunters in our regions

claim that fog completely kills a scent. A well-trained Esquimaux dog, with good, keen scent, will often detect the presence of game at a couple of miles distance. The greatest trouble is to keep the dog off from every rabbit or rabbit trail which he scents or encounters, and which he seems unable to prove to follow than that of the game which is desired.

On August 8, while encamped in Terror Bay, and prosecuting our search for evidences of Sir John Franklin's party, I killed a big buck under circumstances probably worth relating. While sitting down, resting from a fatiguing continuous walk of five or six miles over the boggy ground near the seashore, I noticed the reindeer grazing rapidly toward me, being then about six hundred yards off. I immediately slipped away to a barometer stand behind the boulder on which I had been resting and converted myself into an immovable Micawber. The reindeer came eating along, and when about two hundred yards away evidently struck a patch of clover, figuratively speaking, for during the next half hour he never left a little spot, where he kept grazing backward and forward until my patience was exhausted. His skin was the exact color of the duck-egg green against which he was eating, and waiting until he was "cut on," so that his white flanks outlined his figure, I took aim at his head as he was grazing, fired, and hit him in the hind foot. The shock brought him down on his hams, and I thought I had made an effectual shot until I got within about thirty yards, when he first perceived me, and, with one wild snort and a sort of revenue-reform gait, that defied the best aim, he started for the sea-coast, about a mile away, your humble servant bringing up the rear as fast as possible. I ran him out skin to a long point of land and there surely that I had him. On its west side the pack-ice had been carried by the wind and was probably forty or fifty yards wide, being held somewhat open by the outgoing tide. Seeing himself out off from the land side, and my rapid approach, he struggled and plunged against the cakes of pack-ice with his broken foot swinging in the air, until he reached its boundary, when he took to the water. His progress over the disjointed pack was painfully slow, and by the time he had plunged into the water I was within the nearest him, and from there sent a bullet through his brain that hid him out forever.

Now, I was in a quandary! He was beyond my reach from the furthest outlying cake of ice, and the tide setting out was not improving matters. Meat was not plentiful in camp, and further, a large supply was needed, as Tooloah was soon to leave us for a two-weeks' absence on a trip that I could not hinder him, besides the fact that the cold, dry plash as the ripples of salt water broke over it. In short, I didn't want to lose that deer, and there was only one method of getting at him, and I started about that at once. Stripping myself to my underclothing, I started to wade out through the tortuous "leads" between the ice-cakes, as I deemed this method less liable to produce cramps than jumping in from the furthest cake; besides I did not know a possible, although it only seemed to me about five feet. Reader, science will tell you that ocean water will be about two degrees colder than fresh water when both are holding ice in solution, or two degrees colder than the ice-water of your water coolers and other water receptacles; in short, ice sea water is two degrees colder than freezing. The first few steps made me gasp for breath and by the time I was up to my middle, my teeth had settled down to a regular drum-like rattle. I persevered, however, keeping my hands upon the nearest ice-shelf, and when I was within about five feet of the deer, I prize and my breast commenced sinking in the cold fluid. I thought that I had swallowed the North Pole. When I reached one of the deer's horns I was up to my armpits. The whole transaction was done and I had my deer on land in less time than it has taken the reader to peruse it, and this reached, I wrung out my dripping underclothing, the air feeling as warm as a southern breeze, and then giving myself a good shaking over my head, I put on all my clothes, worked like a pirate butchering the deer, slung his fifty pound hams over my shoulders, walked two miles into camp, took a quart of hot reindeer soup that was awaiting me, turned into bed and dreamed that I owned a hundred thousand reindeer worth a thousand dollars apiece.

The reindeer of King William's Land, on their northward migrations, cross over Simpson's Straits from the south side of the island in June or a month before the ice breaks up. About the middle of September, the weather is cold, the wind drives them south, and they congregate in its southern part before the straits have frozen over, and often wait a week or ten days for that occasion before they cross. I have said that the reindeer will swim anything as a lake or river that comes in his way, and the fact that he here seems to wait for the solid ice to form before crossing would appear to contradict this, but it is not so. When the first cold snap comes and the deer begin to go south, they are not in the solid water a kind of "mush ice," "slush ice," or "break," as it is variously called, which is not unlike a foot or two of loose snow thrown into ice water, where it will not melt, and is sufficiently tenacious to even impede the headway of a sailing ship. This hugs the shores and islands and drifts around in the currents, winds and tides like a hilliputian ice-pack. Should a reindeer trust himself to swim through this he would be so impeded and harassed that he could find an easy prey to the Esquimaux who congregate hereabout at this time, and this fact the reindeer know by some sort of instinct.

To this part of the island we also came in order to lay in a supply of meat, clothing and bedding for our mid-winter return trip to Hudson's Bay and civilization. Our camp was pitched near a high hill, on whose top a lookout was constructed to watch for the animals. On the 24th of September a cold snap nearly completed the freezing over of Simpson's Strait, and the next day we moved camp about a mile near a large fresh-water lake and there built an igloo of ice, being one month and five days earlier than the commencement of our igloo life in north Hudson's Bay. The hill as a lookout for reindeer was no longer needed, as these animals were becoming so numerous, as the cold weather set in, and upon us, that any desired number could be seen from any station whatever. The valleys almost as well as the top of the hills. On the last day of the month I felt quite sure that at least a thousand reindeer passed within as many yards of our little house of ice, and the first and second days of the next month—October—the number was certainly no less. On the 3d the ice was just thick enough to bear them on the Strait, and the first herd was seen on that day, and by the 7th the vast swarms had departed southward, leaving the very few that were left to bear us company. The 30th, the total score showed twenty-six killed, Tooloah scoring twelve, a number to which he limited himself only from the fact that it was the maxi-





gone below, where he remained until eight o'clock, when there being a half fathom of water on the bar, we sailed into the river.

On the little bay just inside of the inlet is an old palmetto shanty and a well, constructed by old man Futch several years before, where I then found him, nearly starved, waiting for his companion, "Sailor Jack," who had gone to Lake Waukegan for provisions, but who never went back, having shipped on a boat at Lake Worth for Halifax River, leaving the old man to shift for himself. I found this Sailor Jack a few days afterward at Lake Worth just as he was about to sail for the Halifax, when I took the opportunity to preach him a "sermon" on "man's inhumanity to man," which seemed to be thoroughly appreciated by the small but attentive audience.

While out hunting the day after our arrival at Hillsboro', in the beach scrub, an unusual object caught my eye as I was passing an open space between two bushes, which I saw at a second glance was a large rattlesnake coiled up within two feet of me. As I stepped back and withdrew a buck-shot cartridge and inserted one of small shot, he began crawling languidly and slowly away and without shaking a rattle, when I shot his head off. He was six feet in length, and had a very beautifully marked skin which I took off at once, giving the body to Skipper, who had often horrified the boys by telling them of his great fondness for fried rattlesnake. But although this was a fine specimen, four inches in diameter, with luscious and tempting-looking steaks along the backbone, all portehouse and tenderloin, he seemed to have suddenly lost all desire and appreciation for that kind of meat; at all events, he "didn't seem to hanker after it."

As we returned, we passed a shallow, muddy bayou, the bottom of which was left dry by the ebb tide, where we saw some oysters, and struck it rich. These oysters were the fattest, largest, and had the finest flavor of any I have ever tasted, and this is saying a good deal for one born and bred in Baltimore. They were all single oysters, none less than six inches long, and were attached to the denuded stems and branches of sea-fans (*Gorgonia*), and were thereby easily carried in bunches. Our dinner that day was a royal one: salt water chicken, baked steak, Spanish mackerel, broiled; venison steak; baked yams; boiled rice; sliced raw tomatoes, and for dessert bananas and green coconuts. A full-grown green coconut is a delectable, delicious and ambrosial delicacy calculated to delight and tickle the palate of the most satiated and *blase* epicure. Taking off the husk, one of the "eyes" is opened, the milk poured out into a cup, and the shell cracked in halves, when the meat will be found still attached to the husk; the milk is then poured back and the contents eaten with a spoon.

After waiting a day or two in vain for a fair wind, we left Hillsboro' River with a strong southeast wind and a heavy chop sea, and sailed close-hauled, making long legs and short ones down the coast, bound for New River Inlet, twenty miles below. After a few miles Jack was compelled to go below and Skipper was anxious to put back, but after two days' waiting for a fair wind, we were forced to make in a heavy sea. She worked to a charm, and after an exceedingly rough passage, the sea running very high, and in the teeth of a full gale, we made New River Inlet, where, though the tide was ebbing, there was plenty of water on the bar, and we at once made the run in, with Skipper at the masthead to look out the channel. A large brig beating down the coast ahead of us and laboring hard in the heavy surf, was the first sight that met the eyes, and it really seemed though it was, forsooth, lumpy and dusty enough, and proved to be the roughest bit of sailing we encountered on the voyage. The wind had been squally for several days, hauling from northeast to southeast, consequently, old Atlantic was on a high and tried his best to carry our bowsprit away, but it was a stout stick and stood the racket bravely.

We anchored in the river a hundred yards above the north point of the inlet, where there was plenty of water and good holding ground for the mud hook. New River, for six miles above its mouth, is the straightest, deepest and finest river I have seen in Florida, although a narrow one. It is famous for its sharks, regular man-eaters, some of them, and for the immense numbers and variety of its fishes. The boys drove down a snubbing post at the point of the inlet, where they hauled three sharks until their arms ached. It was an old man, with a beard, the almost complacency and even with hearty satisfaction, helping them to haul out some of the larger ones, for I remembered how nearly I came to being devoured by the monsters, at that very place, three years before. On that occasion Wash Jenkins, who has charge of the Life Saving Station (No. 4), eight miles above, had sailed us down the river to the south shore of the inlet, where we were to land our tramp to Biscayne Bay. It was then that on our return the ground and Jenkins failed to the scrub at the inlet, so that he, seeing the smoke, could sail down for us. We were gone a few days longer than we expected, and arrived at the inlet again one day about noon. We saw an old yawl-boat across the inlet, tied to some mangroves, and which belonged to old man Futch, but so far as we were concerned it might as well have been in the clouds. We set fire to the scrub, but a strong wind from the north kept the smoke near the ground and Jenkins failed to see it. We slept on the beach that night, and the next morning I told my party that if they would help to build a raft, I would cross over and get the boat, when we could walk up the sea beach to the station. We found a few water-soaked logs and tied them together with vines, constructing a rude raft about seven by three feet, but which, of its own weight, settled down in the water. I found a flat stick like a garden plank, some five feet long, and one inch thick, and three inches wide, a good deal as a paddle. I mounted the raft, which sunk to the bottom in the shallow water, but by floating it into deeper water I managed by great care to preserve my balance, standing upright, and found that it would sustain me, though it sank beneath the surface some six inches, with my weight.

Low water slack I started, but I found it difficult navigation, and my men divided the oars, and I used a double team and to prevent the frail structure from turning turtle and spilling me overboard; a single plank would have been a ship in comparison. But by dint of hard and careful, but extremely slow work, I reached the middle of the stream. The tide then began to make, and with it came hundreds of sharks, string-rays, sawfish and porpoises. I had not thought of them before. Huge man-eaters swarmed around me, and some divided oars, and I found it difficult to keep my head above water. The surface is dotted and diversified by thousands of islets and islands, of all shapes and sizes, from a few yards to many acres in extent, clothed with a tropical luxuriance of trees, shrubs and vines. The

touch of a shark's tail would have capsized my craft and sent me floundering into the water, where I would soon have been divided, piece meal, and distributed into the maws of a dozen sharks. But I struck at them with the slings paddle whenever they came too close, and thus kept them at a respectful distance. While using the stick in this way, I cracked at the middle, then it required double caution in paddling and striking. Finally, after a half hour's hard work I succeeded in getting across safely, where I bailed out the boat, in which was an oar, and sculled over after the boys. Under such trying circumstances there is nothing like self-possession, level-headedness and presence of mind, unless it be, as Pat said, absence of body.

Rushing in and out with the tide, at New River, fishes of all kinds are swimming, and can be seen by thousands, and the keen eyes of the boys, when a bit of white rag tied to the hook and thrown to them by a strong hand line. We took crevils from ten to thirty pounds, always larger ones here, never less than ten pounds. By anchoring a boat in mid-stream they can be speared or grained as they swim rapidly by, often pursued by sharks and porpoises. Mr. Jenkins takes them in this way up to forty pounds and cures and smokes them. The largest alligator we killed was here. He had crawled out on the shore where the boys had left some benches, when Jack shot him from the schooner with a mid-range Peabody-Martini rifle at a hundred and fifty yards, knocking the cap of his skull off; he was twelve feet in length. Alligators seem to be as much at home in salt water as in fresh.

Six miles above the inlet is the "haulover," opposite the site of old Fort Lauderdale, and marked by a group of cocoanut trees. From here the river runs southerly, to its mouth, and parallel with the shore, the intervening strip of ridge being nowhere much over a hundred feet in width. At the haulover the river spreads out into a broad, shallow bay, into which empty its North and South branches and several creeks, and is diversified by several islands. Two miles above the haulover, on the east bank, is the wharf or landing of Life Saving Station No. 4, the latter a quarter of a mile away on the sea beach. We made fast to the wharf and went to the station to see my old friend, Wash Jenkins, the keeper of the station. We found him alone, his family being away on a visit to Key West. He was very glad to see us, not having seen a human face since his family left three weeks before. His nearest neighbors are at Biscayne Bay, twenty miles below, and Steve Andrews at Station No. 3, twenty-four miles above.

We spent two or three days here shooting ducks, coots and snipe, and one day went out with Jenkins and his dogs for deer. Wash went out with me above on a neck of land between the North Branch and a creek to drive the rest of us taking stands across the timbered strip. I was sitting at the edge of some spruce pines, near an open space covered by galberry and myrtle bushes, when I heard some quail near by. I began to whistle and call them up, and soon had them all around me. There were, perhaps, thirty of them; they had never seen a human being before. I kept perfectly still, but continued whistling and calling, and had them hoping over my head, cooking up their cunning little heads and looking knowingly at me with their bright round eyes, as they ran about picking at the buds and leaves and bits of grass, twittering and chirping like so many young chickens. They soon wandered off and I was alone again.

That night we planned an expedition up the South Branch to the Everglades, to visit an Indian village, some twenty miles distant. Accordingly, next morning we moved the lumber schooner up the river, taking with us a few men and a boat. Taking our guns, a rod or two, some trolling tackle, and grub enough for several days, we embarked in an Indian cypress canoe, belonging to Jenkins, some twenty feet in length, and two feet beam, with sprit-sail, poles and paddles. We started at nine o'clock, sailing across the bay to the South Branch, which, being very crooked, we furled the sail and each man took a paddle. This branch of New River is much like the other, but the South Branch is about an average width of fifty yards, with perpendicular banks, green to the water's edge with a profusion of wild grasses and shrubs, and with a varying depth of from three to twenty feet. Many alligators were sunning themselves on the sand spits at the lower end of the stream. As we progressed the water became deeper and the current stronger. The banks were clothed, usually with pines, with an occasional clump of palmetto, water oak, swamp maple, bay, Spanish ash and other timber. Here and there were little coves or bights thickly grown with rushes, and aquatic plants bearing bright-colored flowers.

We soon reached the great cypress belt, through which the amber-colored stream poured silently and swiftly, though so clear that great masses of white, coralline rocks, seemed, fissured and lying in endless confusion, could be plainly seen at the bottom. The growth of cypress here was growing the most beautiful and curious aquatic plants and grasses. The tall cypresses, with pale and grizzled trunks, stood in serried ranks like grim spectres, ornamented in a fantastic fashion with the scarlet plumes of air-plants, while their long arms meeting overhead were draped in heavy folds and festoons of gray Spanish moss. The solemn and impressive stillness was broken only by the low cry of some startled heron or osprey, which echoed through the weird forest with a peculiarly hollow emphasis, and at last died away in a low mournful cadence. Our own voices sounded unnatural and strangely sonorous, resounding as though beneath the dome of some vast cathedral.

Passing through the cypress belt we came to the "sloughs" where the stream divided into several smaller ones. The "sloughs" is a margin of tall grasses and shrubs of very luxuriant growth, through which the water flows rapidly, and lying between the cypresses and the Everglades proper. Getting through this we finally emerged into the Everglades seemingly a sea of waving green grasses, with innumerable islands of all sizes. But these grasses are all growing in water, clear and limpid, with channels a few feet wide, diverging and crossing in every direction, through which a canoe can be sailed or poled; there was then two feet of water in the Everglades, and it is a fact that we unfurled the sail and went skimming along, greatly to our satisfaction and relief, for we were quite tired after paddling up stream some six hours.

It is a hard matter to convey a correct, or even an approximate idea of the region called the "Everglades"; it is unique, there is nothing like it anywhere else. As far as the eye can reach stretches a broad, level expanse, clothed in verdure with a peculiarly rich and intense green, and in the distance a color seen nowhere but here. The surface is dotted and diversified by thousands of islets and islands, of all shapes and sizes, from a few yards to many acres in extent, clothed with a tropical luxuriance of trees, shrubs and vines. The

mangrove here gives place to the coco-palm, which grows in endless profusion amid the swamp maple, sweet bay, mastich, water poplar, gum, limbo, satin wood, water oak, and towering above these, clearly revealed against the blue sky, the plume-like palmetto, which grows over and around all, running riot in their exuberance, are innumerable vines and creepers bearing flowers of gorgeous dyes.

Seeing a smoke several miles away, we sailed in that direction through the intricate and narrow channels, often making short cuts by plying through masses of lily-pads, deer tongue and lotus. As we neared the smoke we saw several canoes shoot out from behind islands on our right and left, their white sails gleaming and darting along in the mists of the setting sun like sea-eagles, and all proceeding in the same direction, toward the smoke. Suddenly, one we had not seen came swooping down upon us like a huge bird of prey from the shelter of a small island, a tall young Indian, clad only in a light-colored shirt, a red belt and an enormous red turban, stood upon the pointed stern guiding the canoe with a pole, while an elderly Indian sat amidships holding the sheet of the sail. They sailed through a converging channel into our course and waited until we were abreast of them.

"How 'd'ye?" said I.  
"How!" answered the old man. "Me see 'um canoe; me see 'um white man; me wait; me glad see 'um. How!"  
"We come to see you; we have a good time; come to see your village," said I.  
"We got big canoe—schooner—at station—at Jenkins's."

"In-cah! (yes, or all right). Me glad see 'um; in-cah!" replied he.

Here Jack put in his oar, saying: "We like Ingun; big Ingun; Jack. Lo! Come see 'um; big Ingun, whoopee! squaw, hoop-la! papoose, hi-yah! wigwan! wampum! you bet! wa-hoo!"

I saw from the twinkle of the old man's eye that he understood English very well, as he replied, good-naturally: "Hut! Young man—talk here—talk much—ho-ha-vaugus!" (bad, or no good). Then he continued: "Me Tiger; Big Tiger—old Tiger—old man—father—the chief; little chief!"

Then, pointing toward the pines on the mainland, he said: "Me go—village—you come—in-cah!"

The hauling aft the sheet, they shot away, our own heavily-laden canoe seeming to stand still in comparison. Those Indians had been at work in their fields on the islands, but seeing us coming, they quit work earlier than usual so as to get to the village before our arrival.

## Natural History.

### THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance.

Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH

FAMILY FALCONIDE: THE FALCONS.—CONCLUDED.

153. Marsh Hawk—*Circus cyaneus* Aud.; *Circus hudsonius* Ridg. 430; *Circus cyaneus hudsonius* C. 489.—Abundant. Arrives in April. Breeds on the ground; lays from four to six dull bluish white eggs, generally faintly blotched with purple. The male incubates the eggs in May. The hawk is common throughout the inhabited portions of the State. The light gray plumage and the comparatively smaller size of the male bird misleads some persons into the belief that it is a different species of hawk from the larger female with its rich cinnamon brown coloration of plumage. But the large white space over the base of the tail, common to both sexes, may easily be seen as the bird pursues its low flight over the fields and meadows, and is a characteristic marking of the female. The marsh hawks do not frequent the forests, but make their haunts about the fields, marshes, and open lands, where they may be seen quartering their chosen ground as systematically as trained hunting dogs. They are very destructive to small game birds, such as are found in the fields and marshes, and they also prey upon mice, frogs, snakes, etc. This hawk does not commonly pursue its prey but pounces upon it unawares.

154. Cooper's Hawk—*Astur cooperi* Aud.; *Accipiter cooperi* Ridg. 431, C. 495.—Rare. An occasional visitant from the south. I have never observed this hawk in Maine, nor even seen a specimen killed here. Prof. A. E. Verrill mentioned it in his list of the birds of Norway, Maine. Mr. Boardman mentions it as "rare." Mr. N. C. Brown informs me that he has seen but two specimens here. One of these in the possession of Mr. L. C. Daniels, taxidermist, at Portland, April 15, 1875, and the other one was alive in captivity at Gorham, Maine, in the possession of Chas. B. Merrill, Esq. Mr. Harry Merrill gives me the record of two specimens killed in Penobscot county; one in 1878, and one in 1881.

Although not a very large hawk, this bird is endowed with great strength, daring, and speed of flight. Many hawks capture their prey chiefly by darting suddenly upon it, but the Cooper's hawk will pursue the swiftest of birds while on the wing, with a sustained flight, that I believe to be unsurpassed in speed by any other bird. I remember an incident that well displayed the wonderful rapidity of flight of which this hawk is capable.

One autumn day in Virginia, while shooting partridges, or quails (*Ortyx virginianus*), a partridge that had been well alarmed by a shot from each of my two companions, flew close by me, and at that instant I observed that a hawk suddenly increased its speed, as a Cooper's hawk gave chase. Swift as was the utmost speed of the partridge, yet much swifter was that of the hawk, which was quickly overtaking its prey as both birds disappeared from my view over the tops of a grove of small pine trees. The incident served to illustrate the facts that a swift-flying bird like the partridge, already frightened, was capable of greatly increasing its speed upon urgent necessity demanding it, and that a hawk of this species is capable of a sustained rapidity of flight even greater than the utmost speed of the *Ortyx virginianus*.

155. Sharp-shinned Hawk—*Astur fuscus* Aud.; *Accipiter fuscus* Ridg. 432, C. 494.—Abundant. Arrives in April. Breeds on trees. Lays four or five eggs, white with brown blotches, in May. Next to the marsh hawk the most abundant species of hawk throughout the State. This little hawk is not much larger than the rusty-crowned falcon, but in its appearance it seems like a miniature hawk. It is much more common than the Cooper's hawk. The sharp-shinned hawk is a deadly enemy to small birds, such as warblers and sparrows, but does not commonly attack birds larger than these. It is often locally, but erroneously, termed "pigeon hawk" in Maine. I shot a

hawk of this species in the month of December from a fruit tree at my house in Portland city. The bird was in fat condition and had probably been feasting upon the domestic sparrows, which are abundant here. This hawk is the only one of the species I have observed in Maine in winter. Probably it was a late migrant that strayed into the city, where an abundance of food caused it to tarry. I have many times observed hawks of this species in the city of Portland, Me.

156. Goshawk—*Astur palmarum* Aud.; *Astur capillatus* Ridg. 433, Cs. 496.—Common, especially in Eastern Maine. Resident. Breeds. This large hawk is sometimes locally termed "gray hen hawk," the light gray plumage of the adults distinguishing them from other large hawks of various species indiscriminately termed "hen hawks" by the farmers. But the immature bird is dark brown, with oblong spots of the same color diffused over its yellowish white lower parts, and this phase of plumage gives the bird an external appearance very different from that of the adult of the same species. A fine specimen in the brown plumage that I obtained in Eastern Maine in the month of October had nearly the whole of a ruffed grouse (including the feet) in its claw.

157. Red-tailed Hawk or Buzzard—*Bubo borealis* Aud.; Ridg. 436, Cs. 516.—Common. Arrives in March. Breeds. Lays its eggs in April. One of the largest hawks, whose great variations of plumage have caused several "varietal" names to be bestowed upon it by ornithologists.

158. Red-shouldered Hawk or Buzzard—*Bubo thurstoni* Aud.; Ridg. 439, Cs. 520.—Common throughout the State. Arrives in March and April. Breeds early in May. Of less size than the last named species, and like it locally termed "hen hawk."

159. Broad-winged Hawk or Buzzard—*Buteo borealis* Aud.; Ridg. 443, Cs. 524.—Common. Arrives in March and April. Breeds in May. Smaller than any of the buzzards (*Buteo*) previously named, and this hawk is locally termed the "chicken hawk," perhaps to distinguish it from the large "hen hawk," or else the farmers may think it not equal to the capture of an old hen. The small snakes native to Maine form the favorite and common food of the hawk, but not to the entire exclusion of other prey. The bird is less wary than the large hawks of the genus *Buteo*. A hawk of this species, an adult female, in plump condition, which I shot at Deering, Maine, May 6, 1882, had in its crop two snakes, one of fourteen inches length, headless, of the common variety, and a whole one nine inches long, of the red-bellied brown variety. The stomach contained only a large quantity of the undigested scales of snakes.

160. Rough-legged Hawk or Buzzard—*Buteo lagopus* Aud.; *Archibuteo lagopus sancti-johannis* Ridg. 447, Cs. 525.—Not uncommon, but apparently of irregular occurrence. In "North American Birds," by Baird, Brewer and Ridgway (II., 310), it is stated that "a pair was found breeding near the mouth of the Kennebec River, and the eggs were secured." And a description is given of "an egg from near Wiscasset, taken by Edmund Smith, Esq., the parent of which was secured" (II., 311). The latter quotation properly refers to Benjamin F. Smith, Esq., of Wiscasset, Maine.

Birds of this species whose general plumage is black, or brownish black, are probably of perfect maturity. Although this phase of coloration is usually termed meristic. The "normal condition" of plumage, or that of the first few years of existence, is mottled brown and black. I have observed specimens of this hawk in Maine in both these phases of plumage, and the proportion in numbers of each appears to be such as would be naturally expected between birds of full maturity and those not arrived at that condition.

161. Osprey, Fish Hawk—*Pandion haliaetus* Aud., Cs. 530; *Pandion haliaetus carolinensis* Ridg. 425.—Abundant. Arrives early in April. Breeds on trees; lays from three to five yellowish white eggs, profusely blotched with reddish and amber brown. Usually a very tall tree, and frequently a dead one, is selected as the site of a nest, but I have found nests within fifteen feet of the ground upon islands in the Gulf of Mexico, and upon one small island many fine hawks were breeding to form quite a colony. Although commonly nesting near the coast, a large stream, or a lake, I have seen a nest in the interior of Maine, two miles or more from any large stream or sheet of water. The osprey feeds exclusively upon fresh fish of its own catching, and is very industrious during the period that its voracious young are in the nest.

162. Golden Eagle—*Aquila chrysaetos* Aud., Cs. 532; *Aquila chrysaetos canadensis* Ridg. 449.—Rare. No record of breeding in Maine. I saw a fine male specimen of this eagle which was shot by Geo. A. Boardman, Esq., at Calais, Me., just before my arrival there, October 9, 1882.

While looking for snipe upon the meadows, Mr. Boardman flushed a blue heron, which flew lazily away and was just about to alight again when this eagle descended like a bolt from the sky, struck the heron to the earth, so near to Mr. Boardman, that he was able to approach and shoot the eagle ere it could kill the heron, which flew off apparently but little harmed. A golden eagle was killed near Portland, at Peak's Island, Casco Bay, in the autumn of 1881. I have observed this species on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, where the white-headed eagles are abundant. In the "Bad Lands" of Northern Dakota the golden eagles are common, but I have not observed the white-headed eagle in that region.

163. White-headed Eagle—*Haliaeetus leucophthalmus* Aud.; Ridg. 451, Cs. 534.—Common, especially along the coast during migrations. Not commonly resident throughout the year, but occasionally observed here in winter. Breeds in high trees, lays two or more dull white eggs, in April or May, and sometimes later. For many years a pair of white-headed eagles bred within two miles of the city of Portland. A young bird taken from their nest and kept alive in captivity, attained, when six years old, the white plumage of head and tail characteristic of perfect maturity. The birds locally termed "gray eagles" are of this species, but in the plumage of immaturity, and without the showy white of head and tail. Frequently these immature eagles have a greater extent of wings than do the older birds. Mr. N. A. Eddy gives me his notes of an egg taken from an eagle's nest at Moosehead Lake, May 30, 1882, in which was a young bird apparently about ten days old. "The egg was addled and badly cracked." Probably the eagle or the nest had been disturbed earlier in the season. The white-headed eagle, which has been adopted as a national emblem, and called upon our silver dollars, is of noble appearance and possesses great strength. Breeds in trees and habits are not admirable. It will subsist upon dead and

putrid fish found upon the shores, upon dead dogs, horses, skunks, etc., wherever found, or lazily watch a fish hawk or plover procure fish and then rob the industrious captor of its prey.

When other means fail the eagle will earn an honest livelihood by hunting live prey, which it is well able to capture. Although usually successful in its attacks for robbery made upon the fish hawk, the crows will compel an eagle to flee, as will also the little kingbirds. During the season of love-making the white-headed eagles perform remarkable aerial movements, and their sexual union is accomplished high in the air. A pair may be seen soaring far above the treetops, until, uniting in an eagle's embrace they come gyrating down, with wings extended, turning over and over and oscillating about, their wings serving somewhat as a parachute and preventing a very rapid descent. Ere reaching the earth, or the treetops, above a forest, the birds separate and mount again on wing to resume their mutual demonstrations, or wend their way to some favorite perch for a rest.

#### FAMILY CATARTIDAE: THE VULTURES.

164. Common Vulture, Turkey Vulture—*Cathartes aura* Aud.; Ridg. 454, Cs. 537.—A rare straggler from the South. Two were seen in Sandish, Cumberland county, Me., in the summer of 1874, and one of them was caught in a trap and sent to a taxidermist in Portland, Me. Mr. Boardman has recorded the occurrence of the species in Eastern Maine. On account of its resemblance to the common turkey, this vulture is often termed "turkey buzzard," but the term buzzard properly applies to a genus of hawks (*Buteo*) only.

165. Black Vulture—*Cathartes atratus* Aud.; *Cathartides atrabi* Ridg. 455, Cs. 538.—A rare straggler from the South. This vulture is rather more Southern in its distribution than the common vulture. Mr. Boardman obtained a specimen in August 1879, which was killed by Mr. McFarland at Campbell's Island, near and near informs me that a vulture was killed at Great Meadow Island about 1870, which was supposed to be of this species. This vulture is quite commonly termed "carrion crow" in regions where the species abounds, and the name has probably been applied merely to distinguish the bird from the turkey vulture, and because it is "as black as a crow," the plumage of the other species named being of a golden-brown color.

#### FAMILY COLUMBIDAE: THE PIGEONS.

166. Pigeon, Passenger Pigeon—*Ectopistes migratorius* Aud.; Ridg. 450, Cs. 543.—Common, arrives in April. Formerly very abundant about the blueberry plains in Maine, but the great grain fields of the West and other causes have produced a very less number of the pigeons annually. Common. Breeds upon trees; lays two eggs, elliptical, pure glossy white, and similar to those of the domestic pigeon. First eggs laid in May. Two broods.

167. Carolina Dove—*Ectopistes carolinensis* Aud.; *Zenaidura carolinensis* Ridg. 460, Cs. 544.—Occasional visitant from the South. Rare. I saw one that was shot at Machias, Washington County, Maine, in 1879. Mr. C. Boardman reports its occurrence yet further East. Mr. C. Boardman obtained one April 6, 1879, shot in Cumberland County, near Portland city.

#### FAMILY TETRAONIDAE: GROUSE AND QUAIL.

168. Canada Grouse—*Tetrao canadensis* Aud.; *Canace canadensis* Ridg. 473, Cs. 555.—Common. Resident. Breeds on the ground, lays ten or more eggs, yellowish brown with dark blotches, in May.

This bird is locally termed "spruce partridge," also "heath hen." The reddish brown plumage of the female somewhat resembles that of the red grouse of Scotland, but the male Canada grouse is black and white upon its lower parts, and in general appearance differs much from the female. Both sexes have the red bare space above the eye. The downy young are yellow with longitudinal dark brown stripes, and they are usually hatched in the middle or latter part of June. But little has been written of the habits of the grouse of this species, and barely anything added to Audubon's statement, written in 1826, that "it is the most common species of grouse in the coniferous forests of Northern Maine and of Canada. In 'Birds of America,' by Audubon, and in 'North American Birds,' by Baird, Brewer and Ridgway, the two most comprehensive works on North American ornithology ever published, it is stated as hearsay, but not within the observation of the writers, that the bird is so stupid, that it may be backed down with a stick, or taken by slipping a noose over its head, and the 'drumming' is stated to be caused by the male beating its wings against the body as it rises 'spirally' in the air. I have the mounted skin of a male with the beautiful plumage of perfect maturity, and obtained the bird in Eastern Maine upon a rainy September day, in the following manner: Observing the bird upon the ground I at once made a noose of the only piece of line available, locally known as "stun-yarn," but not well suited to my purpose, as the rough hempen noose failed to slip readily. While making my preparations the grouse flew to a branch of a spruce tree, where he awaited further movements. Attaching the noose to a pole I passed it up between the branches and successfully slipped it over the head of the bird. But the noose failed to draw tight and the grouse flew to another branch of the same tree. Frequent attempts to draw it down by the noose, and the failure, and the bird then flew to another tree in a dense thicket near by. Finding my efforts with wet spun-yarn futile, I knocked the bird off its perch by a blow on the back with the pole and secured the specimen in good condition for preservation.

The Canada grouse performs its "drumming" upon the trunk of a standing tree of rather small size, preferably one that is inclined from the trunk of a larger tree, and in the following manner: Commencing near the base of the tree selected, the bird flutters upward with somewhat slow progress, but rapidly beating wings, which produce the drumming sound. Having thus ascended fifteen or twenty feet it glides quietly on wing to the ground and repeats the maneuver. Favorite places are resorted to habitually, and these "drumming trees" are well known to observers, and are to be led to the belief that it had been used for this purpose for many years. This tree was a spruce of six inches diameter, with an inclination of about fifteen degrees from the perpendicular, and was known to have been used as a "drumming tree" for several seasons. The upper surface and sides of the trunk were so worn by the feet and wings of the bird or birds using it for drumming, that for a distance of a dozen or fifteen feet the bark had become quite smooth and red, as if rubbed.

I do not regard these birds as stupid, but they are ex-

ceedingly gentle, and inhabiting dense forests are unacquainted with men. A friend of the writer now has a pair of Canada grouse alive, keeping them as pets in the hope that they will breed in captivity; and if a sufficiently favorable opportunity is afforded them he may reasonably expect this hope to be fulfilled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GREBE—MAINE HERON—NIGHT HAWK.—Fort Covington, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1883.—*Editor Forest and Stream*.—Early in December this winter I bought and stuffed a bird of the grebe family which I failed to recognize. It was shot near the St. Lawrence. In shape it resembled the common hell-diver or dabchick, but was somewhat larger. Neck long and slender, head slender also, and "snaky" looking, bill narrow, straight and pointed, iris bright red, feet long and webbed as in other grebes, forehead, crown and nape, back and upper part of wings very black, cheeks, chin, throat and breast and belly pure white, dividing line between the dusky upper part of head and the white lower part sharply defined and starting from the bill, running through the eye straight back to the nape. No tail. Can you name him? I noticed to-day in Minot's "Land and Game Birds of New England," the statement that the long-billed marsh-wren (*Calidris palustris*) is not found in Northern New England. Without daring to dispute the above statement I can say that they are plentiful in the St. Lawrence River valley, around Lake St. Francis, and in the marshes in the various small tributaries of the above lake. They breed here, as I have often found their curiously-constructed nests while wading in the marshes in duck-shooting. I have, on several occasions, heard a whole chorus of them uttering their peculiar notes (to use a very pleasant chatter when disturbed) at a passing skiff or midnight boatman on the way, last summer while out in search of snipe. I shot a night hawk which was circling overhead with others. Not that there is anything remarkably surprising about shooting a night hawk, but the peculiarity was that while the others were decorated with the regulation white spot under each wing, he had the spot under one wing only.—GYRFAALON.

HAIRY, TAILED MEN.—This subject, on which our valued correspondent, "Piseco," wrote in *FOREST AND STREAM* so many years ago, is brought up again by the following extract from *Herald*: "There is now being exhibited at the Royal Aquarium in London a strange bird, a little creature named Kiao. Kiao is described as a very bright looking, intelligent girl of about seven years of age. She was caught, according to the account given of her, in the forest near Laos, and brought to England by Mr. Carl Bock, a Norwegian, who, since the expedition described by him in 'The Head Hunters of Borneo,' has been exploring Siam and the wilder States to the northeast. Hearing in various quarters of the existence of a new hairy-tailed men, similar in appearance to a family kept at the Court of Mandalay, he offered a reward for the capture of a specimen. A man was caught, and with him the child now exhibited, and a woman of similar appearance then allowed herself to be taken. When the little one attempted to wander the parentless girl uttered a plaintive cry, 'Kra-o' and her name has been adopted as her name. The eyes of the child are large, dark and lustrous; the nose is flattened, the nostrils scarcely showing; the cheeks are fat and pouch-like, the lower lip only rather thicker than is usual in Europeans; but the chief peculiarity is the strong and abundant hair. On the head it is black, thick and straight, and grows over the forehead down to the heavy eyebrows, and is continued in whisker-like locks down the cheeks. The rest of the face is covered with a fine, dark, downy hair, and the shoulders and arms have a covering of hairs from an inch to an inch and a half long. There is, it is said, a slight lengthening of the lower vertebrae, suggestive of a caudal protuberance, and there are points in the muscular conformation and otherwise which will provoke discussion. Kiao has already picked up a few scraps of English. She said to her of a great favorite, 'Dis-sit-tah,' and she shows truly feminine delight in her clothes, jewelry and ribbons. The showman exhibits her as the missing link."

EAGLES ON THE HUDSON.—Yonkers, Jan. 19.—The Hudson River has been filled from shore to shore with drifting ice for several weeks. It is at such times that the eagles which live on the banks of the river are driven to the shore. Several have been seen about South Yonkers lately. This morning as I was drawing a boat on a row sitting on a small cake of ice, an eagle swooped down within 200 yards, but did not light. These eagles appear very black, with white heads and tails, and are a pleasing feature in the winter landscape.—J. A.

OWLS—PIKE GROSBEAKS.—Colebrook, N. H., Jan. 29.—I have mounted three specimens of white owls. The largest had a wing broken by shooting; next in size, sixty-four inches; smallest, sixty inches. Three great horned owls taken in different towns were all strongly impregnated with skunk perfume. Do they eat all they can catch? The largest specimens of snowy owls are somewhat the darkest on back and breast. I have pike grosbeaks that commenced to sing six weeks after capturing them.—NED NORRIS.

WINTER BIRDS.—Princeton, Jan. 14.—This cold spell brought to us a large number of hawks, and consequently the quail and rabbits are suffering. Yesterday while out collecting I observed robins, blackbirds and song sparrows, and the common little tree sparrow. I also shot a cardinal grosbeak and a great northern shrike. Is it not very queer that the common spring birds, and a one that is only seen in the coldest weather, should be here at the same time?—W. S. K.

HUNTER'S RECORD.—Mr. La Monte Green, of Attica, Ind., publishes a "Hunter's Record," being a blank book ruled for recording the capture of game. The only criticism we can make on the book is that it is on a too extensive scale, but this fault is perhaps in its favor. The book will last a lifetime—for most sportsmen.

"EXPERIENCE WITH THE GROUSE."—In third paragraph of article under the caption "Issue of Jan. 18, for 'If you only shoot wild birds,'" read "If you only shoot treed birds." In last sentence of sixth paragraph, for "very old bird," read "wary old bird."



# Game Bag and Gun.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

## THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

A meeting of the Committee on Game Laws of the New York Legislature was held on Tuesday at Albany, to hear arguments on Assembly bill No. 8.

Gen. S. W. Johnson occupied the chair. Of the committee there were present Messrs. Helm, O'Connor, Locke and Bulmer. Messrs. Geddes, Irvin, Goddard, Bailey, Ferris, Church, ex-Senator Wagstaff and Dr. Piffard, of New York; Mr. J. D. Collins, of Utica; Dr. Phelps, of Franklin county, and a number of gentlemen from other counties appeared before the committee to represent their sections of the State.

The Chairman read the first section with regard to the change in the time for deer. Mr. Collins stated that Mr. Hoad had written him in behalf of the citizens of Ogdensburg, stating that they desired the privilege of eating trout and venison at the same time. He therefore suggested that the time in Bill No. 8 be extended so as to make the open season from Aug. 15 to Nov. 15. Mr. Irvin of St. Lawrence spoke for the sportsmen of that county, and opposed any alteration of the present law. He also strongly advocated the forbidding of the use of hounds. Mr. Goddard supported Mr. Irvin's statements. Senator Wagstaff preferred to leave November open. Dr. Phelps, of Franklin, made a strong appeal for the protection of deer from night shooters. He said that men came to the woods in August and slaughtered the deer by scores with jacks, and that it is impossible owing to the darkness to detect the offenders. He also gave a graphic picture of the manner in which the deer are killed during deep snows by men on snow shoes.

The Chairman then read Section 2 of the amendatory bill. Mr. Bailey, of Suffolk, said that the provision forbidding summer bay bird shooting was oppressive to the people of Long Island. Mr. Wagstaff favored the prohibition of spring bay snipe shooting, but would have the clause relating to ducks as it stands, i. e., no duck shooting after April 1. The representative of Oswego and Seneca advocated the forbidding of all shooting of ducks and bay birds after February 1, but stated that bay birds should be shot after July or August 1. Mr. Church, of Queens, requested that the bill might be so amended as to allow the use of batteries in Long Island Sound and adjacent harbors.

Section 3 was now read. Mr. Wagstaff hoped that the section would be so amended as to permit the shooting of woodcock on Long Island in August. A gentleman from Lewis county desiring to have that county excepted, and another from Wayne asked the same favor.

Sections 4, 5 and 6 of the bill seemed to be generally satisfactory.

Section 7 was read, and the representative of FOREST AND STREAM said that the provision limiting the number of specimens to be taken by any licensed collector during one year was oppressive to the ornithologists, and recommended that it be increased to twenty.

In Section 8, Dr. Piffard suggested that the English sparrow be added to the list of birds whose nests might be legally robbed.

The reading of Section 10 gave rise to considerable discussion. Mr. Collins explained that the provision forbidding the taking of trout of any kind at any time for the purpose of stocking private ponds, was aimed at individuals in his section who took private ponds, and who hire men, women and children to catch from the public waters all the trout that they can possibly take, and transfer them to preserves, from which they sell them. He stated, also, that these parties actually go to the spawning beds, secure the trout spawn, and transfer it to their private hatching houses, and suggested that this ought to be forbidden by law.

There was but little discussion over the following sections until Section 14 was reached, when ex-Senator Wagstaff suggested that the placing of a bounty of fifty cents on the foot of a muskrat be retained.

On reading Section 16 it was suggested that the time for selling venison should be extended to Jan. 1, provided that the time for killing was extended as above suggested. In Section 17 an exception was suggested in favor of tide water mills and of mill ponds.

The Chairman stated at the close of the meeting that the committee were anxious to give to sportsmen all the protection which they desired, but alluded to the very widely different opinions which seemed to be held on some important points.

### Editor Forest and Stream:

I am surprised that you advise the Legislature to open the season for bay snipe shooting on Long Island on August 1. Of course the date for opening named in the bill at Albany (October 1) only shows the ignorance of our game-law framers for after October 1 almost all the bay birds are gone. But a law opening the season at August 1 would only serve the purpose, if observed, of allowing many a good flight of such birds as dowitchers, which come back in July, to pass on to Jersey gunners. As bay birds come to our shores only on their way South (and back again the next spring), there can be no reason why a summer bird should not be shot whenever it arrives.

I am an earnest advocate of the prevention of all spring shooting; but I know that the Long Island people would pay no attention to a law forbidding bay bird shooting later than July 1.

### Editor Forest and Stream:

As to the catching of trout for stocking purposes. The reasons for this are very important; the most so of any provision in the bill. In this section of the country, men, women and children are employed to fish the small streams for small trout. They are kept alive in boxes and carried away to restaurants to be served up to customers—but the private ponds to be sold out in season. In Redfield, 160,000 were carried away alive in one season. At the Trenton Falls trout ponds an equal number are caught and sold each year. The proprietor fishes the whole close season, keeping his fish alive to stock his ponds for the coming season, taking them from spawn beds and small streams and in any way he can obtain them. There are other ponds doing the same

thing. The result is, the most abundant and prolific streams are utterly depopulated of trout. At other places, they are caught in the same way and placed in a public stream, upon premises owned by a hotel proprietor, where guests fish for them, to the detriment of all other streams for twenty or thirty miles around. Unless this practice is prohibited, good-bye to trout, and that very soon. The plan is, to let those who want trout for stocking purposes either breed them or obtain them from the State hatcheries, as is provided for by the laws relating thereto, which are independent of the game laws. If the friends of protection are interested in the protection of trout, let them by all means insist upon the amendments as framed, or even that they be more stringent than now proposed.

UTICA, New York.

JOHN D. COLLINS.

### Editor Forest and Stream:

Bay snipe commence to come about the 20th of July, and travel until about the first of November. These birds are all birds such as you shoot over decoys, namely the large and small yellow-legs, jack, curlew, robin, willetts, dowitchers, snipe, birds, and black breast plover. They return again in May, when there is a two weeks' flight. English snipe come here about the middle of March and stay until the first of May, and return about the first of October, and stay until it freezes up.

There is a lot of all kinds of shooting here all the time. The day it snowed and blew so hard I killed three wild geese in the river. I have killed some mallard ducks in the river this winter, the first I ever saw. I am greatly in favor of abolishing spring shooting. If something is not done soon, there will not be any game left. Battery shooting at ducks should be stopped from Maine to Florida. It is not any use to stop it in one State, because the birds would be killed in the next State. We could have the best duck shooting in our bay that there is in the world, if it were not for disturbing the birds on their feeding grounds. There are two market gunners who shoot to me, since last fall they have killed three thousand ducks, mostly broadbill, with some redheads, canvas-backs, and whistlers.

What point shooting we could have if ever the time comes that every battery is burnt up! There are three things we do not want, one is spring shooting, another batteries and finally cats. The cats destroy more quail than hawks and gunners combined.

SAVILLVILLE, Long Island.

### Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to enter my protest against the amendment of Section 1, Chapter 534, which prohibits the shooting of deer with the aid of jack lights, or otherwise in the month of August. A friend and myself have, for the last seven years, spent from three to four weeks in the Adirondacks, and the last three years have each taken a son with us, the youngest being but eleven years old the first year that he went in. We always camp out, kill what deer we want to eat, also catch fish for our own use, and have not wasted or brought any venison out of the woods. Now August is the only month I can get away from my business, and I believe I speak for a large class of persons that are situated in a like manner. I also believe that if I had not taken just such a vacation, that my health as well as my friend's would have broken down, so that we could not have followed our usual avocations the remainder of the year.

The month of August is the best part of the year for any one wishing to hunt deer in the North Woods, and it looks as if the advocates of this change in the law wished to freeze out just the class of persons that it does most good to take this kind of recreation. Now from my own observation I think more deer are killed in July than in August. Only enforce the law as it now stands, and after what few are killed in August there will be a good show for those parties that wish to go in September and October with their picks of dogs and men that live out in the woods. Now August is the best time to go, and send their carriages out to sell to help pay for the sport. Now as I interpret the teachings of FOREST AND STREAM it is to go into the woods for rest and recreation; go in such a shape as not to make hard work of it, fish a little, hunt a little, throw care to the winds, and drink in lots of pure mountain air. August is the month that the greatest number of people who need just such recreation can go. I hope the law will be left just as it is in regard to shooting deer in August. They are then in good condition and the fawns are able to care for themselves; and may the time never come when there are no deer in the Adirondacks is the sincere wish of

HARK.

### Editor Forest and Stream:

Should the number of natural history specimens (of one species) allowed to be taken, be limited to five annually, as provided in the Townsend bill, or limited at all? Neither, decidedly; for at the rate of five per annum, it would require three or four years for one ornithologist to collect a series for a simple comparison, not to mention any extensive work with a species. And now, look at it in, perhaps a more practical light: Let a man start out to-day with his collecting outfit, his object being to collect some adult males of say *Agelaius phoeniceus* (lesser redpoll). Well, let him be fortunate enough to come upon a flock of this species containing several males; and now, while creeping up to pick out the rose-breasted leader, the flock takes flight and sweeps away, but not before our collector catches sight of a little rosy chap, and fires. What is the result? There lies the sought-for male, and with him perhaps a dozen others—females and young males—in plain attire. Now, according to the amendment he has broken the law; and what is he to do with the extra birds? To leave them there, when some brother ornithologist in the South would be most thankful to have them, would mean arrest and fines, or imprisonment for a man should mean arrest and fines, or imprisonment. If these are escaped, he still is conscious of law-breaking, which, though unintentional, is unpleasant, and causes a man to look upon the law as oppressive and wrong, because he cannot help breaking it while endeavoring to be guided by it. And now, our collector must wait a whole year, according to the amendment, before he can even try to obtain another male, and then perhaps break the law again by so doing. Should there be any limit to the number of specimens taken annually?

I quote again, as follows: "To Section 31, fixing the bounty on wolves, panthers, etc., is added a clause offering a bounty of fifty cents for hawks and owls. An excellent provision."

All men can not think alike, and I beg to differ from the above comment. Nature if left to herself will abso-

lutely balance all things. It is only where that desecrating monster, man, interferes, that the scales are not evenly weighted. A sportsman or gunner will shoot a hawk or an owl, either on principle or by instinct—perhaps both—whenver an opportunity presents itself, provided only he is not in the immediate vicinity of game. To offer a bounty on these birds means to have every boy and every loafer of the country village turn out with the old musket or like arm, to try to make a dollar or two by the bounty. Of course this causes a decided decrease in the number of birds of prey. And what of it? Why just as decided an increase in the numbers of predatory rodents and snakes, and consequently a corresponding decrease in the number of birds, both song and game. For we cannot forget that the food of our *Falco* and *Strigida* consists mainly of the small animals, reptiles, batrachians, etc. (only about five per cent. of the contents of the stomachs of the birds of prey examined by me have been avian remains, the remainder being either those of the mammalia or reptilia). And then too, all those notes that were in your paper some time ago, concerning the depredations of our saucy little red friend the red squirrel *Sciurus hudsonicus* must be taken into consideration, for he together with like plunderers, is quite an item in the menu of these birds.

The views expressed above agree with those of all the other members of the Linnean Society of this city, with whom I talked at the society's meeting of Saturday, January 27.

NEW YORK, February, 1883.

LOUIS A. ZIEGLER.

[The bill provides that the societies which may grant licenses to collect specimens shall be: The New York State Museum; the New York State Natural History Society; the American Society of Natural Sciences; the Linnean Society of New York City; the Lyons Scientific Association of Cornell University; the Poughkeepsie Society of Natural History; or other scientific college in the State having a department or museum of natural history.]

## THE QUEBEC ASSOCIATION.

THE twenty-fourth annual report of the Fish and Game Protection Club of the Province of Quebec, presented Jan. 20, was as follows: The executive committee, in presenting their annual report, congratulate the club, first of all, upon the unprecedented success which it has achieved during the past year.

This success is not alone confined to its financial affairs, which are highly satisfactory, as will be seen by the treasurer's report, nor yet to its great increase of membership, but it is to be found in the fact that the club has become known and its weight felt throughout the whole province.

The laws for the preservation of fish and game are becoming better observed every year, and people are beginning to find that the consumer is reaping even a greater benefit from their enforcement than the market hunter or the sportsman. Your committee has great pleasure in reporting that during the last session of the Quebec Legislature an act was passed for the better preservation of the game of this Province.

The following are the amendments to the game act (as it then existed) which your committee recommended, and which were adopted before the committee of the House by a denunciation, which twice visited Quebec for that purpose:

1. That the close season for deer, caribou, moose, and their fawn, should commence 1st January, instead of 1st February, to prevent these animals being butchered in the deep snows of January, and at a period when the females are heavy with young.

2. That the close season for partridge should commence 1st February, instead of 1st March, so as to give one month's additional protection, this species of game being rapidly exterminated by snaring.

3. That the close season for black duck, mallard, wood duck and teal should commence 1st March instead of 1st May, your committee contending that it is impolitic to molest these birds in the spring, when they come here to remain for the purpose of breeding; the numbers killed some seasons being immense, besides those that are driven from their natural breeding grounds.

4. That the snaring of hares be prohibited.

The following are the changes which were actually made in the law as regards close season:

1. Moose not to be taken or killed before 1st September, 1883. After that date close season for moose, deer, and caribou to remain as before—viz., 1st February to 1st September.

2. Close season for hare changed from 1st February and 1st September to 1st March and 1st November.

3. Close season for partridge changed from 1st March and 1st September to 1st January and 15th September.

4. Close season for wild ducks of all kinds, and geese, from 1st May and 1st September to 15th April and 1st September.

5. Close season for insectivorous birds, or more properly for all other birds than those named in the act, excepting eagles, hawks, wild pigeons, crows, ravens, waxwings, and shrike, from 1st March and 1st August to 1st March and 1st September.

Your committee, while regretting that deer, caribou, and moose have not received the protection asked for, and that the snaring of partridge has not been prohibited, consider that a great step in the right direction, and that the bill as passed is a very great improvement on anything we have heretofore had.

The thanks of the club are due to the Legislature for the manner in which they have taken up the matter, and for the kind consideration which they have shown toward the club. Throughout the past year the laws have been very well observed in and about the city. The dealers and markets have been closely watched for game and fish offered for sale, and the offenders have been taken into custody, and these were successfully prosecuted. Twenty-one convictions in all were taken by the club during the year, out of which we obtained sixteen convictions. Seizures were made at several times of fish and game in the hands of express and forwarding agents, that had been shipped to this province during our close season, and which was distributed among the hospitals and other charitable institutions of the city.

Our sportsmen are club members, and have a ready and willing to assist our officers. Thirteen unlicensed acts have been seized, and a great number of fish baskets and other illegal apparatuses destroyed. In many cases it was impossible to find the owners of these nets and traps. If the funds of the club will permit of it, your committee would strongly advise that an officer be kept on the St. Ann's District constantly



**NEW HAMPSHIRE BIG GAME.**—Colebrook, N. H.—We brought out in the month of September last, three caribou from Second Connecticut Lake. I mounted the heads of two, the largest had symmetrical antlers, 25 inches spread, 32 inches from point of brow angle to top of main branch, and ten points, estimated weight of about 535 pounds. Head can be seen in Exeter, N. H. I do not expect ever to see a larger one. Your correspondent "R" will be sad as he looks at this, they came from his favorite pond. I have not allowed the June jack-light barbarian to look at that unknown trail and in the future I will not act as guide for any man or party that brings along a gun to protect his miserable skin. If the deer were only many thousands more like these, there would be no pothunters and front hogs to infest the forest and pollute the streams. There would be no park improvement companies to slaughter the "antlered monarchs of the waste" to feed gangs of laborers, desecrating the lovely face of virgin nature to build high-roofed hotels for that modern vandal, the summer tourist, for there was only more of "cynical old buntings" like these. Ayre, "old woods loafer," may "be destined which slaps out" our guide any foresters some day to thy camp "amid the deer solitary groves where peace doth dwell," where I shall find no "greasy pack of cards" to detract from their surroundings, and where I may reverently look upon that old single barrel, that will never be held to bring down "the mother doe or her bright-eyed fawn" while thou art its master.—CAPT. DORSET FENN.

**"NESSMURK'S" SCHIED.**—Great, noble, glorious old "Nessmuk." Thy sentiments have "such divine complexion." With a "New Year's" greeting, I hope only many thousands more like these, there would be no pothunters and front hogs to infest the forest and pollute the streams. There would be no park improvement companies to slaughter the "antlered monarchs of the waste" to feed gangs of laborers, desecrating the lovely face of virgin nature to build high-roofed hotels for that modern vandal, the summer tourist, for there was only more of "cynical old buntings" like these. Ayre, "old woods loafer," may "be destined which slaps out" our guide any foresters some day to thy camp "amid the deer solitary groves where peace doth dwell," where I shall find no "greasy pack of cards" to detract from their surroundings, and where I may reverently look upon that old single barrel, that will never be held to bring down "the mother doe or her bright-eyed fawn" while thou art its master.—CAPT. DORSET FENN.

**GUINEA FOWL AS GAME BIRDS.**—Detroit, Mich., Feb. 2. *Editor Forest and Stream:* I read "Birds' communication" in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 11. "Guinea Fowl as Game Birds," wherein he says: "How these birds would like to a setter or pointer I cannot say." Three years ago last October I was shooting partridge, and when working through a very thick piece of cover, my pointer, Don, who had passed through the thicket, pointed stiff and staunch at a little clump of bushes about twenty feet ahead of me. I came up on the "ready," and after waiting a few seconds I jumped something and flew away straight and strong. I shot it and it proved to be a fine guinea hen. I was fully half a mile from my house; the bird was alone and lay to the pointer like a quail. I have no doubt that if a few guinea fowl were allowed to run wild in the woods they would skulk and hide like a quail or turkey after being hunted a little.—G. M. S.

**MASSACHUSETTS NOTES.**—Taunton, Mass., Jan. 27.—Quail and ruffed grouse are wintering well, notwithstanding we have had quite a few severe snow storms. Quite a number of ruffed grouse were shot in the open season, but enough were left to breed next season. Quail were plentiful when the season opened, but owing to the thick swamps and woods near the river, and the fact that they were ever ready to jump something and fly away straight and strong. I shot a large flock, feeding in an old cornfield, that I started yesterday, only two had been killed during the entire open season. Several other large broods lost but a few from their ranks, and if not shot during the closed season there will be a goodly number left to breed next summer. One snowy owl was taken in the vicinity of this place in November. Hares and rabbits are as abundant as usual, and several foxes have been shot this winter.—CHESTER.

**QUAIL IN NIAGARA COUNTY.**—Quail have not been so plenty in this county for years, owing probably to the past mild winter and favorable breeding season. Many good bags have been made in one day's shooting, among which were Abe Tenbrook and Steve Lockwood, 31 birds; T. F. Utley and Fred Hawks, 22 birds; Andrew and Wm. Patterson, 17 birds; and other parties report doing as well. I was told by a party last week that he knew of four or five flocks of quail that had not been disturbed, and I know of one brood within a half a mile of the city limits that had not been molested up to Monday last week. If what birds are left are well protected and we do not have too severe a winter there will probably be an abundance another season.—L. D. (Lockport, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1883).

**THE AIR-SPACE IN RIFLES.**—Philadelphia, Feb. 3, 1883.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In discussing the "air-space" in rifles I expressly stated that bullets which were "wedged" by a "burst" if they fire rifles in which the bullets are stuck fast, or rifles which contain gross obstructions, such as sand, mud, snow or snakes. But it is of no use. Some people will continue to lug in those things, just as, to the end of time, they will continue to burst rifles by permitting such unnatural conditions to obtain. During the last three months, in experiments I am now conducting, I have fired over 500 shots hereon, and expect to prove my assertion exactly as it is in your issue of Nov. 23-30, 1882.—W. M. KEATH.

**RABBITS IN OSWEGO COUNTY.**—Oswego, N. Y., Feb. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* According to the statute laws the season for hunting rabbits closed on Feb. 1 in this State. We have had in this county a board of supervisors passed a resolution a few years ago, giving any one the right to hunt or kill in any way, at any time during the year in Oswego county. No such local law is in force, and any one who kills, or has in possession, or offers for sale any rabbit between the dates of Feb. 1 and Nov. 1, commits a misdemeanor and is liable to a fine and imprisonment.—DANIEL BOONE.

**TENNESSEE NOTES.**—Quail in considerable numbers are being offered on our market, and at reasonably low prices, though I regret to say they are not bagged by sportsmen. Pot-hunters with nets and traps are doing the butchery as a rule. Other kinds of game are abundant, but, as with the quail, they are not the result of legitimate sport. In fact, the young sportsmen about Nashville have abandoned the very exercise. The few who have not, and have the means are off to Florida, where they find better shooting than here.—J. D. H.

**LONG ISLAND WILDBOWL.**—Extract of letter dated Good Ground, January 26, 1883, from William N. Lane: "The bay is all frozen over. I think we shall have lots of redheads here this spring. They come in the bay every day to look, and as soon as the bay opens they will be here. We shall have an inlet now to about a week. I think we shall have good gunning this spring, as everybody is cod-fishing, and there won't be many gunners. There is lots of feed for redheads, and we had more in the bay last fall than I ever knew in the fall."

**THE QUEBEC LAW.**—Fort Covington, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The new Quebec game law, which was put in force on account of the "sportsmen" who come in yachts and send out boatload after boatload of "hunters," stay all fall, kill any number of ducks, keep them until they spoil, and throw them overboard to the amount of two or three hundred at a time, has put a stop to the "chickens" who didn't scratch and spoil the garden. Should the chickens suffer as well as the "old hen?" Such is the law, however.—GUYRALFALCON.

## Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

IN the contribution from "Forked Deer" in *Camp Fire Flickerings*, issue of January 18, I see that credit is given to Mr. Newton Dexter for classifying the ibis referred to. I think that the *FOREST AND STREAM* must have supplied the name "Newton," for I am quite sure that "Forked Deer" is not acquainted with the gentleman, nor ever had any correspondence with him. My reasons for thinking as I do are: first, I received the wing and head referred to, and have them now in my cabinet; second, I sent "Forked Deer" a long account of the bird, which I obtained from Audubon and other naturalists' works; and, further, I made a drawing of a glossy ibis, which I sent with the letter containing the description. The above would not have been written had it not been for the tale connected with the killing of the last bird, the shooting of which he wrote me about, but never once hinted about "the edible qualities of the bird." "Forked Deer" and I have corresponded for some years, and he writes me of his shooting and fishing excursions, but he has never said one word about that dinner of glossy ibis on that farm in Mason Valley. How he must have suffered in mind the past three years! Only think of it!

I have never had an opportunity to try glossy ibis, so cannot judge of its quality for the table, but I have tried one bird which every one condemns as good for nothing, even to the editors of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and that bird is the horned grebe, commonly known as the dipper, tinker loon, hell diver, etc. Now don't laugh, for you may make a mistake, for the bird is good. Last October Mr. Payne and myself, while gunning for ducks in Narragansett Bay, killed sixteen grebes and thinking that they might be good (although I had never heard of anyone eating them), I took them home and cooked them for supper the next evening. A friend calling in at this time was invited to have supper with us, and he being something of an ornithologist and sportsman, was glad of the opportunity. I had taken the precaution to have something else ready in case the grebes did not turn out well, but we did not make use of it, for all at the table were pleased with the grebes. I wrote "Forked Deer" at the time about our shooting excursion and gave him an account of our grebe supper, and now that he may not go wrong on the grebe, I have sent him an explanation of how I cooked them. Grebe is good; but it makes a great difference how you cook them. Some day I may tell you how I did it. SAMUEL F. DEXTER.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., Jan. 22.

## Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the *FOREST AND STREAM* Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

There is, I think, a love of novelty in all anglers. We prefer to fish new waters when we can, and it is sometimes pleasant to explore, even without success, than to take fish in familiar places. New and the scenery is always worth finding.—W. C. PRIOR.

### POSITION OF REEL—WEIGHT OF RODS.

FOR some time I have been tempted to say something on the subjects contained in the caption of this article, but have refrained from doing so, thinking that it would be a work of supererogation. I am forced to do so now to defend myself and many good friends of mine from the idle aspersions of some of your correspondents. I hope those of your readers who may feel interested in this matter will refer to the articles cited, and read them in full, in justice to their authors, for I will only quote the points material to a proper understanding of this reply.

In *FOREST AND STREAM* of October 5, 1882, appeared an article entitled "The Henshall Rod," by G. L. Jordan, of Texas. In the course of this article occurs the following:

"When in Florida last winter with my friend, Dr. Henshall, I had only one rod. It was what he styled 'the coming bass rod,' with ash butt and lancewood second joint and tip. I think it weighs about eight ounces, but have not weighed it. I used that rod all the time while there, and have it now in as good condition as the day I got it, nor did I use but one tip during the time."

"As to the holding qualities of this rod, its 'give and take,' its supple elasticity, I don't think can be surpassed on earth."

"The bass that we took in that country are simply enormous, and an eight-ounce rod that will master these eight to ten-pound fellows is certainly good enough for the most obstinate stickler."

"But in using the bass-fishing in Florida with that little eight-ounce rod and a little silk line the size of three horse-hairs, I never lost a fish, putted a line, or broke a hook but once, when I had an old, half rotted line, a seven or nine-pound bass struck just as the line got kinked on the reel and snapped it."

"The rod that I have has the reel-seat behind the hand, and the first bass that I took in Florida—a five-pound one—came near cutting my finger off with the line. I then

took the reel off, placed it above the hand, and fished it out with a string. I had no more trouble afterward. I don't see the sense of a reel behind the hand, or where the idea even came from."

In *FOREST AND STREAM* of Oct. 19, "Floridian" proceeds to "enlighten" Mr. Jordan, and in the course of his article uses the following language:

"It did not occur to him (Mr. Jordan) that this was another thing for him to learn, and that the burning of his fingers was due to improper handling. For his benefit I will say that this position for the reel is the result of the observation of anglers for a long time, that a reel in front of the hand adds to the apparent weight of the rod, and one behind the hand tends to balance it. If Mr. Jordan will restore his reel to the old place and learn to use it there, he will never go back to the obsolete custom of placing it in front."

Now, Mr. Jordan knew perfectly well when he penned his article, that click reels on fly rods were properly placed behind the hand, at the extreme butt; but, as his remarks applied solely and only to bait-fishing and the use of bait rods and multiplying reels, he, of course, omitted any mention of the fly rod or click reel. He particularly mentions the bait he used—"half-grown bream"—and the manner of using it—"casting the minnow *à la* Henshall." Yet in the face of all this, "Floridian" tells him that his trouble was due to "improper handling," and advises him to replace his reel behind the hand, and never go back to the "obsolete custom" of placing it in front. Shades of Walton! What lamentable "angular" ignorance! The only way in which a minnow or other natural bait can be cast with a reel behind the hand, is the method employed by youthful anglers and negroes, who use a line tied to the end of a stiff pole. This consists in first throwing the bait behind, and then throwing it forward overhead, when, if the bait is not jerked off the hook, it is hurled into the water as from a catapult. Nothing heavier than the artificial fly can be cast nearly overhead, and this necessitates a very pliant rod. What will our manufacturers of rods say to the "obsolete custom" of placing the reel-behind in front on bait-rods? And how about this "the observation of anglers for a long time" that led to this "result?"

Mr. Jordan, thinking, perhaps, that "Floridian" misunderstood him, put in a rejoinder in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 28, in which he acknowledges the reel behind the hand in fly-fishing, and in fly-fishing, he proceeds to explain more fully his rod, reel and mode of using them, and asks: "How can you cast the minnow *à la* Henshall, with the reel behind the hand?"

To this "Floridian" replied in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 11, 1883. As his article is a short one, I will consider it *seriatim*. He says: "For the style of fishing that he (Mr. Jordan) aims at, he is right in having the reel in front of his hand, and especially with the reel thus used."

Then where was the necessity of finding fault with him in the first place? And why advise him to replace his reel behind the hand? Mr. Jordan clearly described his manner of casting in his first article. "Floridian" can truly say, with lingo: "P-r I am nothing, it not critical."

Then "Floridian" delivers himself of this sentence: "This is the style used in heavy sea fishing for striped bass weighing from five to fifty pounds."

"Floridian" here shows his utter ignorance of the style of angling alluded to by Mr. Jordan, and this fact, though so palpable in his first article to any well-informed angler, needed but this statement to confirm it. Sea fishing for striped bass is practiced with a very heavy and short, two-handed chum rod, and though a rapid multiplier is used, the casting is entirely and essentially different, as all intelligent anglers know, from that of casting the minnow, single-handed, "*à la* Henshall," as Mr. Jordan styles it.

"Floridian's" next sentence is overwhelming, far-reaching and crushing: "Dr. Henshall, like all Southern and Western anglers, believes in and uses heavy tackle, and for those who like that style it is good enough."

I would here enter my protest against this wholesale slander on "all Southern and Western anglers." In this assertion "Floridian" belies his *non de plume*, and this reminds me that it is solely to refute the slander of the "expert" anglers of the South and West that I have deigned to notice an anonymous writer. It is scarcely necessary to say to any angling reader of *FOREST AND STREAM*, except "Floridian," that "Southern and Western anglers," as a rule, use light and elegant tackle as those of any other section of the country. I will go further, and leave it to the tackle manufacturers of the East to affirm or deny, by asserting that, barring the "Cutkill" fly-rod from slugs for on any basis for which we have no use, Southern and Western anglers use lighter rods and lighter tackle, for the same fishes, than those of the North and East. So much in vindication of "all Southern and Western anglers," but for myself a word or two more is necessary.

Last summer I was soundly berated in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* for deprecating the use of very light rods for small fish in my "Book of the Black Bass." I made but one reply to the over-zealous and irate gentleman who inaugurated the discussion, owing to his unfairness in trying to commit me to the advocacy of "heavy rods," preferring to leave the matter to the jury of your readers, rather than to continue a profitless and acrimonious discussion. Out of this matter, as all are aware, ensued a controversy on "light vs. heavy rods," which was remarkable only for its latitude and wide divergence from facts, as the evident misapprehension on the part of some of the disputants. Of course, as in most discussions, ridicule took a prominent part, and such irrelevant and inelegant expressions as "holding hard and killing quick," "fishing for meat," "fishing for count," "bean poles," etc., were freely indulged in. Some spoke of "Dr. Henshall and his disciples" in connection with "heavy rods," even the fishery in his statements, was led to read about the "disputants" (in *Adirondack Notes*) to "Dr. Henshall and other advocates of heavy rods." And now comes the feeble echo of "Floridian." "Dr. Henshall, like all Southern and Western anglers, believes in, and uses heavy tackle." "But yet the pity of it, lagoon! O, lagoon, the pity of it, lagoon!" (I have been reading "Othello" lately.)

Now, it is not necessary to state to old readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* that I have, since the establishment of that journal, been prominent in the advocacy of light and elegant tackle for black bass fishing; and I flattered myself that I had done the angling guild some service by inducing the manufacturers to produce a short, light and elegant single-handed bait rod for black bass fishing, and in doing away with the long, heavy and cumbersome rods formerly used for that purpose, I have always contended for a standard

weight of eight ounces for both bait and fly rods, for the smallest calibers or rods manufactured, and for the best and most approved reels and hooks for black bass fishing. I have nowhere favored the use of a heavier rod, except for exceptionally heavy bass—averaging three pounds or more, as in Florida—in which case I have stated that a nine or even ten-ounce rod would be pleasanter to handle; but even here I inserted the proviso that the eight-ounce rod was sufficient in the hands of an expert. Now, unless an eight-ounce rod is considered a heavy one for black bass angling, I defy "Floridian" or any one else to show by the record, or in any other manner, where I have advocated "heavy rods" or "heavy tackle."

The next sentence in "Floridian's" reply is as follows: "The trouble with Mr. Jordan was that he had a reel that needs to be checked with the thumb placed on a trout rod, and then wondered who ever devised the placing of the reel behind the hand."

Most trout bait-rods have the reel bands "before" the hand, but Mr. Jordan's rod was not a "trout rod," nor a fly rod, but, as he explicitly stated, was a "coming bass-rod," or "Henshall rod" (as designed by me for black bass bait-fishing), but the manufacturer who sent it to him, for reasons best known to himself, makes and advertises this rod with "reel bands above or below the hand," and "with either standing guides or rings." It is too short for a fly-rod—eight and a half feet long, like Mr. Jordan, I can only wonder why the reel bands were so placed, unless for the benefit of such anglers as "Floridian." But the rod was an excellent one, and had another redeeming feature, it weighed just eight ounces; most makers of this rod make them too heavy.

"Floridian" then says: "He (Mr. Jordan) asks how can you cast a minnow *à la* Henshall with the reel behind the hand?" I can only answer, "you can't."

This is the only truthful and reliable statement in either of his little screeds, but then he goes on to say:

"That style requires the reel in that position, but for fine fishing a stiff trout rod with the reel behind the hand is desirable to those who prefer science to main strength."

Now "Floridian" evolved this sentence of contrivances out of pure malice. I verily believe, there is certainly no difference in either the style or the science of fishing, which base such contemptible inferences. "Fine fishing" and "science" and "main strength," forsooth, and with a "stiff" trout-rod at that—and with the reel behind the hand for "bait" fishing!

"O, most lame and impotent conclusion!"

"Floridian" caps the climax with this last sentence in his "reply," thusly: "I hope that we now understand each other, and that Mr. Jordan will eventually work up to the point of using the right rod and the right tackle." If consistency were the only jewel, "Floridian" would go unadorned. Yes, I think you "understand each other" perfectly. Mr. Jordan distinctly and repeatedly stated that his rod was a supple and pliant one, a little rod of eight ounces; that his line was a silk one the size of three horse hairs (it was size G, or No. 5, the smallest made). I gave it to him myself; and his reel a "Meek" (No. 2); and that with this light tackle he took many nice bass from five to ten pounds, playing some of them an average of half an hour each before he was able to land them, and, moreover, "Floridian" had just volunteered the information, in a preceding sentence, that Mr. Jordan's rod was a "trout rod," yet in despite of all this Mr. Jordan is told to "work up to the point of using finer tackle and getting more sport!" But where is the fault to be found in this tackle? "Floridian" graciously says that for "fine fishing" a "stiff" rod is best, and a "reel behind the hand," but he is silent as to the line, perhaps it also should be "stiff" for "fine fishing"—it might do to "stretch" it. But then, again, how is he to get "more sport?" Is it desirable to have a large fish tugging at a light rod more than "half an hour?" And, in this case, where does "science or main strength" come in? Or who displays the "science," and who the "main strength"—the fish or the angler?

If "Floridian" prefers a stiff rod and reel behind the hand in bait fishing he has a perfect right to enjoy and recommend that style, and I would be the last one to object to or find any fault with him for his preference, but he has no right to interfere with or decri the methods of others upon false hypotheses, willful assumptions and gross misrepresentations.

I am always open to conviction in all matters, and would gladly learn the merits of any particular mode of angling, or the desirability of any special feature of tackle, being always willing to cheerfully and patiently investigate them when brought to my notice in a proper manner, and will always defend my own convictions and reply to those who honestly differ with me when the matter is entertained in a gentlemanly and courteous way. JAMES A. HENSHALL.

LYNCHBURG, KY., January, 1888.

#### A MOSQUITO-PROOF TENT.

NOTICING with what unanimity my brother sportsmen complain of the persecutions of the mosquitoes, while in the woods, I am led to give them my experience, and it is quite extensive, beginning in 1872, in the mountains of this State, and since then extended to Upper and Lower Michigan and both shores of Lake Superior.

My first regular business interview with the mosquito was made in June, 1872, when I pitched camp for the night on the shore of Battleground Bay, near the mouth of the north shore of Superior. Our tents were sound and we had taken the precaution to hang two thicknesses of mosquito netting inside the doors. We turned in, but alas, not to rest. The sun had scarcely set when our friends began to drop in, and in a short time the air was thick with them; they went to work as if they knew they had not had a meal that season, and drove us nearly frantic. We dashed powder until the air was so thick with smoke that they were obliged to lie down in order to breathe; but it was of no avail, the smoke seemed just the same they needed for their meat, and finally we were obliged to take to the boats and lie off shore until morning, when we rescued our property from the tents and proceeded on our way. That night broke the spirit of P., who left for home the next day on a steamer we met at the mill. It was days before we recovered from the effects of the poison.

That and numerous other similar experiences disgusted me so much that I invented what probably many another sportsman has made, but I have never seen it mentioned in print. In the Lake Superior country I always use a size twelve, and in other places a size eleven inside the tent, from the front and back, and hang inside the tent. It is heavily bound at all the seams and has four brass rings made fast at equal distances along the ridge.

There are also other rings placed at intervals of, say a foot along the eaves, i. e., the angle of the roof with the wall of the tarlatan tent.

After pitching the canvas tent I hoist the tarlatan tent up to the ridge pole by means of cords made fast to the rings on its ridge and passing over the ridge pole. I then hook the rings along the eaves into hooks or snaps which are placed along the top of the wall inside the canvas, thus making the tarlatan fit snugly to the inner side of the canvas. The hooks and rings along the wall may be dispensed with and pins used instead, but I have yet to see the man who loved a pin.

The wall of the tarlatan tent should be made extra long so that, say, eighteen inches of it lies on the floor of the tent. Place your baggage along the sides and it will keep the tarlatan tight to the ground, and no mosquito or other pest can enter, save the few who slip in when you enter the tent.

Fine tarlatan or other similar material should be used, as the cheaper grades of mosquito netting are too coarse, and great care should be used in making it up. The seams and edges should be securely bound with linen or other suitable material to insure durability. The one I have was made in 1878 and is as good as new to-day.

My experience in the woods leads me to the following conclusions, which can be taken for what they are worth, viz.: That black flies are active in the daytime and prefer the open to the thick woods, while on the contrary mosquitoes are active principally at night, and in the thick woods and underbrush. I therefore pitch my camp in the woods, within a short distance of the stream, and am annoyed but little while attending to camp duty in the daytime, while at night I build a rousing fire in front of the tent, throw open the canvas front and lie inside the tarlatan enjoying my pipe, the cheerful fire a guard of camp and above all the angry protests of the infuriated mosquitoes who have assembled in clouds but can't get in.

The tarlatan is light and packs in a very small bundle, and when on the march should be packed inside the canvas or in a bag, to prevent it from being torn. This arrangement allows you the free use of your tent without the annoyance of being compelled to use a head net or other similar device.

I have called the attention of several dealers in sporting goods to my tent, but as yet know of none who have put them on the market.

A word in conclusion. I have found that cosmoline or vaseline with a little pennyroyal mixed in it is preferable to oil of tar for several reasons, one alone causing me to prefer them, viz.: that you can carry them in a box and are not troubled with the bottle breaking as it frequently does when you use the tar.

EMIL PAE, January, 1888.

#### JUGGING ON THE BIG MUDDY.

"DID you ever go jugging?" We had been telling the fish yards at the back office of Doctor G.'s drug store one hot morning in the latter part of July, when this question was addressed to the writer by the Doctor, who had just finished compounding a prescription he had advised for the party, and poured it into the several glasses containing broken ice. The listeners of the Doctor, while averse to taking medicine except when authoritatively prescribed, could not counterpoise his sincerity, or the generous motive which had suggested the careful mental diagnosis he had made of the party, and which he assured us was the proper thing to ward off the baleful effects of miasma, ever present along the turbulent Missouri.

"Did I ever do what?" I asked, as I sat down the drained glass and bit off a piece of the lemon peel it contained.

"Did you never go jugging for catfish?"

"Well, no, Doctor, you've got me. I have caught a great many kinds of fish in many different waters, even the ignoble catfish have I hooked and yanked out of my muddy bed, but what the jug has to do with catching this *Pimelodus*, I own I cannot see."

"Why, out here we go jugging once a year, and I presume it's because you never lived long on the Missouri River, or you surely would know its sincerity, or its motive. What say you, boys, let's take 'Finn' jugging."

"Why, certainly," chimed in the rest. "Finn, how long will you be in town? We'll go sure."

So it was speedily agreed that on Saturday, if I would stay so long, I should be initiated into the mysteries of jugging for catfish on the raging Missouri.

Was given an explanation of the sport, and the tackle which was used, beyond all pretension, or to be generously supplied by the Doctor and friends, as my own kit did not contain the articles needed. What was wanted, I was informed, was a boat and a dozen stone jugs tightly corked, to whose handles were tied six or eight feet of good line, with a large strong hooked attached.

The intention was to take passage with the boat and jugs on a river steamer bound up the stream Saturday morning, to a point about half way to the mouth of the Missouri, where the boat, with the hooks, heave over the jugs, which served as huge floats for the lines, and serenely drift along in company with the flat while we watched the jugs for a bite.

Saturday, after an early breakfast, the party of three and myself assembled on the levee, awaiting the steamer just coming in sight around the bend below the city. The boat, a heavy craft, belated at its destination to the eastward, rather a heavy craft, lay upon the landing and stowed under the seats along the bottom were twelve small stone jugs, all corked, and with short lines tied to their handles. This, to me, novel fishing outfit, attracted my attention, and while examining them I noticed one jug slightly larger than the rest, and though it had a cork there was no line to its handle. Turned to the Doctor, who had been watching my movements with interest, and he handed me the jug, and with a smile, he answered my look of inquiry with, "That jug don't need any line, it is for suckers, not catfish. Show you how it's worked when we get there." Of course this satisfied me. At least it not exactly satisfied. I contented myself with the thought of how easy it was to catch some kinds of fish.

The steamer soon lay alongside the levee, and out came the line and huge gangway peculiar to those craft. The rustabouts picked up the boat and its contents and deposited it upon the steamer, while we followed it aboard. The captain agreed to land us at a woodyard some fifteen miles up the river, where he stopped to wood up, and from which point we could launch our boat and jugs. We were soon off up the river, and as the sun climbed toward the meridian his rays gazed at strength and poured down in increased intensity. The steamer was loaded and the current

strong, so that she made slow progress against the stream, and it was noon when we reached the place where we were to disembark. As we were anxious to get back to the city before dark, we ate our lunch.

Wine and launch our boat and were off down stream, and prepared to commence the sport. Baiting the hooks with a piece of the belly and ventral fin of buffalo fish, which the Doctor had bought in the market that morning, we examined the corks of each jug, and overboard they went as fast as we could bait them. The Doctor and H. baited the hooks, while G., taking them when ready, stood up amidst slips, and swinging the jug in his right hand, held lightly the line and hook in his left, cast them as far out into the muddy current as he could throw. The Doctor, with the remarks upon the grace and distance of the casts as the jugs splashed into the turbid water, and G., each time trying to excel his former effort, stood up on the seat to get a still better swing. Making a grand effort and swinging the jug round in a circle, he leaned forward as he cast—just a little too far. The boat, which sat deep in the water, gave the line and hook in his left hand, and the Doctor, with the jug. His feet were the only thing that struck the mud, while he went out of sight with a splash and a lurch that half filled the boat with water. Evidence is conflicting as to how far his head went into the mud at the bottom—G. would never say when questioned—but only a brief moment passed, and he appeared with a splash and a gurgle a few feet from the stern, and dousing his head for a second or two, struck bottom on the edge of a sand-bar, and slowly waded out and sat down, a sadder and very wet man, while the boat, carried rapidly by the current, drifted some distance below.

I had put the helm hard down the moment G. went over, and every one in reach had made a grab at his heels as he went out, but it was done so quickly and the water poured in so that no one was able to look down to see what happened. In fact, it is likely, had we done so, we would have been capsized at once. The boat drifted with the strong current out of G.'s reach when he came up, so it was lucky for him that the river was low and the friendly sand-bar near; the water, too, being warm, the ducking, save for the muddy water, did him no harm and afforded grounds for an excuse. The boat, however, was once again under weigh again. It took some strong pulling to get the boat back to the sand-bar, where G., not getting the muddy water out of his ears. The sun blazed down with fury from a cloudless sky, and we were awful hot and tired when we reached it. While the rest of us got the water out of the boat the Doctor examined G.'s pulse, opened the jug, and prescribed for him, remarking that an excess of moisture upon the head, and the recumbent position, would have been a reason of the interior. "*Sinthus sinthus curatilis*."

It was soon under weigh again; our jugs were by this time all out of sight, down the river—even the ninth one, which had caused G.'s mishap, had disappeared, so we pulled rapidly along with our boat after them. We cast our net, the remaining ones, but no catfish were to be seen and kept on till the jugs in advance came in sight again.

Each jug was closely scrutinized as it came into view, to see if a fish had been hooked; but all were floating placidly higher and higher upon the dark water, mixing themselves up as they turned round and round in that eddy, or, carried on by the current, out by a sand-bar and lost in the single line. Having got them all in good sight, we lazily floated along, guided only by the rudder, and amused ourselves chaffing G. on his tumble.

"I say, G.," said the Doctor, "feel better now?"

"Oh, yes," said G. "I'm all right, I only wanted to see how deep it was."

"You've got a case of yours was the longest one you made," said the Doctor, winking at Finn.

"Your right, Doc," says H., "though for grace and dexterity I have seen better."

"Yes, boys, that's all right," answered G., good-naturedly, "but you all fail to see the most material point."

"Why, how's that?"

"It was not so much the cast that pleased the crowd, as the way he hooked it, immediately after he caught G."

The fun was interrupted at this moment by H. with, "Look! Look there, boys, a cat has got that jug out yonder. See how it bobs around. Something has got it, hasn't it, Doc?"

"That's a cat got hold of it I guess," said the Doctor, "Pull away boys, before he runs into that bayou."

H. and G. seized their oars, and in a moment were near the Western eddy, but for my eyes he had lost. The stream, the fishes effort and the current which circled and eddied about it.

"Steer above it, Finn," said the Doctor, "and the current will drift you on to it. Unship your oar, G., and stand ready to catch the jug, while I put the gaff in him as soon as he comes within reach."

And indeed, as we grasped the jug with both hands and hauled steadily. A jerk or two, a splash of a tail, and a great catfish stuck his ugly brownish-black head above water; another struggle and the Doctor had the gaff in his side, and with a flourish and a grunt he landed in the boat. He was hooked to stay in the bony jaw, and the Doctor, not stopping to unfasten it, gave him his quietus with a stab in the back of his head, which was a fair specimen of the Western eddy, but for my eyes he had lost. The stream, the fishes effort and the current which circled and eddied about it.

"There's another member of the family trying to run away with a jug," said G., who had been eyeing the other jugs in sight. "There that one right in the middle of the river, don't you see it?" The stream, the fishes effort and the current which circled and eddied about it, spreading out from bank to bank without a sandbar, and right in the middle of the current was one jug either stationary or coming up stream toward us, bobbing up this way and that, as if some mighty fish was towing it where he pleased, while all the rest in sight were sailing on placidly some distance below.

"All boys, pull, pull, the Doctor, standing up, 'that's an old wham got that jug.'"

G. and H. plied the oars, and with the strong current wiped along at a rapid rate. The Doctor clambered forward and stood up in the bow and as we neared it, G. laid down his oar and knelt down on the seat ready to grab it as soon as within reach. On we went with all the impetuosity of a pair of oars and the current, another moment and we shall be upon it when—did you ever notice how queer it feels to have the air brakes applied suddenly and strongly to a























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## PARK PROTECTION.

THE consideration of the Tariff bill and other matters have so occupied the attention of the Senate that the bill for the extension and proper protection of the Yellowstone National Park has not yet been called up for consideration. A matter of such deep interest to the people at large must not be overlooked, and we hope that before long it will receive the attention it requires.

The Park is the only one among the many natural wonders of this country that has not yet been turned into a peep show to fill private pockets, and it is hoped that it may yet be saved from the grasp of the unscrupulous monopolists who have endeavored to seize it.

From all quarters are heard protests against the grab, showing that the people are at last thoroughly aroused on the subject.

The letter from our correspondent "P." in another column calls attention to a wonder in the immediate neighborhood of the Park, as it at present exists, which should be saved to the people.

By so amending the bill, now in the hands of Senator Vest's committee, as to extend the Park sixty miles to the eastward instead of forty, as now proposed, and southward to the parallel of 43° 30', a great number of natural wonders which really belong in it would be included in the reservation. Such are the headwaters of Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone, of the Stinking Water, Gray Bull and Owl rivers on the east; on the south, the Three Tetons, and a considerable portion of the range to which they belong, Jackson's Lake and Hole, and a number of beautiful lakes, mountains and rivers which would add much to the attractions and the picturesqueness of our wonderland.

Even if it should not be thought advisable to extend the Park westward any further than Cedar Mountain, or what would be better, the 103th meridian, we hope that the extension to the southward may be made. Any one who

will look at a good map of the region will, we think, see the desirability of including within the Park a region of so much natural beauty as this.

Another most important provision which should be inserted in Senator Vest's bill is the one suggested by our correspondent, forbidding the erection of any building whatever in sight of the points of interest of the Park. It is only too true, as he asserts, that in their eager haste for gain the men who are seeking to secure control of the Park will not scruple to degrade its natural wonders to any use that may serve their short-sighted and selfish ends.

## VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

WE know one "ardent sportsman"—he is not a thousand miles from our elbow, as we write—who is a crack shot in the field, and a better one in his sleep; the real bird rarely fails to drop at the explosion of his gun, the phantom never. Our friend was one night following his dog over the Elysian fields of dreamland, when the dog, coming to a point, wavered and flushed the birds. The sportsman, enraged at such a breach of duty, doubled up his fist and struck at the dog, planting a tremendous blow on the head. Perhaps the pain and the subsequent soreness of scarified knuckles had something to do with his conversion to that humane treatment of his dogs, for which he is now well known.

A somewhat similar experience one night befel our friend H., who was out on a visionary grouse shooting expedition. The birds were plenty and he was having a capital time of it. Old True pointed staunch; our hero walked up; the bird flushed and darted away in circuitous flight through the brush. Instantly wheeling and throwing his gun around to cut down the bird in an opening, the shooter's hand came in violent contact with the trunk of a sapling—and he awoke to find himself sitting erect in bed, his arms outstretched as if holding a gun, and his wife by his side, a very badly-frightened woman with a bleeding nose. He did not soon forget that dream, not so long at least as the black and black marks on his wife's face remained to remind him of his exploit.

But these misadventures are trivial in comparison with the fate which overtook Mr. Jno. L. Cross, of Highland, Virginia. One night, some months ago, we are told, Mr. Cross dreamed that he was pursuing a deer in the Alleghany Mountains, at the base of which is his home; and in the excitement of the chase he leaped from bed, and was severely bruised in the operation. One night last week the same phantom "stag" returned to vex his slumbers, and again the dreamer started on his fanciful chase. Hard-pressed by the hounds, the buck turned at bay, and the hunter, with a wild cry, springing to the scene of conflict, jumped from his bed and rushed headlong down a stairway, receiving injuries from which on the following day he died.

Such is the veracious tale of the press dispatches. There is a ready moral to the story, but we shall permit the reader to frame it, each in his own way.

It is well known that dogs dream of the field, and sometimes an experienced old dog, lying before the fire, will rise from the floor to a staunch somnambulist point, and then sink down again, still sound asleep. One of the most beautiful points we ever saw was thus made in his sleep by an unbroken puppy.

Sportsmen and their dogs dream of the pursuit of game. Does the game ever dream? May it not be that the sleeping deer springs from his slumber in affright at the visionary hounds upon his track? Is the sleeping circle of quail ever startled by the phantom form of a pointer or the horrible nightmare of a gun barrel? These are questions simple enough to ask, but hard to answer—like the letter that came to the FOREST AND STREAM the other day wanting to know the prospects for success in the diamond fields of Africa, and promising to send ten cents for a copy of the paper containing the reply, upon receipt of a letter telling the letter writer in what issue it would appear.

CLARK'S FORK CANYON.—In our "Sportsman Tourist" columns will be found a communication from our well-known correspondent, "P." in which he briefly describes the Yellowstone Park country, and gives an account of his exploration of the Grand Canyon of the Clark's Fork. This is, so far as we are aware, the first exploration and description of that region, which, in some respects, is superior in grandeur to the Yellowstone Park itself. Our readers will await with interest the more detailed account promised by our correspondent.

## THE DOGS OF HOMER.

IN a former article upon the chase in the time of Homer, we saw how highly the ancient Greeks valued their dogs for the assistance these gave in protecting their flocks and herds and in the pursuit of game. Aside from this much prized service, these animals were held in no less repute for their sterling qualities of sagacity and fidelity. Long before the time which is the object of our study, the dog had become the symbol of trustworthiness, for in Homer this character is proverbial. We cannot avoid drawing this inference from the fact that even then the figure of this animal wrought with skill in costly metal graced the entrance to the abode of wealth and taste. Hephaistos himself with highest skill fashioned of silver and of gold the dogs which were placed on either side the entrance to the palace of Alkinoos to protect the royal household. Homer quaintly adds that dogs of this breed are immortal, and are not liable to be all the time growing old (Od. VII., 91-94). The Romans of a much later time displayed a similar though less cultivated taste in the way of decorating the approach to their houses, for Petronius Arbiter mentions the practice of painting on the wall near by the entrance to the house, the figure of a burly watchdog, and just above the figure the words, *Uer, care capiam*. Look out, look out for the dog!

Priam, referring to the dogs he had reared in the palace, calls them not only the guardians of his gates, but also his messmates or table-companions (Il. XXII., 69). These table-dogs, as we may call them, seem to have been of a distinct breed from those whose duty it was to guard the house. They were kept as pets and for companionship, and were prized for their beauty of form and for their intelligent and affectionate character, as we shall see from what Odysseus says in reference to his old dog Argos. Nine of these table-dogs had Patroklos reared and trained as pets, and when their master's body was laid upon the funeral pyre two of the number were slain and their bodies burned with that of their dead owner, that their shades might float around his ghost in the sunless regions of the dead (Il. XXIII., 175).

Homer was a close observer of these animals as he was of the men who were their masters. Some of the poet's most delicate touches are employed in displaying their peculiar habits. No one having the slightest appreciation of nature can fail to note with pleasure the fidelity with which he pictures some of their more striking traits. In reading of his dogs, it is not easy to realize that they lived more than three thousand years ago, and are not waiting for us at our own or at our neighbor's gate. One of the most familiar passages is that in which is related how Odysseus came back to his home from Troy after an absence of twenty years in war, and in not less adventurous wanderings. Upon his coming to his native Ithaka, Athena changed his form to that of an old man infirm from years and from hardship, and his limbs were scantily clad with mean apparel. In this guise of a homeless beggar the hero came to the cottage of his old and faithful swineherd, who failed to recognize his master in such plight. To the four dogs that were lying outside the yards where the swine were brought at night for protection the new-comer was a stranger, and his unseemly garb but increased the fierceness of their ill-natured greeting. So bitter was their hostility, that had not Eumaios dropped in haste the leather from which he was then cutting for himself a pair of shoes, and rushed to the rescue of his guest, the dogs would have endangered the old man's life. (Od. XIV., 29). Further on in the course of his story, the poet tells how these same dogs behaved the next morning when they heard the familiar footsteps of Telemachos coming to the cottage upon his return from a short visit to Sparta:

Now the two men in the hut, Odysseus and th' excellent swineherd Breakfast prepared for themselves at the dawn having knifed a fire-Sent off the herbman in charge of the swine collected together.

'Round Telemachos favored the dogs accustomed to barking, But they barked not as he came. Then noticed the swiftest Odysseus.

How the dogs wagged their tails; and he caught the faint echo of footsteps.

Spoke to Eumaios at once addressing him words that were winged: "Really, Eumaios, some comrade of thine to thy cottage is coming. Or some acquaintance it is, since the dogs refrain from their barking. But they are fawning around, and I catch the faint echo of footsteps."

(Od. XVI., 1-10.)

But the completest picture Homer anywhere gives of the dog is found in the account he gives of the meeting of Odysseus with his old dog Argos. The passage is a familiar one, but it will bear a second reading by all who estimate at its full worth sincerity and devotion in friendship, though it be shown on the part of an humble brute. The

swineherd was too poor to entertain for any length of time the beggar who had sought his hospitality, and so he proposed to the old man as the best he could do for him that he would take him to the city where he might ply from door to door his vocation as a common mendicant. The poet gives the talk that passed between the two on their way to town, and as they entered the court of the palace from which Odysseus had set out for Troy, and then he adds:

That was the way they discussed such matters talking together,  
Only raising his head the dog pricked his ears as he lay there.  
Argos that long since was reared by those of Ithaca,  
Not for his master's delight, too soon to Ilion sacred.  
That one had gone, but the dog young men had formerly taken  
Going to hunt the wild goats, the deer and the swift-footed rabbits.  
Object of boasting then when long from home was his master,  
Lying on heaps of filth which was piled in front of the stables  
Where were kept oxen and mules manure awaiting the season  
When Odysseus the slaves should use this for dressing his acres.  
There lay Argos the dog all covered over with vermin.  
Then, indeed, when he knew Odysseus standing beside him  
Favored the dog with his tail, and he leaped both ears for his gladness.

Having no longer the strength that he could go to his master.  
That one turning aside lashed a tear unobserved by Eumæus.  
Raising a question at once with a view to diverting attention.  
"Really, Eumæus, a sight is this dog lying here on the dung-hill.  
Well indeed is he formed, but this I do not know clearly  
Whether in truth he is swift to run as his looks may betoken,  
Or if he be of such sort as attend to his masters at table.  
Such as gentlemen love to give them an air of distinction."  
Nor in reply to the man did thus speak, Eumæus the swineherd,  
"This is a dog that belonged to one who died far from his country.  
If he were only the same in form as well as in action,  
As upon going to Troy his owner Odysseus once left him,  
You would quickly admire observing his strength and his fleetness.  
For there was not any chance that game which he was pursuing  
Should in the forest escape, for he knew the game by the footprints.  
Now is the dog taken ill, and far from home has his master  
Held, and the neighborly women have no concern for his favorite.  
Well, but the truth is that slaves when their masters no longer give  
orders  
Not any longer themselves have a care to do what is becoming.  
Half at the least of his worth does Zeus whose view is extended  
Take away from a man as soon as he falls under bondage."  
Holding such converse he came to the palace pleasant to dwell in:  
Straight through the hall he went to join illustrious suitors  
Then indeed did the fate of dark death fall upon Argos  
Soon as Odysseus he saw come after twenty years absence,  
(104. XVII., 220-327.)  
I. B. CHOATE.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

### THE YELLOWSTONE REGION.

IT is believed that there is no part of the North American Continent where there is to be found so much (and of such varied character) as in those four States of country which is grand and beautiful and wonderful in nature, as lies within a circle, described with a radius of sixty miles, with its center at or near the outlet of the Yellowstone Lake, on the head of the Yellowstone River.

On the Pacific slope is that succession of beautiful lakes, bordered by beautiful parks, that are unsurpassed in this regard in any country, such as Jackson, Elv, Hart (justly called Shoshone on the maps), Lewis, and many many smaller lakes, though none the less beautiful. Overlooking this panorama are the highest and most remarkable mountain peaks north of the Union Pacific road, "The Three Tetons," whose needle-shaped pinnacles tower 8,000 feet above the waters of Lake Jackson, immediately at its feet, and 6,000 feet above the main Continental Divide, lying forty miles to the north. These peaks are nearly 14,000 feet above sea level, and are a noted landmark hundreds of miles down the valley of Snake River.

Overlooking this same region is the Red Mountain range, ten miles south of the main range. From the highest peak of this range, Mount Sheridan, (10,400 feet above sea level and 2,500 feet above Heart Lake, immediately at its feet) is the grandest, the most extended, and most beautiful view it is certainly worth a good fortune to enjoy. Several lakes are in view almost at one sight, while to the south is a very fine view of the grand "Tetons" and to the north is a splendid view of the Yellowstone Park proper, with Pilot peak and the high mountains at the head of the Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone River, on the horizon to the northeast, and the Shoshone range on the head of the Stinking River, to the east. The main Continental Divide, ten miles to the north and 2,000 feet below, with its small lakes and marshes and parks, almost on the very summit, is apparently a beautiful valley. This divide is not exceeding 400 feet above the waters of the Yellowstone and Heart lakes, and their waters might be intermingled by a canal not exceeding twelve miles long, and without the use of locks.

On the Atlantic slope are the various and very remarkable cañons of the Madison, the Gallatin, the Yellowstone, the Boulder, the Rosebud, the Clark's Fork, the Stinking River, the Gray Bull and the Upper Yellowstone. Near the center of this enchanted circle the most important waterfalls are the Gibbon (named from General Gibbon), the Gardner, the Tower and the Upper and Grand falls of the Yellowstone, the latter with a single vertical leap of 397 feet, the remainder with single leaps of from 120 feet to 160 feet.

What gives this region its celebrity, however, and entitles it to be called the "Wonderland of America," are the numerous groups of overhanging and spouting geysers scattered throughout its entire extent. At the head of these groups stands prominent the spouting geysers of the Upper Geyser Basin, on the head of the Madison. These are, doubtless, the most wonderful geysers of the world. Then come the groups at the Lower Geyser Basin, the mammoth Hot Springs on Gardner River, and the smaller groups at the Gibbon Basin, on Pelican Creek, on Alum Creek, and the various groups around the Brimstone, Yellowstone, Heart and De Lacy lakes. Besides these larger groups there are localities where the mountains are full of smaller groups, either active or extinct.

To most of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM these wonders are more or less familiar, either from personal inspection or the description of others. In the past six

years it has been my good fortune to have explored the greater portion of this wonderful region, and I can truthfully report that the delineation of these wonders, either with the pen or the camera, falls greatly in coming up to the reality. New explorations are discovering new wonders each year.

A portion of the past three years has been spent in a hunting and exploring trip on the heads of the Clark's Fork, Stinking and Gray Bull rivers, most of which region is but little known, except to a few trappers; and the opinion is entertained that there is enough of the grand and wonderful in this region lying east of the present boundary of the Yellowstone Park to induce a trip across the Atlantic. The Shoshone Mountains, occupying this region, are one of the most rugged and remarkable of the Continental Divide, many of whose peaks are from 12,500 to 13,000 feet above tide-water.

Through this mountain chain the Stinking River has worn a deep valley, denuding in its course that most remarkable formation of red silicious pudding-stone conglomerate, that also crops out at the Lower Falls on the Yellowstone, and on the head of the East Fork of that stream, (forming what is known as the "Hoodoo" region of the mountain men).

At the upper valley, the South Fork of Stinking River is walked in by vertical cliffs of this formation, from 200 to 500 feet heights, that assume sometimes such fantastic and wonderful shapes that by their weird appearance they carry one back to the days of the fairies and giants of the story-books. Sometimes the mountain peaks are crowned by castellated structures of this formation. The most remarkable of these is "The Giant's Castle," a noted landmark of the upper valley. Space does not admit at this time of a description of this cañon. I can only say that it far surpasses in extent, and in every other respect, what has been published in regard to the "Hoodoo" region.

At the point where the Stinking River debouches on to the plains, bordering the Big Horn, is the easternmost outcrop of the geysers. At the lower end of what is known as the "Stinking River Basin" the two forks (North and South) join and for some miles the water is so clear and passable cañon, cutting off to the south "Cedar Mountain" from the main or "Sheep Mountain." From this point to the head of this stream, seventy miles west, there is no indication of geyser action. At the upper end of this cañon the side of Cedar Mountain is incrustated with this unmistakable formation, showing evidently that the hot water had at one time flowed down the valley, and left its deposit near the junction of the two forks. A rapid sulphur spring bubbles up, its waters highly surcharged with carbonic acid gas, while all over the bar and in the shallow water this gas is constantly bubbling up. This water has a sulphury, pungent taste, is a fine appetizer, and is to me as pleasant as the famous Saratoga water, with many of its good effects.

At the lower end of this cañon is quite an extent of this formation, with several craters of flowing or spouting geysers, but now extinct. Though the water has ceased to flow from these cones, it boils up from the bed of the stream, in one case in an immense spring extending half way across the river. From this spring bubbles up a large quantity of gas, supposed to be carbonic acid gas, with probably some hydrogen sulphide, for the unmistakable smell of this gas can be detected for some miles around. It is the peculiar nature that caused the Indians to give this river the present name, what in their language means "stinking." The "sign talk" of the Crows in alluding to this stream is most amusing and suggestive. The formation near this spring was almost pure alkali, of such an alkaline character as to burn holes in a silk handkerchief in a short time. There is, also, near an abundance of almost pure sulphur, with a warm sulphur spring on the opposite bank.

On two occasions I have crossed this stream in mid-winter. On one occasion, after leaving camp, above the forks, with both streams frozen solid, from a temperature of -32°, a few days previous, and approaching the ford below the cañon and looking into its clear and limpid waters, without even a skim of ice fringing its borders, the contrast seemed so marked as to suggest the idea of a "frozen lake." It is a slight pungent taste, as if produced by carbonic acid or dilute sulphuric acid. To produce this marked change in such a volume of water, and in so short a distance (two or three miles), presupposes the existence of many more and extensive springs near the center of this cañon. This stream has never been known to freeze over at this point, and yet there is said to be an abundance of trout to be caught at the proper season. This cañon will bear a great deal of investigation.

But by far the greatest wonder of the Shoshone Range is the Grand Cañon of the Clark's Fork, located near where this stream debouches on to the valley of the Yellowstone. As there is an old traveled trail passing within four miles of the deepest part of this cañon, it is the more remarkable that its wonderful features are entirely unknown to even the guides and mountain men.

During the past few years a half-dozen military expeditions have passed along this trail, but having no information of the locality, made no investigation. In 1879 I spent six days in the South Fork Park within six miles of it, but never happened to stumble upon it. In 1881 I spent two months on "Sheep Mountain" and within twelve miles to the south, and only saw enough to induce further investigation, but as it involved a descent into the South Fork Park for a few feet in a distance of 24 or 24 miles, and down a much dreaded trail, it was not undertaken that year. From a high point, at least 3,000 feet above the water below "Lookout Point," its most interesting features, then known, were discovered, including the "Zeta" Falls, formed by the "South Fork" apparently leaping out from a hole in the vertical wall into the main gorge. All these features were pointed out to Captain Seward of the army, on his way pointed out the national Park during that summer. As I have never seen his report, do not know whether the limited time at his disposal admitted of a further examination of this cañon, as neither of us were aware of the depth of the upper part of the cañon outlined in the distance before our eyes.

During the past summer (June and July, 1882), circumstances gave me opportunity to make this exploration. Having been detailed to the mouth of this cañon three or four days by the laborious and dangerous business of rafting my camp outfit of 1,200 pounds across this rapid stream, advantage was taken of the delay to explore the lower end for about seven miles, to a point where the cañon walls close in to the water's edge. This point, however, is only one mile below the lower edge of the South Fork Basin, which can be reached by a circuitous route, but having been detained by high water in the Stinking River, I spent several days in this exploration, at and below

the mouth of the South Fork. This involved a great deal of the severest labor (one day climbing up and down a vertical height of 2,600 feet), but the results amply repaid the effort.

I have seen all the principal cañons of Montana and Wyoming, and have seen enlarged photos of the Royal Gorge on the Arkansas River of Colorado, yet I have no hesitation in asserting that this cañon, in most regards, surpasses them all, and is only secondary, in this country, to the "Grand Cañon of the Colorado."

The lower seven miles of this cañon are rather open, sufficiently so for a good wagon road (at one place there being a little park). The walls rise up with a slope of about 1 to 1 with the highest peak on the East Side, of 4,000 or 4,500 feet above the water, and not exceeding 1,200 yards to the top on the horizontal line.

The point where the cañon shuts in to the water's edge is opposite "Point Lookout," 3,100 feet vertically above the water, and not exceeding 500 yards away on a horizontal line. Looking down from this height you imagine you can cast a stone into the water, apparently just at your feet.

From this point to a point just below the mouth of Cranial Creek, about twelve miles, this stream rushes through the cañon, and makes "crater" marks in the granite rock made by some convulsion of nature. The solid granite walls, shutting in the stream to the water's edge, are almost vertical, their slope being about 1 to 1, and near the lower end are at least 1,200 feet in height above the water.

From the south comes in Dead Indian Creek and the South Fork, through chasms of a similar character, except not so wide, and falling, from the fords on the trail near the level of the basin, three and one-half and four miles above, to the level of the main stream, 1,200 to 1,400 feet vertically. The former stream descends in a system of cascades and rapids the entire distance. The latter and much larger stream descends in the same manner but not quite so rapidly, until the gorge of the main stream is reached, when it loops out from the face of the vertical wall and tumbles down 300 feet below the water level, the first 100 feet being of the basin, three and one-half and four miles above, a single loop, the entire 200 in a succession of cascades. On the brink of the fall the width of opening in the wall is about 50 feet, with walls rising 700 or 800 feet, almost vertically, on each side. Near the top of this wall, on the east, is, apparently carved in the face of the cliff, the letter Z of colossal proportions. Hence I suggested as the name of these falls, "Zeta," from the Greek letter Z, which is the first letter of the word Zeta. The water appears shooting out from a hole in the solid cliff. Nor is this an inconsiderable river, as those can testify who have seen it at its average stage.

This stream joins the main stream about 200 yards above Dead Indian Creek (the military maps indicate they come together before their junction with the main river), and in that distance the side of the cañon is a mass of huge boulders, evidently deposited there by the main stream, in some convulsion of nature. One of these boulders, by measurement, contained 320 cubic yards, which would indicate a weight of about 700 tons.

The gorges through which these tributaries passed were scarcely secondary in interest to that of the main stream. On Indian Creek a point was reached stopping further down the cañon, where the water level was only 25 feet with 600 feet walls on each side. Just above and under the bend was heard the noise of no inconsiderable fall. On the South Fork was found a point where a stone could be cast into the water below with a little more effort than merely dropping from the hand. A succession of trials with as round boulders as could be found showed that their descent took eight seconds to the water. In testing, by the law of falling bodies, without allowance for air resistance, a depth of over 1,000 feet. A lead ball would have fallen in somewhat shorter time. The next day a descent was made, by a side gorge, to the water's edge, a little below, and the aneroid indicated 700 feet. This point was estimated 400 feet above the main stream. The width between walls at this point at top, as determined by the known curve of a tilted wall, was 100 feet, and at some points the main cañon was not exceeding 200 to 250 yards. The water channel was 75 to 80 yards. The main stream falls for the entire length of the cañon, say 19 miles, 2,200 to 2,300 feet.

I have thus briefly given the main features of this remarkable cañon, and will defer to a future paper to give more details. The vertical geysers are no guess work, but have been obtained by personal observation, the aneroid and aneroid barometer, checked by such means as the case suggested.

Comparing this cañon with that well-known one below the Grand Falls of the Yellowstone; it has something less volume of water, but is fully as long; has vertical, solid granite walls instead of walls of earthy material, with slopes of 1 to 1; its depth is greater, 1,200 feet, whereas I believe the depth of the latter cañon, at the point of Mt. Washburn, does not exceed 1,000 feet, with highest peak, within one mile of the water, of not exceeding 1,500 feet, whereas, the first named cañon has a peak of 4,000 feet height and within three quarters of a mile of the water.

There are no landscape views from points near the Yellowstone Cañon. There are, on the contrary, mountain peaks immediately overlooking the Clark's Fork Cañon that only give a magnificent view of the cañon below, including Zeta Falls, but one of the grandest views of park and distant mountain peaks to be had in Montana or Wyoming. There are peaks within twelve miles of this locality 12,000 feet above tide level.

I heartily concur in the recommendation of Gen. Sheridan, that the boundaries of this Park be extended, on the east to the line of Cedar Mountain and on the south to the forty-fourth parallel. I would recommend the southern boundary be extended further, to the forty-third and a half degree parallel, or at least far enough to include the "Three Tetons" and the Teton Basin. Hayden's Survey shows that none of this district will be of less elevation than 6,500 feet above sea level. I have never known any crops either in Montana or Northern Wyoming, to be raised at a greater altitude than 5,500 feet, so that no interest will be injured by the extension. The extension of the eastern boundary to Cedar Mountain will take in the "Stinking River Basin," the summer range of two large lands of cattle and some small bands of horses. That giftedly might be obtained by making the line pass through the "Two Sentinels" of Captain Jones's survey, situated immediately at the lower end of the Cañon of the North and about twelve miles west of Cedar Mountain Fork of the Stinking River. The extension of the western boundary, extending the length of this Park, to allow prospecting for minerals, and in case of valuable mineral deposits being found, to give facilities for



the working of such mines. There can be no serious objection to this proviso in the new bill.

Doubtless it has occurred to the minds of many visitors how invaluable the exclusive hotel privileges of this grand Park would be with the railroads approaching its borders. But who ever thought such exclusive privileges could be bartered away to anyone? It was, therefore, not to be wondered at that the public were surprised, a short time since, to learn that not only were the exclusive hotel privileges (with a large tract of land leased at each point of entrance) and the exclusive right to furnish transportation and guides, as to the public, etc., and been leased for a term of years to a syndicate of distinguished gentlemen for a mere song. To any one acquainted with the Park and its surroundings, it was apparent this magnificent wonderland was placed entirely under the control of a few individuals, and no one could visit it without their consent, or at least without passing through their hotels, guides, stages, etc. A man of moderate means even could not "do" the Park, much less the poor man who traveled in the old-fashioned but pleasant way, by pack horses and camp outfit.

I presume there is no one who finds fault with this syndicate of distinguished and patriotic gentlemen for accepting the terms of this lease. It is even claimed by some of their friends that some of these privileges were forced upon them. Who can blame them for accepting? One of them enthusiastically exclaimed, in the confidence of friendship, not only to the others but to the public, "there's millions in it," but there is "\$81,000,000" in it. But that a high official of the Government could be found who, in the absence of his chief, and, as it is understood, without his authority, and almost surreptitiously, as the papers have it, to contract away these privileges for a song, is a most remarkable occurrence.

The thanks of the people are justly due to Senator Vest, seconded by the trenchant blows of the FOREST AND STREAM, for turning the full glare of public opinion on this extraordinary transaction.

There are a few other points to be guarded in this lease that I have not seen mentioned, and they are respectfully commended to the attention of Senator Vest and his committee. It should be expressly stipulated that no hotel building nor bath-house nor structure of any kind should be erected in sight of any of these wonders of nature. Such an act would be an outrage on "the eternal fitness of things." This especially should be guarded against at the Upper Geyser Basin, where the hotel men, enterprising enough to lay their sacrilegious hands on "Old Faithful" and "The Grand," and who would quench their wonders by clapping a common square frame building over their craters, and utilize their perpetual-motion powers to supply their guests with hot and cold water. No building should be allowed within less than three hundred yards of this grand group of geysers. There is an abundance of hot water in the side, large and boldly discharging pools, with boiling hot water, for all bathing and culinary purposes, within one-half mile of this group.

Another requirement should be inserted into the contract; i. e., that the lessees should supply a great abundance of pure cold water, not only for their own guests, but for all other visitors. The water of Fire Hole River being almost always contaminated with the Geyser water, is unwholesome and unfit for drinking. A delicious water can be had from the extreme westerly fork of Fire Hole River, by bringing it in pipes 2½ or 3 miles, and with head enough to "squirt" much higher than Old Faithful. Good water can also doubtless be obtained from the main Fire Hole River by tapping it above the falls.

The length of this communication does not admit of an allusion to the game question, as intended. I see, however, in the Beacon paper, that additional contracts have been made for elk meat by the agent of the Park syndicate at seven cents per pound, also additional contracts for Cook City, and hunters have gone into the Park to kill elk for that purpose. Outside of all questions as to the "fitness of things," this syndicate can have beef delivered at that price, and of much better quality for food than poor elk meat. Elk meat at this season is unfit for food. P.

DENVER, Colorado, Feb. 12, 1893.

## THE NATIONAL PARK GRAB.

IN the course of a letter, written by John Schuyler Crosby, Governor of Montana, to the Chairman and Committee on Territories, under date January 17, he very pertinently says:

"A recent letter which I had occasion to write to Senator Vest on the subject of preserving the Yellowstone Park, as a refuge for the large game of the Northwest, I lightly touched on certain lesions made to private parties disposed to speculate in this national pleasure ground. But I did not mention the names of the speculators. As the newly appointed Governor of Montana, it was my duty to guard her interests in the public Park on her borders. But, as I learn from a special dispatch to the New York World, Mr. Rufus Hatch, disregarding my forbearance as to mentioning his name in an odious connection with a proposed trespass upon public rights, arraigns me by name, for guarding the interests of the Territory which I have the honor to preside over, and accuses me of posing as a public reformer. I cannot retort the accusation. Mr. Hatch has achieved a certain sort of national reputation as an unscrupulous monopolist and speculator. But it would be wrong to call these vicious things reform. I am not unwilling to be called a reformer. My great grandfather was one when he signed the Declaration of Independence. I should be sorry to forget 'the price of liberty.'"

I am attacked in good company to be sure, for General Sheridan, whose official report struck a damaging blow at the scheme of Mr. Rufus Hatch and his coadjutors, is fiercely assailed by this notorious monopolist and speculator, who, however, is totally mistaken in his statement that the letter to Senator Vest was written from General Sheridan's headquarters. Neither General Sheridan nor any of the officers at his headquarters, ever saw the letter till it was ready for publication, though I believe he, in common with many patriotic men who do not believe in the business of feathering nests by plucking the public, approved of the sentiments of the letter. Mr. Hatch's dissent is natural.

The issue between Mr. Hatch and myself is neither important, nor of my seeking. The real issue is national, and personal. It is whether the Yellowstone Park shall be, in the language of the dedicatory statutes "a public park and a pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people," or whether it shall be the cattle ranch of Mr. Rufus Hatch et al., who propose to establish vast "cattle enterprises" on the Park and secure unlimited forage and immunity from disturbance in their trespass, by controlling the

Park as hotel monopolists, who lease some four thousand acres embracing every object of interest to the tourist, and mean to let their cattle obtain free pasture over the remaining millions of acres. The issue is "shall the public, or shall a band of speculators profit by the Yellowstone Park?" Mr. Hatch knows that if he shall carry out his defiant threat to push his cattle ranches close to the Park, the cattle will swarm into it. That is his purpose in choosing this proximity. By his monopolistic schemes within the Park he intends to exclude all trespassers, except his own. No possible feud could separate Mr. Hatch's cattle from the public domain that he could obtain. The Government's great purpose of the Park, as an asylum for the hunted game of the Territories that border it, The fence would exclude the game also.

It is rather amusing to have Mr. Rufus Hatch pose as a patriotic and public spirited citizen. But so he does, according to the World's dispatch. Yet it is demonstrable that his patriotic desire to protect the National Park, came into being only when he proposed to make money out of it by monopolizing every curious feature of it, and running his "cattle enterprises close up" to it. Because he is proposing something prejudicial to the Territory which I have the honor to govern, and hostile to the interests of the great Northwest, and odious to unselfish public sentiment throughout the United States, I need hardly apologize for taking a little space in following him through his inconsistent statement of motives. He has unwisely uncovered his own too soon, and shown that my letter to Senator Vest was not premature. Under Mr. Hatch's accidental avowals, and his impudent defiance of Congressional action or any interpretation of contracts but his own, he has made it clear that if any man in the United States is not to be trusted with the slightest power within the Yellowstone Park, that man is Rufus Hatch, of New York.

## AROUND THE COAST OF FLORIDA.

BY DR. J. A. HENSHALL.

### Fourth Paper.

WE soon came in sight of the Indian village, a cluster of twenty-five or thirty huts, on the ridge of the pine woods, where we soon landed, and were immediately surrounded by the young bucks, who looked on with great interest and curiosity as we unpacked the canoe. Cuff was at once at home with the Indian dogs. Big Tiger then came down to the landing, and pointing to a group of two or three huts a little distance inland, he said:

"You lose—you eat—you sleep—in-cah!"

We carried our plunder to the huts indicated, followed by the young bucks, who were much interested in the guns, rifles, and especially in the fishing rods, the use of which had to be explained to them by signs.

This village is one of several, where dwell the four hundred Seminoles yet remaining in Florida; the largest village is in the "Big Cypress" swamp, thirty miles distant. These villages or communities are governed by petty chiefs, who owe allegiance to Tallahassee, the great head center, who lives sometimes at the Big Cypress and at other times at Peace Creek. This village was governed by Little Tommy and Big Tiger. The latter is the son of old "Tiger-tail," the late principal chief of the Seminoles, who had been killed by lightning a year or two before. Tiger-tail fought all through his life, and was said to have been one hundred years old at the time of his death. Besides Big Tiger and Little Tommy there were Big Charley, Tommy Doctor, and several others with their squaws and families, half a dozen or more young bucks, several old women, a good many children and a host of dogs. The sun was setting in the Everglades as we got everything up to the huts and prepared supper.

These Indians lead a quiet, peaceable and semi-pastoral life, cultivating fields of corn, pumpkin, sweet potatoes, beans, bananas, etc., in the rich hammocks on the adjacent islands, their villages being in the pines or the border. They also make starch from the "comple," or wild arrowroot, which grows abundantly in the pine woods, and in the water they hunt deer and bears. Such a life is not without its charms, shut out, as they are, from all the world, by impenetrable cypress swamps, the only avenues to civilization being by way of the streams which drain into the Everglades, the currents of which are so swift during high water that few attempt to ascend them to the Everglades, and still fewer succeed. In the spring and early summer the Everglades are comparatively dry; as Big Tiger said: "In two moons all water gone—cause no go more." During the autumn and winter the men go to the settlements near by, to Miami on Biscayne Bay, by way of the Miami River, where they sell deerskins, buckskins, beccaws, complete starch, vegetables, bird plumes, alligator teeth, etc., and buy cloth, calico, ammunition, tobacco, etc., and occasionally wy-ho-nce (whisky).

The men are tall, well-formed, straight and clean-limbed, and are quite neat in their dress, which consists of a calico shirt, a belt, breech-cloth and a turban; the latter is a head-dress quite remarkable in its construction and comports with pictures in appearance. It is some two feet in diameter and six inches thick or high, with a hole in the center to fit the head. It is formed of bright-colored shawls, the outside layer being sometimes a light red cotton or bandana handkerchief; its shape is exactly that of a flat cheese, or a grindstone. It is quite heavy, and the body must be carried very erect to keep it balanced on the head; perhaps the erect carriage of these Indians is to be accounted for, to a great extent, by the wearing of this singular head-dress, for they are never seen without it, except sometimes when hunting.

The men's legs and feet are always bare, and look like columns of polished mahogany; sometimes when hunting in the scrub, they wear buckskin leggings and moccasins. The women dress in short calico petticoats and a jacket or short seque of gay-colored cloth. Their necks are ornamented by many strands of beads, sometimes a hundred or more, and weighing from five to ten pounds. The young women and bucks have usually very good features, and are of very valuable of their personal appearance. The hair of the men is shaved at the sides, that on the top and back of the head is formed into a long plait and coiled on top of the head. The women dress their hair in a way perfectly incomprehensible to me, though plait form a part of the arrangement. The old squaws are not dressed with good looks, and do the drudgery of the camp, and are very old, though they are full of fun; some of the boys go entirely naked, though during our stay they wore short calico shirts. The boys are never without their bows and arrows, in the use of which they are very expert, killing quail and other birds, hares, squirrels, etc. The older ones, with their dogs, hunt gophers (land-tortoises), and spear aquatic turtles and fish. The two sub-

chiefs, Big Tiger and Little Tommy, wore a kind of hunting shirt of light blue calico with a broad collar, the whole ornamented with bright-colored fringes, and strips of turkey-red calico along the seams. These Indians have agreeable, musical voices and talk in low, pleasant tones.

The houses are formed of upright posts set in the ground, a thatched roof of palmetto leaves, and a floor about three feet from the ground, the sides being open. They sit on the floors during the day, and sleep on them at night, their beds being rolled up in the day-time. They all sleep under mosquito bars, which are latched up during the day. The houses are A-shaped, and are closed, thatched all around, with a door in one end. At one side of the village is a level, cleared space with a tall pole in the center, where they hold their dances at stated periods, the "green corn dance" being the most important. These are occasions of feasting, revelry and the wildest enjoyment, in which, wy-ho-nce (whisky), as in more civilized assemblages, takes an active and prominent part.

As the twilight faded upward, and the darkness closed around, the night was filled with wonders. Small campfires were kindled in the open spaces between the huts, casting a ruddy glare around, lighting up the gay attire and swarthy features of the Indians as they silently moved about, gilding the trunks of the lofty pines and setting the shadows dancing and flitting through the open huts. The white smoke drifted upward like tall ghosts and disappeared in the gloom above the tree tops. The young moon hung low in the west, carrying the "old moon in her arms" across the mysterious wastes of the Everglades, leaving a trail of silvery tracks behind her. The jeweled belt of Orion and the flaming Southern Cross blazed in the heavens above, while myriads of fireflies flitted and flashed their tiny lanterns over the slender spires of reeds, rushes and rank grasses, their reflections gleaming and sparkling with the stars in the still reaches of the channels. The air was heavy with the tenderness of balmy shrubs, honey-scented flowers and the spicy aroma of the pines. Strange night birds flitted by on noiseless wing, great moths wheeled about in erratic flight, and fierce beetles went buzzing overhead. The chuck-will's-widow was calling loudly, and the great horned owl woke the solemn echoes of the dense pine forest, while an incessant twittering and chattering of waterfowl, the piping of frogs, and the occasional bellow of an alligator came from the marshes. What wonder that the Seminoles found the night so full of interest and so very busy homes.

We repaired to the largest campfire, where the Indians of the village were sitting and lounging about. The squaws, each with a babe in her lap tugging at the fount of nature, were shelling beans, pounding hominy or pulling buckskin, the men looking on, talking and smoking, and the children and dogs romping and playing. We were offered the best log at the fire and sat down. I performed a few simple sleight-of-hand tricks, such as, by palming my half-dollars, making them disappear and then taking them from under the young men's turbans, out of the older men's tobacco pouches, or from under the boys' shirts; but they were especially delighted when I took two from the mouth of a baby. Other tricks were performed with a string and a handkerchief, which were received with grunts of applause and nods of approbation. They wanted Squire, Jack and Skipper to do something, but I told them I was "medicine man," and that the boys must go home, as no go dry, which they pleased them amazingly. Skipper then put Cuff through his paces, who is a very intelligent dog and performs a variety of tricks. There was a large garish roasting on the coals, at which Squire spit tobacco juice as at a target, in spite of Jack's nudges, and he seldom missed the mark. I said something about baked fish and tobacco sauce, but still, as Jack said, "he didn't tumble to the racket." Finally a squaw turned to me, when Squire "tumbled." "I thought it was a stick of wood," said he apologetically. But the busting did it no harm, for the squaw cracked it open with a stick, the horny covering parting in halves like a bivalve shell, the meat appearing white and savory, which was divided among the children, together with some sweet potatoes which she raked out of the ashes.

The young bucks and squaws are not allowed to talk to the white men, and for this reason, about; they affect not to understand, answering only, "Dunno," or "No." But get the bucks apart to themselves and they can talk "Englis" well enough for all practical purposes. Big Tiger prides himself on his ability to "Englis" talk, good. I asked him why he did not succeed his father, Tiger-tail, as "Big Chief" instead of Tallahassee. I gathered from his answer that it was (as in the affairs of some other people) the man who talked the fairest and promised the most who was selected. He said:

"The chiefs and officers have council. All come. All smoke. One man get up—talk, talk, talk! No lie—good talk. Other man get up—talk, talk, talk! No lie—must good talk! Every man must talk, talk! Every man good talk—must no lie! When all men talk, they say who chief. Tallahassee he talk heap—good talk—no lie—make him Big Chief; but," he added commiseratively, "lie no 'Englis' talk, no 'Englis' talk, no 'Englis' talk!"

Capt. Hendry, of Fort Myers, took one of the young bucks (whom he is educating) and Little Tommy to the State Fair at Jacksonville a few months before. I asked Tommy what he liked best of all things that he saw there; he answered, "Big hog!" The admiration of these Indians for hogs (of which they have a number) seems to surpass that of all things else.

One of the great Big Tiger if he was fond of wy-ho-nce (whisky); he said:

"In-cuh; little wy-ho-nce, good; too much wy-ho-nce, ho-la-wat-gus! You got 'um?"

"No; where can I get 'um?" asked I.

"Miami, you get 'um; Key West, you get 'um. Miami wy-ho-nce, ho-la-wat-gus! Key West wy-ho-nce, good, in-cuh! Miami wy-ho-nce, me got 'um; in four days (holding my hand) I get 'um, me got 'um. Ho-la-wat-gus! Key West wy-ho-nce good! No sour; strong! In-cuh!"

We discovered that night why the Indians used mosquito bars, but my pen is inadequate to describe the many hardships and torments we endured through neglecting to take ours with us. We slept, or rather tried to sleep, in the hut assigned to us, where by maintaining a circle of fires and smudges around the open hut we managed to pass the night. We spent two days at the village and were much interested. The Indians are good hunters and fair shots, but we beat them all at the target; we thought it necessary to do so in order to convince them of the superiority of the white man's rifle. During the day we modified their defeat, however, by attributing our success mostly to our superior rifles, which they told them were even inferior to most rifles now made. Jack then kicked the fat into the fire by beating each Indian with his own gun; but



Boardman, Esq., who has obtained a single specimen, shot near Eastport.

178. Turstone—*Strophilus interpres* Aud., Breg. 500. Common along the coast during spring and autumn migrations. Arrives in May. This little bird of variegated black, white and reddish brown plumage and orange-red feet, is sometimes termed "calico-back." It frequents the rocky and sandy shores, and is rarely found far inland.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE CARRION CROW.

(*Corvus atratus*.)

THIS vulture, so abundant everywhere in the South, in company with the well-known "turkey-buzzard" (*Cathartes aura*) is rather a peculiar bird. Neither of the two proper buzzards, but they are almost everywhere called so. They are true vultures. Here, both species are called indiscriminately, "turkey-buzzard," though a very few individuals make a distinction, some calling the carrion crow proper, turkey-buzzard and others, giving it its proper name. A person who does not notice birds particularly, would call both species buzzards, or turkey-buzzards indiscriminately, seeing no difference in them. But to one who notices birds with any particularity, they are quite distinct.

I will give a short description of each, italicizing the main points of difference.

*Carrion Crow, Cathartes atratus*.—Blackish brown, quills (primaries) *ashy gray* on their under surface, *head red*, feet *pinkish*; *bill bluish*, *skirt* of head corrugated with a few bristle-like feathers; *plumage commencing in a circle on the neck*; nostrils very large, open, *upward*, *tail rounded*, length about 24 feet, extent 6, wing 2, tail 1.

*Turkey-buzzard, Cathartes aura*.—*Blackish*, quills *very pale*, almost *whitish*, the *mid-veins of the first seven quills* *primaries* *pale*, *white* *above*, *black* *below*; *skirt on the head* *is in the turkey-buzzard*, *corrugated*, but of *the first three* *quills* *bill and feet* *grayish yellow*; *smaller than* *aura* *in linear dimensions*, but a *heavier*, *stronger*, *more active* and *coragacious bird*; length about two feet, extent about four and a half, *tail square*. The plumage commences *at a point on the back of the head*.

The habits of the two birds are very similar, except in this, that the carrion crow, so far as I have observed, appears to find a recently slaughtered or dead animal much more quickly than the turkey-buzzard, and seems to seek after, and be much more fond of, freshly dead animals, not putrid, than the turkey-buzzard. In this it seems more like the raven of the North and West, yet it will feast on the most putrid flesh. Again, if one kills a deer and hangs it up in the woods in the morning and leaves it through the day, he will generally find it mutilated or destroyed by the carrion crow before evening, but old hunters say that if the animal is hung by the head, with the forelegs carefully turned down, the crows cannot get a foothold on the carcass so as to injure it.

The crows do not always find a deer, when hung up. I recollect one instance in which I hung up a fine deer in the morning, and left it during the day. The carrion crows did not find it, but four turkey-buzzards did, and ate up all the viscera that I had left on the ground near the deer; and as they were standing around on the ground near the carcass, but had not touched it, I then again I have known the carrion crow to find a deer as soon as the hunter had hung and left it, and to entirely ruin it in a very short time. My experience is, then, that the carrion crow is fonder of freshly-killed meat than the turkey-buzzard, is a very much more bold and active bird, and will destroy freshly-killed game hung in the woods, while the turkey-buzzard does not generally do this.

These two birds are very readily distinguished the one from the other when in flight together, and they feed together here and everywhere in the South in great numbers on carcasses of large animals. The "crow" has considerably the shorter, wider wings, shorter body and tail, the last looking as if cut square off, and his motions in flight much quicker and stronger. His flight when traveling is exactly the same as the white chicken or wild turkey, namely a quick, strong stroke of the wings, and then a sail or soar, and this repeated. But Dr. Coues is wrong when he speaks of "this species never sailing for any distance without flapping its wings." I admit that this is its general mode of flight. But, during the forenoon of this day, I flushed fifty or more from the carcass of a dead horse, when they all flew out over the treetops, where they began the regular buzzard sailing, and went up to a great height without flapping the wings, and on the river bottoms with no more flapping than the turkey-buzzard.

How the vultures find their food seems to be as hard a question to determine as how they can sustain a flight of hours up and down against, with, or sideways to the wind, gradually ascending an inclined plane for a great distance without a visible motion of the wing. Here are two mysteries that the "longest head" has been unable to explain. How they find their food is fully as mysterious. It has been conclusively proven, I think, that the turkey-buzzard does not find its food by scent. I say conclusively proven. But then, again, when one comes to study the carrion crow and how it finds its food, he is all at sea again, for it does not sail nor soar around high above the ground hunting like the turkey-buzzard so that it may see its food. How it does find it, is more than I can tell, and the more I observe the more I seem to be won to the opinion that it is by sight.

I will explain, and in doing so, will name another observed curious difference in these two birds. The carrion crow is reported as having been seen as far North as Massachusetts and even Maine, but I never observed it so far North as Northern Illinois, during near half century's residence there. If it ever reaches so far North in the interior it must be of very rare occurrence. The turkey-buzzard is a regular summer visitor here, and some breeds, like *atratus*, is much the harder bird. By this I mean that he is active in our coldest weather, at least the coldest weather that I have seen here in two winters, while *aura* is not. Now I suggest to the point I wish to make. From observation made during the past summer I had concluded that *aura* first found the food, and *atratus* followed him up, but this view has been entirely overthrown by recent occurrences. On the morning of the 17th of January, '93, I found one of my horses dead in the stable, and on the morning of the 18th, one of the coldest mornings I have seen in this State, ice just strong enough on shallow pools to hold a man—I had him bauld out into a ravine. No buzzards or crows came to the carcass that day. The next forenoon, about 10 o'clock, the weather still being cold, three carrion crows came flying directly west from the

river bottom, just over the tree tops, directly toward the dead horse, and alighted in the trees, almost directly over it. The wind at the time was steady west of north. In less than an hour after the appearance of the first three *atratus*, there were more than fifty around the carcass. I observed a great many of them arrive, and all came in just as the first three did. No *aura* among them. The next day there were about 100 *atratus* about the dead horse, but no *aura*, nor did I observe a single one near it until the fifth day, when in the afternoon, the weather having become quite warm, several arrived. These facts, of course, upset all my theories as to *aura* first finding the food, following him up. Now will someone please tell me how these carrion crows in their hiding places, perhaps miles away, knew that this dead horse was ready for them in a steep ravine hidden by underbrush, and great trees overhead, and what directed them so that they could come flying directly across the wind, and at once alight directly above it? I think it would be much easier to explain the sailing or soaring of the turkey-buzzard or the swift movement of the vulture than that these carrion crows, and to how these birds find their food, has proven untenable, and would not hold water when the test of facts was applied.

As I said before, the most careful experiments of cool-headed scientists and naturalists have proven conclusively that these vultures do not find their food by their powers of scent or smell, and what is still more strange, my own observed facts have proven to me just as conclusively that they do not find their food by their eyesight or powers of vision. I picked up a theory the past summer, and hugged it and petted it with great enthusiasm for quite a time, but it proved as untenable as all the others when tried by the test of solid observed facts. It was this: That dead animal matter had a stream of particles flowing from it which was plainly visible to the eye of these birds. This theory filled the bill for quite a time. But, bless your soul, after observing two or three seemingly very hungry vultures sit around on a tree for two or three days within a few feet of a putrid rabbit, which was completely covered from sight, without finding it, I concluded that neither the vapor, or fog, or sight, or scent theories would do to tie to. Here, then, in this family of vultures we have two problems over which our most observing naturalists stumble, namely, their flight—which is truly mechanical and should be explainable—and how they find their food, which is truly wonderful. But is it more so than the coming pigeon? or the honey bee? or the homing sucking dove? or the cuckoo?

The descriptions in the first part of this paper were taken from fresh adult specimens of each species. I found them to coincide nearly exactly with the description by Dr. Coues, except as noted. I found the carrion crow a very hard bird to kill with shot; much more so than the turkey-buzzard. They were "collected" purely in the interest of science, and if I can be forgiven I will surely not kill any more.

CROCKETT'S BLUFF, ARKANSAS, JAN. 21.

## THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

BY A. E. VERRILL.

THROUGHOUT the Gulf Stream bottom examined by the Fish Commission, the bottom in 50 to 500 fathoms, 60 to 150 miles from the shore, is composed mainly of very fine sand, largely quartz, with greenish feldspar, mica, and magnetite, etc.; with it there is always a considerable percentage of shells of *Foraminifera* of many kinds, but especially *Globigerina*, with other calcareous organisms, and also many spherical, red-like and stellate sand-covered *Rhizopods*, and many large and singular worm-tubes of several kinds, and often in large quantities. In the deeper localities there is usually more or less genuine mud, or clay, but this is often almost entirely absent, even in 300 to 500 fathoms. The sand, however, is often so fine as to resemble mud, and is frequently so reported, when the preliminary soundings are made and recorded. In many instances, even in our deepest dredgings (over 700 fathoms), and throughout the belt examined, we have taken numerous pebbles and small rounded boulders of all sizes up to several pounds in weight, consisting of granite, syenite, micaceous, etc. These are somewhat abundant, and covered with acorn-like, etc. Probably these have been floated out to this region within a few years, while frozen into the ice, in winter and spring, from our shores and rivers, and finally dropped where the ice melts rapidly under the influence of the warmer Gulf Stream water in this region. Possibly much of the sand, especially the coarser portions, may have been transported by the same agency. Another way, hitherto overlooked, in which much of the sand and gravel, and long distances is by reason of its floating on the surface of the water after it has been exposed to the air on the beaches and dried. The rising tide always carries off a certain amount of fine dry sand floating in this way. In our surface towing-net, made of fine muslin, we always take more or less fine silicious sand, which evidently was floating on the surface, even at considerable distances from the shore. When we consider the vast stretch of sand beaches from Cape Cod to Florida, there seems to be an inexhaustible supply of such sand.

The prevalence of fine sand along the Gulf Stream slope in this region, and the remarkable absence of actual mud or clay deposits, indicate that there is here, at the bottom, sufficient current to prevent, for the most part, the deposition of fine clay like sediments over the upper portion of the slope in 50 to 150 fathoms. The upper currents are probably carried along the bottom, eventually sinking to the bottom depths nearer the base of the slope or beyond in the ocean basin itself where the currents are less active. It is probable that such a movement of the water may be due to tidal currents quite as much as to the actual northward flow of the Gulf Stream, which is here slow, even at the surface. It is not probable, however, that the bottom currents are strong enough to move even the fine sand after it has once actually reached the bottom at strong bottom currents. My view of the general deposition of oceanic *Foraminifera*, *pteropods*, etc. I have above suggested that the loose nodules of limestone may have been derived from softer rocks or unconsolidated materials by the removal or wearing away of the latter. The existence of actual currents sufficient for such erosion is hardly supposable. I believe, however, that such a result may be due directly to the habits of certain fishes and crustaceans in these bottom regions. Many fishes like the hake (*Phycis*) of which two species are common here, have the habit of rooting in the mud, like pigs, for their food, which consists largely of marine worms and other mud-dwelling creatures. Other fishes, those with sharp tails especially, burrow actively into mud or sand, tail first. In all probability *Macrurus*, so abundant in this

region, has this habit. Several species of eels and eel-like fishes are very abundant on these bottom regions. These are all active burrowers. The slime-eel or hag (*Myxine*) was also taken in large numbers. Many crabs and bivalve forms are also burrowers. Such creatures, by stirring up the bottom sediments continually, would give the currents a chance to carry away the finer and lighter materials, leaving the coarser behind.

In many localities in the region under consideration there are great quantities of dead shells, both broken and entire. A small proportion of the bivalves have been drilled by carnivorous gastropods, but there are large numbers that show no injury whatever. There is no doubt that these have, for the most part, served as food for the starfishes, so abundant on these grounds, and from which I have often taken entire shells of many kinds, including *pteropods*. Many fishes, like the cod, haddock, hake, etc., have the habit of swallowing shells entire, and after digesting the contents they discharge the unaltered shells, and such shells abound here. The broken shells have probably been extensively preyed upon by the larger crabs and other crustaceans. The large crabs, belonging to the genera *Cancer* and *Geryon*, and the large hermit crabs abundant in this region have strength sufficient to break most of the bivalve shells. Although I have often seen such crustacea break open bivalves for food, I am well aware that they also feed on other things. Many fishes that feed on mollusca also break the shells before swallowing them, or that both fishes and crabs have doubtless helped to accumulate the broken shells that are so often scattered abundantly over the bottom, both in deep and in shallow water. A small devilfish (*Oetopus bairdii*) which is common in this region, also has the habit of feeding upon bivalve shells. Two other devilfishes, (*Eledone* and *Allopius*) of much larger size, are occasionally taken. The *Allopius* grows to the length of three feet or more, with a weight of twenty or thirty pounds.

At several localities, but especially in 234, 351, and 640 fathoms, respectively, we dredged fragments and nodular masses or concretions of a peculiar limestone, evidently of deep sea origin, and doubtless formed at or near the places where it was obtained. These specimens varied in size from a few inches in diameter up to one irregular nodular or concretionary mass, taken at station No. 1,124, in 640 fathoms, which was 29 inches long, 14 broad, and 6 thick, with all parts well rounded. This probably weighed 60 pounds or more. The masses differ much in appearance, color, texture, and fineness of grain, but they are all composed of grains of silicious sand, often very fine, cemented by more or less abundant calcareous matter. In some the grains of sand are large enough to be easily seen by the naked eye, and small quartz pebbles often occur in them, but in others the sand-grains are so fine that a microscopic examination is needed to distinguish them. These fine-grained varieties of the rock are often exceedingly compact, heavy, hard and tough, usually grayish or greenish in color. They usually weather brown, from the presence of iron, (probably as carbonate). The inclosed sand consists mainly of rounded grains of quartz, with some feldspar, mica, garnet and magnetite. It is like the loose sand dredged from the bottom in the same region. The coloring comes mainly from the iron. The masses derived mainly from the minute shells of *Foraminifera* abundantly disseminated through the sand, just as we find the recent *Foraminifera* (*Globigerina*, etc.) in the same region. In some cases I was able to identify distinct casts of *Foraminifera* in the rock. In some pieces of the rock distinct fossil shells were found, apparently of recent species (*Asarte*, etc.). The larger masses appear to have been originally concretions in a softer deposit which has been more or less worn away, the nodules and nodules so that the nodules are picked them up. The age of these rocks may, however, be as great as the pleistocene, or even the pliocene, so far as the evidence goes. Moreover, it is probable that they belong to a part of the same formation as the masses of fossiliferous sandy limestone and calcareous sandstone often brought up by the Gloucester fishermen from deep water on all the fishing banks from Georges to the Grand Bank, as described by me before. No rocks of this character have ever been found on the dry land of this coast.—*Times*.

## MAINE WINTER NOTES.

THE pine grosbeaks came to us in November, which is earlier than usual. They have stripped the apple trees of what fruit was left on them, not eating the apples but tearing them to pieces to get the seeds, leaving the snow under the trees covered with pumice. As my trees had been stripped clean by the children, and some apples into the branches, hoping to bait the birds into the yard, but they did not come. I also tied some open lace bags filled with hemp and canary seed, also some beef bones with meat on them; and it did not take long for the chickadees to find them. A few days later came a couple of sparrows, which I have no doubt are our ground sparrows; they have the flecked breast with a black spot in the center. For some reason they were left behind their companions in the autumn. Then came another bird, because of its little and of which I do not know the name, but take it to be a visitor from the North. Only one came at first, then two, and now a dozen; so I have put out a box of chaff, open at the side, and every day I throw into it a handful of meal and some hemp and canary seed, and they board with me regularly now. We all enjoy their presence very much. This morning I found one of the strange birds in the snow dead. They were the same birds of wintered birds, but I cannot conceive what killed it, certainly not the cold. It might have dived against the house. I took it into the house, and my little girl pleaded for it for a funeral, but I thought I would like to know the name of it, so I send it to you. Please name it.

Do English sparrows migrate? A few years ago, wishing to have some birds here which would stay with us winters, I introduced a few English sparrows from England, putting up bird houses in the trees for them. This was in the spring, I never saw them enter a house, and during the summer they disappeared. I am very sure; not one can be found within miles of here during the summer, but every year, about November, a flock of about twenty make their appearance and winter with us. They pick up their living about the grist mills, and go, no one knows where, in the spring. These are the kind of sparrows we have. They stay with us and help make our winter so happy in the winter, and go away in the spring and let better birds come. This is not an advertisement, as I have no eggs to sell; but I am very sure in my statement, the English sparrows winter with us, and not one can be found here in the summer.

The last one of my three young quail died late in Novem-



ber. I have three old ones in the same piano box, with glass windows laid on top; they are healthy, and don't seem to mind the cold. JAMES WRIGHT.  
[The bird is a tree sparrow (*Spizella monticola*).]

**SNIPES WINTERING IN COLORADO.**—Fort Lyon, Colorado, Feb. 3, 1888.—A soldier brought me to-day a true snipe (*Gallinago yellowi*) and stated it was in company with another. It was a male, in very fine condition. Size, average. Gizzard contained partly digested fish. In one of them (about one-fourth of an inch long) the eyes and tail could be plainly seen by the aid of a good lens. The bird seemed more lively than usual. I have skinned and stuffed him. He was shot at a spot where a small underground stream issues from the sand and the water does not freeze. It would seem an unlikely place to find snipe at any season, being perfectly barren—all sand and small stones. The ground here has been frozen solid for two weeks. No rain since last July. Severe northern with snow for the three days previous to this; temperature last night, 22 below. As all the wintering of snipe North of which I have heard described them as being found in sheltered, springy places, I thought the fact of their being found in winter in this bleak, barren country might be of interest. It is also, to me, a surprise to learn that Wilson's snipe sometimes goes a fishing. I would like to know if this fish diet is adopted from necessity, or if the bird ever eats fish when it can be in the ground?—L. C.

**PINE GROSBREASTS IN NEW YORK.**—Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y., Feb. 3.—In your issue of this week I noticed Harry De B. Page's mention of pine grosbeaks in New Jersey. Last Sunday while taking an after-dinner stroll in the western part of the city, I noticed a flock of birds in an evergreen a few rods from the street. I approached within less than two rods of them and watched them for some minutes while they were feeding. I came to the conclusion that they must have been pine grosbeak, although I had never seen but one specimen before, which was secured by a young friend some years ago, and the only one I ever knew of being taken here. On Monday, after banking hours, I took my gun and went to the same place, and found the birds within twenty rods of where I saw them the day before. I went among them with a light charge of No. 12 shot, and secured four of them, one male and three female. My son has stuffed and mounted them in different positions, as I saw them while feeding, and they make a fine addition to his collection.—J. L. D.

**OPSSUMS ON LONG ISLAND.**—We were shown this week an opsum which was killed at Wading River, Suffolk county, L. I., on the fifth of February last, by a dog belonging to Mr. L. C. Valentine.

**"WHEN THEY COME AND WHY."**—In sixth line of the paragraph upon the head, page 11, for "four or five years" read "forty-five years."

## MINNESOTA SENATE RESOLUTIONS.

**U**NDER date of February 8, comes the following dispatch from St. Paul, of the proceedings in the Minnesota Senate relative to the seizure of the Yellowstone National Park:

In the Senate to-day Mr. Wilson offered a concurrent resolution reciting the attempt of a party of capitalists to secure control of the Yellowstone National Park, and the warning of Gen. Sheridan and Senator Vest upon the topic, and requesting that the Senators and Representatives of Minnesota in Congress use their influence to secure this Park for the public good, free from the extortions of monopolists. The resolution also thanked Gen. Sheridan and Senator Vest for their timely efforts to prevent the securing of the Park for a cattle ranch and for the purpose of extorting money from the general public. The resolution is a copy of one passed by the Legislature of Illinois. Some inquiry was made as to the certainty of the charges, which Senator Wilson stated was a matter of general report.

Senator Peck remarked that the matter had been before Congress and the people for thirty days. In Senator Vest's resolution the matter was fully explained and wisely published at the time. Senator Gilliland moved to refer the resolution to the Committee on Federal Relations. He held that the Senate would show unbecomingly haste in adopting a resolution upon insufficient knowledge. The yeas and nays were called for on Senator Gilliland's motion to refer, and the motion was lost by a vote of 20 to 2. Mr. Gilliland gave notice of debate. Objection was made by one Senator to the words "cattle ranch," and Senator Wilson erased them.

## THE SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS.

**I** CAME yesterday into possession of the Seven-League Boots. How this rare good fortune was attained need not be detailed; but I beg to assure you it was no such infernal compact as that by which the unhappy Peter Schlemihl won the same wondrous leathers.

Sitting in my easy chair before the grate last evening, impatient to test their magic, I pulled on the Boots. Of what wonder I shall not attempt to give more than the barest of time. Hardly were my feet fairly enmeshed in the leathers before I found myself two thousand miles away to the North, amid the howls of the Arctic, blazing the reindeer with Lieut. Schwatka and his faithful Tooleahs. The change in temperature was, as you may well conceive, something tremendous, but partly because of the excitement of my novel position and the exhilaration of the chase, and partly because of certain properties of the Boots, I felt it not. With barely time to count the Lieutenant's gun, I was whisked away another two thousand miles, and as quickly the reindeer, in company with "Seneca" putting up and bracing down the bow, whirled in an out-of-the-way spot in Western New York. But only for a moment—for quick as comes and goes the buck's flank in the opening of the brush, I passed twelve hundred miles to the South, and with Dr. Henshall explored the borders of the Everglades, where I was as much interested in the sweltering Seminoles as but a few minutes before in the frozen Esquimaux three thousand miles away.

From southern Florida it was but a bagatelle of fifteen hundred miles to the Maine woods. Thence to the London Aqueduct, three thousand miles, and a like distance down to New Hampshire. With the speed of lightning I was transported to—but, my dear Forest and Stream, you must long before this have perceived that I have been all this time sitting here in my comfortable chair, before the fire, reading the pages of your last number, which came in my mail yesterday. Neither you nor I would be so bold as to declare the Boots themselves a myth, though I confess for myself that I never expect to wear them; but do you know I really don't care much for them, so long as, sitting in my chair, I can travel the world over with such a companion as yourself. MRS. HAWK.

## Game Bag and Gun.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

## RUNNING FOR LIFE.

**I**T WAS three o'clock of a starlight morning in November, 1846, that I mounted as fleet a filly of four years old as I ever rode. I was to go down the river fifteen miles on an errand and to be back before breakfast. My father had a large farm, and I was the chore boy for all; so I was always at home in the saddle.

I had to pass through a thick hemlock growth of about four miles without a clearing. Soon after entering the woods I was thrown forward on the neck of the colt, and she snorted and made an effort to turn. I looked ahead and discovered what I supposed to be a large dog. I was vexed with the pony to think she should be afraid of a dog, so I struck her with the stick, and she bounded by with a leap that would have made me much more used to riding; and as I passed the creature it leaped toward me and grazed the colt on the hip. That made her about as frightened as it did me, for I then discovered that the animal was a very large catamount. The pony flew like the wind; and as I recovered from my first fright I looked over my shoulder and found the creature was right after me. My knowledge of the panther's habits, furnished by the old hunters of that day, was all correct in a moment. I thought if I could keep the colt at the distance now gained I might outwind the panther, but I had no experience to tell how long she might follow.

The filly hurred the ground and flew like the wind. Every moment I looked back to see if the creature was gaining on me; but I found I was holding my own. The time I passed over that forest was my much more than I need to wait, although it seemed an age. I had been chased a lot of wolves one dark night through a piece of thick hemlock timber in another part of Oxford county, and the filly had come out all right, although I came near being left; but this was quite another kind of beast. The first three miles it was about nip and tuck, but as we neared the first clearing I found I was gaining on the panther, and I began to take courage. The colt still hurred, and I was now riding with a rattled behind her like hail; and still we flew on, with the panther in the rear. While I was thinking over what I should do if she still continued to follow, I came to the clearing on which was a log house; but I knew it would be useless to stop there, so I rode up mind to keep on; and as I passed the house I looked back, and the panther had turned off in the woods, perhaps thinking that I was not good meat.

I did not go back as soon as I had intended; but when I did return I measured the track and found the leaps, which averaged twenty feet. The creature was shot a few days after by a man named Spencer, in the town of Baldwin, Oxford county, and I measured it. It was just nine feet from tip to tip. I think that it was the largest panther there is any history of being killed in that State.

S. P. HENRIARD, M. D.

TACONOT, MASS.

## FREEDMAN vs. BOB WHITE.

**I**T IS funny to me that your correspondents, after telling you of the almost universal scarcity of partridges, should inform you the negro is in no wise responsible for that scarcity, because, forsooth, he has lost all fondness for hunting. I wonder it does not occur to these gentlemen that the sable Nimrods have given up the sport to wherever it may be for the simple reason—"It don't pay." It gives them no more pleasure than it does us to carry a gun all day long, and come home with an empty bag. In autumn, for weeks together, negroes, by scores and hundreds, go out every night in fresh tide-water marshes after sora, which they kill in great numbers by torchlight; and this they did in the time of their slavery, and they had to do so now; now they are out all night if they choose, and sleep during the day. And old Virginia, at this very time, would be a possum paradise, but for the nocturnal darkey, who would not swap a big fat possum for all the curvass-backs of the Chesapeake.

No doubt Dr. Elzey speaks correctly, for the part of Virginia with which he is acquainted is the grazing section of the State. But I apprehend he knows very little of the system of farming, the physical condition of the country, or of the habits of the negroes in tide-water Virginia. In the counties of King William, New Kent and Charles City, extending from the Mattaponi south to James River, farming is not done so carefully as before the war, but it is exactly the farming partridges delight in. Hedge-rows, ditch-banks and springy places all grown up in briars and bushes. Wheat, oats and peas are grown on every plantation that pretends to be cultivated, and the manner of harvesting is the same now as for the past thirty years. There is an abundance of cover and of feed—wheat, oats, peas, Magotha bay-bean, and sometimes millet, but no birds. Whereas, for several years after the war, the whole low country was alive with Bob White, notwithstanding there was not so much of small grain then as now, nor thurality of peas and the bay-bean, a spontaneous growth in lower Virginia, highly esteemed by birds and supplying excellent cover.

If Dr. Elzey would only make one visit to these counties he would never again in his description of the general condition of Virginia talk about "the thicker settling of the country, and clearing of forests and swamps and brushlands;" for the reverse is exactly true in every particular as to nearly every part of tide-water Virginia, away from the cities of Norfolk, Hampton and Suffolk. The second day of Christmas, 1882, three deer were distributed at King William C. H. among the huntsmen. Deer are not fond of a thickly settled country where forests, swamps, etc., are cleared up; yet they are largely on the increase in all the counties I have named. And to-day I believe King William county is the best ground in the whole State for partridges, taking climate, soil, water, cover and forage together. Still I know of but one farm in the county which affords good sport, and that is owned by a gentleman who does not allow hunting or trapping by his tenants.

In the country of which I am writing, most of the negroes, who are heads of families, like to rent a piece of land with a cabin on it, so as to raise a family and to grow corn. They, with their wives and children, raise a crop of corn and such vegetables as grow without much attention; but

not one of them will hit a lick, Saturday, in his own crop. For their meat they depend on hunting, trapping and fishing, although they are always glad to sell what they catch (except "possums"), the money being used to buy the grocery; and it is remarkable how little they eat when they have their own food to find. For money they rely on wood-chopping, loading vessels, working at saw-mills and in the harvest field, and gathering the crops of corn on the large farms. In this way they handle more money than those who hire themselves to farmers by the year, although they are so well paid. What a Christmas comes, because so much of their time has been spent leading around the grocery; and "there's where the money goes." But the negro is going to hunt small game till the crack of doom, if the small game will only abide with us. He never goes for large game.

So I stand to my text that the partridge has been well-nigh exterminated by the ever active, eager, ingenious destructiveness of man. What has become of the bison on the sunrise side of the Mississippi? Done to death by the fur hunter. And why are we propagating fish artificially? Let seines and gill-nets and fyke-nets and purse-nets and pound-nets and guano manufacturers answer.

RALLTWOOD.

YONKOTA, February 8, 1888.

[In issue of Feb. 1, article entitled "The Negroes and the Birds," last line on page 7, for "destructive as a sportsman" read "destructive as a city sportsman."]

## IMPROVED SHOTGUN SHELLS.

**D**URING the past year the English sportsman has been investigating the merits of a shotgun shell recently placed on the market under the name of "Kynoch's Perfect Case." This shell is composed of very thin and flexible brass in order that when loaded the end may be closed to retain the charge as in paper shells. The shells are, of course, waterproof, but as regards shooting do not appear to have any special advantage over paper shells shot in the same gun; that is to say, there is very little difference either in pattern or penetration between a 12-gauge Kynoch and a 12-gauge paper shell each charged with the same load. Continued and careful experiment, however, brought to light the fact that a 14-gauge Kynoch shot in a 12-gauge gun gave much better results than a 12-gauge paper shell in the same conditions. To shoot a 14-gauge K. in a 12-bore gun necessitates bushing the chamber, the barrel, or obtaining a new pair of barrels specially chambered for the 14-gauge Kynoch. When this is done there is little doubt that greatly improved shooting results, as careful trials by the editor of the London Field, by Mr. Greener and others testify. Our British cousin is now trying to make up his mind whether he will have his barrels altered or new ones made, or whether to stick to his old barrels and paper shells. We make these statements in view of the fact that we have recently had an opportunity of examining an American invention which promises to more fully meet the requirements of sportsmen than does the Kynoch. Theoretically the shooting should be as good, if not better, than that of the English shell, and it can be used in guns chambered in any manner. It appears to possess the principal advantages of the brass and paper shells without their special defects. It is reliable, waterproof, tight, capable of being crimped, but slightly more expensive than the paper shell, and probably not more than one-fourth the price of the ordinary brass shell. We hope at an early day to be able to give full details concerning it. The improved shell is the invention of our occasional contributor, "H. G. P."

## ADIRONDACK WINTER NOTES.

**A** FEW days ago I met one of our best still-hunters, who, in five days last fall, had killed nine deer.

"How many did you and the boys kill with the dogs?"  
"We hunted ten days," he replied, "and got one big buck and two does. The buck I killed on the runway; he had got by all the other boys and was making for the swamp; we had run him three or four different times, and he always got away, but I smoked him."

"Then you did better still-hunting than with the dogs?"  
"Yes, I can kill five to one, when the snow is good. But the deer are wild this season; they have been dogged so much. I wish every dog was dead—no, I don't, either. We guides get lots of days' work that we would not get if we did not hunt with dogs, and if we did not hunt with dogs very few people who come from the cities would ever see a deer."

"That is so, and don't you think that the dogs are a protection to the deer in this way, that they make the deer harder for the still-hunters to get up to?"

"Yes; I used to kill ten deer where I do one now, and I have to work harder every year to get up to them. Four is the most I ever killed in one day. Bill Danforth says he has killed seven in one day. I have known of his killing five in a day, but he has been out a number of days this season, and the last time I heard from him he had not killed a single one. He says he never saw them so wild."

"Do you think the deer are growing scarce about here?"

"No; I never saw the deer signs so thick as I did the day I was in back of your house, where I killed the two bucks. I could have started a dozen deer that day. No; I think the deer are on the increase every year."

"Do you think the dogs by running deer worry them so many of them die after the dogs leave them?"

"No; I never found but one that I thought would have died. I found him in the ice where he could not have got out, and I killed him and took him home to save his life!"

I have given this conversation just as it took place, showing the opinion of one of the best of our hunters as to how the deer are on the increase every year. The still-hunters last fall; they all complained that the deer were wild; there were lots of them, but they were hard to get up to.

I have read much about bears in the Forest and Stream during the season, and have one little story that has not been told in print. About the first of last year, "Lime" De Bar set a trap at Hayes Brook to catch a muskrat. His first day's work was a three-mile tramp to his bait, and he had to walk five miles with a trap of twenty pounds, and meat twenty-five more. One week from that day he visited his bait and found the trap gone, with good signs of bear. He followed the trail about one mile and found the trap by the side of a stump—a "little hair, no bear."

"Lime" is naturally of a thoughtful turn of mind; so he sat down to study the signs, and satisfied himself as to how the bear would get up to the bait. He went back an hour, then he picked up the trap and went back to the "cubby house" to set the trap again, and found that the bear had



been in while he was gone, and had eaten up all his bait. "Limo" was mad. He came to the house, got some more bait and another trap, and went back, vowing to have that bear if it took all summer. He visited the traps in a few days, and found a hedgehog in each; took them out and added them to the pile of bait. The next time he found a rabbit in one and a woodchuck in the other. He went a few days after and found another "quill pig." We then began to laugh at him; but "Limo" was bound to have the bear.

July 1, he came in to celebrate, and to help pass the time, visited the traps, and found nothing disturbed. So he went fishing down the brook, and was gone about three hours. On his way to the house, when about half a mile from the trap, he heard a noise. He said "he knew there was a bear in the trap, or two bears fighting near where the trap was." He threw off his pack and ran. When he came in sight of the traps, he said he could see the old fellow moving the sliders with the trap, and roaring every time he struck; but "Limo" could not get a shot at him. "But," says he, "when the bear snuff me, he started, and I after him; and he ran more than a mile before I got a shot at him; then I got in one, and he turned, and I had to dance to keep out of the way; but I got in another shot and settled him." "Limo," then, had a four-hundred pound bear five miles from the house, and it was five o'clock in the afternoon. He took the sliders out and came to the house, and went back the next day for the meat. The skin was not of much value, as the hair was thin, but it was a very large one. It was a great deal of labor for a little bear, but he had the satisfaction of beating the bears at last. He killed two, later in the season, that were good.

As I write, the thermometer says sixteen below zero. Our snow still accumulates, and there is no let up to the cold. It has been a long, steady pull. The winter birds have gone South, or somewhere else. We have heard a owl since snow came; no crossbills or jays. One white-throated sparrow got left in some way, and stays around the barn and woodshed. I fixed a hole for him to get into the barn, where I gave him corn meal. He has become quite tame, and I hope to keep him till spring. The cat got after a skunk under the kitchen. Result—he cat stays out of doors nights, and we had to abandon the kitchen. I afterwards "night-hunted" the animal with the cat, and shot the varmint, the only one I ever saw here.

A. R. FULLER.

MEACHAM LAKE, Jan. 24, 1883.

#### DUCKING ON JULINGTON CREEK.

FIFTEEN miles south of Jacksonville, Julington Creek enters the St. Johns River from the west. Three miles from its mouth it forks and the prongs extend several miles out in the direction of the sea. As it has not been advertised as the "paradise for sportsmen," the shooting is pretty good.

G. was staying with us for a fortnight after making a tour of the States. G. is an Englishman, but not aggressively so. B. suggested we go on a camp up Julington. The place is called Ever-Blue, a thirty-five foot sloop named to distinguish her from a rival craft at the Ever-Blue. Whatever the Ever-Blue's qualities were on the wind, it was generally conceded that she was lightning with her sheets started; and she fully sustained her reputation that day. We had no ballast unless we so count Point, a setter, supposed, at that time, to be a terror to wild turkeys. His merits have been extolled since. As ballast he was not such a success. The boat was so much, he was unable to maintain a position on the weather side, and eventually settled himself in the lee scuppers, close by the demijohn whence nothing could move him.

The wind blew a gale, and as we had points for only one reef, it was very nice work sailing. Finally we got a "slant" for the mouth of the creek, and we fairly flew. It required both B. and myself at the helm to hold her to it.

The mouth of the creek, which is over a mile wide, we ran fast, a flock of scamp or raft ducks, and knocked over a couple, B. dropping astern in the "dugout" to pick them up.

G. was in the bow tending big and watching for shots, and the boat fairly ran away with me. Twice she missed stays because she was so light by the head, and I could not handle both sheet and tiller quick enough. We ran through a flock of ducks, and G. dropped three, but I could not stop. At last with a gasp, and a slight lull of the wind, we got out about and ran back, and having picked up B., who had lost his birds, we ran on again to where G. had knocked down his three, and secured two of them.

Then we came to anchor and had a "cold snack." After washing our lunch down with diluted water, we "up jib" and start up the creek.

At a point called the "Lily Pads," which is the beginning of an immense stretch of floating water lilies and water lilies, we have too. Large flocks of ducks and coots were flying about or settling in the open spaces among the lilies. All of them were very wild.

One came along flying high, distant about sixty yards. B. let drive with his ten-bore choke, No. 5 shot. The duck's head and wings dropped and he seemed to hang suspended for a second in mid-air, then down he came, stone dead.

After killing a few more we sailed on up the creek, being anxious to get to "Blue Bluff Landing," our usual camping spot, before dark. The banks of the creek were most beautiful. I think our Southern autumn is finer than the Northern. The colors are not so strong. There is more gray and brown here, principally on account of the Spanish moss, which falls from every limb and branch. Still there are plenty of bright tints.

We arrived at camp in good time and soon had a roaring "lightwood" fire going, and hauling some coals out on the windward side we prepared our supper. After supper we lighted our pipes and fell to telling stories, that chief of delights around a camp-fire, and before we turned in we all agreed to meet in California in the spring of '84 when G. comes through from his way home from India.

That night as I lay on my rug, watching the full moon nearly overhead, I heard the familiar sound of flying ducks, and a flock passed across the face of the moon, and the whistle of their wings grew fainter and fainter, and the howl-hon of the owl grew more and more distant, and the camp-fire flickered lower and lower—and I was asleep.

We were up by break of day and took the dugout to try the open spots of water among the water lettuce. On our way we found geese, and a single high over our heads, the first we have ever seen in the creek.

We found ducks and coots plentiful, but very wild. B. got a blue-winged teal which was the only other variety of

duck beside the stamp—save one scattering butterball, which last nearly caused B. to capsize the dugout in the frantic attempts he made to grab his bird before it dived. The dugout was very cranky and leaked badly. Standing up in it was almost an impossibility, and our only means of navigation was one poor worm-eaten paddle, which we took turns in using.

We had good sport with the ducks, but took no notice of the thousands of coots, as they were entirely too easily killed to furnish any sport. Finally we started sailing down on the different flocks that floated near the mouth of the creek, and we obtained some good shots. On our way home we stopped to interview H., at the entrance of the creek. H. has built himself a very neat domicile, and named the place "Orthodox Point," for reasons it would be inconvenient to explain. H. was absent, so hanging a pair of ducks on the porch out of the reach of Major, his setter, we attached a note written with a cartridge for want of a pencil, and steered for home, where we arrived in time for a roast duck dinner.

We got considerable shooting about here and collect some fine specimens of herons, and have obtained several specimens of the purple gallinule. There are more ducks this winter than I ever knew before.

MANSBART, Fla., Jan. 10, 1883.

#### "A LONG PULL, AND A STRONG PULL."

WE were at City Point, Va. It was the 23d of December, fog, fog, fog! So thick you could taste it. Over everything and everywhere. "Now look here, Brunt, we must reach home for Christmas!" "You's best tak de Old Dominyn fur Richmond, boss," put in an old dapper patriarch, "dat de surest." "When is she due here, Uncle?" "Dunno, sah; she may be bout four leet, kep by de fog, I reckon." "I say, Brunt, we will have to make a start for Petersburg. That's the only chance. If we make the train from there, all right; if not, we are stuck, and that, my friend, is just about the size of it. Any horses in town, Uncle?" "You see dat white gemman on de wharf? Dis a way, dar he, tall gemman in de big hat, he de only man what keep a boss, I reckon he kin tak you over."

We proceeded to interview the tall gentleman, in the big hat. "Can you take us over to Petersburg for the 3:25 train north?" "Waal, I can't tote you myself; and my boy, he's gone to cut a Christmas tree, ef you mind to wait for him, I'll send you over" (emphasizing the send). "When will he be back?" "About two hours, I reckon," (glancing at his watch, a huge affair, with an immense fob strung to it, a decoration which finely set off his slovenly attire and cowhide boots, with trousers tucked in their tops). "Too late for us. 'You won't go yourself, then?' "That, I believe, was the remark I made, stranger."

The old uncle came to the rescue again: "You's best take a boat, boss, and row to Petersburg by de ribber, twelve mile. Hyar, Buck, hyar, Buck, cum an' range wid de gemman to take 'em to Petersburg wid your boat." Buck approached, and a fine, sturdy fellow he looked. He could row us to the Blue, you all agree. Well, I mus' have sum one to go 'long and your wid me." "All right, shake her up and get the boat ready, we will have flood tide most of the way if you are lively." "How much you goin' to pay, boss?" queried Buck, "twill be worth four dollars." "I'll give you five if you get us there by 2:30." "We'll do it, sir, if we can't pull thar in two hours, nobody run' hyar can't."

We weave our luggage to follow us by express, and having secured a bottle of whisky, the best thing in the world to bring the fog out of a darkey, we tumbled in and are off, in as dense a fog as ever covered the bosom of the James. Our boys were a team of finely developed lads, with broad backs, superb shoulders, and a long reach, which told wonderfully, as they swung together. The old tub fairly made the water boil as she gathered headway under the powerful stroke of the young athletes. The weather was close and muggy, and I noticed that Brunt perched himself in the bow when we started in an off-hand sort of way, at least I thought so, but as usual there was method in the madness of the long-headed old fellow. As he settled down he snuffed, a deep, meaning smile, and when the fog lifted, and the sun glanced down, lending an additional warmth to the already comfortably warm atmosphere, the smile broadened into a grin, as the steam which arose in clouds from our perspiring bosoms was wafted directly into our faces. Talk of Araby the blest!

"Will you smile, boys?" said Theo. "Yes, sah," said Buck, our stroke. "Hold on Buck," yelled Charlie in the bow, "I dry too, dry as a bone!" "Shet your mouf, nigger, gemman cums fust," retorted Buck as he passed it to Charlie. "Here's a handkerchief to dry your face, boy," said Theo, "keep it, keep it to remember me by." During this pause we took the opportunity to light our cigars, and for the first time since we had started they neutralized to a great extent our discomfort, but how we did smoke!

Leaving the James, we pulled into the Appomattox; and here the surroundings were of great beauty and interest. We were among the scenes of the Peninsula Campaign, and our boys, whose tongues were now loosened, and who were, by the way, bright intelligent fellows, pointed out as we passed along, points of historical interest, among them the fighting spires, which still show their heads above the muddy stream. The Government has, at considerable expense, deepened the channel, and the neat white posts, at from two to three hundred yards apart, bearing the depth in distinct black figures on their faces, looked at us in a stolid indifferent way as we glided past. The "tangle foot" was working at last on Buck, and his fiendish whoops would now and again break the stillness, and his exclamations, such as "I can't only see the bottom of the boat," and "the boys, flung back by the echoes. This stimulated Charlie, and the din was tremendous for a time, as with shouts and laughter they beat to their work, starting the herons, who flapped up as we approached, and labored off with their long legs dangling. Gradually the laughter ceased and the whoops were few. Then Charlie addressed Buck: "Say, nigger, is you hit agin on you bed, for all that appearance, Mr. Ashford, you're bed is very muddy." "You're right," says Buck, "you must excuse me, Mr. Williams, he's gittin' a little off; in fact he ain't doin' no talkin', de black bottle am a speakin' now!" "Shet up! Mr. Ashford, the bottle the response, 'you are not responsible for your akshuns nur your words. Work up! work up! man; dese gemmen hev to catch dat train, don't you forget it.'"

At last we see the spires and chimneys of Petersburg around a bend in the river, and with a long and strong pull we sweep up to the wharf and clamber out, just two hours

and seventeen minutes from City Point, remarkable time, considering the fact that fully half the distance was made against a strong current, which, owing to the swollen state of the river from recent rains, made the task a heavy one. We made our train. And now I must beg "Kingfisher's" pardon, but spring water would not have done it. Without that black bottle the darkeys could not have kept up the pace required of them.

That was a memorable trip, and one among many of the little experiences which fall to the wanderer by forest and stream, and especially to those who find themselves among the ungetaway-fromable places in the sunny South. DICK.

#### SUMMER SHOOTING.

THE recent editorial of FOREST AND STREAM on the "Proposed Maine Summer Shooting" moves me, as a professional man, to ask a few questions, and to suggest another side which possibly the editor overlooks.

It is not difficult to see the force of the argument of those who oppose all summer shooting. If we are to have game the young must be protected, and the open season must not be too long. All that is plain enough. But is it not possible to have some shooting in the vacation season of the year without sacrificing the game or killing the goose that lays the golden egg?

Now, Mr. Editor, of all men in our land it is the brain workers who need the glorious recreations of the woods and fields, with rifle, gun and dog. I am a clergyman and for many years I have been urging my trigger brethren to take to the woods with gun and dog. Many of them are now victims of the strange fascination of the trigger, and if you keep your eyes open you will see the beautiful setter about many a parsonage. The clergyman must close his vacation by the middle of September at the latest, and then comes the tread-mill round of brain work and responsibility for eleven solid months. His only opportunity is the summer shooting.

Another class of equal importance to our civilization is that of college professors and school teachers. Of these there are tens of thousands in the institutions of the land. These all resume work about the middle of September also. The best fishing is in the early summer, and the best shooting is in the fall, but the vacation season unfortunately comes just between these, and there is no encouragement for these professional men to give themselves to a recreation which, like sleep, "knits up the raveled sleeve of care, is balm of hurt minds and chief nourisher in life's feast."

Beside the teachers and the clergy there are thousands of other brain workers. The lawyers, the theatrical profession, architects and artists of all kinds, and the physicians at least of the wealthy classes, all of these find their slackest season in the summer. Editors can get off in November as well as August, and the same, possibly, can be said of a large proportion of the wealthy gentlemen who compose the game clubs, and who are constantly denouncing the use of a gun before October.

Now, is there nothing owed to the above classes? Are no concessions to be made in their behalf?

Many of the States permit grouse shooting in September and woodcock shooting in August, and there seem to be as many of these birds in those States as in others.

What lover of the chase cares to go to the North Woods in the fall, when the chance on the game is so small?

But if you permit any shooting at all the pot-hunters will take advantage and destroy the half-grown game. Yes, undoubtedly some of that will be done; but a considerable experience has convinced me that as a rule men keep to the bird they go for and respect the law.

Something will be sacrificed undoubtedly by summer shooting, but we can estimate the gain that will result from sending the brain workers off into the woods for four or six weeks every year?

Hear the other side, says the proverb, CLERICUS.

#### THE BIG-GUN DUCKERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have gunned in the neighborhood of Havre de Grace, Md., for nearly twenty years, and think I know some of the doings of the big gunners. During all that time it has been the same as at the present, almost an impossible matter to put a stop to these big-gun shooters. For the last four or five years police have been appointed with a salary attached, and for the duties performed the salary was considered sufficient. The policeman in the fall of the year will be seen sailing around the flats looking among the box-boat men, and now and then he does catch one of them on the flats a few moments ahead of the time prescribed by law. The coming of cold weather puts a very different aspect on the picture. You will then find the police sitting around some good warm stove in Havre de Grace. He don't hear any big guns in the night, nor at any time for that matter. He is perfectly conversant with their doings and knows every one of the big-gun men, and he may be related to some of them.

Look down to the wharfs of Havre de Grace. See the craft anchored off the wharves and in the stream. Some contain the box-boats of the licensed gunners. What are these small skiffs we see on some of the craft? Why those are big-gun skiffs. But where is their anchor? Their destructive tubes? Why, bless your innocent heart, that's along the shore somewhere, hid in the bushes waiting to be called for.

There is one thing that seems very strange to me, that is, why the landowners all the way from Spessita Narrows to the Gunpowder River do not make complaint. They have plenty of chances, as the big-gunners are prowling around on the lookout for beds of ducks. When they see a good one they call it, and the gunners come to anchor with their small spool go below, eat supper, and things fixed.

On yonder cove is a large rack of redheads and canvas-backs; they have been there for three or four days. Mr. Big Gun sees them, and he knows by their actions that they will stay over night, or until he gets one shot at them. The sun sets; the shades of darkness fall; nothing is seen but the dim light in the sloop's cabin. Soon there is a shuffle on the deck and a splash is heard; that's the skiff put overboard. Then a low voice says: "Oh, Brin! where the gun at?" "Go along the marsh about fifty yards, and about fifty feet south of the little gum tree you will see it."

Now your correspondent does not say that all the big-guns are hidden to view; some, but not so many, are in the houses of the black men in the vicinity of the shores, and it was once said when I was at Bush River that a big-gun was owned by a club man, and shot in the coves of the very grounds that he rented to a club.

"Well, let's have a shot at them ducks we left in the cove."

Everything is put in readiness in the skiff and away he paddles, with small paddles something like a mush-stick or breast-stick. Two of these are used, one in each hand, while the gunner sits on his stomach. Soon he has reached his starting point on the shore and has things all ready. The ranks of ducks are drawing closer to him; fifty yards, that's near enough. A small pinch of powder on the skiff's gunwale is ignited by a match; this causes the ducks to raise their heads. Away goes the big gun. Down comes Mr. Big Gun's friend from the sloop, and helps pick up the dead ducks. The cripples go away to die along the marsh edges. No difference to B. G. he has killed sixty. This is the modus operandi of most of the big gunners.

I remember upon one occasion that in a cove between the Sutton farm and Eliot's, at the mouth of the Bush River, redheads had traded and bedded for nearly a week without being shot at. One morning Mr. B. G. spied the bonanza. He had his shot. In the morning there were about ten ducks alive in the cove, where the afternoon previous, there had been two or three thousand.

Now I would propose a meeting to be held at either Baltimore or Philadelphia, of the club men and those who pay an annual rental of from \$100 to \$2,000 for the privilege of using these shores. I think an act can be framed and presented before the session is over that will do away with big-guns. Now is the time to act. Spring is upon us, and the coves will be filled with ducks that are in many cases mated. Let us see if we cannot prevent the depreciation of the sport that we have to pay sums for.

The box-batmen at Havre de Grace will join in giving a helping hand, as they are opposed to the big-guns, but from a fellow feeling never complain. The special policeman is satisfied with his salary, and in consequence no complaints from any source ensue.

I would like to hear from all the clubs, from the Sardine on Swan Creek to the Salmon on Gunpowder River.

RAP BASK, N. J.

TEX BOMB.

It should not be supposed the illegal use of swivel guns and the slaughter of fowl in the Spessitia Island section has been carried on for late years only. For twenty-five years it has been known that a big-gun or two was owned and regularly used at night, while the weather would permit near approach to the fowl. Of late, however, the number of these murderous implements has been increased, and the owners becoming more bold in the use of them, it was determined to make a vigorous effort to put a stop to the operations which were known to be in open violation of the law. We are in hopes now that the fowl can resort to their feeding grounds, at night at least, undisturbed, that a visible increase of their numbers will be noticed, and that during the past five years it has been evident that the flocks were greatly decreasing, and those that frequented the Havre de Grace waters were yearly becoming much more shy, doubtless on account of their continual harassing by the swivel guns.

The owners of ducking shores living in our city are jubilant over the success of the late raid against the pot-hunters, and one gentleman made the remark to me yesterday that he would be glad to see the shooting either prohibited or limited to one day in the week instead of three as at present.

HOTO.

## THE AIR-SPACE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Bullseye's" communication in your issue of the 4th of January having elicited several notes on the subject mentioned by him, permit me to say, though from the distance from which I write I am necessarily rather late in the day, that to me there does not seem to be the slightest probability of the accident mentioned by him having been occasioned by an air-space, but that it was caused by the use of the blank cartridge. The ordinary Snider (government pattern) blank is not calculated to stand much strain, having a comparatively roughly made brown paper case, which is sufficiently strong for the purpose required, to seal the chamber of the rifle on the explosion of two and a half drams of more or less damaged and weak powder. On a bullet, however, being placed in front of the cartridge, air-space or no, its resistance would commonly increase, the strain of the powder as to the cartridge, and the gas rushing past the metal cartridge head, after bursting through the front paper portion, would no doubt in some cases be sufficiently powerful to blow open the breech, especially in the older pattern Sniders, and cause the damage mentioned by "Bullseye."

I will now mention that I have seen a government pattern military Martini-Henry rifle fired several times with a large air-space, without any ill effects, the strain of the powder as to the rifle, however, was not loaded with a bullet, but had been accidentally plugged up about a foot from the breech with a piece of rag with which it was being wiped out, and which could not be disclosed. To save a visit to the armorer, the owner, a volunteer, took the bullet out of a ball cartridge and spilling all the powder, but half a dram or so, fired it off, with no result, and having a third time, but this time using of escaping gas from the breech, and when that was opened the empty shell flew out like a champagne cork. The experiment was tried three or four times with larger powder charges, with the same result. Almost a full charge was fired the last time, but the rag remained. Of course the gas of the bigger charge took longer to escape. It was, no doubt, an extremely foolish thing to do, and if tried with anything less substantial than a bullet, it might have led to sad results. I mention this as an actual case of air-space of an exaggerated character.

BENJAMIN SEY.

GLASGOW, Scotland, Jan. 23.

## IT WAS LOADED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Let me here, for the benefit of the readers of your most interesting paper, caution those of them who, like myself, have been in the habit of carelessly handling loaded shells. To rectify a case, Mr. F. H., of this city, loaned to his friends, say, 30, his new Remington-Union Gun. On their return from a short hunting trip, one of the party remarked that one of the shells missed fire. Mr. H. said he never knew of his gun missing fire and asked to see the shell; it was handed to him and he said "Oh, yes. I see the cap is no good." He then placed the shell (a brass one, loaded with 4 drams of powder and 1 oz. No. 4 shot) in the extractor and pressed down on the lever. Immediately there was a loud report, the concussion disintegrating the hammer, and Mr. H. exclaimed, "I am shot, boys!" and fainted.

I was hastily summoned, and found that one finger of the

left hand was shot entirely away, leaving nothing but the bare bone protruding. Another finger and the thumb were each badly ripped open, the left cheek cut through from the mouth to the left eyebrow, and the left eye cut open for about one-third its length.

I amputated one finger and dressed the remaining wounds, and subsequently the eyeball itself was removed.

The young man is yet in a precarious condition, but I think that with judicious treatment the other eye can be saved. The shell itself flew in three pieces, the shot being slightly imbedded in the door.

I am constrained to send you these facts partly because the accident is somewhat unique, and also as a warning to other indifferent sportsmen who may be tempted to extract caps from loaded shells, a thing I myself have often done. It may be scarcely necessary to add that I have performed that exploit for the last time. J. L. WILLIAMSON, M. D.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

## MYSTERIOUS MONSTERS.

A. N. East Douglas, Mass., correspondent, writing under date of Feb. 4, says: "Our town and those about it are much excited by the presence of a strange animal. His recent appearance on Jan. 24 during the night, and his tracks found about the outbuildings of our farmers. About a week ago he was seen by two men, who were within a few feet of him. They give this description: Head large and shaped like a cat's, with short, erect ears. Body heavy at the shoulders, tapering to the flanks, with a long tail; hair reddish brown above, below of a lighter shade; height about twenty-eight or thirty inches at shoulder; length five or six feet not including tail; of a four and one-half inches by six. He has been seen by several different persons, and all agree very nearly on the points given. What is it? I am inclined to say a panther, but as I know but little about them, would like your opinion. His trail has been followed by some of the local hunters, but no one has succeeded in getting a shot at him as yet. He seems to have a wide range, and to turn but little while traveling."

The description is that of a panther (*Panthera concolor*). In this connection we republish from the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution the following account of a visit by "Uncle Remus" at the office of that paper:

"You all gentlemen nee n'ter ax me how I is," said Uncle Remus as he came in yesterday—"you nee n'ter ax me, kase I'm p'ly an mighty p'ly at dat." "Uncle Remus's manner of anticipation and his ready inquiries after his health attracted attention, but he said nothing. Every member of the editorial staff appeared to be deeply absorbed in his work. Uncle Remus waited a moment and then advanced to the grate and proceeded to warm his hands.

"Look lak de mo' I try ter git 'long de wuss ol' I is," the old man continued after a while. "I bin livin' out dar at Wes' E'en' year 'fo' he 'as in his year, and sot in ter live out dar dis year, but de devil come in de way, and he 'as in de year, or somer's else. He 'bless I kin stay dar twel' February. You take in give a man de spence w'at I got, an I 'bout he'll up say dat niggers ain't got no chance in dese Ninety-two States."

"Who has been troubling you now?" someone asked.

"Taint no w'ite folks," Uncle Remus replied. "I'll say dat. Taint no w'ite folks. De nigger, kase he 'as in de year, but de devil come in de way, and he 'as in de year, or somer's else. He 'bless I kin stay dar twel' February. You take in give a man de spence w'at I got, an I 'bout he'll up say dat niggers ain't got no chance in dese Ninety-two States."

Here there was a pause, so Uncle Remus searched around in his pocket for a chew of tobacco.

Presently he went on:

"Fus yer come de McCombe an set over agin de mornin' star den de elements turn an turn yer self loose, an den de like welder croke on me, an now, bless gracious, yer come 'long folks an say de woods is full of deez yer by-enuss creatures or some wharther kinder varment w'at I aint kotch de name um. Whar Mars Ivins Howell?"

The old man was told that he was in the editorial dressing room, just across the hall. Uncle Remus sighed, but did not enter the boudoir.

"De tell me," he continued, "dat dat varment got out darin Mars Ivins' back-yard, an chawed up a beef leg dese like folks chaws up rody cracker, an den he tuck an fan out dar an greet big English nasty, dese same ez 's'ed bin ou'er deez tarrier dogs. Now den, of Mars Ivins' 'll des up and tell me 'bout in his own mouf dat dat creature is servicus 'nuff fer ter han'le dat big nasty dog, den I'm gwine back home an fling my dole in de day an look out from der, kaze Wes' E'en' ain't no place for ole cripple nigger like me."

"It's done got ter pass whar sumpin' 'n'er got ter be done, an dat mighty quick. Miss Sally, she speck hit's dese ou'er dem an Kluk-Klusers, but Miss Sally she er cuse w'ite 'oman dat dey ain't no tellin' we'll see's roun' a rig on you, an mo'n dat, wat de ou'er or goodness make de Kluk-Klusers run 'round on be all-fours an paw up de groun' in Mars Ivins' back-yard. Dat w'at I wanten know."

"Why don't you take a gun and go out and kill it?" some one asked.

"Who? Me?" exclaimed Uncle Remus in a tone of mingled derision and astonishment. "Bless yo' soul, chile, ef dat creature 'll des lemme 'lone much ez I do hit, dey wout be no kinder 'spite twixt us. Too much room in dese Ninety-two States fer ole Remus ter be ebrown' up 'gin dat creature."

"Sis Tempy say she seed it, Sis Ferraby say she seed it, an Sis Minty say she seed it; an den yer kase Brer Rastus an say he seed it, an Brer Plato say he seed it. En fum de time dat Sis Tempy seed it twel de time dat Brer Plato seed it, hit done growd lev'n foot. Dat w'at make I so skeerd. Dey all does mighty funny," continued Uncle Remus, shifting his weight from one leg to the other. "Dey meets it in de bushes an dey looks at it, an den dey goes off en tells folks 'bout it. I 'bout you ef I meets dat creature, I'll make de neighbors. I'll des take an fetch a squal dat'll make de chickens crow in Chattahoochee."

"Sis Tempy 'low dat it took so thin in de dank en so keen in de quarters dat she speck hit's a sperret. Oh, you kin laugh," exclaimed Uncle Remus, as one of the staff hastened to hide his face behind the Springfield Republican. "You kin laugh, but ef dey's any haugin' in dis kinder bizness, I'd er done 'low' in out endurin' er de seventy year w'at I bin scufflin' long in deez low groun's. Sis Tempy, she 'low dat she speck it's a sperrit, an Brer Rastus, he 'low dat it mount be a witch. You go out ter Wes' E'en' an you kin see de entrenches yit whar folks got killt. Dese es sho' yer settin' 'der dey's quare gwines on und de cnoopies after folks is disingwine."

"What do you propose to do if it is a witch?" the statistical officer asked.

"I done dur a hoss-shoe in de bedpos', an I burns salt in

de fier, an sez my pra's out loud 'ev'ry night er de worl'," replied Uncle Remus, seriously, "but seem lak de creature ain't a keerin'; an now I'm gwinecher my progance. I'm gwine in dat place dar, eu I'm gwinecher ax Mars Ivins Howell 'bout it, an ef dat creature 'bin a cuttin' up in his back yard, den I'm gwinecher go home an load up my ole musket 'bout de mouf, an ef I des yer a sick crack, I'm a gwinecher open de do' an shud my eyes on 'em, an den I lay if dat creature is made out'n flesh an blood, I'll make 'im show up. Des put dat in de paper, kaze ef any nigger gets hurt close by my house, I wants ter get de law on de v'ertin' on my side."

Whereupon, Uncle Remus departed triumphantly into the editorial boudoir.

## GUINEA FOWL AS A GAME BIRD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last summer, while working in my boat "mill," I noticed half a dozen young guinea fowl on a piece of salt meadow. The tide was rising, and after a time surrounded the small hummock upon which the birds were feeding.

I wondered what the little chaps would do when the water reached them. In fact, was thinking of going to their rescue in a boat, when, without the slightest hesitation and very much to my astonishment, they one by one plunged into the water and swam ashore.

This suggests the question, Why not turn some of these birds loose at sea and use them as a substitute for wild ducks after we have succeeded in exterminating the latter?

Sometimes, when out with my setter, I have known guinea fowl to "die" and the dog to "stand," but never once when the bird was not sitting on a nest full of eggs.

On such occasions the bird when poked out will fly—I think to lead man and dog away from her eggs; but at other times the fowl usually prefers to run, rather than take to flight, upon which the birds were feeding.

An objection to turning guinea fowl into the woods in this climate occurs to me. They would all starve to death on the first heavy snowfall.

THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., Feb. 12.

## DEER AND SMALL SHOT.

YOUR correspondent, "Wells," may doubt that deer are ever killed with small shot at ordinary ranges; nevertheless it has been done many times. Shooting ruffed grouse in close thickets I started three deer. On the impulse of the moment I gave the nearest one a charge of No. 6 shot in the ribs. I considered I had made a cruel and useless shot and so did not repeat the dose. You can believe I was surprised to find the animal dead in her tracks a short time afterwards. Every shot that missed the rib hit and penetrated the lung. Actual distance, as stepped off, twenty-two paces.

On Cold Creek Prairie, near Sandusky City, in company with a friend, snipe-shooting in October, I saw him bring a deer down dead, with hardly a kick, with No. 9 shot. It was many years ago, but as I remember, the distance was not far from four rods.

On another occasion while quail-shooting a doctor in company killed a deer with No. 6 shot at twenty-six paces. On careful dissection it was found that a single shot was the cause of death. This one opened the large vein (*Vena cava descendens*) of the abdomen, that lies directly under the backbone.

DR. E. STEINLE.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

QUEBEC FISH AND GAME PROTECTION CLUB.—Following are the proceedings of a meeting held at the Quebec Exchange on the 5th of February, 1889, for the purpose of taking measures to prevent the illegal slaughter of moose and caribou, during the close season. Present: Messrs. Rhodes, Percy Dean, G. Thompson, W. J. Ray, J. Hamilton, C. A. Pentland, A. Waters, J. D. Gilmore, M. Macdonald, D. Campbell, H. S. Smith, F. C. Wurtelle, Austin, W. D. Campbell, Coman, Captain Peters, A. F. Hunt, J. S. Budden, D. C. Thomson, Vohl and others. Colonel Rhodes was called to the chair and Mr. W. D. Campbell requested to act as secretary. The secretary read the advertisement calling the meeting, and the president then addressed the meeting, explaining the circumstances under which Baron Le Grange, of Albany, had secured the license for scientific purposes. Mr. Pentland pointed out the great evils which would result from the example of persons killing game under license during the close season. It was resolved that a petition be prepared and signed by all present at this meeting and others, setting forth the objections to the granting of such licenses and the necessity of strictly enforcing the game laws, and Messrs. Pentland and Campbell were requested to prepare such a petition. Resolved, That a club be formed under the name of the Quebec Fish and Game Protection Club, for the purpose of preventing the illegal killing of game and fish in the close season. Resolved, That a committee of this meeting should at once proceed to hold an interview with the Hon. Mr. Lynch, Commissioner of Crown Lands, to request that the license granted to Baron Le Grange be withdrawn, and that the Hon. Mr. Lynch, which was granted; and after hearing the members of the committee he assured them that he would do all in his power to enforce the game laws and to limit the exercise of Baron Le Grange's license to the object for which it was granted.—W. D. CAMPBELL (Quebec, St. Lawrence, 1888).

POTOMACKEEPSIE GAME MEN IN TROUBLE.—Through the exertions of some of the local sportsmen, a move has been made to break up the illegal trade in game carried on in that city. Game Protector Brayton, of Albany, was sent for, and on Feb. 3 he lodged complaints with District Attorney Hackett against Smith Bros., G. A. Maas, and William Knies for having in their possession, contrary to law, certain game after the first day of February. In the case of the Smiths and Knies the game was quail, and in Mr. Maas's case rabbits. All three of the persons named have been indicted by the Grand Jury. By the way, having mentioned Mr. Brayton's name, can that gentleman explain how it was that on the 6th of February venison was displayed at the Delavan House, in Albany and served at the table?

THE MISSOURI ASSOCIATION publish in convenient form their constitution and by-laws, with rules for trap shooting, together with the game and fish laws of the State. The pamphlet gives these facts concerning the society: "The origin of the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association, though not quite a tradition, has not been preserved in its minutes. The credit of the original organization belongs to St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, and the clubs of those cities. The first meeting was held at St. Louis, in 1878, and D. L. Hall and J. E. Guinotte, of Kansas City, elected president and secretary, respectively, for ensuing year, and Kansas City was selected as place of convention of 1879. The second meeting was then held October 22, 1879, at Kansas City, the constitution and by-laws adopted, officers for 1879-80 elected, and Macon City chosen as third place of meeting. In 1881 the convention was held at St. Louis, and tournament fishing by St. Louis Gun Club, and in 1882 at Sedalia, and tournament given under auspices of the Sedalia Gun Club. The present officers are: F. Houston, Sedalia, President; Paul Francke, St. Joseph, First Vice-President; W. W. Judy, St. Louis, Second Vice-President; J. C. Parnier, Sedalia, Recording Secretary; W. R. Thomas, Sedalia, Corresponding Secretary.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME AND FISH LAW.—CHAWESSE, Feb. 8.—The Chawassa Fish and Game Protective Club held a meeting Feb. 8, and reorganized by the election of the following officers: W. G. Yetter, President; Abel Thomas, Vice-President; Wm. Eyer, Treasurer; A. H. Sharpless, Secretary. It is the intention of the club to strictly enforce the game and fish laws in this vicinity. A committee consisting of W. G. Yetter, H. A. Aldrich, W. H. Rayen, Esq., and A. H. Sharpless was appointed to draw up and circulate a petition asking the Legislature to amend the fish laws relating to illegal fishing, so as to enumerate more explicitly what is meant by "permanent set means," etc., and the game laws to allow the killing of pheasants or ruffed grouse from Sept. 1, also asking that a bounty be offered for the killing of hawks. The club think the above changes proper, and ask the different clubs throughout the State to take a similar action, and through their representatives to bring the subject before the Legislature now sitting.—A. H. SHARPLESS, Sec'y.

PENNSYLVANIA.—HOLLIDAYSBURG, Jan. 15.—The past shooting season has been rather a poor one in this section; ruffed grouse are scarce and wild, and white rabbits are plentiful than ever before, the quail have just begun to reappear, and the deer and turkeys are the objects of the terrible winter of 1888-89. If we could only get the "scaly leg" as our granger friends call it, on the statute books again, we might have reasonable hopes for the return of the splendid quail-shooting of four years ago. Woodcock shooting during the past summer and fall was a farce. I think not over four score birds were killed in the county. Since the close of the season our young shots have turned their attention, and with fair success, to the destruction of the foxes, whose numerous dog-like tracks dot every thicket, field and knoll. One young man has seven hides laid away to dry, all of them shot before the dogs, and proudly has the distinction of making a right and left on this cunning "burd," as they played along in front of his pack of beagles.—T. D.

MINNESOTA.—AUBURN.—I am very glad to note the stand you have taken against the park grab. Whatever the outcome may be there are here many ardent admirers of your action and fearless treatment of the seal. I have been and am a constant reader of the "Forest and Stream," and I would like to see the "scaly leg" as our granger friends call it, on the statute books again, we might have reasonable hopes for the return of the splendid quail-shooting of four years ago. Woodcock shooting during the past summer and fall was a farce. I think not over four score birds were killed in the county. Since the close of the season our young shots have turned their attention, and with fair success, to the destruction of the foxes, whose numerous dog-like tracks dot every thicket, field and knoll. One young man has seven hides laid away to dry, all of them shot before the dogs, and proudly has the distinction of making a right and left on this cunning "burd," as they played along in front of his pack of beagles.—T. D.

"RISING YOUNG SPORTSMEN."—Editor Forest and Stream: After you get through with the Yellowstone Park speculators, could you not fire a single volley at the benighted press of this State, so that one might read so influential a journal as the Philadelphia Times without running on some half a dozen clippings like this: "Young Johnny Pig-head bids fair to become one of our best shots. On last Monday he killed seven quail with one shot from his father's gun." Dr. Mr. and Mrs. G. Townsend, is one of our most successful sportsmen; he recently killed seven wild turkeys with one shot as they followed a trail made with corn to the blind in which he sat." It is "a thundering pity" they did not beat his pot-hunting head off with their wings, for a very few such men will more thoroughly clean a country of game than a regiment of decent shooters.—T. D.

UPPER MICHIGAN.—Union City, Ind.—I noticed that in your issue of November 16, Major H. W. Merrill recommends Mackinac and Schoolcraft counties in Upper Michigan, as a good hunting country. I went there last October with four others on a hunt, and must say it is the worst country I was ever in. The railroad from Point St Ignace to Marquette runs nearly the whole way through a narrow, sterile, and treeless country, and the roads, more or less, consequently we gave it up in disgust and came home without seeing a deer or bear.—D. B. C.

NOTE FROM FLORIDA.—An Oak Hill correspondent writing under date of Feb. 1, says: The shooting has been wonderfully good this year, big bags of all kinds of game being the rule instead of the exception. The fishing has not been extra good thus far on account of inclement weather, still some good fish have been caught, the largest weighing 42 lbs., a channel bass. The Duke of Newcastle and a friend, Mr. Langley, of England, are here now, fishing and shooting.

NEW YORK.—Foxes are plentiful; one man here got a double shot, killed one, and shot one foreleg off the other, and then it got away from him. Your correspondent, Clarence A. Farnum, of Wellsfield, has been appointed County Judge of Allegheny county. If his judicial decisions are as sound as the game question there Allegheny county is to be congratulated.—J. O. FELLOWS (Hornellsville, N. Y., Feb. 4).

NEW GLASGOW ROD AND GUN CLUB.—New Glasgow, N. S., Feb. 3.—The annual meeting was held on the 1st inst., and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, W. B. Moore (re-elected); Vice-President, A. M. Frazer; Secretary and Treasurer, J. H. Cavanaugh (re-elected); Executive Committee, Norman McKay and H. T. Sutherland.—GLOBE SMITH.

MASSACHUSETTS.—East Douglas.—Game has been quite plenty here this winter; the woods were full of squirrel, grouse were plenty, but quail were scarce.—AMATEUR.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Feb. 5.—Our hunting has never been so poor as this season; no woodcock; very few snipe and ducks; quail, of course, plenty, also rabbits.

## Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream, Publishers, Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

\*The broad-side bream.

The wary trout that thrives against the stream;

The well-grown carp, full laden with her spawn;

To take the fish, is give her leave to play,

And yield her line."—Shepherd's Eclogues (1614).

## WITH HACKLES AND GENTLES.

VII.

"Angling one summer moon alone.

I sat me down upon a stone,

A little parlous brook beside,

Whose modest, silver, rippling tide,

Mov'd by the zephyr's softest sigh,

Was scarcely heard by passer by."

FEW are the friends from whom an angler can choose a boon companion to fish with. There is that in the "gentle art" which shrinks from a coterie and can only be thoroughly enjoyed by the "lone fisherman," or, at the utmost, by twain, and then the twain must be as "one flesh" in the pure and simple love of the pursuit. Yet who dares call angling an "selfish pleasure"? No brother of the craft, I trow, and cynics always sneer at what they cannot comprehend, or lack in taste to enjoy.

The angler is "never less alone than when alone" for the varied forms and phases of nature are with him in sympathy, pleasant thoughts are inseparable from him, and the very trout which he deftly and humanely transfers from the stream to his creel seem to have a subtle understanding that he is their friend and no foe at all.

"Do I write a paradox? Let us see. No angler, *par excellence*, is a butcher, nor does he crush the daisies by the meadow brook athirst for blood. He comes alight intent upon pleasure, to which the blithe birds, the flitting butterflies and the sweet flowers in their bow minister. The very air is balmy and the purring brook, both a charm beyond that of being the habitat of fish. The graceful sway of the birch and the alder he mimics as he casts his fly, and mercy, not greed, controls his catch. Didn't ever see any "cold, pitiless depths" in an angler's eye? I never did, and I have looked straightforwardly into many (some were, alas! closed to the pleasant scenes of earth) since I threw my first fly, at the callow age when the very thought of "crossed feet" and gray moustaches was unknown. How- ever lined and flamed by age and care, the face of the veteran angler, with a gleam of youth upon it, and the kindly touch which Nature gave it can never be effaced.

Here and now I am constrained to pay a fond tribute of praise to an honest angler whose genial and kind face has been lately hidden by the cere-cloth of death, and whose form has been laid away in the dust to await the general resurrection at the last day. How often, in our piscatorial chat, have I seen his face gleam with pleasure and his face all with the love of the craft of which he was so thoroughly the master. His was a type—and a right noble one—of an honest angler's life and love, and those who knew and loved him the best miss him and mourn him the most sincerely. Quiet, gentle, unobtrusive, like many a pure stream he was wont to leave and cast his fly upon, he passed from our sight so suddenly that his loss cannot be fully realized. "Long to us keep in memory green" and may his light perpetual shine upon him!

Of necessity the life of the angler, in practice of his craft, is contemplative and, barring short "runs" and doubtful crises, there are few exciting incidents in brook fishing. An angler may, perchance, ride hard to hounds, or put no dog to shame on the moor, but, pent in the "blind alley" of truth, the odds are he will confess that his first and dearest love is his rod and the "parking stream."

"*Beati meritis non finit*." So may it be said of an angler, and once an angler always an angler may be as positively asserted. True, he may have little or no practice with his rod for years, but present the opportunity and the angler is "to the fore," with nerve aquiver for the first cast, and eye ready to mock the giant of the captured fish.

Once (forsooth a few times) in a long life there may be found a congenial soul with whom we can be at one as we fish and revel in the beauties of Nature, but the harmony must be so complete and perfect as to be unique in common fellowship and purpose. Deny it who may, there is a subtle influence in the pursuit of the gentle art that may be as easily affected as the flexions of the magnetic needle, and then all becomes awry, "like sweet bells jangled," the gentle spirit shrinks and shudders like the aspen in the blast.

Desolation is a tireless hound and gives no quarter! It follows "hand up" the tread of civilization and in many fields "hand up" by a mere may he find the legend "Ichabod,"—its glory is departed! Depleted waters, dammed (and dammed) streams and befooled lakes are the order of the day and generation, and it becomes the bounden duty of every angler to befriend his craft, the godly fish and his favorite haunts.

It is high time to send the "black flag" to the peak, and all "trout lugs" should be taught its significance. The gentle stream must be made more and more a place of nature when rude feet and ruthless hands invade roads of nature that should be forever inviolate against the Goths

\*Mr. Lorenzo Prouty.

and Visigoths, who have no scruples as to how, or with what size of fish, their creels are filled.

Zounds! I have written myself into a furious pet, and digressed a long way from my intent.

Unhurd! Every reader must answer for himself, and every fisherman must act, as he best can, in what I have suggested. There will not be a decent fish to "sweat by," much less to catch, by the time we slip into the "clean and slippery pantaloons" period of life's pilgrimage. O. W. R.

## FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

THINKING that a few words from this section of the country to my fellow sportsmen in the East might be accepted, I have determined to give you a short account of a fishing trip I had to-day along with a fellow "tenderfoot." I have been located in this part of the country (they call it God's Garden in the Leadville and Gunnison papers) for just one week and probably heard more fish-swooped about mountain lions, wild cats, elk, deer, bear, beaver and trout than I ever heard before, but I did want to have the chance to do something myself. Tales of trout of fabulous size and gameness that could be caught "in the spring" were continually being sounded in my ears, but to my oft repeated question "Why don't you catch them now?" the never-failing answer was, "They won't bite, they ain't in the creek now." "Then, when are they?" "I don't know, gone down to the river, I reckon." To make a long story short, I got tired of that inevitable answer and determined to look for them in the Surface Creek, and with what success you may judge for yourself.

Last night Al said he would go with me, so we hitched the two mules to the "democrat" this morning and started off. I must confess, with no hopes of success.

In the way we stopped at "Sheep's" to get the mail and there had the supreme satisfaction of getting the opinions of three of the oldest settlers in the country, and they all agreed that "we couldn't catch a trout nowhere; might get one, etc., etc." That, of course, was a splendid thing for our already much depressed spirits. However, we jogged along till we reached an old beaver dam, the point we had settled upon to make our trial. Al grasped the axe with a sort of a now-or-never determination, and set to work to cut a hole in the ice.

After chopping for a while we found that a shovel was an absolute necessity, and after we had made another "old settler's" cabin and there once more had the benefit of four wise heads' opinion on the trout question. They all agreed again, though finally old "Treacle" did say that his boy had seen one trout not long since where they got their water. Back we marched again and finally succeeded in cutting a hole.

I was carefully "putting a look on my line and getting ready for business when a wild yell from Al announced the pleasing fact that he had hooked a fish, he had lost him. Of course he was a "whopper." Procuring short poles from the brush we set to work, and then the fun began. Al had the start of me, and had landed five large fish before I dropped my hook in, and when I did get started the second fish took my hook, and things then were blue. By the time I got ready again Al had ten fish the start, but the way things did go for about fifteen minutes was a caution. When one of us was taking one of the other would fish, and so we kept it up for half an hour. Finally we dropped two more hooks, but they were not up to our first location, so we stuck manly to that one. We fished, I should say, about three hours, and the total catch was eighty fish, largest one pound, no "fingerings," five fish weighed to gather three and a half pounds, net weight of all sixteen pounds, average three and one-fifth ounces. Not very bad for a place where we were told there were no fish. On our way home we came by the "back way," no wishing to get of our good fortune to the entire settlement, and to-morrow we intend trying another spot before the news spreads. Think of it—people settled all along the bank of the creek and living on hog, venison and rabbit altogether, when within fifty yards of their doors such dainties can be so easily had, no thought say for the asking. Maybe John, our host's, eyes didn't open when we came home. This, you know, is a new country, and any sportsman can find a world of game if he will come so far.

THE REBERSTADT, CO., JAN. 29.

## PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

THE Anglers' Association of Eastern Pennsylvania has taken a very handsome club room at 1029 Urech street, Philadelphia, and at a meeting Saturday evening the 3d, President Spangler told of his taking a large shark in our bay in which when opened were found sixty-eight pounds of beef bones, crabs, etc. Other members narrated similar adventures.

This meeting was the first one held in the new rooms, which are large and commodious, and will go far toward promoting sociability among its members. The old rooms at Broad and Fairmount avenues were not central enough, and consequently but few of the association frequented them. It is the purpose of the society to decorate the walls of the new room with angling scenes, trophies, specimens of tackle, etc., and to have the tables supplied with appropriate literature. In addition to this it is said there will be weekly bulletins from all the fishing centers as to whether the fish are biting, and regarding the condition of the weather and streams.

President Spangler stated the society was in communication with the State Fish Commissioners on the subject of stocking the rivers with fish, and a committee had been organized on Perkiomen Creek was read, recommending that body of water as an excellent breeding place for the rainbow trout. This we do not recommend, as the stream is stocked with black bass—at least that portion a mile from the Seluylkill—and these fish will be destructive to the fry in their growth.

The anglers club was organized last November, and has now 120 members. Its objects, as they appeared in its prospectus, were the encouragement of fish culture in Pennsylvania by the restocking of its streams with game and other valuable food fishes, the protection of the same by a rigorous enforcement of existing laws, which are strong and good, and the advancement of the art of angling and the promotion of sociability among anglers. Doubtless a fly-casting tournament will be inaugurated in due time.

Homo.

MASSACHUSETTS.—East Douglas, Feb. 1883.—Some fine strings of pickerel have been caught here in late through the ice, one of twenty-one weighing 33 pounds; another of forty weighing 32. Among these were several weighing between four and five pounds.—AMATEUR.









## THE BLOODHOUND.

WE have received many inquiries regarding this once famous breed of dogs now nearly extinct in this country. Vero Shaw, in the "Book of the Dog," gives the following account of them:

Though the bloodhound has lost much of his former utility, the breed is nevertheless one that is generally admired in the present day. The noble proportions of the dog, his magnificent head, and the knowledge of what he has been known to do for each and all, not only agencies in his favor, and the usually brilliant color of a bloodhound is also an additional attraction. The uses to which this breed of dog was originally put in this country were the tracking of wounded game and the pursuit of malefactors. For other purposes their marvelously keen powers of scent admirably qualified them.

According to the "Naturalist's Library," the bloodhound was usually about twenty-eight inches high. The author of "Cynographia Britannica" gives the height as twenty-seven inches, and describes the dog as being—

"Of a strong, compact and muscular form; the face narrow, snout and nostrils wide and large; lips pendulous, ears large, broad at base and narrowing to the tip; tail strong, but not bushy; voice extremely loud and sonorous. But what most distinguishes this kind is their uniform color, a reddish-tan, gradually darkening on the upper part, the texture of the back, becoming lighter on the lower part and extremities.

"There is no doubt he was originally the only dog used to trace game by the scent in this country. The manner of the hunt was that all the game was first surrounded by the hounds, and then the game was followed by the arrow or wounded by the spear; if in this state it escaped, the bloodhound traced and the mastiff or hunter killed it.

It will thus be seen that from the earliest records the greatest value has been attached to the keen scent possessed by a bloodhound; but in the present day the dog is practically useless, such a thing as a pack of bloodhounds being almost unknown.

On account of his marvelous scent the bloodhound has from time immemorial been associated with the capture of escaped criminals. Dr. Cairns, and in fact the majority of earlier writers, have all alluded to this dog's success as a thief-taker, and his praises have been sung or sung by every canine writer down to the present day. The natural consequence of so much adulation has been that the bloodhound is credited with almost supernatural powers by many persons, and the simple exercise of its natural powers of scent by an ordinary dog under peculiar circumstances has been before now turned to the glory of the bloodhound by ignorant folk.

We do not, however, in the smallest degree desire to underestimate the value of the bloodhound for the purposes of his power of scent, which we believe to be of the highest. Unfortunately, his uses in the present day are not numerous in this country, and beyond a few cases being serviceable as a guard about a house, the bloodhound may be recognized as included in the ornamental but not useful category of dogs. The disposition of the bloodhound is not by any means one upon which implicit reliance can be placed, and his size and immense power render him, when roused, a most formidable and dangerous animal.

From the writings of many old writers there appears to be small doubt that in early days there were more than one strain of dogs used for tracking purposes, and it is probably from an amalgamation of these that the modern bloodhound originally sprang. Gervase Markham describes a talbot, which on a short relation of the bloodhound, as a round, thick-headed dog, with a short nose—characteristics which certainly do not appear in modern bloodhounds. A connection may be established between the present breed and other early varieties, if the subject of color is studied, for a black race of hounds known as St. Hubert's were formerly thought of, and it is very probable that from these the modern hound has derived the black saddle, which is so prized by breeders of this variety.

In the present day, though there are many more persons in possession of bloodhounds than formerly, the breed cannot by any means be said to be widely popular. In days gone by there was considerable difficulty in obtaining pure-bred specimens, but even now that good whelps can readily be obtained at a comparatively trifling cost, the number of breeders seems to remain a very limited one. This neglect or apathy on the part of the public to support the bloodhound no doubt arises in a great measure from the stories which have been related concerning his ferocity. That the animal when roused is a formidable foe there can be no room for doubting; and his ferocity when on the track of a bloodhound, or the latter's existence when run down, in fact, as will be seen from the quotation given above, the hound in hunting was usually not permitted to break up the wounded animal, who was handed over to the fowler, merely to give a pleasant to the hunter. The ferocity of a bloodhound's temper as it may, we know of more than one specimen of the breed which is thoroughly under control, and of whom, in the presence of its owner, we should have no misgivings, under any but the most exceptional circumstances. In the case of the bloodhound, with this breed, as others, the royal road to successful management.

The subject of color is one upon which several conflicting opinions are brought to bear. All, however, seem to agree that white is the color of the bloodhound, and that a decided bluish is not absolute disqualification, on the show bench. Some modern authorities even go the length of saying that any white at all—a snip on the forehead, a splash on the chest, or a spot on the foot—should prevent a dog from winning at an exhibition. Before, however, giving an opinion on such a subject, it would be well to look back and see what amount of white was allowed the ancient bloodhound. According to the records, in the "Book of Hunting," the hounds were white, with a few spots of color on the head and neck. This was certainly true to several other colors which he gives. This must certainly tend to prove that white was permissible if not actually a desirable addition to a dog's color in the earlier days of canine literature. It is therefore hard to discover any sufficient cause for supporting modern authorities who advocate the disqualification of hounds which show traces of white. It marked too heavily great injury is certainly done the hound's appearance, and white legs, or a large patch on the chest, would very probably jeopardize his chance

of winning a prize under most judges; but for our own part, we are of opinion that slight indications of white should not stand between a bloodhound and success on the show bench. Another point in order upon which great stress is laid is the acquisition of the black saddle upon the back, the non-possession of which has caused more than one good dog the loss of prizes.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE BLOODHOUND.

The head, which is undoubtedly the most remarkable feature in this variety. The skull should be narrow and domed, very long, with the occipital bone terminating in a high peak at the back. It is also covered with thin, loose skin.

The jaws long and narrow, the flews of the upper being very long and pendulous, thin in texture, and extending below the lower one.

The nose large and black, with the nostrils well developed. The eyes rather small and deeply sunk, of a light brown color, and showing the hair, or inside, red lining.

The ears must be set on low, and should be as long and fine in texture as possible. As regards length, they should meet in front of the nose, and the more they lap over the better.

The neck is rather long, and is furnished with a heavy dewlap.

Shoulders rather slanting.

Body moderately wide at chest, with powerful loins.

Fore legs set on straight, and very powerful.

Feet round and compact. Many specimens exhibit flat feet either from bad rearing or other causes; the pasterns get crooked and the feet splayed, which certainly should disqualify a hound in competition.

Stem rather coarse, long, and carried gaily.

Color.—The best and most popular is a deep tan, with a black saddle on the back. The tan in many specimens varies in depth, and in some the black of the back is flecked with tan, which, though not a disqualification, is undesirable. The presence of white we have already alluded to above.

in the world. I hastened forward to my stand, when the deep boom of a gun broke through the frosty air. As I came into the road, all broke a change. My brother was sitting on the ground, his delicate features pale as paper, with a look of anxiety, his carefully-parted hair all awry, while his gun lay in the road, and he was hanging on to his arm as if he was afraid it would run away and leave him, while King, with an ill-concealed grin, was intently studying a pine which stood by the road. As they caught sight of me, my brother, with a frantic wave of his hand, exclaimed, "I saw the fox! I saw the fox!" "I swear you didn't when you fired," said King, "because you had been caught short." With a glance at King which was so full of sadness and reproach, and which calmly pointed to a hole through the branches of the towering pine, and turning, picked up his gun and slowly and sadly started for home, while King and I continued on in pursuit of the fox, which we finally captured.

DOWN IN MAINE, Nov., 1882.

I will relate the experience of a party of five hunters (three amateurs and two professionals), with their dogs, Jumbo, Tassel-tail, and Diamond Dick. There having come about six inches of snow upon the night of Nov. 15, we proposed to give the dogs a run, and try our luck for a fox. At break of day upon the morning of Dec. 1, we shouldered our guns and started for the Highland Farm, a noted place for foxes at this time of the year; we were in the neighborhood of a week. We cut loose the dogs, Jumbo going to the front with music that would quicken the blood of the laziest fox hunter that ever sat upon a stump waiting for his faithful dog to drive a fox down his gun barrel. It was not many minutes before Reynard was upon his pins; taking a circle across the little Androsoggin, he ran over a poplar ridge with the dogs within forty rods of him; it was useless to try to hear them go; but pretty soon they were in sight, and we were in pursuit of a shot. Lorenzo King, an old fox hunter, sighted him first and stood as straight and as stiff as a stump.

When the fox was within ten rods Lorenzo's gun went to his shoulder; the cap snapped; his gun lying direct at Reynard went on his way to the next man, who also was an old fox hunter, Wm. Heywood, of Pittsfield, N. H. William stood by an old brush fence, and the first thing he saw, Reynard was sitting up within six rods looking for the dogs. William's gun went to his shoulder, his fingers crossed the trigger, and then the other of the triggers, but no go. He looked and discovered that he had forgotten to cock his gun. In the seeing the movement, skipped over the fence and went on his way to the next man. This was George Edwards, an amateur, and the proprietor of Jumbo. George saw the fox coming and was straightway taken with the shakes; he afterward confessed that the fox looked as if it was thirty feet long. Having a heavy charge in his gun George took a hasty aim and pulled the trigger. There was a terrific explosion. George turned two or three back somewhat, picked himself up and took aim; but upon investigation it was found that he had shot the top off a pine tree some eight or ten rods away. Reynard meantime had quickened his pace and passed along to the next man. This was George Edwards, brother to George, and the proprietor of Tassel-tail.

Lewis saw the fox coming, and like George began to shake, but as he had an open field and the fox was coming straight for him he dropped upon one knee and covered the fox with his gun until Reynard was within twenty rods, when he shook so violently that he discharged his gun and then jumped up and sent the other charge after the fox; while Reynard shook out another net, skipped over the fence, across a field down over a bank and into his hole—a sadly frightened and persecuted fellow but a sound fox still. I rushed to the ground and leveled my gun for a shot. Louis pointed at the hole and said: "There he is in there; shoot away." I declined a shot and summoned a counsel of war. George proposed to die for it, but we concluded that it would be a disgrace to take so mean an advantage of a fox that had run the gamut so manly and composed so well. Our verdict was to let him rest.

We'll give him a try some other day.

OWNING, ME, Dec. 6, 1882. W. R. F.

## MR. MORRELL'S CHAMPION BLOODHOUND "ROLLO."

General appearance.—A wonderfully intelligent and powerful dog, not ferocious-looking, and one that seems incapable of great speed, though apparently full of stamina. Coat short and close.

We reproduce from the *Kennel Gazette* a cut of the head of Mr. L. S. Morrell's celebrated champion Rollo, E. K. C. S. B. 1331, who died a short time ago. Rollo was first shown at the Crystal Palace show in 1874, when but little more than a puppy, when he won the in a very good class. He has since been shown twenty-seven times, winning seven champion, twelve first, and eight second prizes.

## SOME OLD-FASHIONED FOX HUNTS.

A WEEK ago Wednesday 1 and my brother George and friend King made great preparations to chase Reynard to his death. It was a glorious morning, a heavy frost covered everything; the air was still and frosty, sending the blood through a man's veins with a tingle that was delightful. As I sallied forth, armed and equipped for the affray, with Jack, my white and tan foxhound, who was making frantic endeavors to turn himself inside out, so great was his joy in anticipating the sport forthcoming, I was met by my brother and his dog Jumbo, who is one of the most magnificent dogs of his breed that I ever saw, weighing nearly ninety pounds, with ears that brush the morning dew, he stood a splendid picture outlined against the frosty sky. My brother had his usual equipments, consisting of a haversack full of "grub," a smoking-glass, and a tin of hair cream, and the very essence of his delicate monotone was in his place. I looked back half expecting to see a servant carrying a lounge or cot for him to lie on, or an invalid chair to wheel him about. I sent King and George ahead to a place that I thought the fox would cross, while I took the dogs and started for the burrow to start him out. When I arrived at the burrow, after a few preliminaries the hounds broke forth in eager cry, sending a sound through the air which, to the ears of a fox-hunter, is more delightful than the most music

The "Haumont Fox Hunting Club" had their meet on the 29th of January, at "West Nyack," Long Island. The morning was not altogether unfavorable for hunting, although cold and chilly; the snow had disappeared, and the frost was nearly out of the ground.

At half-past ten o'clock the hounds were thrown into cover. In about half an hour Nellie opened, and continued to pick up a cold scent for about a mile, leading to North Sea, when the hounds were whipped off.

A start was then made for Shinnecock Hills, where several acres adjoining Cold Spring were drawn back. Two foxes' tracks were discovered on the sand on the beach; although they were old and the hounds could not take them, yet it was supposed that a fox was near at hand. Part of the hunters were called to a place for a moment, and the other part of the hunters was beating the islands and woods near Cold Spring "flat." All at once there could be seen a great commotion and excitement among the hunters on the side hill. Hats were thrown up to attract attention, and the hounds were sent in. Reynard was up and had endeavored to steal away unseen. It was previously arranged that the hunt should be conducted in the old-fashioned, native way in this locality, viz.: the gentlemen should go in wagons, carry guns, and shoot the fox if a chance should occur. It being thought desirable to kill a fox to blood the young hounds.

The hounds being brought and put on the scent, the excitement among the hunters became intense. It only requires one such scene to be remembered through life. No one could imagine that the old and young could be so much interested in their actions. Captain Rose took up Ed Jennings, Elias Jennings and Mr. Robinson, and dropped them at different localities; then galloping his last post, he took his stand at the head of the pack, and was in the island about a mile, and is a favorite crossing spot

for foxes to take upon leaving the hills for the woods. The hounds having been put on the scent by Mr. Whitaker (who had no gun and who remained with the hounds to hunt them), ran the fox quite lively for some minutes, which gave all the hunters time to locate themselves in such places as suited them.

The hounds pressed the fox so hard that he had to leave, and broke cover in full view at the northeast corner, running a small distance in the open to another small opening, which he ran through without stopping; and going again into the open, running straight for Ed. Jennings, who, when within ten paces or nearer, let go two barrels, missing him each time. Jennings's son-in-law, who was near by, shouted out to him to throw his gun at him. The fox upon being headed ran for Cold Spring, when crack went Mr. Robinson's gun; and in a few seconds Ed. Jennings tried his hand and gave him a gun; but all to no purpose, the hounds now taking him due southwest, skirting Cold Spring, when they altered their course for the railroad track. Reynard then turned his head due east, running parallel with the track, then turning, he ran northeast for the woods; all this time in sight on a side hill. Up to this time all had been excitement, the fox having so far escaped. The hunters now sought their horses and wagons to make another effort; and took a short cut across the plain to get ahead of the fox and hounds.

Captain Rose, seeing his chances of a shot gone, got behind his last ponies and went tearing along, taking the lead of all the others, and going full gallop, he reached, by a short cut, the hill near the North Shinnecock Gate, and as the hounds crossed the road, he having had a view of the fox which was some twenty half a mile ahead. Some of the hunters coming up and seeing the Captain stopping, called out, "Well, Cap, what is the matter? Where is the fox?" Cap, grinding his teeth in disappointment, and remarking, "Curse him, he has got the woods, and the greville himself is coming up ahead of him now," which, however, did not prove true, as the fox, instead of running straight away, made a circle, which enabled them to get ahead, however, without doing injury to poor Reynard. After running in the woods some time he took a turn and ran through an open country back to Shinnecock Hills, entering them at the gate near the sheep fold, from whence he ran to the identical spot where Cap. Rose had stood so patiently waiting, his coming at the first part of the hunt. He then ran on to the woods, and covered with ice and water which destroyed the scent, and nothing afterward could be done with him, and the young hounds were not blooded.

Report says Ed. Jennings (who is a money-making farmer) has made a fox and practices shooting at it at seven yards distant, while his son-in-law attends to the farm.

G. W. W.

SOUTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND, FEBRUARY, 1883.

**CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.**—*Editor Forest and Stream.* The New Orleans Gun Club have done well in providing a stake for the winning dogs at Field Trials; but would it not be better to style the winner of that stake "Champion of America," rather than "Champion of the World?" The former title would name a greville himself; the latter title or nothing. How can a man assume that the latter title or nothing when there may be and probably are dogs abroad equal in every respect to his own? If the club sticks to the proposed name of the stake, would it not be a good plan to hold the trials in the State of North Carolina, County of Buncombe?—MEAT-HAWK.

**DOG COLLARS.**—A person unware of the number and variety of dog collars and trimmings manufactured, would be well to visit to the establishment of the Medford and Fancy Goods Company, formerly at 90 Duane street, but now in more commodious quarters, at 101 Chambers street, corner of Church. The business of this well-known concern has grown so largely the past year as to compel the change. They are now prepared to manufacture three times the amount of goods manufactured last year. The number of styles they make is almost endless, and the many different materials used astonishing. We advise our friends to call on the Medford and Fancy Goods Company, and can insure them a pleasant and profitable visit.

**ENGLISH FIELD TRIAL DERBY.**—The entries for the ninth Field Trial Derby of the Kennel Club closed January 1 with 145 nominations, eight more than last year. There are 82 setters and 61 pointers. Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price heads the list with eighteen entries, sixteen pointers and two setters; Mr. Barclay Field comes next with fifteen, eight pointers and seven setters. Mr. L. P. Lewellyn enters thirteen, all setters. The trials will be run next May.

**EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.**—There was not a quorum at the meeting on Tuesday evening of the Board of Governors of the Eastern Field Trials Club, and the meeting was adjourned to next Tuesday evening the 30th, when the committee on grounds for holding the trials will make their report.

**NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB DERBY.**—Remember that the entries for the National Derby will close March 1. Entry blanketed of the secretary, Mr. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., or at this office.

# GELERT.

"For the want of something better," writes "Wells," "nor even half so good, I ask you to publish the following pretty and touching piece of verse, the production of Hon. William Robert Spencer, I have never seen it in your columns, and I feel sure some reader of your excellent paper will be obliged to me and to you for giving him an opportunity to read."

BETH GELERT, OR THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,  
And cheerily smiled the morn,  
And many a brach and many a bound  
Obeyed Lewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,  
And gave a lustier cheer;  
'Come, Gelert, come, never rest  
Lewellyn's horn to hear.

Oh where does faithful Gelert roam,  
The flower of all his race,  
So true, so brave, a lamb at home,  
A lion in the chase?

'Twas only at Lewellyn's board  
The faithful Gelert fed,  
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord;  
And sentinel his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,  
The gift of royal John,  
But now no Gelert could be found,  
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells  
The chattering chidings rise,  
All Snowden's craggy chasms yells  
The many mingling cries.

That day Lewellyn a little loved

The chase of hart and hare,  
And scant and small the booty proved,  
For tielert was not there.

Unpleased Lewellyn homeward bled:

When near the portal stood  
His truant tielert he espied,  
Bouncing his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle door,  
Aghast the chieftain stood;  
The hound, all o'er was smeared with gore,  
His lips, his fangs ran blood.

Lewellyn gazed with fierce surprise,

Unused such looks to meet.  
His favorite checked his joyful gait,  
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Lewellyn passed,  
And on went Gelert too;  
And still whenever his eyes he cast  
Fresh blood gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found  
With blood-stained carpet rent,  
And all around the walls and ground  
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied;  
He searched with terror wild;  
Blood, blood he found on every side;  
But nowhere found his child.

'Hell hound, my child's by thee devoured,'  
The frantic father cried,  
And to the hill his vengeful sword  
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell  
So ray could turn,  
But still, his Gelert's dying yell  
Passed never o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell  
Some slumberer wakened nigh,  
What words the parent's joy could tell  
To hear his infant's cry?

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap  
His hurried search had ceased,  
All glowing from his ray sleep  
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scarce had he, nor harm, nor dread,  
But the sun's couch beneath  
Lay a giant wolf, all torn and dead,  
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Lewellyn's pain?  
For then the truth was clear,  
The gallant hound who he had slain  
To save Lewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain, was all Lewellyn's woe;  
'Best of thy kind, adieu!  
The frantic blow, which laid thee low,  
Thine heart shall ever rue.'

And now a gallant tomb they raise  
With costly sculpture decked,  
And marble stoned with his praise  
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,  
Nor fosterer unmoved,  
There, oft, the tear-bespinkled grass  
Lewellyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,  
And there, as evening fell,  
In fancy's ear he oft would hear  
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And till great Snowden's rocks grow old  
And cease the storms to brave,  
The consecrated spot shall hold  
The name of Gelert's grave.

## KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.  
Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes in correspondence MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner.
7. Name of sire or dam.
8. Sire, with his sire and dam.
9. Owner of sire.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with the name of the owner.

## NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.  
*Lulu and Sheila.* By Mr. Fred W. Rothbar, Spring Creek Farm Kennels, Simcoe, Ont., for Scotch collie bitch, whelped Jan. 22, 1883, by Ch. Margus out of owner's imported Lassie.

*Bret Hart, Billy Taylor, Tully Tangle.* By Mr. Geo. W. Leavitt, Jr., Boston, Mass., for spaniel puppies (Beau-Queen). See sales.

*Comp.* By Mr. W. Kirk, Westchester, N. Y., for black and white ticked setter dog pup, whelped Nov. 17, 1882 (Dash III.—Bessie).

*Carver Bell.* By Mr. S. B. Dilley, Rosendale, Wis., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Sept. 1, 1882, by his Ranger out of White Lilly (Dime Queen).

*Clipper.* By Fulton Kennel Club, Canal Fulton, Ohio, for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 13, 1882, by their champion Boxer (Cameron's Boxer—Webb's Lady) out of their Lill (Warrior—Rosey).

*Queer.* By Fulton Kennel Club, Canal Fulton, Ohio, for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 13, 1882, by their champion Boxer (Cameron's Boxer—Webb's Lady) out of their Lill (Warrior—Rosey).

*Freddie.* By Fulton Kennel Club, Canal Fulton, Ohio, for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 13, 1882, by their champion Boxer (Cameron's Boxer—Webb's Lady) out of their Lill (Warrior—Rosey).

*Lill II.* By Fulton Kennel Club, Canal Fulton, Ohio, for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 13, 1882, by their champion Boxer (Cameron's Boxer—Webb's Lady) out of their Lill (Warrior—Rosey).

*Bert's Melody.* By Fulton Kennel Club, Canal Fulton, Ohio, for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 13, 1882, by their champion Boxer (Cameron's Boxer—Webb's Lady) out of their Lill (Warrior—Rosey).

*Len.* By Fulton Kennel Club, Canal Fulton, Ohio, for white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Dec. 13, 1882, by their champion Boxer (Cameron's Boxer—Webb's Lady) out of their Lill (Warrior—Rosey).

*Rudman, Bunt, Duques.* By Mr. Chas. J. Stewart, Jamaica, L. I., for lemon and white English setter puppies, by Waterbury's St. Ives out of Forsyth's Feather.

*Sir Kay, Fred Turk, Lady Edd.* By Paymaster George R. Watkins, L. S. N., for white and orange English setter puppies, whelped June 18, 1882, by Emperor Fred out of Fred.

*Currie W.* By Paymaster George R. Watkins, L. S. N., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped June 14, 1882, by Emperor Fred out of Cook.

*Brianstun.* By Mr. Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., for lemon and white English setter bitch pup, whelped Dec. 15, 1882, by champion Gladstone out of Swaggy.

*Lady Noble.* By Mr. Edward Odell, New Orleans, La., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped April 9, 1882, by Count Noble out of Savannah's Nell.

*Beaver.* By Mr. J. W. Houston, Chicago, Ill., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 12, 1882, by Hindoo champion Fast—Devonshire Lass out of Flight champion Bow—Mudge.

*Tut D.* By Mr. H. M. Delapole, Hyde Park, Mass., liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped March 11, 1882, by Sport (Duke—Betsey) out of T. (Saul—Venus).

*Fuhr, Chancellor, Guard, St. Nicholas, Judge.* By Mr. Chas. E. Shaw, Clinton, Mass., for mastiff dogs, whelped Jan. 20, 1883, by his Duke (Buf. Belle) out of his Pride (Duke—Juno).

*Count Blake.* By Mr. James Anthony, Fall River, Mass., for black, white and tan ticked English setter dog, whelped Oct. 16, 1882, by Cashier (Dash III.) out of Duke (Duke—Swaggy).

*Cypeline.* By Dr. N. F. Spencer, Fall River, Mass., for black and white ticked English setter dog, whelped Oct. 16, 1882, by Cashier (Dash III.) out of Duke (Duke—Swaggy).

*Count Dash.* By Mr. Edward Odell, New Orleans, La., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped May 21, 1882, by Count Noble out of Basing House.

## BRED.

See instructions at head of this column.  
*Galley-Buckholder.* By Mr. T. F. Connolly's Flatbush, L. I. lemon belton setter bitch Sally (dion)—Bando to Mr. A. C. Foster's Flatbush, L. I. Bucklewell (Dread)—Ruby, Jan. 13.

*White Lilly—Ranger.* By Mr. S. B. Dilley's (Rosendale, Wis.) pointer bitch White Lilly (Dime Queen) to her Ranger, Jan. 13.

*Nell-Turk.* By Mr. W. Lee's mastiff bitch Nell (Mam—Fawn) to owner's Turk (Rajah)—Brenda, Jan. 13.

*Queen Bess—Prince.* By Mr. W. H. Lee's mastiff bitch Queen Bess (Turk Baby) to Prince Walden (Crown Prince—Nessie), Jan. 5.

*Dreadless—Turk.* By Mr. W. H. Lee's mastiff bitch Dreadless to owner's Turk, Jan. 5.

*Jule-Turk.* By Mr. C. C. Cook's mastiff bitch Jule (Jack—Baby) to Mr. W. H. Lee's Turk, Jan. 5.

*Dash-Duke.* By Mr. C. A. Dole's (Lynn, Mass.) lemon and white pointer bitch Dot (Guess Spot) to Mr. A. M. Tuttle's lemon and white pointer Dash (Duke)—Tuttle's Jenny, Jan. 5.

*Spider—Hornell Dandy.* The Hornell Spaniel Club's (Hornellville, N. Y.) black and white cocker bitch Spider (Rob III.—Prim) to their black cocker Hornell Dandy (Black Dese) Jan. 1.

*Feeney—Bonanza.* By Mr. J. Bryson's liver cocker bitch Feeney (Dunkirk Dan—Josie) to the Hornell Spaniel Club's black spaniel Bonanza (Brush)—Bessie, Jan. 1.

*Hornell Anna—Bonanza.* The Hornell Spaniel Club's black and tan cocker Anna to their black spaniel Bonanza, Jan. 1.

*Madge—Hornell Dandy.* The Hornell Spaniel Club's liver cocker Madge (Bonedick—Madcap) to their Hornell Dandy, Jan. 1.

*Telle—Hornell Dandy.* The Hornell Spaniel Club's black and tan cocker Belle (Waddell's Beau—Blanche) to their Hornell Dandy, Jan. 5.

*Hornell Flava—Bonanza.* The Hornell Spaniel Club's black cocker Hornell Flava (Duke—Jenny) to their black spaniel Bonanza, Jan. 1.

*Curly-Bub.* By Mr. Marion Jayne's (Woodbury, N. Y.) liver cocker bitch Curly (Jack—Topsy) to the Hornell Spaniel Club's Rub (Brush)—Rhea, Jan. 1.

*Aileen-Rock.* Dr. J. S. Niven's (London, Ont.) Irish terrier bitch Aileen to his Rock.

*Lorna-Bic.* Dr. Wm. Jarvis's (Claremont, N. H.) Irish setter bitch Lorna to Mr. McIntosh's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) Bic, Jan. 1.

*Lady Abess—Prism.* Mr. Fred W. Rothbar's (Spring Creek Farm Kennels, Simcoe, Ont.) imported rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Lady Abess (Hero—Imported rough-coated St. Bernard) to Mr. Bernard's (champion Hector—champion Amy).

*Novice—Prism.* Mr. Fred W. Rothbar's imported rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Novice to imported rough-coated St. Bernard dog Prism (champion Hector—champion Amy).

*Hornell—Naughton.* Mr. H. W. Kachel's (Providence, R. I.) English beagle bitch Hornell (Duke—Gossett) to Mr. H. A. Sherr's (Johnston, R. I.) Smuggler (Flete—Queen), Jan. 31.

*Flirt—Duke.* Mr. George Ayer's black and tan setter bitch Flirt (Shut—Gospy) to Mr. Harry Smith's (Duke—Queen), Jan. 31.

*Lolita—Lance.* Mr. Bayard Thayer's (Boston, Mass.) imported rough-coated bitch Lolita to Mr. J. E. Thayer's Lance (Iran—Maida II.), Feb. 5.

*Gey—Rory O'More.* The Rory O'More Kennel's (Albany, N. Y.) red and Irish setter bitch Gey (Elcho—Fiv Fly) to champion Rory O'More.

*Anne Boleyn—Rory O'More, Jr.* The Rory O'More Kennel's (Albany, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Anne Boleyn (Rory O'More—Queen Bess) to their Rory O'More, Jr. (Rory O'More—Nora O'More).

*Mignon—Gloss.* Mr. Eugene Powers's (Cortland, N. Y.) black and white ticked cocker spaniel bitch Mignon (Dart—Daisy II.) to his Gloss (Bud—Jenny), Feb. 5.

*Boudicca-Turk.* Dr. J. W. Alsop's (Middletown, Conn.) imported mastiff bitch Boudicca (Rajah—Queen) to Mr. H. W. Lee's (Turk—Rajah)—Brenda, Jan. 5.

## WHELETS.

See instructions at head of this column.  
*Lassie—Jenna.* Mr. Fred W. Rothbar's (Spring Creek Farm Kennels, Simcoe, Ont.) imported Scotch collie bitch Lassie, Jan. 22, one (one dog) by champion Margus (see even dogs).

*Lill—Boyer.* The Fulton Kennel Club's (Canal Fulton, Ohio) champion beagle bitch Lill (Warrior—Rosey), Dec. 13, 1882, four (two dogs) by their champion Boxer.

*Reppell's Lady—Boyer.* The Fulton Kennel Club's (Canal Fulton, Ohio) white and tan beagle bitch Reppell's Lady (Boyer—Gossett), Dec. 17, 1882, four (two dogs) by owner's champion Boxer (four dogs) and one bitch since dead.

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*Reppell's Lady—Boyer.* The Fulton Kennel Club's (Canal Fulton, Ohio) white and tan beagle bitch Reppell's Lady (Boyer—Gossett), Dec. 17, 1882, four (two dogs) by owner's champion Boxer (four dogs) and one bitch since dead.



am inclined to think the old felt a tree and get in ball and then a few consecutive slides on five-inch string! I know it never was made before by any rider and I think it is the best of the kind ever made, excepting, and I think so, the one I can begin to feel about I should like to "qualify" myself in. I have made a few other fractions of the coming team myself. As to the coming gun, I have not yet decided.

CAMDEN, N. J.—An interesting shooting match was held Feb. 14, at the club rooms of the Princeton Social, at Camden, N. J., by the members of the Orange Gun Club. There was a large crowd of spectators and good and poor sights. Distance, 187 ft. The target of honor was a large one. Shooting at a pin's head, the best shot being 15 in. from pin, the following: 1st, Jos. H. Huggins; 2d, A. Weaver; 3d, C. Wenz; 4th, H. C. Thompson; 5th, H. Stein; 6th, E. H. Stein; 7th, W. Stein; 8th, L. H. Stein; 9th, A. Meyer; 10th, J. H. Huggins; 11th, J. H. Huggins; 12th, L. H. Stein; 13th, L. H. Stein; 14th, A. Meyer; 15th, J. H. Huggins; 16th, J. H. Huggins; 17th, J. H. Huggins; 18th, J. H. Huggins; 19th, J. H. Huggins; 20th, J. H. Huggins. There was also presented with a leather medal. There was a winning between two teams, W. Stein, Jr., being captain of one, and E. H. Stein, Jr., being captain of the other. The following were the winners: 1st, E. Wenz; 2d, J. H. Huggins; 3d, J. H. Huggins; 4th, J. H. Huggins; 5th, J. H. Huggins; 6th, J. H. Huggins; 7th, J. H. Huggins; 8th, J. H. Huggins; 9th, J. H. Huggins; 10th, J. H. Huggins; 11th, J. H. Huggins; 12th, J. H. Huggins; 13th, J. H. Huggins; 14th, J. H. Huggins; 15th, J. H. Huggins; 16th, J. H. Huggins; 17th, J. H. Huggins; 18th, J. H. Huggins; 19th, J. H. Huggins; 20th, J. H. Huggins.

Worcester, Mass., Feb. 8. There were not as many out on the weekly meet of the Worcester Rifle Association, at Pine Grove Range, to-day as usual. The wind was strong and variable. The scores for

A. Rice .....	5	5	3	5	4	6	6	1	9
C. D. Ennes .....	4	4	6	6	5	4	4	4	9
C. Murphy .....	5	4	1	4	4	5	5	4	4
W. Leagus .....	7	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4
J. W. Murphy .....	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4
A. W. Williams .....	1	4	4	6	5	4	4	4	4
Stedman Clark .....	1	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	4
Decimal Target.									
G. Arthur .....	8	6	7	6	6	8	4	4	6
A. L. Rice .....	7	7	8	5	3	7	6	8	5
Decimal Rest Target.									
Frank Wesson .....	6	10	8	10	9	10	9	7	7
C. Arthur .....	9	8	7	9	9	9	8	8	6
WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 7.—The Woodland Gun Club went out on their range to-day for a trial at breaking glass balls, thrown from rotary trap, out of a possible 50. Following is the score.									
H. Gilman .....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
C. B. Holden .....	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
A. Houghton .....	6	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
H. E. Fuller .....	7	6	5	4	4	4	4	4	4
L. G. White .....	8	7	6	5	4	4	4	4	4
W. J. Parker .....	9	8	7	6	5	4	4	4	4
G. McAlister .....	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	4	4

THE TRAP.  
THE CHAMPIONS AT LOUISVILLE.

1808, but for eighteen years prior to that date he had been leading a busy life on the prairies south of Chicago as a practical field and game warden. He had been a hunter since his boyhood, and in 1808, for the first time, he was engaged in a match from traps in a sweepstakes market. The match was won by George Stanton, of St. Louis, and his success was so great that a match was made with George Stanton, of Detroit, for \$300 per side. The match was at fifty birds, shot in the morning, and George Stanton won. He next met Abraham Kleemann, and was defeated, but shot again and defeated him. In the spring of 1862 he made a match with Bill pigeons in the morning, and won with 717 birds, and in the afternoon shot a woodcock with a single muzzle loader. He then went to kill 100 birds straight. This was done at Chicago, July 21, 1862, and later, at Detroit, he killed fifty-three birds in twenty minutes and then, later, he shot a woodcock with a single muzzle loader. He was again engaged in a match from traps, and won. He was again engaged in a match for \$1,000 per side against King, of Chicago, was

Nathan Dowie, G. K. Fayette and J. J. Kleumann were successively beaten in various styles of matches, and at Detroit, in the fall of 1870, he met Ira Paine upon the trap for the first time, and beat him in a match for \$400 per side. Paine at this time had a diamond-shaped badge which he had won in the East, and for this Bogardus challenged him, the match coming off on Jan. 25, 1871, at the grounds of Hiram Woodruff, Long Island. Paine killed 88 to Bogardus's 8. This match was the first use of a breech-loader by Bogardus.

[illegible]

of his abilities in this section of the country. On Dec. 12, 1877, he wrote from San Francisco a challenge which was published in the *San Francisco Chronicle* and was answered by the *San Francisco Herald*, thus, on Jan. 6, 1878. Nothing came of it, however, and when Carver came East his shooting was entirely with the rifle, and his doubt as to the accuracy of the revolver was confirmed. He was disappointed from what had been shown by previous shooters that he was a great attraction. He had a number of exchanges of challenge letters with the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the *San Francisco Herald*, the Astor House and agreed to have a six-day contest, 20,000 glass balls, Bogardus to use a shotgun and Carver a rifle. The contest was to be held at the Astor House and the match was to take place during the latter part of the year when Carver expected to be back from Europe. He shot a match with Bogardus and was disappointed in the result. He was breaking them easily with the rifle. Abroad he has displayed his skill from one end of Europe to the other, knocking over grouse and partridges with the rifle, and deer and wild boar with the shotgun, and with Austrian magnums. He has shot before royalty in a dozen countries, and suffered somewhat of what is antichristically said

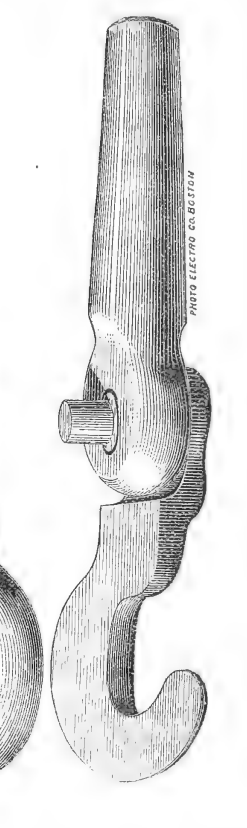
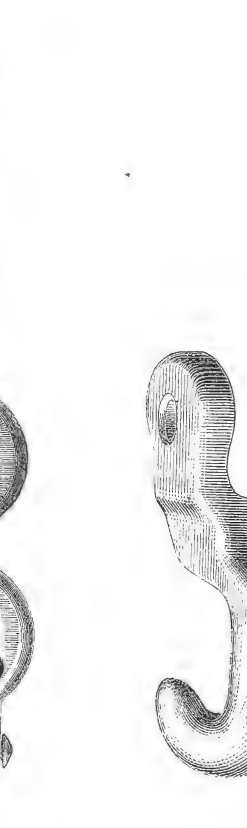
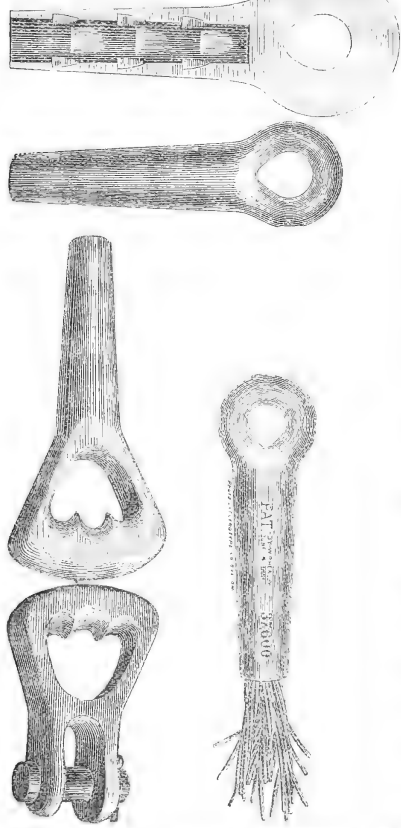


**LAUNCHED.**—Wallin and Gorman have launched a sloop of the following dimensions. On deck, 37ft. 6in.; load line, 44ft.; beam, 14ft.; depth, 11 ft. 10in.; draft, 12ft. Mast, deck to cap, 31ft. 6in.; topmast above cap, 5ft.; hoist of mainsail, 30ft.; boom, 35ft.; gaff, 19ft.; jib, 26ft. on foot.

**IN TREPID.**—This schooner, Mr. Lloyd Phoenix, N. Y. Y. C., was reported at Port-au-Spain, Trinidad, Jan. 20, intending to leave Feb. 2 for Granada, St. Vincent, St. Lucia and St. Thomas.

SALEM BAY Y. C.:  
 June 21—Club Races, Class 2 and 4.  
 July 4—Special Race.  
 July 11—First Championship Race.  
 Aug. 8—Second Championship Race.  
 Aug. 29—Third Championship Race.

April 6.	Mosquito Y. C.	City Point.
May 24.	Quincy Y. C.	First Club Match.
May 30.	Portland Y. C.	Challenge Cup.
May 31.	Portland Y. C.	Cruise.
May 30.	Dorchester Y. C.	Open, City Point.
May 31.	New Haven Y. C.	Spring Races.
June 7.	Hugh Phillip Y. C.	Fall River.
June 16.	Hull Y. C.	Dedication Sail.
June 17.	Nemo Y. C.	Cruise.
June 17.	Boston Y. C.	Open, City Point.
June 17.	Newburyport Y. C.	Open.
June 30.	Lynn Y. C.	Club Match.
June 31.	Eastern Y. C.	Open, Marblehead.
June 31.	New Haven Y. C.	Annual Matches.
July 31.	Quincy Y. C.	First Championship.
July 32.	Salmon Bay Y. C.	Class 3 and 4.
June 23.	New Bedford Y. C.	Review.
June 24.	Hull Y. C.	First Pennant.
June 24.	Bunker Hill Y. C.	City Point.
June 24.	Mosquito Y. C.	City Point.
July 1.	Hull Y. C.	Scrub Races.
July 1.	Dorchester Y. C.	Open, Nahant.
July 4.	Ousec Bay Residents.	Open.
July 4.	City of Boston Regatta.	City Point.
July 4.	City of Boston Regatta.	City Point.
July 4.	Quannapowitt Y. C.	Wakenfield.
July 4.	City of Gloucester, N. H.	Lake Umbagog.
July 4.	Salmon Bay Y. C.	Open.
July 4.	Haverhill Y. C.	Cruise.
July 5.	Portland Y. C.	Peak's Island.
July 5.	Beverly Y. C.	First Championship, Nahant.
July 8.	Hull Y. C.	First Club Matches.
July 8.	Jeffrey Y. C.	First Championship.
July 11.	Salmon Bay Y. C.	First Championship.
July 14.	New Bedford Y. C.	Sloops, Class 3.
July 15.	Beverly Y. C.	Monument Beacon.
July 15.	Boston Y. C.	Review and Cruise.
July 15.	Lynn Y. C.	Cruise.
July 17.	Cape Ann Y. C.	Open, Ipswich.
July 17.	New Bedford Y. C.	Cruise.
July 20.	Eastern Y. C.	Sloops, Class 1, 2.
July 20.	Nocturne Y. C.	Bristol, R. I.
July 21.	Quincy Y. C.	Second Championship.
July 21.	Hull Y. C.	Second Club Matches.
July 22.	Jeffries Y. C.	Second Championship.
July 23.	New Haven Y. C.	Cruise.
July 23.	Lynn Y. C.	First Championship.
July 22.	Eastern Y. C.	Cruise.
July 22.	Point of Pines Residents.	Open.
July 25.	Hull Y. C.	Second Pennant.
July 29.	Hull Y. C.	Ladies' Day.
July 29.	Beverly Y. C.	Second Championship, Swampscott.
Aug. 2.	Bunker Hill Y. C.	Charles own, M. H.
Aug. 2.	Cape Ann Y. C.	Open, Gloucester.
Aug. 3.	New Bedford Y. C.	Sloops, Class 2.
Aug. 3.	Hull Y. C.	Scrub-off.
Aug. 4.	New Bedford Y. C.	Sloops, Class 3.
Aug. 6.	Hull Y. C.	Swivelboats.
Aug. 6.	Lynn Y. C.	Second Championship.
Aug. 7.	Jeffries Y. C.	Third Championship.
Aug. 7.	Dorchester Y. C.	Catboats.
Aug. 7.	Independence Y. C.	Newburyport.
Aug. 8.	Salmon Bay Y. C.	Second Champion.
Aug. 12.	Hull Y. C.	Third Club Match.
Aug. 14.	Eastern Y. C.	Open, Marblehead.
Aug. 15.	Vicksn-Maggie.	Marblehead.
Aug. 19.	Quannapowitt Y. C.	Wakenfield.
Aug. 19.	Hull Y. C.	Open, Race.
Aug. 19.	Beverly Y. C.	Monument Beach.
Aug. 19.	Barnstable Y. C.	Barnstable, Mass.
Aug. 21.	Ingleside Y. C.	Newburyport.
Aug. 22.	Dorchester Y. C.	Second Championship, Cats.
Aug. 22.	Barnstable Y. C.	Barnstable, Mass.
Aug. 22.	Mosquito Y. C.	City Point.
Aug. 23.	Quincy Y. C.	Third Championship.
Aug. 24.	Hull Y. C.	Third Pennant.
Aug. 24.	New Bedford Y. C.	Second, Schooners; first, Sloops.
Aug. 24.	Dorchester Y. C.	Cruise, Marblehead.
Aug. 26.	Beverly Y. C.	Open Races.
Aug. 28.	Metapossit Residents.	Open Races.
Aug. 29.	Salmon Bay Y. C.	Third Championship.
Aug. 31.	Duxbury Y. C.	Club Match.



### METALLIC SPLICING.

THE usual method of splicing wire is in imitation of the practice pertaining with rope. The splicing, if well done, is strong enough, but never perfectly reliable, so much depending upon the workmanship. Objections are the time consumed, the waste of wire and the difficulty of making repairs away from a regular rigging establishment. This last objection is the most serious to owners of yachts, as their seldom command the ability or tools to effect repairs, except in a temporary and crude way, and such repairs are seldom to be trusted, often involving new rigging to make up for the loss of length incurred by the attempts of the crew. The new metallic splice is put on the market to overcome the inequalities of "unlaying and sticking." It can be recommended for durability, economy of time and material, neatness and the facility of application and removal. It is practically indestructible by any ordinary usage or exposure.

No repairs are needed, and when a rope is worn out the socket may be easily removed and used on new rope. This is a marked advance over the old style splice which requires the frequent attention of a competent rigger to repair or renew the coating or service of tarred hemp, which, without such care, soon becomes worthless either to hold the splice together or to keep water from going into it, thereby causing rust, expanding the hemp core and spreading the splice laterally and destroying it.

There is a large saving of rope by this method, as none is required to go around thimbles or dead-eyes; none is used for tuckling; none to trim off, and in fact no rope is wasted and no hemp service is required either to strengthen or to protect the splice. For ship use no chafing gear is required, as the socket is a smooth metal which will neither chafe nor be chafed. No repairs are required. The time taken to fasten the rope may be safely stated as less than one-fourth of that required to make and finish the old style splice.

The arrangement is simple to describe. The wire having been cut to the required length, the end is inserted in the socket cast in one of the various fittings used in rigging, such as eyes, hooks, hearts, fair leads, etc., and there secured by pouring a strong fusible metal around it, completely filling all the spaces in and around the rope, and forming a perfectly solid and thoroughly united structure which no strain can break, as has been amply proved by a great number of tests made at the U. S. Arsenal, Watertown, Mass., and several other places; and also by practical use on shipboard.

This invention is likely to work important changes to the manner of rigging yachts of all kinds, from the fact that these sockets may be terminated by any kind of device or fastening commonly used in connection with wire rope, for which purpose the Metallic Splice Manufacturing Company have brought out many useful and neat patterns, among which we have selected the principal ones for illustration.

The socket cast in one with the fittings is made with care and always cylindrical inside, as shown by the sectional cut of an ordinary eye herewith presented. The socket was first cast conical, but subsequent experiments showed a cylindrical hole all that is necessary, since the wire rope invariably swells away before the splice or welding would "take." Notches or heels shown in the illustration are not even necessary, for perfect fusion takes place between the wire, filling and surrounding casting if the directions are properly followed. These are within the comprehension of every one, as appears from the following: Pure tin, or a compound of half lead and half tin. Either of these may be used with the utmost safety, and are obtainable in any part of the world.

#### DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING THE PATENT SPLICING.

First—Melt a sufficient quantity of filling metal.

Second—Measure the depth of socket, and cut the same length from the hemp heart of the rope.

Third—Insert the end of the rope to be spliced into the socket, and hold in a horizontal position over a strong heat until a piece of the filling metal will melt, when held on the upper side of socket, and passed over the length of this heat, the required length of the rope or largest part of the socket, and until the rope becomes too hot for the hand at the distance of six inches from the socket. Have the filling hot enough to ignite a shaving or piece of paper when brought in contact with it.

Fourth—Place the splice with the rope inserted in an upright position and pour the socket full of metal; it may be cooled gradually with water, when it is ready for use.

Any apparatus for melting the metal and heating the parts may be used, but the manufacturers have perfected a light and portable furnace and melting pot, which heats the metal very quickly, and renders the process of splicing very simple and expeditious. These furnaces are furnished to owners of the splice, and are found useful in many different ways when a moderate or powerful heat is wanted temporarily or constantly.

It is our intention to publish testimonials or endorsements here,

except as necessary to assure persons likely to use the splice, that it has been put through well authenticated experiments before competent experts, and that no risk attends the introduction of a method of splicing we regard as a great improvement upon existing customs. The general results of the experiments are set forth in the subjoined table obtained before a board of U. S. naval officers at the Watertown Arsenal, Aug. 22, 1884.

SOCKETS.	STEEL WIRE ROPE.	ULTIMATE STRENGTH.
Valuable Iron.	Two inch.	20,000 lbs.
"	Three "	15,000 "
"	Four "	13,000 "

The rope was broken in every case, and the splices were unimpaired.

The following is an extract from a report of tests, made to Commander O. H. Badger, commanding the U. S. Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., March 31, 1882:

"Commodore—in obedience to your order of the 19th inst., we have examined and witnessed the testing at Watertown Arsenal of the patent fusible wire socket splice presented by W. P. Healey. In one case a five-eighth iron rod—Norway iron—was inserted in the socket, the rod parted and the splice remained intact. By the request of the board two ends of wire rope were put together, and the socket splice put on similar to two ends of a shroud, being shot away and put together, and the rope was broken in each case. The rope was broken each time, the splice remaining good. (A splice of this kind does not shorten the rope.)"

From the results of the tests we are of the opinion that if the sockets and splices are carefully made, and a sufficient space given in the socket to allow the metal to go freely to the bottom and penetrate the wire spaces, that it will more than stand the strain of the rope. It is also more durable and economical than the old method of splicing.

(Signed) C. C. CARPENTER, Captain U. S. N.  
J. T. SYMONS, Lieutenant U. S. N.  
J. B. AIKES, Boatswain U. S. N.  
M. H. WEBSTER, Supt. Rope Walk.

The strength and reliability of the metallic splice is therefore not open to doubt. Its neatness and advantages will be readily appreciated by the reader. Hon. Benjamin Dean, owner of the well known sloop Cadine, of Boston, who tried the arrangement on his yacht, has the following to say:

Boston, September 14, 1881.

Supt. Metallic Splice Manufacturing Co.—I am much pleased with your Metallic Splice. It is the nearest thing possible, and secures the entire strength of the rope. Nothing could be better.

Yours, very truly, BERT. DEAN.

Splicing is given by the captains of pilot boats and the owners of vessels generally, so we deem ourselves warranted in aiding the introduction of the splice throughout the yachting fleet. We have at our office a sample, cut across in several places, demonstrating the complete welding of all parts in a single mass.

The only caution required is to follow absolutely the directions with regard to heating the socket, the object being to cause contraction of the surrounding iron as the filling metal cools. No skilled expert called for, any builder or carpenter or boat sharp can accomplish thorough work in much less time than they could with the old tuckling process. Owners of small boats can doctor their rigging without the trouble of carrying it to a rigger's loft and paying high price for trifling repairs.

The various sizes of sockets are known by numbers, and suited to rigging according to the circumference, which may be taken as equal to three times the diameter and a trade over. The amount of filling metal is small and the cost purely nominal, being only 24lb. for a socket 3/16 in. internal circumference. Among the yachts fitted with the metallic splice may be mentioned the schooner Fox, new of New York, the schooner Meteor, the sloop Cricket, built by the Woods Bros., of Boston, for Mr. Mott, of Oswego; the Glam, of V. King, of Boston; the Chama, M. Driscoll, and the Phantom, of the same place. Also the sloop Blanche, T. C. Lyman, of New York, and the Undine, before noted. Quite a large fleet will be similarly supplied this year, as builders generally are giving the new method their preference. The accompanying illustrations explain themselves. They include the common "round eye," useful for many purposes, and a general substitute for eye splicing in all parts of a ship. The dead eyes are neater, stronger and lighter than those of lignum vitae. The "leg sockets" or "hearts" are adapted to setting up bowsprit shrouds, boscayers, and smokestack guys. The sister hooks are familiar in their application to all.

Other cuts illustrate the breaking of the wire before the splice

drew during a trial test. With such handy appliances, yacht owners will be able to find many occasions to work them in to advantage where at present they refrain on account of the trouble and difficulty involved in the old method. Double sockets for joining two ends are also manufactured, so that a break can be overcome without shortening the rigging, by sticking the ends as formerly required. The means for quick repairs, alterations or additions are to be found aboard even the smallest of boats, so the work can be all done aboard ship with a few spare sockets in stock among the boat-sailor's stores. We refer those interested for further information to the Metallic Splice Manufacturing Company, 55 Oliver Street, Boston, from whom samples may also be obtained.

### STEAM YACHTS.

BESIDE a lot of wired, half-browned, ill-shaped launches dubbed "steam yachts," we have few, if any, regular steam yachts deserving the appellation. The sausage-shaped things, so low in the waist as to be quickly swamped in rough water, and surrounded by fragment houses with a couple of bean poles for rig are at best to be classed as launches which have come into vogue on the strength of their supposed high speed. Nine out of ten of them, however, can lay claims to nothing of the sort, and if not for speed conveyance up and down rivers to suburban residences, their right to exist may fairly be questioned. With the exception of the Herreshoff yachts, these steam launches with their ungainly form, dangerous precocities, clumsy, antiquated boilers and tea engines, are lamentable failures in respect to high speed. Lacking in the only quality justifying their existence, they are worthless toys of no use or value. The cruising steam yacht affording a floating home, and able to make a passage to any parts at reasonable, even maintained speed upon the lowest coal consumption, and the smallest engine space, is one of those luxuries not yet existing in our waters, and in fact scarcely understood in her prints of excellence, and seventy-five to seven hundred tons in British waters we have as yet no counterpart. That they will compass an important element in the near future can hardly be doubted when we keep in mind their fast increasing popularity abroad, and the wide range of their usefulness. Such fresh-decked screw yachts as we have so far built, are to a great extent reproductions of the little launches on a larger scale, and with two or three exceptions, their excessive consumption, and large engine space render them unsuitable for cruising and voyaging purposes. Of the class of oceanic cruising steamers the English and Scotch have so long made a specialty that their designs will naturally be sought to fill the lack of our own experience. Those in search of the latest practice are directed to the ripe knowledge and close familiarity with the subject for which naval architects like Mr. St. Clare Byrne, of Liverpool, have well-established reputations. In applying to his professional ability, gentlemen contemplating the construction of steam cruisers will certainly fare vastly better than by studying the little in the dark, leaving to carpenter and blacksmith the intricacies and neat balances of size, power, rig and accommodations. The clumsy attempts at originality now existing in our waters prove how farlie it is on the part of even our best engineering establishments to reach at a single bound upon first attempt the maturity in plan and the nicety of detail which can only be acquired by gradual approaches through many years of time and the closest attention. We are induced to give this warning, because we hear of a cruising steam yacht about to be designed and built by a concern which has never turned out anything of the kind, has no one in its employ who ever stepped aboard such a vessel, and who know nothing of a cruiser's requirements in detail. Designers of steam yachts are in need of specialists, and to renounce their advice and knowledge in favor of the overbearing confidence of a bureau agent in search of a commission is to insure failure from the start and another danger upon the introduction of steam cruisers.

MEASUREMENT IN GERMANY.—After discussion of the systems in vogue the North German Sailing Union has decided to adopt "bulk measurement," and has voted the funds necessary to carry the system out in practice. An official measurer will be selected, whose expenses will be covered by the union. Expert engineers and army officers, took part in the deliberations, and their support of bulk measurement is strong evidence of its equity. There is nothing unscientific in their conclusions, nor if they build upon false assumptions and prejudice like certain young club men here. The clubs at Hamburg, Stettin, Dantzig, Kiel and Berlin are included in the union. The Royal Copenhagen, of Denmark, now measures by displacement, but as the evil tendencies of such a custom in producing shoddy, dangerous yachts is already becoming apparent, the Danish yachtsmen are likely to follow the lead of the Germans soon.



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O'Shaughnessy, Tapered Feil	1.00	3.36	2.73	2.37	1.80	1.58	1.51	1.36	1.22	1.22	1.08	.93	.86	.86	.86	.86	.86	.86
Knobbed	6.50	5.50	4.50	4.00	3.50	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50	1.00	.75	.50	.25	.25	.25	.25	.25	.25
Rass Needle Eye	1.00	3.36	2.73	2.37	1.80	1.58	1.51	1.36	1.22	1.22	1.08	.93	.86	.86	.86	.86	.86	.86
American Trout, Marked	1.00	3.36	2.73	2.37	1.80	1.58	1.51	1.36	1.22	1.22	1.08	.93	.86	.86	.86	.86	.86	.86
Carlisle, marked	1.00	3.36	2.73	2.37	1.80	1.58	1.51	1.36	1.22	1.22	1.08	.93	.86	.86	.86	.86	.86	.86
Aberdeen, marked	1.00	3.36	2.73	2.37	1.80	1.58	1.51	1.36	1.22	1.22	1.08	.93	.86	.86	.86	.86	.86	.86
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 444.]

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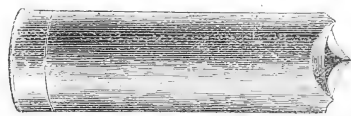
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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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## GEORGE DAWSON.

GEORGE DAWSON died at his home in Albany, New York, last Saturday morning, after a brief illness of less than a week.

His death brought to its close a long and active life, well rounded with usefulness and honor. Mr. Dawson had almost attained the allotted three score years and ten, and had retired from active life to spend a well-earned leisure in the companionship of his chosen books and many friends.

George Dawson was born at Falkirk, Scotland, March 14, 1813; and when three years old came to this country with his family, living first in New York City, and afterward in Toronto, Canada. At the age of eleven, in 1824, he entered as an apprentice to the printing trade in Niagara Falls, Canada. In 1826 he went to Rochester, New York, and there became an employee of the late Thurlow Weed, and in 1831, Mr. Weed having established the *Albany Evening Journal*, Mr. Dawson became foreman of the printing office. This position he held, meantime reporting the Legislature proceedings, and doing other work upon the paper, until, in the spring of 1836, he was called to the editorship of the *Rochester Daily Democrat*. Thence, after three years, he went, in August, 1839, to the editorial management of the *Detroit Daily Advertiser*, where, in return for his services to them, the Whigs made him State printer. In 1844 a fire destroyed the establishment, and Mr. Dawson returned to Rochester, and again became the editor of the *Daily Democrat*, which position he held until 1846. At the invitation of Mr. Weed he became an associate in the editorship of the *Albany Evening Journal*, of which he became senior editor and proprietor upon Mr. Weed's resignation. In the history-forming years that followed, Mr. Dawson's position was one

of great influence. He wielded a sharp, incisive pen, and through the *Journal* moulded public opinion in the great crises of the day. In the arduous duties of his editorial management Mr. Dawson did the best work of his life, finding brief rest and recreation in his favorite pastime of angling. In March, 1877, he retired from the active management of the *Journal*, and devoted himself to the pursuits of a leisure well earned. In 1879 he again took up the pen and assumed control of the *Journal*, relinquishing it in September of last year. The life we have thus briefly outlined was a busy and influential career. But like many another man born with a love for the beautiful things of nature, Mr. Dawson found time—or made it—to gratify to a normal extent his tastes for out-of-door life. His summer vacations were spent in the woods, in the companionship of chosen friends of like spirit, and in a communion with nature, from which he returned each year renewed in mental strength and vigor, and, like the Norse heroes of old who ate of the magic youth-restoring apples, young again in years.

Mr. Dawson was one of "the simple wise men who love to go fishing." The pastime was a passion with him, and few men could write of its charms with more appreciation or more delicately. His annual angling trips were described in the *Journal* in several series of letters, fragrant with the fresh, spicy odor of the North Woods and the Canadian forests. In 1879, after returning from his thirty-fifth annual trip to angling waters, he collected several of these letters together into a handsome volume entitled "Pleasures of Angling with Rod and Reel for Trout and Salmon," a book which has taken its place among the classics of this literature.

Among his angling friends and camp companions were many of the distinguished men of the day, President Arthur, ex-Vice-President Wheeler, ex-Treasurer Spinner, Senator Edmunds, Secretary Folger, ex-Governor Seymour, Chief Justice Ritchie, of New Brunswick, and Chief Justice Gray of the Supreme Court. Of his days in camp with these friends some pleasant chat was given in the "Winter Talk," published in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Dec. 21 last.

When Mr. Dawson retired from his editorial duties last fall he expressed to the writer the pleasant anticipation of devoting himself to more congenial occupations, and shortly thereafter he began the series of charming "Winter Talks on Summer Pastimes" that have given so much pleasure to the readers of this journal. These essays are believed to be the last of his writings, and in them will be found the reflection of "the calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings attending upon it," which were the crown of a well-spent life.

## THE PARK AND THE SENATE.

THE Senate of the United States is displaying a strange apathy in regard to a matter of such vital importance as the preservation to this country of the Yellowstone National Park. The time has come for the members of the Senate to give some attention to the subject. They are apparently over-awed by the impudence of the would-be Park grabbers, who in the very face of the action of the standing committee of the Senate and without any lease, have gone on cutting down timber in the Park, killing game and erecting a hotel, as if they were above Congress and the people. This unblushing conduct calls for prompt attention.

Last Saturday, Senator Vest offered a resolution for the appointment of a committee of Senators to report to the Senate at the next session what is the actual condition of the Yellowstone National Park, what action has been taken by the Department of the Interior in regard to the management of the Park and the leasing or contracting to lease any part of it, and what legislation, if any, is necessary to protect the timber, game, and objects of curiosity, and to secure the proper administration of justice therein.

The resolution also requests the Secretary of the Interior to take no action in the matter of leasing or contracting to lease any portion of the Park for any purpose until the Committee shall have reported, to cause the cutting of timber and the erection of hotels to be discontinued, and to take immediate steps for the protection of game and objects of interest, and to call upon the proper military authorities for this purpose.

The resolution went over to Monday, and was then put off again, to come up when they get through with the interminable Tariff bill. It is very evident, as it has been from the first, that the monopolists have a strong lobby. We hope that Senator Vest will compel the friends of the Park schemers to show their hands.

## THE CHICAGO GAME MARKET.

A BILL now before the Illinois Legislature provides that the open season for selling game shall be extended to February 1. This bill is being pushed for the benefit of the game dealers, and is most decidedly against the interest of game protection. The circumstances are these: The Illinois law now permits the sale of grouse to December 5, and of quail to January 5; this allows five days for the sale of game after the season for killing it has expired. This is all the time that can reasonably be asked or wisely granted. But it does not satisfy the dealers, and they have set about securing a change.

Their first step was the organization of a Sportsmen's and Game Dealers' Association, in which it is needless to say the latter class, who appear to have shrewdly originated the scheme, hold a controlling influence. At the same time, by making it appear that the association is a sportsmen's society, they count on winning the concessions to their demands, which, as simple game dealers, they know they could not do. The present bill is fathered by this unequally yoked team of sportsmen and marketmen.

There are many good and sufficient reasons why such a bill should be opposed by honest advocates of game protection. It is an axiom that so long as there is a market for game so long will it be supplied to the market, legally or illegally, by fair means or foul. The sale of game ought to stop when the season for killing it expires; a period of five days, as now provided by the Illinois law, is ample time to dispose of the supply on hand. If not, then let the supply be less. If the season for killing game in Illinois is extended to February 1, the sportsmen of that State may make up their minds to the fact that game will be killed to February 1. There is no reasoning that fact out of the way.

Such an extension of the selling season would be alike disastrous to the game interests of other States. So long as the Illinois game dealers, during the close season, could sell game received from other States, or game from their own State under pretense that it had been shipped in from somewhere else, they were content with the old law. But the Wagner decision cut off this privilege. If the selling season is extended to February 1, the Chicago market will be flooded with game illegally killed in Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and Wisconsin. Indeed, such is now the case.

It appears that through the influence of their association the game dealers have this year secured immunity from the law, and have been selling great quantities of game illegally killed in other States. One case in point has just come to our knowledge. It shows most clearly, first, that an open Chicago market means wholesale and illegal destruction of game in other States; and, second, that Chicago game dealers, who are also members of the Sportsmen's and Game Dealers' Association, have no scruples whatever about selling such game, provided only that they can put the proceeds into their pockets and escape arrest.

On the 22d of last January Mr. R. W. Matthews, of St. Paul, Minn., telegraphed to an ex-president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association that a large number of pinnated grouse had been, in defiance of the law, shipped from Osakis, Minn., to Bond & Ellsworth, game dealers, of Chicago. But instead of taking any steps in the matter, the recipient of the letter handed it over to the head of the firm against whom complaint was made, who is, by the way, the president of the Sportsmen's and Game Dealers' Association. A reply from this gentleman went back to Minnesota that Chicago game dealers were selling game in the close season, and proposed to sell it up to February 1st, and that the sportsmen had pledged themselves to stand to one side and make no prosecutions. So the dealer received and, presumably, disposed of the goods which, according to the laws of Minnesota and of Illinois, were contraband.

This is only one case among hundreds and thousands of the same kind. It shows how little sincerity there is in the game protective pretensions of the parties implicated; and it should be a warning to the sportsmen of Illinois to guard their interests as now secured by the present law.

The Chicago marketmen plead that if they do not sell game in the close season others will. This is the silly casuistry of men of the world over who can find no valid excuse for engaging in business of doubtful morality. Because the New York and Boston markets are open is no reason why the Chicago market should be added to them and the illegal traffic in game thereby increased. They ought not to be closed when the killing season expires.

For the sake of the Illinois game supply, and of that of neighboring States, true friends of protection will regret to see any such opening of the Chicago market.

## THE RIFLE SEASON OF 1888.

WITHIN a few weeks the clearing up of the ranges and the settling of the weather will enable practice to open before the target, and the work of the shooting season of 1888 will be on in full force. It promises to be a brisk season for those interested in rifle improvement, and in official military and amateur civilian circles as well, there is a desire to see progress as well as mere relaxation and enjoyment.

The great event will be the International match, and to secure a creditable showing in this every effort should be bent. There must be no such disgraceful fight against the odds encountered in the last contest. The team of 1883 must not be sent out to any such sure defeat, and it certainly looks as though they were to have choice of some excellent weapons.

Of course it will be a very agreeable outcome of the contest should victory come home with the visiting team, but the match can have only a good effect, at any event, in so far as it points attention to the matter of non-cleaning matches. They are to be the contests of the future in the line of practical rifle practice, and there could be no more instructive series of experiments at Creedmoor than comparative tests with the ordinary military rifles in prolonged series of shots without cleaning. A rifle which becomes useless from leading or jamming, or stripping of bullet patch under such trials, is not worthy of support as a desirable weapon. It does not come up to the requirements of a military arm, where oftentimes it is necessary to have shot after shot for long periods fired, and often very rapidly, too, where cleaning is entirely out of the question. If the arm shoots the more wildly the more it is fired in this way, it very soon becomes a mere stick, and is no better than a quarter-staff or policeman's billy. There would be an added pleasure to target practice if the marksman could be certain that in ridding himself of the labor of cleaning his rifle bore he was not at the same time placing himself under a heavy handicap. It must not be inferred that the practice of ten years past on American ranges, where so much attention was paid to cleaning, was misdirected practice. The results obtained were valuable, and make the building of a non-cleaning rifle a comparatively easy task. There is to be no general overhauling of the construction, but by care in a few minor points it will be found that any good shooting weapon under the present system will be serviceable for prolonged shoots without cleaning.

If in place of offering for prizes for the marksman who may hit the best score in a match under our present rules, the N. R. A. should encourage original experiments and carefully tabulate the results obtained under certain known and defined conditions, something could be accomplished in a single season which it would require a dozen years to reach under our present haphazard system. In all reports of rifle matches as now given there are so many omissions that the records are of little value as guides to riflemen wishing to improve their own practice. A single score might serve as the text for a very complete lesson of practical rifle shooting, but if the only point aimed at in publication is to designate differences between individuals, then the system now in use is a good one and answers every purpose. Progress, however, is not to be made by years of this sort of work. The experimenter is the leader and there is no reason why the several clubs of the country and organizations generally should not devote some time and attention to securing and tabulating results in these systematic endeavors to overcome some of the present impediments in the way of good and reliable scoring at all times.

It is time, too, in military practice that, there should be a general exhibit of what is and has been done. The regular army has made great progress since rifle practice was taken up a few years ago, and it is to be hoped that with the carrying out of the wise suggestion for the concentration of the troops and the breaking up of the present series of detached posts something may be accomplished in the direction of rifle improvement. In the militia it would be wise if a uniform system of scoring could be introduced so that the relative standing of the men of the several States could be readily fixed, and especially the fact brought out in strong relief that in many parts of the Union absolutely no attention is paid to building up this strong arm to the civil power of the body politic.

It is one of the difficulties of this sort of target practice that it must be kept up under the guise of a pleasure. It must not be made too irksome as a task, for there it is thrown aside as a bore, and all interest in it ceases. It will not do for the authorities to insist upon men making up for the defects of an inferior arm by extra practice and precaution. The best weapons should be secured, and then can the best result be insisted upon from the men into whose hands the rifles have been placed. In this respect the militia of several of the States have been very just cause for complaint, and it is not at all surprising that some lively grumbling should at times be indulged in.

It is probable that this year will see some interesting experiments in the direction of repeating rifles for military uses. It is an open question whether for sporting rifles to be used in hunting there is any legitimate demand for a magazine rifle, but in military circles it is recognized that the morale of a body of troops is wonderfully strengthened by having them armed to the very highest point of excellence,

and competent experts are working in the direction of magazine rifles with great determination. Much has been done abroad, and most excellent results have been shown on this side the ocean; but there is the service test to be yet applied to many of the models put up for trial.

It would be well if the season of 1888 should see a more general diffusion of rifle shooting, and the sport become popular in all quarters of the country. If for every one of the thousands upon thousands of little pistol plagues which are scattered in every quarter, a good weapon was made and put in careful use, we should have a big decrease in accidents from firearms. To infer from the number of fatal shooting occurrences that small arms are *per se* responsible is most absurd. Carelessness, ignorance or design come in to explain the mishap in fully ninety-nine per cent. of the cases reported. If the season of '88 will see more intelligence on the questions of petty arms scattered among the people, it will see a corresponding reduction in the number of shooting accidents.

**NETS IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.**—We would call attention to the article by Dr. C. Hart Merriam in another column, in which he shows how the valuable food fishes of Lake Champlain are slaughtered on the Vermont side of the lake while seeking their spawning grounds. A year ago one of the New York game protectors complained in our columns of this same thing, and regretted that he was powerless to remedy the matter. The greed of fishermen in all parts leads them to try to capture the last fish in the waters in order to make as much out of them to-day as is possible and to neglect the future harvests. We hope some action may be taken by the authorities to prevent the annual March slaughter this year, and thus secure a fair crop of young fish the coming season. If the fishermen took the fish after they had spawned it would not be so bad, but according to Dr. Merriam they are doing all they can to exterminate the fishes of the lake, whose main spawning grounds seem to be upon the Vermont side.

**"ASLEEP AT HIS POST."**—Had the artist chosen to tell his story in prose, instead of by a sketch, it would properly have been placed in our Camp Fire Flickerings. The picture is suggestive. The hero is by no means the only unfortunate sportsman who has, by falling asleep, missed one of the golden opportunities of his life. A similar experience has befallen others. We recall an occasion when a fox hunter (New England style), overcome by fatigue, fell asleep at his stand. When he woke to find that the fox had passed within six feet of him, he delivered an oration to himself and the other stumps, which, though eloquent in the extreme, our limited space will not permit us to repeat here. To his friends it was plausibly explained that the fox had been missed because his gun had hung fire; the real truth has never been told before, and it is now given to the reader only in the strictest confidence. May we not ask in return a like confidential relation from some one else?

**THE LOCAL PRESS** may be utilized to further the interests of sportsmen if a little attention be given to the matter. The local editor is, in nine cases out of ten, willing to give his influence to the cause of game protection, provided only that his attention be properly called to the subject. How clearly and truly the local press can talk, witness the words of the Huron (Dakota) *Leader*, reproduced elsewhere. With such an ally as the home paper, the sportsmen of a town or county can accomplish a vast amount of good.

**THE MAINE COMMISSIONERS.**—We are pleased to learn of the reappointment of Messrs. H. O. Stanley and E. M. Stillwell as Commissioners of Fisheries and Game for the State of Maine. The latter gentleman, although not appearing as such, has in reality held the position and discharged the duties of commissioner during the past year, having served at the request of the Governor's Council. His reinstatement will receive the cordial approval of citizens of Maine.

**SEAL HUNTING.**—The hardy sport of seal hunting has not found favor with many of our sportsmen, yet no doubt it may be an enjoyable one. We learn that the well-known naturalist, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, whose contributions have often enriched our columns, will start next week for Newfoundland and the Northern ice fields on a big seal hunt. We hope he will have all the success that he has hoped for, and that he will give us some account of the trip.

**MAINE BIRDS.**—Many of our ornithological readers will no doubt be surprised, as we confess we were, at Mr. Smith's arrangement of the families of the *Grallatores* in the list of Maine Birds, now being published in these columns. This arrangement was not determined upon by the author without consideration, and we leave it without change and without comment.

**THE CHESAPEAKE BIG-GUNS.**—Just as we go to press we are in receipt of a telegram from Baltimore dated February 20, which reports that three more big-guns have been captured, making seven in all, and the remainder are located.

**OUR READERS** will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their friends as are not now among the subscribers of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, but who would presumably be interested in the paper.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

## NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY LIEUT. FRED'K SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

## IV.—Nimrod with a Shotgun.—Part One.

WHILE in the winter time the Arctic regions are an almost barren country for the sportsman after small game, there is no place on this planet where it is more plentiful during the short summer, especially of the aquatic variety, and the lover of duck-shooting could certainly gain his fill in a short while.

While encamped in North Hudson's Bay it was considered no great delights at all to take the shotgun out to one of the many lakes in this vicinity and get a good mess for our little party. These lakes, which were nothing more than vast impervious basins of granite full of drainage water, were so numerous and oftentimes so large that I do not believe I exaggerate when I say that their superficial measurement would be one-third of the whole country thereabouts; certainly they were a most annoying impediment to inland traveling in the summer, and an equally fortunate boon in the winter when we followed over their level surfaces with dog-teams and sledges. Each pond or lake contained its little family or families of eider ducks, and if it were at all large, and especially if it were dotted with flat, grassy islands, which gave them protection while breeding, they would be in large bands over its surface. They only inhabit the ponds and lakes near the sea shore until the young are large enough to fly, when they congregate in the flocks, inlets and bays of the coast, in oftentimes numbers. It was not without some trouble we had to penetrate their ironclad coating of feathers, the greater majority of those secured being shot in the head and neck. As small shot was equally efficacious in this method of destruction, we adopted it, with the effect of increasing our scores.

Our first efforts were often laughable. Colonel Gilder one day turned a duck's feet into the air, and the result of this showy yards was that the wind had blown him nearly into shore, all the time kicking vigorously, the Colonel, desirous of facilitating his travels, commenced throwing large stones just beyond him with the effect of bringing him right side up with care. The duck looked around astonished, sneezed a couple of times, and when the next stone splashed alongside he disappeared in the water and came up over a hundred yards away, where he coolly proceeded to arrange his feathers after their last disturbance. Could any of the many dealers or manufacturers in shot-guns who advertise so extensively in *FOREST AND STREAM* get a good record on the Arctic duck, I think he could rest perfectly satisfied with his practical test.

The compass is a sluggish, unreliable instrument in the northern part of the bay, and is of little use in establishing a good long north and south line while conducting surveys, and for reasons unnecessary to explain, I fixed upon the expedient of doing so by the culmination of Jupiter. My north point was fixed near camp, and the south one approximately about a mile away across a lake; and one night I sent Henry to it to fix it as accurately as possible by this method. I gave him a small torch to define his position, and the man expected to find the star and the signal in the instant of culmination which I knew. My shotgun case contained a duck call, and I fixed on it as a good instrument to be heard a long distance, and told Henry that one *quack* meant the right, while two meant the left. The night came and Henry took his place, and I could see that he would be out of the way even a quarter of an hour ahead; and I gave a *quack* that sent him nearly as far out of the way on the other side. *Quack, quack*, was sent to him, and he had just gone about half way back and nearly where I wanted him, when there came floating over the lake *quack, quack*. That dragged him way out again. A single signal from my call to rectify this was answered by about a half a dozen single and double calls all over the lake; and I soon found that I had stirred up about a hundred ducks, all of them fully armed to present the winds scattering it away, and as gathered wings in this particular job. At once gave up the quack method and returned to the standard rules of the regular school, but I wasted a bag of shot on that lake next day, and we lived for a week on Jupiter birds, as Henry called them.

One writer says that the mother will lead the young ones to the water almost as soon as they creep from the eggs. Going here, then, for the first trip after the hatch, when she comes to the water-side, she takes them on her back and swims a few yards with them, when she dives, and the little ones are left floating on the surface, and are obliged to take care of themselves. After once initiated to the water I think they never return to the land. From these birds is produced the soft down so well known, and which the female plucks from her breast to line her nest. In the sub-Arctic regions the people regularly rob them of this, and it forms an important item of commerce. It robbed, the female forms another nest in the same way, and the third time she is compelled to call on the master of the household for a supply of down from his breast. Each female yields, it is said, about four ounces of this material, and so soft and light is it that it has to be mixed with moss roots and gravel by the old bird to prevent the winds scattering it away, and as gathered wings two or three times its final weight. Upon King William's Land my party in one day saw about forty of these nests, the whole island being comparatively abundant with them, and I have but little doubt that one person alone could have seen as many had that been his sole object. Should aerial navigation ever be completed, such wages as \$25 to \$30 per day (or even half that if the market should become slack) would undoubtedly draw many thither during the breeding season of nearly a month in length.

I have said that the eider favors the little islands in the large lakes or those along the seashore for protection while breeding, the Arctic fox being the most inveterate egg-sucker I have ever met, and consequently their worst enemy. One method they have of circumventing this pest in Spitzbergen is too curious to pass by. If driven off their nests they hide away the down of the nest over the eggs, and glue it with a copious supply of yellow fluid, which not only retains the warmth of the eggs for a long time, but is of so extremely offensive a nature, that the foxes would not touch the eggs tainted with it.

The eider-ducks of Hudson's Bay are mostly the common variety; all of those of King William's Land being the crested or king eider. Yet an indifferent observer would believe that there were more varieties of eider ducks than different is the plumage of the sexes, and the fact that when

in large bands, they are nearly always separate. The male is clothed with a fleshy topknot, a more vivid yellow, and his whole "set-up" is the most conspicuous contrast of complementary colors, all of the liveliest hues; while the female is a mass of rusty brownish-black almost the exact color of the half-dead moss in which she makes her nest, and where she will never be seen until with a whirl like a ruffed grouse, she springs up right under your feet apparently. Sitting in a line on the edge of a large ice cake, the males look like a regiment of hussars or a squadron of dashing dragoons in full uniform, while the females look like a procession of Carthusian monks in their sombre garb.

We almost lived on their eggs for a short time while on King William's Land, and the suddenness with which they became added was wonderful. One day nine eggs were obtained, all of them good, as had been all previous ones, and the next day (which dates I have always regretted not recording) twelve out of thirteen were added so they had to be thrown away; and after that not one good one was found, although we kept testing them for three or four days, until we were convinced that further efforts would only result in an unwarranted destruction of small ducks. The manner in which the young ones appeared about three weeks later was almost on a par, and it seemed as if we had suddenly been visited by a shower of young ducks. In some parts of the Arctic slippers made from the breast of the eider are used instead of the inside reindeer stockings, but do not wear so long, and are ruined by damp.

One day, in the early part of September, I walked along the eastern shore of Tenor Bay, and here I saw the eiders marshalling for their southern crusade. This shore is seven or eight miles long, and from its very southern cape until I reached its head I was passing by straggling bands reaching half a mile to a mile from shore, the outlying members of each little party being so efficiently mixed to say the least, that I approached them as if they were a single flock. These nearest the shore I approached until I could see the heads of hundreds of them, and this kept a black ring of about that radius constantly on my left as I walked along.

But of all the Arctic ducks that will force themselves upon your notice, there is none like the noisy *tank-sok* of the Esquimaux, evidently the "old wife," "old squaw" of the winter in the temperate zones (*Harelda glacialis*). I have never seen them in large flocks in the North, but they make up in noise and activity what they lack in numbers. This gurgulous bird, however, or rather a pair of them, calls in the temperate zones, seems to multiply them as it visits the North to breed, and whenever we asked any question of our Esquimaux comrades regarding the numerous, weird, unearthly and variegated sounds that we constantly heard, the stereotyped answer was *tank-sok! tank-sok!* until we accredited everything to this mocking-bird of the North, the "ventiloquist," as Colonel Gilder called him, for he seemed to find this accomplishment with his many others. He loves the North, and sticks to its dismal regions long after others of his species have left, or as long as he can find the least bit of open water. As long as a few are in a lake near by, the Arctic does not seem in the least deserted. I have no desire to speak further of the many kinds of ducks familiar to both zones and with which the sportsman comes in contact every shooting season at his own home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A MISADVENTURE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY EDWARD MANNING.

A QUARTER of a century ago I found myself in Cape Town, South Africa, I was then a sailor, and not liking the abusive and cruel manner in which the commander treated his crew, I declined to continue longer in his ship. While waiting for a vessel that needed an officer I became acquainted with two Englishmen, by name Mr. Whitley and Mr. Baker. They had come to Africa solely for the purpose of making a large game which at that period was to be found in abundance some forty or fifty miles to the north and east of Cape Town. This was the country of the Bushmen, and as they were not of a particularly brave or warlike character, a party of hunters could generally get along without meeting with any serious obstructions from them. The danger of treachery from the Bushmen added zest to the sport, and if a thieving negro was shot now and then instead of a rhinoceros or a hyena, why then there was no need of Africa.

When I first made the acquaintance of Whitley and Baker they were preparing to start for a week's shoot, and they kindly invited me to join them. They also generously offered to supply me with a large calibre rifle, ammunition, knife, and everything else which I should require for such a journey. This liberality I did not attribute to an excessive fondness for my company. On the contrary I had the feeling that the mother of all men added strength to the Anglo-Saxon element, which was a very important item when it is considered that our attendants were all black men, who had been picked up while looting about Cape Town. The savage instincts of the race had not been so thoroughly eliminated by their frequent contact with the white men as to make them altogether honest and trustworthy, and it was necessary that this fact should be borne in mind. The food supplies consisted largely of hard bread and pemmican, we were not strong enough to supply the party with fresh meat. I should not neglect to say that my English friends were careful to see that the fluid part of the provisions was not overlooked, and as this consisted of a generous quantity of old English ale in bottles, I thought their forethought very commendable.

The provisions, a shelter tent, three rifles, two shotguns, and the ammunition embraced about all we cared to be encumbered with. Our attendants consisted of six negroes and four dogs. To the negroes we assigned the duty of hunting on supplies. This was very well so far as the hunting and shelter tent were concerned, but we found before long that a great mistake had been made in committing to their care the food and liquid supplies.

The arrangements being completed, we started off one fine morning, and after trudging through a mountainous country for five hours, we selected a cool and shady spot, where we prepared to partake of some refreshment and to rest for an hour. While munching our hard bread we were suddenly made aware of the presence of one of those slimy, poisonous serpents which inhabit this part of the earth, by observing the excited manner and wild gesticulations of one of the negroes. Looking up I saw the basilisk eyes of a snake glaring at me, and as it was not more than fifteen feet away, and ready to spring, I was in a position of great danger. Baker, who was a few rods to my left, seized his gun and shot the snake dead. Fortunately for me he had carried

his gun, expecting to shoot some birds before we uncovered the large game. The probability of this cool and shady place being the favorite resort of poisonous snakes was not pleasant to contemplate, and the proposal to move without further delay met the hearty approval of the party.

We pursued our journey until nearly seven o'clock that night. The creeping vines and rank vegetation made the walking difficult and fatiguing, and had Whitley or Baker suggested the advisability of camping long before this hour, I should have been glad to comply. They, however, were anxious to reach the borders of a small river or creek, where they expected to find the hippopotami and rhinoceros in the jungle which extended along its margin.

The lazy negroes were now becoming restive, and I believe they would have refused to continue longer with us had not Whitley threatened to shoot them if they dropped our stores. This was not a Christian-like way of persuading men to do one's bidding, but it must be remembered that our attendants were not civilized, and only thing a savage can understand is force. This was the opinion of Whitley and Baker, and as their experience in such matters was much greater than mine, I suppose they must have been the most competent judges.

When at last the order was given to spread the tent, we had gotten within eight or nine hundred yards of the river. We were on the verge of the forest, and the jungle was within one hundred yards of the spot. Supper was prepared, and the furious barking and squeaking of the dogs kept us in a state of nervous excitement. We had expected to shoot an antelope during the day, but none had been seen. An antelope steak would have materially improved our larder and been appreciated by the party.

After the negroes had eaten their supper we set them to work gathering fuel for the fires we intended to build around the camp, and when night set in the forest was applied and the howling hyenas and other wild animals during the darkness. As we could not trust the negroes to keep the fires burning without being watched, we divided the night into watches, and Whitley agreed to stand the first, Baker the second, and I the last watch.

Wrapping a blanket around my body I lay on the ground inside the tent and was soon asleep. I had been asleep four or five hours when I was aroused by a series of prolonged howls and the furious barking and squeaking of the dogs. I jumped up, and, seizing my rifle, rushed out of the tent. The fires were burning low, and some were quite out. Whitley and Baker were standing close together holding their rifles cocked, and when I saw them in this fighting attitude I cocked my rifle and joined them. The cause for the alarm was soon explained. The negroes had stolen our stores, and they had gorged themselves with the food and drunk so much ale that they were ready to burst. They were crazy drunk, and while their stomachs were so distended they could not stand, they could still use their tongues, and this they did so well that the forest fairly resounded with their cries. Four or five hyenas were prowling around the camp, and when the dogs attacked them two of the dogs were killed and one was badly wounded. The injured dog was moaning pitifully, while the whurl one was yelping with all his might. We could hear the crunching of bones just behind him, and the first thing that was learned later that one of the negroes more drunk than the others had fallen in a stupor outside the fires, the horrible thought became a certainty, and we knew the hyenas were holding their ghastly feast over his body.

"Hist!" said Baker. "Don't you see those glittering eyes yonder under those bushes? pointing with his hand toward a clump of bushes not over thirty yards away."

Whitley and I, in the direction pointed out, and we saw the gleaming eyes of some animal.

"That's no hyena," said Whitley. "Stand close together, and take the best aim you can, and when I give the word let's fire together. For God's sake be quick or he'll charge us!"

In the presence of such imminent danger our nerves became as firm as steel, and in less time than it takes me to tell you we had drawn together, took aim, and at the word "now," we fired at the glittering orb. The deadly report died away when a fierce growl, followed by the fall of a body within twenty feet of where we were standing, made us spring aside. The animal gave several fierce growls and struck out mightily with its paws, scattering one of our fires to the four winds of heaven, and then it rolled over and remained quiet. We loaded our rifles, and cautiously advancing we fired three shots into the animal's head. As the bullets crashed through its brain no tremor of the body could be seen, and we were now convinced that it was dead.

On examination it proved to be a large male lion, and after this was known we mentally thanked God for our deliverance. Of all the beasts of the forest we dreaded to encounter, the lion was the one which we feared the most, and it was understood among us when we left Cape Town that should one cross our path it should not be fired unless it was imperative to do so to save our own lives.

"Fix the fires at once," cried Whitley when he saw the carcass of the lion. A large quantity of brush had been piled up in the camp before night set in, and from this the fires were fed, and soon they were burning brightly.

The probability that more lions might be prowling around the camp effectually destroyed our inclination to sleep any more that night, and we agreed to remain on guard until daylight.

The sharp report from the rifles, followed by the growls of the lion, seemed to arouse the drunken negroes to a sense of their danger, and they staggered to the center of the camp and huddled close together, perfectly submissive now, and as docile as kittens. Whitley expressed the greatest contempt for them, and had it not been for Baker, I verily believe he would have driven them beyond the fires to take their chances with the hyenas and lions. Some time later Whitley explained that he fell asleep during the last watch of his watch, and the negroes had taken advantage of this to steal our supplies and get drunk. He knew it was a bad thing to do, but he was so overcome by the bodily exertions of the day that he could not help it.

The four that lions and other savage beasts were prowling around, only waiting for a favorable opportunity to make a dash at us, kept our nerves strung up to the highest tension, and when at last daylight appeared we felt as if a mighty load had been lifted from our minds. The negroes had nearly demolished our stores, for what they could not eat they had scattered over the ground in the most wasteful manner. We gathered enough bread and cheese to last for a day or two. Baker found some coffee, but for awhile we thought we should have to go without it,

as the coffee-pot could not be found. Knowing that the negroes could not cut it, we made a close search and finally found it under some bushes twenty feet beyond the camp. It smelled powerfully of stale ale, and this was convincing proof that the negroes had used it to drink out of, and when they were well "set up" they had tossed it away. The bold manner in which they had acted convinced us that we had picked up about as bad a lot of black thieves as could be found in Cape Town, and it was decided to drive them out of the camp as soon as they could stand. It was now impossible to continue out a week, and it was agreed that we should hunt that day and return to Cape Town the following day. The wounded dog was beyond the hope of recovery, and we shot him to put him out of agony.

Whitley took the coffee-pot and started toward the river to get some water, and after an absence of ten or fifteen minutes he returned with it filled. He said he had seen a full-grown hippopotamus just emerging from the water not more than one hundred yards from where he was standing, and not wishing to alarm it he had filled his coffee-pot and made his way back very quietly.

Whitley was a true hunter, and I could see how intensely pleased he was at the chance of getting a shot at the hippopotamus. Our bad luck and misfortune of the night had temporarily flown from his mind, and while waiting for the coffee to boil his impatience to be off to the river was manifested by several vigorous expressions, and the coffee-pot was regarded as the devil more than once. At last the coffee was ready, and after making a hasty breakfast we gathered up the few remaining supplies and the tent, and hid them under some bushes, piling a lot of brush on top to make them as safe as possible. As we apprehended no immediate use for the two shotguns, they were hidden in another place, and more carefully, as we did not care to have the negroes find them after we left the camp.

We now took the ramrods from our rifles (this was before the era of breech-loaders), and applied this to the processes of the negroes, and so vigorously and heartily was this done that it proved the very best medicine we could administer to the half-drunken brutes. They were soon dancing about, and after Whitley had explained to them that their company could be immediately dispensed with, they realized that their fun was over, and slowly slunk away in the forest. The only dog left belonged to the negroes, and he followed them despite of what we could do to coax him to remain with us. This I regretted, for we could have used him to advantage in the jungle.

After reaching the banks of the river we made an effort to walk along its margin, but the soft mud was so yielding we had to abandon the attempt. We now forced our way into the jungle, and after an hour's laborious work we struck a trail leading from the river in the direction of the forest. It was apparent that it had been caused by the feet of many large animals, and Whitley thought it was their path to the water. As we approached the river we saw a large hippopotamus coming out of the water. His body was well out of the water, and offered a good mark for our rifles. We had come upon him so suddenly that he was not aware of our presence, and before he had time to discover us, Whitley and Baker gave him a shot from their rifles. He belloved and tried to back into deep water, but it was evident that he had been hit hard, for he soon after rolled over on his side, and a few minutes remained there. As he was not very deep where he fell, we had a good view of his body, and we found him to be a large specimen of his kind. If our negroes had been with us they could have had a royal feast off his carcass, for it was certainly large enough to supply even their wants, gluttons that they were.

While viewing the dead hippopotamus we were startled by hearing several loud and savage yells, which were followed by the barking of the dog.

"What's up?" cried Baker. "It sounds like the yells of a party of black devils. Let's investigate," and moving toward the border of the jungle which faced the forest, we saw a large party of Bushmen, who were shouting and pointing with their assegais toward the place where we were standing.

"Our thievish niggers have joined them," said Whitley, and they quickly attacked. "So let us make a dash for the forest and fight them from behind the jungle trees."

"We can't do it," replied Baker. "They will overtake us before we reach it. We had better lie low here and give them a few shots before we make the effort."

The Bushmen ran huddled together, and advanced toward the jungle, and as they came on we heard the yelping of a dog some distance ahead of them. The cur seemed to have scented our whereabouts, and as the Bushmen followed this trail it was evident that in a few minutes they would be upon us.

In silence we awaited the onward rush of the savage negroes until they had gotten within one hundred yards of us, and then, picking out three of the leaders, we raised our rifles and fired. Every shot took effect, and the three negroes dropped to the earth. This brought the party to a sudden halt, and we improved the time by loading our rifles. The respite, however, was of short duration, and they were about to rush upon us with the jungle trees used as cover, and a fierce rhinoceros charged right into their midst, impaling one of the negroes on his horn and knocking down and trampling on all whom he encountered in his fearful charge. The monster's charge was so sudden and unexpected that it demoralized the negroes, and they scattered and ran in all directions.

The appearance on the scene of such an ally astonished us, and for a few seconds we were quite dazzled by the event. But we soon recovered our senses, and embracing the chance offered by the panic among the negroes, we ran for the forest, and in a very short time we reached its sheltering fold and were hidden from the view of our enemies. We continued on a "dog trot" through the forest until quite exhausted. As the shouts from our foes had long since died away, we moderated our pace and proceeded more leisurely. Whitley had a small pocket compass, and we looked to him to extricate us from the wilderness and guide us to Cape Town.

As night approached and the shadows were cast over the forest, I imagined that I saw spectral forms sliding before me. Hungry, with no chance of getting anything to eat; weary and footsore, with no safe place to rest, we felt truly miserable. How should we pass the night? In a tree, was the only solution to the query, and we looked around to find a tree. Whitley was now convinced that the forest was large enough to protect us from the attacks of the cur, and

Deliverance from this woful predicament was near at hand, for while we were in the act of ascending a tree which Baker had hit upon for a "roosting place," the barking of dogs was heard some distance on our right, and soon

after we heard the crackling of twigs and a creaking sound which we could attribute to but one cause—namely, an exact much in need of a lubricant. The party (for such it proved to be) soon after came to a halt, and through the oppressive stillness of the forest we heard orders given in a language that sounded as sweet to us then as the most heavenly music, and soon the cheerful blaze of a fire illuminated the forest.

We now cautiously approached the camp of the strangers, and when the dogs began barking Whitley cried out in a loud voice, "We are Englishmen in distress."

The dogs were beaten back and we heard a voice calling us "to come into camp." This we were not slow in doing, and we found the strangers to be a strong party of hunters returning to Cape Town after a month's shooting. They were thoroughly equipped with arms and supplies, and had a pair of oxen to haul the cart containing the party. The party consisted of four Englishmen and ten trusted Caffre servants, and when I asked one of the Englishmen if he did not fear an attack from the Bushmen who treated us so treacherously he laughed, and said "he thought they wouldn't bother us. If they did a volley from the rifles of his Caffres would scatter them."

We ate a hearty supper, after which our friends supplied us with a blanket apiece, and as we were completely exhausted we were excused from making a very lengthy recital of our adventures that night.

Nothing occurred during the night to disturb our rest, and very early in the morning we ate our breakfast, after which the party resumed the march to Cape Town, where we arrived, without further misfortunes, late the same night.

The last time I saw Whitley and Baker they were getting ready a strong party of friendly Caffres "to have that shoot out anyhow." They swore they should get even with the Bushmen, and when this remark was made I saw by the wicked look in their eyes they meant business.

## TWO AFTERNOONS.

SAM and I had been hunting quail all day, and late in the afternoon, as we were working over toward Ellis Hollow, I suggested that we take a run through the alders down in the Hollow and get a few grouse before dark. "Sam," said I, "do you remember how even our bags have always been when we have hunted over here? We have usually had about the same number of birds, and I have always been the best shot; but this time I'm going to beat you." The only response was a simple grunt, which spoke volumes to me, as more skepticism was crowded into that one contraction of the vocal chords than could have been expressed by any combination of words.

Ellis Hollow is a gummy little valley, through which a small stream runs. A strip of alders a few rods wide shades the west of being ground for woodcock, and on either side are knolls of beech and oak woods in which ruffed grouse are always to be flushed, the birds usually being found along the stream late in the afternoon. Here and there open places grown full of cat-tail rushes, and along the tumble-down, lichen-covered fences the dogs sometimes get into a chronic condition of pointing, with few interruptions, for an hour or so at a time.

Belle and Grouse moved their noses up to their widest gage as we approached the alders, for they had been there before and knew what was to be expected. A little more cautious step, a little more pausing with heads high in air, and a more careful eye to each other's movements marked their actions. Just as we passed through a clump of hemlocks old Belle's legs commenced to grow stiff, and the youngest Grouse sprang in the same condition. At that instant, with a sudden rush, a grouse dashed from under a log and flew straight for Sam's head, and the latter, turning quickly around, coolly wound his gun up in a festoon of grapevines, vainly trying to pull over that part of the woods to which the grapevines were attached, as the bird made his way across an open place in plain sight. Another grouse sprang out of a hemlock and disappeared quickly, leaving only a little wisp of smoke to mark the place, and an old cock bird ran clucking out of a patch of briars close to me, with crest raised and tail spread widely, and started a circle of rustling leaves in his wake as he, mounted on wing, the Parker was on him in an instant, and he turned over and over in the air, leaving a stream of feathers floating back on the breeze as he bounded in among the wintergreens.

"Tell you what it is, Sam," said I, "this wood powder is a fine thing. You can see your bird will so prettily right before your eyes, and can fairly see the shot hit him." "Yes," said Sam, "that's a fact; but my bird didn't happen to wilt, and, besides, I ran a stick so far into my eye that it poked my hat off from the back of my head." "That's a poor excuse, old boy," I answered, "and you want to get another excuse ready for the next bird, and hurry up with it, too." Old Belle looked the lifeless bird proudly, with her short tail wagging and ears up, while Grouse stood trying to poke a feather off from the end of his nose with his paw, and then we started into the alders in earnest, but worked clear across them without finding anything except a rabbit or two. Both dogs again made game at the edge of a beech knoll, and the bird flushed wild, Sam failed to stop him, and as he came hurrying past me at forty yards distance, I held my rifle and pulled the trigger right in the air, but the grouse still kept on flying like an arrow, and went way up in the swamp. We started after him, but he had not alighted at the place where we marked him down, and the dogs finally had to give it up. It gives one a very disagreeable feeling to wound a bird and then not be able to find the poor thing and put it out of its misery; but this bird did not seem to be put out of his, and we left it to his choice. Working along through the alders again, we found a lot of borings where the woodcock had stopped over night, but the bird could not be found, and the dogs started off on a new trail, with a grouse sort of behavior, trailing toward an old fence where we usually started a grouse. Sam kept near the dogs, while I went to one side, hoping to get a more open shot.

Suddenly Sam called out, and both dogs were steady on a point, and at the sound of his voice a bird arose, alighted, and immediately following the report of his gun. Just then another grouse sprang out from almost under my feet, and by the time that he was far enough away to shoot at, the alders nearly hid him from sight. A quick double snap shot failed to stop him, and he went a long way up on the side hill and over the fence into the woods. "I suppose that you are wondering where I have killed that bird," said Sam, "but if you'll look ahead there you will see that it is not about six rods of solid alders, and the patch will be

cleared up well enough to plant potatoes on in the spring." "That's all right, Sam," said I, "but I usually use the right barrel to clear up the brush with, and the left one for killing the bird after I have got him slunked, and that bird was certainly hard hit." Sam was very skeptical, but I started up to cross the lot to the place where the grouse had entered the woods and there found him lying on his back as dead as a stone, and nicely laid out on a wide bed of green moss. I picked the handsome fellow up, smoothed his feathers, and held his wings, and his head, and then slid him down head first into my big inside Sam's pocket, where he fell with a thump against the one already there and the quails. How nice it feels to shake the edge of your coat a little and settle a heavy bird down in the corner where he will fit. And how your dog's eyes do sparkle as he watches the bird sliding out of sight and knows that it is safe.

Turning back toward the alders again I heard a quick double snap below me, and fell following "w-h-o-o-p" from Sam, and two grouse hurrying off over the tops of the trees told the story.

Both dogs commenced working together again along an old cart path, and slowly and cautiously followed up the bird for several rods, finally coming to a point in a narrow strip of alders. Old Belle was crouching low, with nose raised and head down, and Sam was standing with his back to the side of her with his head a little to one side, and in the anticipations that he had forgotten all style, and in the one hand leg raised in a most awkward attitude, but his other meant business nevertheless. Sam stepped over on one side of the alders and I stayed on the side with the dogs and very near to them. For a moment we watched them admiringly and then, with a sudden rush, out went the bird, dashed up his legs, jumped and raising his crest he whirled with spread tail and nose toward me, and flew out across the open. How pretty the black bars on his sides and the spots on his back did look as I fixed my eyes upon him and waited until he was four or five rods away. The gun came to my shoulder, fitting as neatly as a glove, and I coolly pulled the trigger. The lusty bird halted in his swift course, and dropping his head and raising his wings, he came down, and with a nod and the gay leaves from his little swan's napkin and with his branches swish as he tumbled crookedly through, and then lay beating a tattoo on the ground with his wings, leaving a few prettily marked feathers hanging in the branches of the maple, while two or three others floated down with the gyrating leaves. Belle fetched the bird eagerly and after smoothing out his feathers and feeling of his plump breast I slipped him into the pocket on the other side of the coat for ballast.

By this time we were almost at the upper end of the alders, and the dogs were making game near the edge of the brook. There in a patch of soft ground on the bank were several groups of small round holes bored into the rich mud, with here and there a patch of white about the size of a half dollar, and we expected every instant to hear the familiar twitter of the long-billed, brown-breasted, soft-feathered bird, that had left his mark, but we could not have the pleasure of seeing him top the alders and fall lifeless back, for he had evidently only tarried there awhile the evening before on his journey South.

It was fast growing dark, and we started for the road, stopping at a farmhouse long enough to get a couple of glasses of sweet cider, light our pipes, preparatory to our long walk home in the clear November evening.

The next day was devoted entirely to grouse in a favorite hunting ground of ours, and we killed as usual enough to make us thank our fortunes that we were hunters. I remember one remark which Sam made on that day. We had flushed a magnificent cock bird twice without getting him, and finally cornered him under a fallen tree-top. Sam mounted the tree-top, and as the grouse dashed out with a startling whirr-r-r, sent him head over heels into the yellow brakes; and when the bird was fetched, Sam held the splendid bird out at arm's length, and gazed at him fondly for a moment; then, taking a deep breath, exultingly said: "Look at that bird! Just look at him! Who cares for titles! Who cares for millions! They are all vanities! Shallow! When a bird like that grows up in our woods! How many times since I remember I have browsed under the branches of the Indian summer light under the overhanging branches of the great forest trees in an inspired attitude, repeating that sentiment."

Shall I ask pardon for this digression? Well, we will go on to the following afternoon. Sam and I had again been hunting quail, and had gradually worked over into the thicket of the alders again, and was getting quite late in the day, and Sam suggested that we just turn around and take a run through the alders, and give him a chance to get even with me on the previous score made there. I willingly consented, and we started in enthusiastically, but hunted over one favorite bit of ground after another without raising anything except a couple of rabbits, which Grouse watched wildly with one eye, as he kept the other on my whip pocket. When we had almost finished the strip of alders, and were wondering what had become of the birds, we suddenly noticed that the dogs were quiet, and just then a grouse jumped out and was handsomely tumbled over by Sam. The dogs instantly began following another trail, and followed it clear to the last bunch of alders, and as I turned to look for Sam a grouse flushed close to me and made off in safety, my charge of shot being stowed away in the trunk of the tree about four feet away. That was proving certainly, for it did not seem possible that that grouse could get away in such an open place, but the fact remained that he had gone, and we marked him down closely. Although the day was fast closing, we decided to go back after the bird, and before we had gotten half way to him I walked "right on top" of a pair of grouse that had probably just come down to the alders. As they climbed away from me, I saw a forked branch in my way, but a forked branch held my gun barrel about a foot under the first one, and something else from the bird's lucky star prevented me from getting bearings on bird No. 2, so that they escaped in the style.

My chagrin was rendered more poignant at seeing a grouse arise at a long distance from Sam and fall circling away. Are you wondering why Grouse and Belle glanced reproachfully at me as the bird was brought down? I simply decided to kill the grouse which we had marked down anyway, and as both dogs pointed staunchly at his hiding place it seemed that the bird must come my way. He didn't do anything of the sort, however, but acted just as grouse have acted before, by getting behind the fence, and keeping behind it until out of range. Another bird jumped up a short distance from Sam, and the latter started the feathers but did not kill the bird, which

followed the first one, and we watched both as they climbed up the side hill, and on bent wings went sailing into the woods. In a moment we were upon them again, and the dogs had hardly commenced barking before they pointed. Sam flushed one, and as it came down past me at full speed it fell dead before my very nose just as my trigger was on the point of being pulled. The other bird then started from behind Sam, and as it made straight for the tops of the trees, Sam pulled and reversed the bird's lever so that it came quickly backing down again. The grouse on striking commenced fluttering and bounding at a great rate and went tumbling down the side hill. This was too much for the nerves of young Grouse, and in spite of his knowledge of the rules of propriety, he rushed in and made a grab for the bird, stumbling as he did so, and rolling over and over alongside of the fluttering bird, his feet in the air and his neck stretched to its fullest extent, reaching for the grouse amid a shower of dry leaves which were being kicked into the air. The spectacle was so amusing that it was hard to punish the eager youngster afterward, but it was necessary to punish him just a little to remind him that there were certain limits to his usefulness.

Sam now had four grouse and I had none, and it was already dusk. We had hardly re-entered the alders, however, before both dogs came to a point near an old fence, where the brush was so thick that I could barely see them. After a short time in this position, and, catching a faint glimpse of him, I fired a snap shot which I was sure was enough to show that the grouse was down, but I rather doubted the fact until the thumping of his wings on the ground pushed the fact into my willing sensorium. Sam could see the whole performance from where he stood and swore that my shot did not kill the grouse. He explained by saying that he believed the bird to have been so mortified at being in the presence of a man who possessed such enough to try a snap shot like that, that he flew against the top rail of the fence and deliberately committed suicide. Sam accounted for the shot marks by saying that it was a bird which he had fired half a dozen charges into during the autumn. "Now, see here, Sam," said I, "you know perfectly well that that was a better shot than you ever got out of your birds this afternoon gave you such easy shots that in the presence of them myself I was sure I had been standing in your shoes. I'd rather have this bird in my pocket than a dozen of yours, but anyway we will hunt for grouse all day to-morrow and try and get our records smooth again. I'll acknowledge that you are even with me on the score we made here day before yesterday, but don't think that it was quite fair in you to try and get away."

That evening, after we had reached home and had disposed of an enormous quantity of snap-jacks, stewed grouse, milk and pumpkin pie, Sam set a big pitcher of cold cider on the table and we tipped our chairs back on two legs against the wall, lighted our pipes and told yarns till bedtime with two or three of the boys who had dropped in as usual after supper.

MARK WEST.

## AROUND THE COAST OF FLORIDA.

BY DR. J. A. HENSHALL.

### Fifth Paper.

WE left Miami at eleven o'clock in the forenoon with a party of eight, mostly with Mr. E. O. Sawyer, Mayor of Key West, having concluded his business at Miami, and a mail schooner not leaving for several days, in fact had not yet arrived from Key West, we offered him a passage, as we intended going direct to that city. We greatly enjoyed his genial society on the trip, for being well informed, and a close observer, he possessed an abundant stock of information about that section of the country.

As we sailed out of Miami River, the line of keys shutting in the bay from the ocean were, plainly visible toward the southeast, the most northerly being Virginia Key, then Key Biscayne, Soldier Key and Ragged Keys. The south point of Key Biscayne is Cape Florida, upon which stands the lighthouse tower, now abandoned as a light station. Eastward of Soldier Key, and five and a half miles S. E. from Cape Florida, is Fowey Rocks Lighthouse, on the northern extremity of the Florida reefs. It is an iron framework, with the lantern one hundred and ten feet above the sea, showing a fixed white light, visible in clear weather some sixteen miles. This light is situated at the northern entrance to Hawk Channel, leading between the line of Florida Keys and the outlying reefs, along the Florida Straits to Key West. The channel is from three to five miles wide and is from one hundred and forty miles from Virginia Key to Key West.

Biscayne Bay is broadest abreast of Ragged Keys, and about here begin the Feather-bed Shoals, a series of parallel sand shoals stretching across the bay. They are easily discernable, showing quite white at a distance, and by following the shoal in either direction an opening will soon be found. Below Ragged Keys is a long one called Elliott's Cay, near its southern extremity a group of small keys, strait across Biscayne Bay, separating it from Card's Sound. Small boats may proceed through Card's and Barn's sounds, and then keep under the lee of the line of keys to Key West; but it requires some previous knowledge or the employment of a competent pilot, to avoid the many mud flats, shoals and reefs of this route, for the water is shallow. One of the most delightful and interesting excursions that I hope some day to make. Owing to the many keys, mangrove islands and shoals, with the mainland to the north and the Florida Keys to the southward, the water is always comparatively smooth. There is an abundance of shore and wading birds, an endless variety of fishes, oysters, turtles, etc., while on the Indian hunting grounds on the mainland there is plenty of large game. A good, well equipped canoe, with a crew of a few men, and a few natives, can be chartered in a small canoe, capable of being sailed and paddled, and it is surprising to me that some of our enthusiastic and venturesome canoeists do not attempt it.

Sailing down Biscayne Bay we took a number of tarpon, groupers, crevalle and barracudas on the trolling lines, and saw numerous loggerhead and green turtles. At the south end of Barn's Key, a large key to the south of Elliott's Creek, winding between this key and some smaller ones, we followed Caesar's Creek to the main channel inside the Florida reefs, before mentioned, where we anchored at sundown, some thirty-five miles from Miami. The next morning broke clear and fine with a fresh E. N. E. breeze, and leaving the mouth of Caesar's Creek we went dashing along, leaving Old Rhodes Key to the starboard. We next came to the mouth of the Indian Hunting grounds, and there we caught the last glimpse of the mainland that we would



have until we sighted Cape Sable, after leaving Key West. Jack, catching the inspiration of the theme, mounted the cabin roof, waved his hand toward the distant peninsula, seen through the fast-closing gap between the keys, and dramatically declaimed:

"Adieu, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue."

"Ta, ta! Jack," said Squire, "I'll see you later; 's'mother evening."

But Jack was not to be smothered in any such manner, and continued:

"O'er the waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
Survey our empire, and behold our home."

"If you want any surveying done, call on Mr. Gwynn, here; he is county surveyor of Monroe county, as well as Mayor of Key West, and has jurisdiction all along these keys."

The wind continued to freshen, bringing in a long-rolling sea between the outlying reefs, which caused Jack to seek the cabin and his bunk; so we had no more poetry that day.

We were now opposite Caystort Reef Lighthouse, which is twenty-three miles S. by W. from Fowey Rocks Light. It shows a bright flash every half minute, visible some seventy miles. Key Largo, is some twenty miles long, has a number of settlements, and some large pineapple plantations, the largest being those of Mr. J. Baker. These keys are, most of them, thickly wooded with a variety of hard timber, buttonwood, crabwood, bay, palmetto, etc., with a fringe of mangroves. Several vessels were in sight, in the channel and outside the reefs. Those meeting us were beating northward under reefed canvas, but the Rambler, with the wind abaft the beam, had just enough for her cruising rig, and went bowling along with every third drawing in the spinnaker breeze. We passed in succession, leaving them all to starboard, Rodriguez and Tavernier keys—both small ones—and Plantation, Vermont, Upper and Lower Mattacombes and Umbrella keys. Indian Key, a small, but high and prominent one, came next, where there is good anchorage and a number of large cisterns, where water can be purchased by passing vessels. Southwest of Indian Key is Alligator Reef Lighthouse, thirty-one miles S. W. by S. from Caystort Reef Light. It is an iron frame pyramid, showing a scintillating light flash every five seconds, every six flash being red. These lighthouses, built on submerged reefs by iron screw piles, are completely isolated, their keepers being shut off from all communication with the keys except by boats, a few very secluded and semi-hermit life, while exposed to the fury of fierce gales and the lashing of the angry seas.

Florida keys are now nearly all inhabited, and new buildings were being erected on many of them, owing to the "coconut boom." These keys were all being taken up, pre-empted, leased or bought, principally by Key West parties, and set out to coconut trees. As these trees will grow wherever there is soil enough on these rocky keys, and require little or no care after being planted, and as each tree is said to pay at least a dollar and a half per annum after six years old, it will be seen that a few thousand trees would yield a beautiful bonanza in a few years, if all accounts are true. On some of the keys are groups of coco palm trees now full grown and in bearing, and whether they pay or not financially, they certainly add very much to the beauty and tropical appearance of the islands, and viewed in this light the "coconut fever" will prove of lasting benefit to this section.

At Long Key we left the main channel and went inside the main keys to Channel Key, where we anchored at five o'clock under the lee of the key. The route usually taken, it being somewhat shorter, is to go "inside," or on the northerly side of the keys from Long Key to Bahia Honda, from whence the main channel is again followed to Key West. The choice of routes is, however, usually determined by the direction of the wind and the state of the sea. With a northerly or westerly wind, the main channel is the smoothest, being then under the lee of the keys, while with an easterly or southerly wind, the other route is taken for a similar reason. The next morning we set sail at seven o'clock, the wind blowing harder than on the day before, and from the same direction, or a few points nearer east. We passed Grassy, Bamboo, Vaccas, Knight and other keys in quick succession, leaving them to port, and with the strong breeze and smooth water, under the lee, we made ten miles an hour from Channel Key to Bahia Honda. Coming out of the port quarter, but the Rambler, very high in the light, and being under full sail, skimmed the rollers like a sea gull. We did not ship a sea on the whole voyage. The fishing smacks, turtles and spongers were all lying at anchor under the lee of various keys, waiting for better weather.

In plain sight was Sombroero Key Lighthouse, thirty miles S. W. by W. from Alligator Reef Light. This is a conspicuous open frame iron work tower, one hundred and fifty feet high, showing a fixed light visible twenty miles. We now left to starboard Pine Saddle Bluff, Saddlehead, Loggerhead and other keys. Southwest of Loggerhead Key, is the new lighthouse on American Shoal. Passing Cargo Sambo, Boca Obica and other keys and islands, we were in sight of Key West Lighthouse, and off to the southwest, Sand Key Lighthouse; the latter is forty-three miles W. by S. from Sombroero Light and seven and a third miles W. by W. from Key West Light. Key West Lighthouse (harbor light) is in the city of Key West, southern side, a brick tower, whitewashed, and shows a fixed light fourteen miles. Sand Key Light is a revolving flash light. Key West City now loomed up to view with its steeples, towers, and forts bristling with guns. Rounding Ft. Taylor we proceeded to the common anchorage of the coasters and fishing smacks, and dropped anchor at three o'clock, having made one hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours of sailing, at an average of six miles per hour. We made everything snug, got the anchor light ready, and put everything in ship-shape order for a stay of several days in port.

Key West, a thriving and prosperous city of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, is situated on the western portion of the island, the latter being five miles in length and about a mile wide. From its position as the "Key to the Gulf," with a deep and spacious harbor, and as a naval depot and coaling station it is a place of great commercial and maritime importance. It has a number of fine residences, churches, and buildings, and a large hotel. The naval depot, the Russell House—a marine hospital, a custom house, and U. S. naval depot. There is a neat and commodious barracks

with well-kept grounds, though the troops are at present stationed at Tampa. There is also quite a large convent, surrounded by handsomely arranged grounds, just outside the city. The cemetery is tastefully laid out and charmingly adorned by tropical trees, shrubbery and flowering plants. The city is defended by several forts, the largest being Ft. Taylor, a brick and stone fortress, mounting some two hundred guns. Steamers for Havana, Mexico, New Orleans, New York, Galveston and the Gulf coast touch here almost daily, beside a great number of sailing vessels. It is but sixty miles to Havana, and some four or five days by steamers to New York.

Key West is a quaint and charming city, full of oddities and incongruities, a veritable town of eccentric "patches." Herein each edifice forms a piece. The buildings of all sizes and of every conceivable style, or no style, of architecture, are promiscuously jumbled together, but are joined or seamed to each other by a wealth and profusion of tropical foliage, which surrounds, invests, surmounts and overshadows them, softening the asperities, taming down the harsh outlines, and uniting the separate pieces, which merge their individuality in a harmonious *total ensemble*.

The modern stilt and bushy Gothic church glares superciliously through the dense, Cuban, Spanish, yellow, and green foliage, at the weather-stained but stout and solid old Spanish chapel, which looks up dreamily and good-naturedly at its prim rival, while the cocoa palm stretches its long arms over it protectingly, the date palm caresses it with slender, green fingers, and the almond tree looks on with conscious pride. The stilted, upstart frame residence, with scroll work hanging from barge-board and eaves, like cheap cotton lace ostentatiously displayed by a vulgarly-dressed woman, looks down laughingly on its little neighbor—a rambling one-story cottage of stone, with broad, projecting roof and cool verandas, almost hidden in a mass of vines, creepers and flowers, which cling to it in loving embrace. The iron-front store, with plate-glass windows, shoulders aside the dark and sombre Cuban café with its cages of singing birds and parrots hanging in the Pride of India trees, and its cool shadows embalm and emblazoned by the bloom and fragrance of the oleanders.

And so, manifold are the styles, the canopies, the porches, the lattice windows, oriel windows, galleries, hoods and pavilions—pillars, columns and pilasters—are mingled in endless confusion, but harmonized by arabesques of fruit and foliage, festoons of vines and creepers, wreaths and traceries of climbing shrubs and trailing flowers, and shady bowers of palm and palmetto, almond and tamarind, lime and lemon, orange and banana.

And its population is as diverse as its structures. Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Cubans, Spaniards, Cubans, Bahamians, Italians and negroes make up its numbers, the majority being Cubans and Bahamians, or "Conchs," as the English natives of the Bahamas are called. Here may be seen every shade of complexion, from white to yellow, brown and black, cosmopolitan all, though each class seems to live in its own particular quarter of the town—as "birds of a feather" mostly congregate in specialized groups—where, after daylight, they enjoy themselves, each class after its own fashion, singing, dancing, and even drinking in its own language. Jack said he learned to drink beer in seven languages while there, which is a linguistic accomplishment that few attain, and fewer enjoy.

But there is a large and popular dance house at the west end of town, which we "took in" for Skipper's benefit, where the harmonizing influences of the place are again exemplified, and where white, yellow, brown and black meet on a common level, and dance and sing and drink in the thronging hours with flying feet to the inspiring strains of a cracked violin and a piano which seems to possess a thousand wires and all loosely hung. And if the test of enjoyment is the energy displayed, they certainly enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent.

But we will take a long and upward step to a nobler and far more attractive scene, where the youth and beauty of the island city are assembled at the "Rink," a large and brilliantly lighted hall in the heart of the town. Here youths and maidens who had never seen a snowflake or an icicle, and who had never heard the merry jingle of a sleigh-bell; but all the same they were gliding along gracefully and smoothly on roller-skates, or dashing around the outer edges on the swift-whirling bicycle to the fascinating strains of the "Beautiful Blue Danube," while the mingled odors of the cape jessamine, the tuberose and the orange blossom floated in the air. The waltzers and the skaters, with a subtle and potent power in beauty, music and flowers! And they had their influence on Jack, who was deeply enamored of a little Cuban beauty; and no wonder, for she was perfectly brilliant and glorious in a wealth of jet-black hair, a clear olive complexion, pouting coral lips disclosing regular and pearly teeth wreathed by a perpetual smile, while her eyes were as black as midnight, with her soul looking up out of their mysterious depths, and her form was even more lovely than her face, and its loveliness was surpassed by her grace. Poor Jack! "Beauty draws us with a single hair," and here he was harnessed to each particular hair of the beauty's head, frizzes and all. We tried to convince him that it was the effect of the music or the fragrance of the flowers, and that he would get over it when he went out into the fresh air; but he answered:

"If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken and so die.  
That strain again! it had a dying fall;  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor."

Then Squire made the only quotation he was ever guilty of, though it did him credit, for it was from the "book of books,"

"Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love."

But he spoiled it all when he added: "But I think it will be better to rub him up a bit with a soft brick."

The chief industries of Key West are the manufacture of cigars, sponging, fishing, turtling and wrecking. There are, perhaps, a hundred cigar factories, from the one-story hut, scarcely bigger than its sign, to the large, airy and extensive buildings, each giving employment to hundred of hands. The cigar makers are mostly Cuban refugees, and the tobacco is imported from Cuba, though for a time some Eastern dealers made a large quantity of domestic tobacco, which injured the trade and brought discredit on Key West cigars, so as to lessen the demand to a consider-

able extent; but, happily, the dishonest practice is discontinued, I believe, and only Cuban leaf is now used.

A large fleet of vessels are engaged in sponging, the crews being mostly "Conchs" and negroes. The sponges are taken in shallow waters, off the reefs and banks, where by means of the "sponge-glass," a wooden pall with a glass bottom, the sponges can be plainly seen attached to the rocky bottom, and to shells, when they are torn loose by a strong iron hook affixed to a long pole. Each vessel tows six or eight small boats or yawls, in which the men work. Some Eastern houses have sponge depots here; among others I noticed that of McKesson & Robbins of New York. The sponges are here washed, dried, bleached and assorted, and are of various grades and kinds.

Every morning may be seen many small fishing smacks, moored stern on along the fish wharf, with their wells filled with live pan fish, such as grunts, porgies, groupers, snappers, hogfish, yellow tails, spots, etc., which are killed and strung in bunches as fast as sold, selling for five or ten cents a bunch, and on account of their cheapness form the principal part of the diet of the working classes. These pan fish are some of them very beautiful, as well as excellent food fishes, and are caught in the channels near the city, principally with the sea-crawfish as bait, for they are all caught with hook and line. The larger smacks bring in kingfish, otherwise known as cero, or black-spotted Spanish mackerel, a large and handsome fish weighing from five to fifteen pounds, almost equalling the real Spanish mackerel in flavor; they are usually taken by trolling off the keys. The fishermen are mostly "Conchs," who are by nature nearly amphibious, learning to fish, to walk, or to handle a boat almost as soon as they are able to speak, or at most, when old enough to wear pants. They are the descendants of the English settlers of the Bahama Islands, and have the cockney habit of changing the "w" to "v." Even a negro, born in the Bahamas, said to me one day:

"The weather ain't no good for fishin', an' the vater is too rough, and the wind too 'igh fur sponging!'"

A number of large smacks regularly supply the Havana market with kingfish and red snappers. By leaving Key West about sundown they are in Havana by daylight the next morning. Had we not been pressed for time, or been in Key West a few weeks earlier, I should have made the run in one of these smacks.

The fruit and vegetables and products brought to Key West from the mainland and keys are always disposed of at auctions, which are held every morning, and are attended by the citizens as regularly as Northern people go to market. If the supply of staples is small, notions and other commodities are sold, for the average Key Wester is not happy without an auction.

We were shown every kindness, consideration and courtesy during our stay in Key West by Mr. and Mrs. Gwynn and their two charming daughters. These young ladies possessed all the advantages of a good and thorough education, being well versed in belles-lettres, music and dancing, and were as refined and graceful as our Northern ladies, though they had never been away from their little island home, having been educated entirely at the convent of Key West.

#### A PLEA FOR RECREATION.

AFTER Herbert Spencer had been in this country a few weeks and had tested the phenomenal qualities of saddle-rocks at Dorlon's, the bills of fare at Delmonico's and the Brunswick, seen the famous trotters of Vanderbilt and Bonner, and whizzed up and down a few times on the Elevated roads, he concluded that we were "going too fast to stand it" and must hold up, or mental and physical decrepitude would ensue.

But seriously, what he said at the banquet given in his honor was as preaching; but who are the men who are breaking down the life of the people in the manner he describes? Not alone those who are apparently in pursuit of the almighty dollar, for all callings contribute their quota to swell the tide that goes down to premature graves. While it is indispensable to success that all the faculties of brain and body should be brought into requisition, it is just here that so many make the fatal mistake of their lives. No man can run his mental machine in one groove long at a time without wearing. Exhaustion of the nervous force and disorder of the body is the certain result of an excessive whipping-up of the tired faculties, and finally prostration ensues. The trite saying that, "All work and no play makes dull boys" is so true that he who runs may read

I can recall a score of bright men, both business and professional, who within ten years have succumbed from simple exhaustion. For awhile apparently tireless, their powers suddenly failed and nought but a wreck was left. At fifty years of age they were indeed "dull boys," and all work and no play had done the business.

Various motives impel men to "dare and die." The heroes of a forlorn hope, the discoverer of a truth the world spurns, the zealot who abandons prudence for principle, may perish on the field of battle, expire at the burning stake, or die by "pendulous strangulation;" yet there may be compensations for sacrifices like these; but the man who virtually commits suicide by the equally certain though slower process of a profligate waste of the nervous fluid, is—well, he isn't smart.

The causes that lead to this undue work are not obscure. We inhabit a comparatively undeveloped country. The natural increase of population, augmented by an unprecedented immigration, forces every capable man to strenuous efforts as a producer. We have to compete with older nations for the markets of the world; they have so long monopolized it. In short, we have to do the work of two generations in one. We seem really unable to "go slow;" we are hustled and crowded forward, until the tax upon the nerves and endurance of the ordinary man is tremendous. It is wise to halt now and then and get our breath, and the ability to do this can be acquired when once the necessity for it is fully comprehended. The trouble is, we do not stop to consider that the daily and yearly wear and tear is killing us.

Very few people die of old age, and the majority die by violence—self-imposed, it is true, but violence nevertheless. The advice of *Punch* is in order: "Don't!"

Thousands owe Mr. W. H. H. Murray a debt of gratitude for the attractive setting out he gave the North Woods. But for those well-written drafts on his imagination, as well as a literal portrayal of facts, scores would now rest under the sod. To be alive and kicking (when the wind isn't in the northeast) is glorious if one feels good. To be able to take time and enjoy it in May and June and September and October, is a matter to be thankful for, so we think the

promoters of the game laws. To be able to handle the swift canoe, the well-poised rifle and that artistic thing of beauty, the light fly-rod, we thank the constructive skill of not mechanics merely, but genuine artists, but for superabundant localities with woods, and all the beautiful things a trained eye perceives in nature's retired places, we thank our Maker.

Now I affirm, and "defy successful contradiction," as a local brawler is wont to say, that "all the world and the rest of mankind in general," ought to be able to use a gun skillfully, and a fly-rod artistically. In that case, the gun works that "Nesbitt" says have "got to go," would have a chance to stay and pay dividends. And the rod makers and a host of that ilk would "smile a smole" all the year round, too, and grow fat and sleek, sport side-whiskers, part their hair in the middle and carry a cane.

I don't see for my part, why more of "you fellows" don't take your wives to the woods with you. They enjoy trout and venison as well as you. You don't own one, ha? Well then, I would take time by the foretop, as the Californian is said to do: "My pet?" "You bet." And straightway proceed to the nearest minister who loves "to go a fishing," hand him a shining piece of the needful and be put in possession of the treasure who can cook your trout, make your coffee, and perpetuate your name.

Referring to Thoreau, I heard Dr. Collier say, a few evenings ago, that had he lived in these days he would have been assured with the appellation of "crank." "Pshaw," how that would sound! "Henry D. Thoreau, crank." "Well, why not have 'woods cranks' as well as any other cranks? To make a thing go well—just a little better than the other fellow—one must be something of a crank." TENNIS.

RIVERTON, CONN., Feb. 9.

## Natural History.

### THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH

FAMILY SCOLOPACIDÆ: THE SNIPES, SANDPIPERS, ETC.

179. Woodcock—*Microptern americana* Aud.; *Philohela minor* Ridg., 525, Cs. 608.—Abundant; arrives in March and April. Breeds early, and the number of persons congregated in favorite places, just previous to their departure in the autumn. Now, the same places are so persistently explored by very many sportsmen during the season as to prevent the assemblage of many birds together in any one place; but the aggregate number of woodcock now killed in the State each year vastly exceeds that of former years. While the number of these birds annually killed here has been more than twice increased, the number of persons pursuing them, and among whom those killed are divided, has been more than tenfold increased. For these reasons it is now rarely possible for a single person to kill so many in one season as formerly. During the season of courtship these birds may be observed at dusk mounting high in the air and circling about on whistling wings, pursuing one another, and performing various interesting movements in the air, or they may be seen strutting upon the ground, with upturned tails and drooping wings, much in the manner of a male turkey.

During the migrations all birds are accustomed to signal each other by calls, and the woodcock is not excepted from this habit. It utters a quaint cry, somewhat like *quack*, which is repeated while the bird is on the ground, as also when upon the wing. By this cry passing birds are called to tarry, or tarrying birds are called to join those which are journeying. Immediately after the moulting season the woodcock begin to assemble at favorite feeding places, families coming together from their various breeding resorts, which are often in places not visited by sportsmen. The movements of the woodcock in autumn are quite similar to those of nearly all of our native birds which are migratory. During the period of moulting they are more secluded in their habits than at other times, are timorous as if realizing their weakness at that time, and will seek safety by running and skulking noiselessly away from intrusion, rather than by rising upon wing as at other times. When in the midst of moulting these birds do not emit their ordinary scent, and the best dogs often fail to detect their presence, even when in very close proximity. The birds then resort to the warm, dry hillsides, but always near to suitable feeding grounds. During the daytime they usually remain sequestered away from the notice of man, but at night they are accustomed to seek their food, but as soon as the moulting process is so advanced as to render them strong of wing, again the woodcock will be found in the haunts where sportsmen are accustomed to look for them, if there be food for them. Sometimes their usual feeding places become dry early in the summer, and fail for a time to yield a supply of food. The birds then, from necessity, go elsewhere. But they will return to the same haunts later if the season is favorable.

The woodcock which breed east of Maine remain there in autumn as late as, and often later than those in Maine, but when birds start on their migration to the South long flights are made in a single night, so that only rarely do any of these more Eastern birds tarry in Maine en route. Occasionally a sudden change of weather, such as a snow fall, will stop the birds in their flight, but only for a day or two, the first favorable weather occurs. The movements of the native birds from the many secluded nooks where they have been bred to the coverts where they are found congregating in the autumn, form the preparatory assembling

for migration. Such an assembling is common to birds of other species, the warblers, sparrows, swallows, crows, etc., and usually extends throughout a number of weeks. The movements for assembling are local, and governed much by immaterial local causes, but the actual migration occurs simultaneously over a large territory, the final departure of the woodcock varying but little throughout Maine.

Woodcock are both diurnal and nocturnal in their habits, feeding in dense coverts and secluded places during the day, and going into the open fields, pastures, plowed ground, and meadows at night. They are very active during moonlight, autumn nights, and often seek their food far from any growth of trees or bushes, especially just after a rainfall, which brings the earthworms in the fields to the surface of the ground.

180. Wilson's Snipe—*Scolopax wilsoni* Aud.; *Gallinago melia wilsoni* Ridg., 526a; *Gallinago wilsoni* Cs. 608.—Common. Arrives in April. Breeds on the ground, lays four eggs, brownish, speckled with blotches of light and dark brown, in May. Abundant only during the autumn migrations, which occur in September and October. But few bred in Maine as compared with the great numbers which breed further east. This is the common snipe, sometimes locally termed "English snipe."

181. Red-breasted Snipe—*Scolopax noveboracensis* Aud.; *Microptern grisea* Ridg., 527, Cs. 609.—Abundant along the coast during migrations. The spring migration occurs during the last two weeks of May, when the birds pass by on their northward journey in large flocks, after the manner of sandpipers. At this time they are fat and delicious for the table, but the flight is very brief and chiefly over the sea, so that it is only in favorable places, such as the marshes at Scarborough, and at some of the islands on their route, that many can be obtained. The males arrive the third week of May, and the females, four days or a week later, and all have passed by before the first week in June, and usually before the first day of that month. Early in July a few returning ones make their appearance from the far Northern breeding places. The first arriving from the North are generally adult males, which are followed by their relatives in straggling numbers, rarely in flocks of more than a few individuals, throughout July, August and September. These snipes are locally termed "brownbacks," and are not commonly known here except along the coast.

182. Long-legged Sandpiper—*Tringa himantopus* Aud.; *Microptern himantopus* Ridg., 528, Cs. 611.—Not common, but apparently a regular autumn migrant. No record of its appearance here in spring, and probably it is one of those species which chiefly follow the valleys of the Mississippi River and its tributaries during the northward migration in spring, but during the less hurried migration of autumn a portion of their numbers return along the Atlantic coast.

I append a record of specimens shot in Cumberland county, Maine, all in the Scarborough marshes, excepting one at Cape Elizabeth, and possibly the one recorded for 1870, as the locality is given for that specimen in notes quoted. 1845, three specimens; 1846, one; 1847, one; 1848, eight (possibly three of these were noted in two of the records quoted, and if so, the number for 1848 should be given as five); 1858, two, August 9; 1854, two; 1856, four; 1860, one, September 18; 1866, one, September 21, one September 23; 1868, one, August 14; 1864, one, August 14, one, August 31; 1865, one, September 10; 1866, one, September 16; 1872, one, August 12.

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185. Semipalmated Sandpiper—*Tringa semipalmata* Aud.; *Ereunetes pusillus* Ridg., 541, Cs. 612.—Abundant during spring and autumn migrations, especially along the coast. Arrives in the latter part of May and early in June. One of the "peeps," and locally known as "black-legged peep," also "winter peep" on account of its presence here in the autumn long after the disappearance of the next named species.

184. Least Sandpiper—*Tringa pusilla* Aud.; *Actodromas minutilla* Ridg., 538, Cs. 614.—Abundant during spring and autumn migrations, and frequents the marshes in winter. Arrives in May. This is the smallest of the "peeps," and arrives here in advance of the next preceding named species, in spring.

185. White-rumped Sandpiper—*Tringa schinzii* Aud.; *Actodromas pusillicola* Ridg., 536; *Actodromas bona partii* Cs. 617. Common in autumn along the coast. Regular autumn migrant, yet the species is not abundant here. Uncommon in spring. The autumn migration extends from the last of July to the latter part of September. Messrs. Harry Merrill and N. A. Eddy inform me that they procured several specimens near Bangor, October 23, 1881—a noteworthy occurrence on account of the late date in the year, and the species is rarely found here far from the coast, although Bangor is on tidal water. I am indebted to my friend, Nathan Clifford Brown, for the sole record I have of other specimens taken in Maine. One shot by Mr. Brown on October 14, and one previous to that date. Mr. Brown has also given me the record of a specimen shot at Scarborough, May 30, 1881. The only other record I have of its occurrence here in spring is that of a single specimen, shot at Scarborough, May 29, 1882. Probably its spring migration is over the ocean, when passing Maine, in company with other shore birds, and it is never seen here in spring migration by such a route, and are never seen on our shores at this season except in rare individual instances.

186. Baird's Sandpiper—*Actodromas bairdi* Ridg., 537, Cs. 615.—This sandpiper is a common Western "peep" and is accorded a rank as a species distinct from the white-rumped sandpiper, which it much resembles. But few specimens have been recorded as taken in Maine. One shot by Mr. Brewster in Nutt. Bull. No. 1, April, 1876; one shot by Mr. Philip G. Brown at Scarborough, September 9, 1875, (N. G. Brown in Nutt. Bull., Jan. 1877); one September 4, and two September 5, 1880, at Lake Umbagog, (Wm. Brewster in Nutt. Bull.).

If the many "peeps" shot here yearly were carefully examined, probably many more would be found referable to this form.

187. Pectoral Sandpiper—*Tringa pectoralis* Aud.; *Actodromas pectoralis* Ridg., 534, Cs. 616.—Abundant in ducks, during autumn migrations. Commonly known as "grass bird," by local sportsmen. This species is so very rarely seen here in spring that I cite the only instances of which I have any records. Locality of observations, Scarborough. Several seen May 8, 1852; one May 11, 1853; one April 30, 1864; one April 13, 1871. The first arrivals of the southward migration are rarely seen before August. During September and October these birds become more abundant on the marshes, and occasionally a few linger here into the month of November.

188. Purple Sandpiper—*Tringa maritima* Aud.; *Argyrotele maritima* Ridg., 539, Cs. 620.—Abundant in November and throughout the winter about the outer islands of the coast, more especially of the easternmost portion of the State. Exclusively a maritime species. Locally termed "rook plover" and "rook snipe." But few of these sandpipers proceed further south than Cape Cod in Massachusetts, and no other sandpipers pass the winter so far north. Their summer homes and breeding places are in Arctic regions.

187. Red-backed or Black-bellied Sandpiper, American Dunlin—*Tringa alpina* Aud.; *Ptilopus alpina americana* Ridg., 539a, Cs. 624.—Abundant on the coast late in the autumn, but very rarely seen here in spring. May 27, 1879, I shot a single specimen, which was detected in association with a flock of "peeps" and "ring-necked snipes" at Scarborough. This was an adult female in the plumage of spring, having the belly black. The name black-bellied sandpiper is given to the bird only on account of this temporary phase of plumage. Like the preceding species, these birds frequent the coast and rocky shores, and are termed "rook snipe" and "bill snipe." But they also resort to the sand beaches, which the purple sandpiper rarely if ever frequents, and are also sometimes found on the marshes. I once shot a specimen, in early autumn, upon one of the marshes of the upper portion of the St. Croix River, which had not completed the moult of its summer plumage. This fact and its presence so far from the coast led me to suspect that possibly a few of the species may occasionally breed in that region. This is not probable, however.

Although somewhat resembling the purple sandpipers in form, the dunlins differ much in their habits. None remain upon our coast during winter, but great numbers pass by and go beyond the southern limits of the United States. I have observed them upon sand islands in the Gulf of Mexico early in May, as they were returning to the North. Probably the greater portion of their numbers went their way to the breeding places in North, via the Mississippi and St. Lawrence river valleys. Those which come along the Atlantic coast in spring leave the shores of Massachusetts, and pass by Maine far from land over the ocean. Cold easterly storms prevailed on the coast of New England during their migration in May, 1882, and dunlins, as also many other shore birds, were driven out of their usual course. A Scarborough sportsman was out May 28, five May 29, one May 31, one June 2, a total of nine specimens, all were in the summer plumage.

190. Curlew Sandpiper—*Tringa subarquata* Aud.; *Ptilopus subarquata* Ridg., 540; *Archibuteo subarquatus* Cs. 625.—Accidental. Extremely rare. Apparently occurs in America only as a straggler from Europe. Audubon found but three specimens in America in all his explorations. One was shot near New York since the time of his visit. Three specimens near the mouth of the St. Croix River. A single specimen was shot at Scarborough, Maine, September 15, 1880, and its skin is preserved and in the possession of Mr. C. H. Chandler, of Cambridge, Mass., who obtained the bird at Scarborough. By the courtesy of Mr. H. A. Purdie, who has examined this specimen, I am assured of its identity.

189. Red-breasted Sandpiper—*Tringa himantopus* Aud.; *Tringa canutus* Ridg., 529, Cs. 626.—Common on the coast during migrations. Arrives in latter part of May. With various other birds of the same family, this sandpiper extends its migration to extreme northern regions. I have seen a specimen of *Tringa canutus* in the ornithological collection of the British Museum at London that was killed at "Seyn" north latitude. The bird is small, and has a crest and lower parts to which is due the name of this sandpiper. It is peculiar to the plumage of spring and summer. Specimens in this phase of coloration are obtained in Maine during the last of May and first of June. When next seen here upon their autumnal migration the plumage appears quite different, and the birds are then sometimes termed "blueplover," the upper parts being bluish gray, and lower parts white. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### THE HORNED LARK.

BY REV. J. H. LANGILLE.

It was early winter. The ground was covered with snow, but the atmosphere had been laden with a dense falling mist. The temperature falling below the freezing point, throughout the night, a zephyr-like wind from the northeast continued to crystallize the moisture on every object, arraying the landscape in a most magnificent hoar-frost. The delicate plumose or spinulose ornaments increased every twig and spear of grass, in many times of its former size. The trees and shrubs seemed almost as dense as when arrayed in a young foliage; telegraph wires were as thick as cables, and the delicate array of spinulose plumes on the evergreens was of greater magnitude than their own dark covering. The exquisite delicacy and beauty of the pattern of crystallization were indescribable. The whole landscape was a charming fairyland. The light and softness of the scene was so charming, that all the bores of rural and city life had been at work; while in this inimitable role of snow-white purity the Christian minstrel might read the thoughts of Him who is the author of the beautiful as well as of the true and good.

Perfect stillness reigned. The slightest sound was awaking. What could be more pleasing to the lover of nature at such a time than the gentle rustle of the hoar-frost notes of birds? Ever and anon small loose flocks of horned larks (*Eremophila alpestris*) appeared, alighting in the fields and along the highway, and they seemed as social and happy as so many Franchins, as they flew and ran, and squatted and hopped, vying with each other in their soft conversational *tsip, tsip, tsip*.

This is one of the most characteristic birds of Western New York. In Orleans county and westward, throughout





## THE BIG GAME AND THE PARK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I commend the course taken by the FOREST AND STREAM in the matter of the National Park grab, and your hearty support of Senator Vest's bill, all of which I endorse, except the proposed Park extension. This I deem unwise and unwarranted. This clause in the bill was inserted, I believe, to conform to the recommendation of Lieutenant-General Sheridan in his report of Nov. 1, 1882, to the War Department, which proposes to extend the limits of the Park forty miles east and ten miles south. The extension most would take in a large and rich mining district, known as the New World Mining District (so-called the Clark's Fork Mines). These mines have been occupied for ten years. The entire tract which the bill proposes to take in is a mineral-bearing country. But this matter we will leave to our delegate in Congress. I hope Congress will not grant any exclusive privileges within the limits of the Park; 640 acres would be a very large tract of land, as it could be so mapped out as to take in the entire upper geyser basin, in which are situated nearly all the most wonderful and interesting geysers in the Park. I trust that in granting privileges Congress will not allow any hotel or other structure to be erected nearer than one-fourth of a mile to any of these great wonders, and that a survey may be made and permanent lines established, taking in all the beautiful springs and geysers, and that the same may be forever free. The FOREST AND STREAM has well said that pasture lands are very scarce, particularly in the vicinity of the geyser basin, and for this reason should be free to all. I should think that twenty acres of land with each hotel privilege, would be a very large one, and that this rule should apply to location of such privileges throughout the entire Park.

Much has been said upon the subject of game protection, and I believe that Sheridan recommended the extension of the Park particularly that the noble game of the Rocky Mountains might find a retreat from skin hunters. I herewith submit some figures showing shipments of skins from Bozeman, which has been the principal shipping point of Eastern Montana for many years, which, however, is now somewhat changed by reason of the settlement of the country along the Yellowstone River and the opening of the country for skins. I am sure that you are familiar with all these matters and submit the figures to show what species of game most need protection. In 1874 the following shipments were made from Bozeman:

Elk skins, 97,600 lbs.; deer skins, 82,350 lbs.; antelope skins, 33,497 lbs.; mountain sheep skins, 760 lbs.; moose skins, 4 skins only; bison, none.

Average weight of skins: Elk, 12½ lbs. each; deer, 3½ lbs.; antelope, 2½ lbs.; mountain, 3½ lbs.

This includes the entire catch of skins sold by white hunters and Indians. The average prices being for elk skins 20 to 30 cents per pound, deer 24 to 35 cents per pound, antelope 27 to 40 cents per pound, mountain sheep 15 to 20 cents per pound, moose skins 20 to 30 cents per pound. During the two years following shipments were light, owing to the market being glutted and the price of skins falling. The shipments of one house from October, 1881, until July, 1882, were as follows: Elk skins 43,000 lbs., deer skins 35,000 lbs., antelope skins 5,000 lbs., mountain sheep skins 960 lbs., moose, three skins only, bison, none.

Never within my recollection has a bison skin been offered for sale by a skin hunter in this market, and I have knowledge of but one skin having been brought to this vicinity from the Park. The reason is this: Those are found at all his skin is most valuable. October, November and December—the bison does not leave the high altitudes. Therefore to hunt him is to encounter deep snows; his whereabouts are uncertain, for there are but few herds; his skin is heavy and cumbersome to handle; hence it does not pay the skin hunter to hunt him; for these reasons only he is safe from skin hunters. Tourists and sportsmen, who linger to hunt in the Park, are the only ones who are found at all his skin is in the thick forests of the high mountains, and are not numerous enough to warrant hunting them for their skins. The mountain sheep, from their peculiar habits, flourish in the highest and most rocky and rugged mountains, and if protected during lambing season will take care of themselves and last for many generations to come. Of these animals the bison and moose should be particularly protected from sportsmen and hunters in the summer season, when their feeding grounds are accessible.

It will be seen by the large quantities of elk and deer killed for skins, they are by far the most numerous, and must be soon protected, or it will be too late. Two or three severe winters with deep snows, a good demand for skins with such prices as prevailed in 1874, will seal the fate of the elk and deer of the Rocky Mountains. The all important question presents itself: How can we protect the moose? Surely not by simply extending the limits of the Park; certainly not by any law that Congress can devise for their protection within the Park. I believe this can be accomplished only by the hearty co-operation of the Territories of Wyoming, Montana and Idaho, and the passage of such laws by the Territorial Legislatures as will entirely stop the killing for skins only. Killing should only be allowed from August 15 to the first of November. During the summer season the habits of the elk and deer are such that the first October snows are the signal to descend from the secure summer retreat high up in the densely timbered mountains, even above the timber line, where snow banks are found at all seasons of the year, to lower levels; and as the season advances the journey is continued until the base of the mountains is reached, then the timber lands, then a general clearing—far beyond the timber line. In the summer, the deer, however, remain near its borders, during mild winters, and are killed more or less by skin hunters. Deer do not remain in or near the Park during the winter. The great slaughter, however, takes place along the tributaries of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers, and goes on unceasingly from November until May, when, as the snow begins to disappear, and new grass starts, such animals as have survived this slaughter turn their faces once more toward the mountains, and follow the melting snow until the summer retreat is reached.

To illustrate how mercilessly game is slaughtered, I will relate one instance that came within my own observation. While traveling down the Yellowstone in the winter of 1880, in the month of February, the snow being deep, sleighs were used by the stage company in place of wagons. There was a crust on the snow, and the driver was obliged to hold my weight. The driver and I discovered a band of antelope in the road some distance in advance of us. At first they were somewhat shy, and would run as we approached, but finally we came quite near them. There being about fifty,

they occupied a long space in the road, and as they became accustomed to us, we came very near them. I would reach out of the sleigh, pick up pieces of snow crust, and throw among them. They would then quite at ease as a flock of sheep. We noticed that the flock of nearly all these animals were badly lacerated, this being caused by traveling and breaking through the hard crust. These animals traveled in advance of us some miles, never attempting to leave the sleigh track. We finally met two hunters, and the animals bounded off through the snow a short distance and stopped. The hunters got down from their horses, and the work of slaughtering began. The antelope were killed in a quarter of a mile distant, five antelope had been killed and the remainder were scattered around, none beyond rifle range. These animals had scarcely time enough left to run from the hunter, even if the depth of snow and crust had not rendered such a thing impossible.

In this way the antelope of the great Yellowstone Valley have been nearly exterminated; and I repeat, that unless a remedy is soon found, the elk and black-tailed deer will share the same fate. The reader will ask, Have you no game laws? Certainly. Section 641 of the Revised Statutes of Montana prohibits the killing of buffalo, elk, black-tailed deer, white-tailed deer, mountain sheep, Rocky Mountain goat and antelope, from February 1 until August 10, penalty not less than \$50.00 nor more than \$250.00. Section 642 prohibits the killing of any of these animals at any time for the skin, penalty not less than \$50.00 nor more than \$250, but these laws are a dead letter and cannot be enforced, for the reason that our Territory is so vast in extent, there being ninety thousand square miles within its borders, with a population of about sixty thousand. Many of the best game districts are distant from settlements, and difficult of access in winter and spring, when it is the most necessary to protect game. Skin hunters locate in the fall before snow falls, and await the arrival of game and take their skins to market until June and July, after the snow has disappeared. The entire United States Army, while it might protect, or partially protect, the 3,344 square miles included in the National Park, would be powerless to enforce the game laws as they now are.

Can a remedy be suggested? In my opinion, your correspondence should be sent to the Government, recommending that the shipment of elk, deer, antelope and mountain sheep skins from the Territory be prohibited, and the passage of laws, making it unlawful for any railroad or steamboat company, or any other common carrier to transport or carry the same from the Territory. That article came from a person thoroughly conversant with the subject in question.

ANGLER.

BOZEMAN, Montana, Jan. 24, 1893.

The Cheyenne Daily Leader, February 8, reports: Public-spirited citizens are at work, independently of the Governor and Secretary of the Territory, endeavoring to bring the United States Senate to a sense of the injustice which would be done Wyoming if the Yellowstone Park were to be placed under the jurisdiction of the laws of Montana. The following letter, from the Hon. Harry C. Crosby, U. S. Senator from the Territory of Wyoming, contains sound arguments from the good authority for the retention of the Park under Wyoming laws:

THE HOME RANCH, CHEYENNE, WYO., Feb. 8, 1893.  
To the Hon. George G. Vest, U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C.

Honorable Sir—Referring to a letter dated December 29, from Gov. Crosby of Montana, to you and believing you are interesting yourself in the preservation of game in the Yellowstone National Park, I address you in the name of the Wyoming Game Protective Association, and, in reciting certain facts, which may be new to you, and in offering a few suggestions, I trust they will be received in the same good spirit of national pride and sport which dictates them. Although sympathizing strongly with the object which prompts Governor Crosby's letter, I fear it has, with its great publicity, tended to mislead, both as regards the geographical position of the Park, as well as the efforts of the good people of Wyoming to protect game for the same. As the large proportion of nineteen-twentieths of the country set apart as a national reservation was taken from Wyoming, the old one-twentieth coming from Idaho and Montana, and as a movement is now being made to transfer the Yellowstone Park to the Territory of Montana, our people are naturally growing jealous. Thus far the only laws of either Territory which in any way affect the interests of the Park, are those for the protection of game near its borders. The Wyoming Territorial Legislature of 1882 enacted game laws, of which the enclosed is a copy. In them will be found embodied all the points Governor Crosby recommends for his Territory. He suggests imprisonment instead of sending to prison, and a fine for punishment for infringement of our laws either, or both. It is urged that transportation companies be prohibited carrying game unlawfully killed. We go a step further and forbid individuals or corporations even to have in possession game unlawfully killed, or any green or untanned hides.

Our people have organized and incorporated a game protective association, which has been working this year with an interesting result, but they have been enabled to accomplish the following results: All common carriers have been forced to refuse contraband game or parts thereof, except in the extreme northern part of the Territory, where such game is transported into Montana, where traffic in the same is apparently allowed. We can furnish proof positive of parties having started from the southern portion of this Territory on hunting expeditions, and returning with game guides (who are not exempted by our laws) killing more game than they could use until they reached Montana, where they were taken across the border to indulge in the alleged sport of murdering buffalo. We know of parties who had made arrangements last year to hunt here, but learning that the Wyoming laws were being enforced, changed base to Montana. Hide hunters and game murderers in the extreme north have openly defied our association, knowing they could find a market and protection in Montana.

As the people of Wyoming have, through their Legislature, made wise game laws, and have also shown their ability to enforce them—at all events more thoroughly than Montana does—it is most earnestly to be hoped and prayed for that if it should be considered necessary to place the National Park under the laws of a Territory, it will be given to the Territory in which it is located. Governor Crosby, and to her whom it was taken, since then shown their pride in what they have practically looked upon as their own by a zealous regard to the preservation of the Park's greatest beauty—its game. If the area of this reservation should be increased, as suggested by Governor Crosby, it would be taken from Wyom-

ing. If the preservation of game is the real issue, the following notes, which are gathered from real experience, are respectfully submitted. In this open prairie country game ranges in a very different manner from that in which they range in the Adirondacks or Allegheny mountains. There a preserve of fifty square miles might be effected; here even the extent of the Yellowstone Park (8,500 square miles) would be virtually useless for such a purpose. Buffalo are apt to wander four or five hundred miles between their summer and winter ranges. Elk, black and white-tailed deer, as well as antelope, leave their ranges to bring forth their young; therefore, preserving a small area would not avail unless the strictest protection in all the wild country is needed; but if anything is to be done it should be done at once.

If the Federal Government would give at least her Territories a general law on the subject, then United States Marshals and their deputies would have to see to the enforcement of the same, and they would also carry against the bands or companies of hide hunters the good, moral weight of having the "blue coats" to back them.

Assuring you of our appreciation of your efforts to secure the preservation of game, I am, yours respectfully,

HARRY CROSBY.

President of the Wyoming Game Protective Association.

## THE GUINEA FOWL AS GAME.

THERE are numbers of guinea fowl wild in the island of Santo Domingo, and they have been there beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant. They are very prolific. They have often been seen as many as fifteen in a brood. They hatch often in the open air; at least they hatch in any and all seasons of the year. They are to be found about the corn and rice fields, as well as in the open savanna miles away from any food, except such as is afforded by the native grasses. Their crops often show nothing but grass seed of different varieties. They are an exceedingly shy bird, difficult to approach, and wonderfully strong and swift. I have seen them fly from the tame bird as a wild log is from the domestic animal.

On one occasion we made camp late in the afternoon at a cattle station in the savanna, where the proprietors came twice a year to brand the calves and select the heaves, stopping three or four weeks each time. During the rest of the year no one lived there. Near sundown, tempted by the balmy atmosphere and witching lights and shades, I strolled some distance from camp, and saw a very large covey of guinea fowl, promised myself some sport in the morning, and was up and away at the first break of day. After a time I discovered at a distance a flock of guineas feeding in a portion of the savanna where the pine trees were three to four rods apart, tall, straight and free from limbs for a long way from the ground, and not a brush beside. I endeavored to get within gunshot by going from one tree to another, keeping myself as much hidden from sight as possible, and the first time watching the birds closely, and on seeing the least sign of apprehension, making a statue of myself. I spent over an hour in this way, the birds constantly feeding away from me. Then I flushed them out of range and they flew for a run that I densely timbered. I followed but failed to get a shot, and was forced to return to camp without a bird. I do not think that these birds had been shot at for months.

They are harder to get a shot at than the ruffed grouse, but are much easier killed. With a 16-bore 12½ lbs. gun, I shot one from the limb of a small pine tree at a distance of fifty-two long paces, striking the bird with one shot in the body. It fell immediately to the ground; and when I picked it up, was dead. I have shot a green parrot at so short a range that four shot passed through its body, and then I had to resort to other means to obtain a shot.

There were no bird dogs in Santo Domingo at the time I was there. A friend had a mongrel shepherd that he thought a very good dog to hunt birds. I tried him. He would trail the guinea fowl. They would allow him to come quite close, and then take position in the nearest tree and watch the dog. I think from their actions they would like pretty well to the proper kind of a dog. The wild guinea is similar in edible qualities to the ruffed grouse. Although I have bagged a great many, I never saw a very fat one. They were plump, juicy and tender, and a very fine flavor. I had the best success in shooting them by scattering a flock just before roosting time. The following morning, being on the ground before daylight, when the calling would commence, the chances were favorable for a few flying shots.

L. KENT, M.D.

## PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

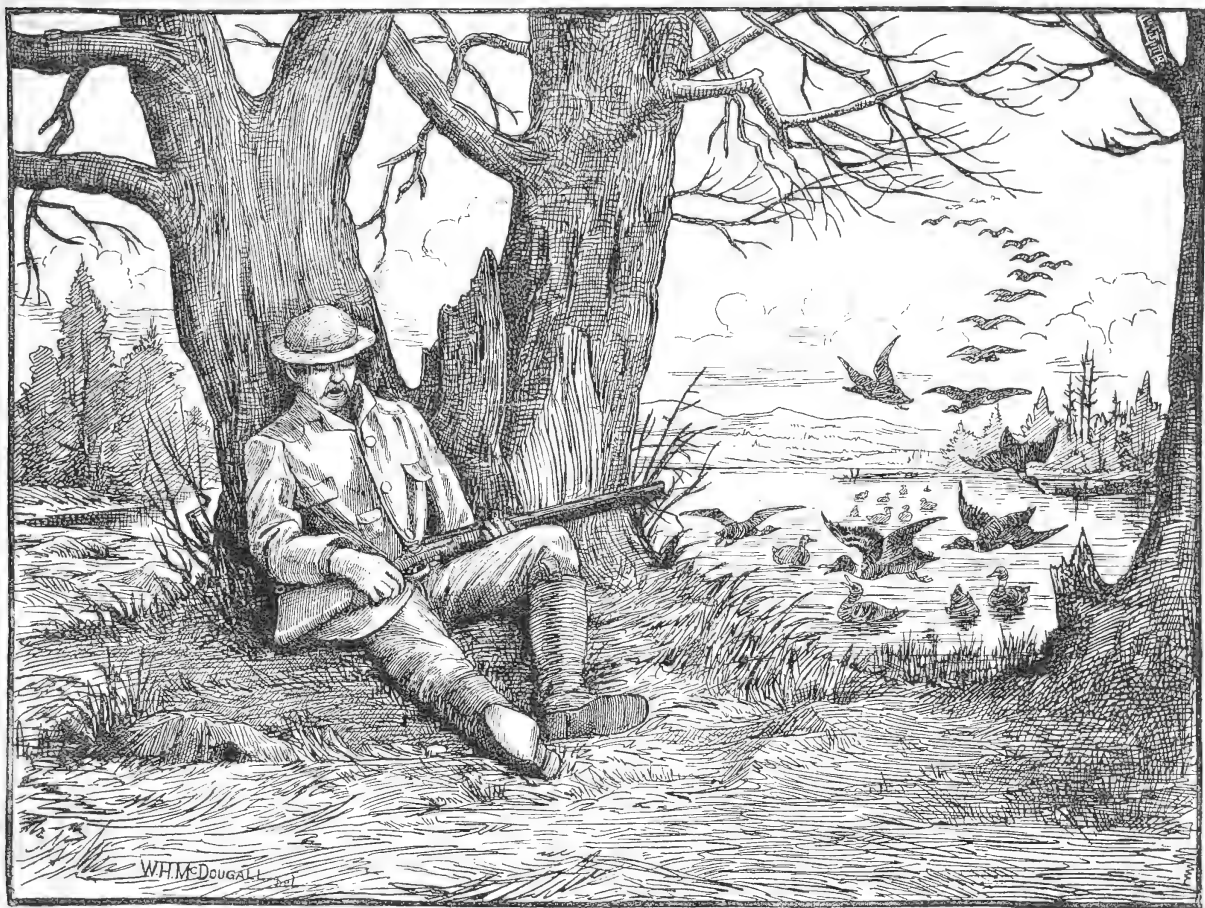
THE late continued rain has completely freed the Delaware River from ice, and the marshes bordering it which were until the past week frozen up, have been entirely cleared, owing to the high tides having liberated and floated off their hardened covering. Some seasons we have had a return of the marsh ducks to our streams as early as this, but I cannot learn of any baldpates or sprigtails having appeared in the Delaware as yet, although the feeding grounds might be said to be in good condition for them. We shall have some severe weather before spring, and need not look for marshfowl before the first week in March, and not then unless the season is favorable.

I wish our sportsmen would content themselves with autumn shooting alone, and allow the comparatively few ducks which stop in our marshes in the spring, preparatory to going northward to breed, to stay, although the feeding grounds might be said to be in good condition for them. We cannot blame the boys so long as a law permits.

Some few purple grackles and robins have shown themselves in Delaware county, near Media, I am told. This is very early for them. We seldom look for them before March. One of our local papers tells of a "brown thrasher" (feruginous thrasher) that has wintered in Chester County. This is remarkable, as the bird is migratory and passes the cold weather in the South.

Several of our Philadelphia hotel and restaurant proprietors have kept over a number of quail this winter. One has a covey domiciled in his front show window, the bottom of the window being covered with moss, etc., and the quail made comfortable. The birds attract much attention. HOWES.





ASLEEP AT HIS POST.—DRAWN FOR THE FOREST AND STREAM BY W. H. McDUGALL.

## SUMMER SHOOTING.

"Hear the other side," says the proverb.—"Clericus."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of February 15, laments the restrictions cruelly put on certain human beings called "brain-workers." These poor creatures, as he groups them, are clergymen, college professors, school teachers, lawyers, actors, artists of all kinds, and the "physicians at least of the wealthy classes." [How many "classes" have we in this republic?] This list excludes engineers, whether military, mining, mechanical, or civil, that is if the last named do not meddle with the architects; sea-faring men, baggage-masters, officers of the army, telegraph operators, foreign ministers, street-car drivers, dentists, hotel clerks, members of Congress, dealers in fishing tackle, officers of the internal revenue service and plumbers and pawnbrokers and a few other "classes."

Finding myself in the smaller and more exclusive class, I feel privileged to join the lament with that of "Clericus." "Clericus" asks: "Now is there nothing owed to the above classes?" (That's my class, you remember. You see he starts right, for he puts us, *i. e.*, our class, on the Cr. side of the sheet. The reader will note that the plumber belongs to the class containing the officer of the internal revenue service and the pawnbroker.) "Are there no concessions to be made in their behalf?" "What lover of the chase cares to go to the North Woods if there is no chance on the deer?" This last lament in behalf of my class is no doubt all right, but to me reads a little ambiguous.

My wife, who has just read it, says: "It is all clear enough, it means that 'Clericus' won't go to the woods if the deer have any chance. How stupid! My dear, your brain is overworked." "No, my love, my brain is not overworked—worse than that—I am a victim!" "What? Victim! Haven't I lost any of my money, I hope?" "No, love—don't!—just one moment. I'm the victim of the strange fascination of—?" "Who?" "Who?" "One moment, my darling, of—the trigger." "Oh! that's all, is it?" "Yes, and that's what 'Clericus' says he has badly. Yes, and he says it is hard to get rid of. He also says: 'There is no encouragement for the professional men [*i. e.*, our class, you know, my dear] to give themselves to a recreation which, like sleep, knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care, is balm of hurt minds and chief nourisher in life's feast.' These are his words and he knows. He says I ought to take to the woods and—?" "My dear, I thought you called me to listen to an article you had written for FOREST AND STREAM?" "Oh, yes, I forgot, here it is, short and—well, like yourself, my North Woods woman, my anglertrix."

It is to me, a "brain-worker," incredible how a "Clericus" could have written that article advocating summer shooting. The close season does not suit the time of the vacation of clergymen and others. This is a reason, sufficient to "Clericus," why the game laws should be changed. The law of the land and the law of nature are against summer shooting. The game laws, after much discussion and infinite trouble, have been laid down so that, on the whole,

they follow the law of nature, which fixes certain times and seasons for the bringing forth of young, and for the mother's care for her offspring. To shoot her then, in the fullness of her love, and to leave her darling to the merciless elements, and beasts of prey, or starvation, is a cruelty that no one, if thoughtful, can be guilty of. This is the sentiment which underlies that legislation whose intent is to protect our game during the season of motherly love and of hopeless infancy.

A PROFESSOR.

## MICHIGAN NOTES.

THE winter in this region has been unusually severe. In December there was a depth of forty-six inches of snow at one time, and there are now ten feet or more on the ground. This has no crust, but is very solid, so as to make it difficult for any animal of large size to wade through it. There were a good many deer here last fall, and a number were shot. I do not think many have been killed since the expiration of close time, but a few have suffered. Those who hunt out of season keep it quiet, as there is a strong feeling among many of our hunters that the practice should be discouraged. I learn that one man, living on the "Six-mile" Lake, has captured three or four deer and has them in his barn alive. Probably he has not read the law against "hunting or pursuing" these animals out of season. This same man was once fined for crust-hunting, and his turn may come again.

The deer were hustled about lively enough on the first snows. I knew eight men to meet on the track of one buck, and they didn't get him, either.

There are no quail here. Ruffed grouse have been quite abundant this fall, and there are a good many winter ducks in the open rivers connecting our lakes.

Foxes are abundant and a few are shot. No one can keep hounds here, as the still-hunters always shoot them.

Two or three bears were shot this season; one of them was pursued one day by seven hunters through a swamp covering a few hundred acres. The snow was deep and they gave it up at night, and went to bed. So did the bear. Next day an old hunter went alone and shot him.

We were for several weeks interested in the gambols of three or four otters in and about the open water at the head of one lake, and in the river which empties therein. The same thing occurred two years ago, and although the creatures were often seen within a few rods of the bridge, I do not think that any of them were injured during their stay. Some of the boys tried to shoot them; but you know their guns generally miss or "hang fire." One of them, however (not the boys, but the otters), probably owed its life to the courtesy of one of our best shots and hunters, who had his carbine levelled on it at point-blank range, but refrained from shooting because he knew that if killed the animal would sink and be lost in the deep water.

It has heretofore been my impression that otters seldom remained for so long a time in one place, unless when the young were very small, and it seems strange to me that they should stay so long in sight of a village, and play about in rifle range of a constantly traveled thoroughfare.

CENTRAL LAKE, MICH., Feb. 11, 1883.

## EFFECTS OF SPRING SHOOTING.

THE sportsman that has lived in the Quaker City for the past twenty years can note many changes that have taken place in the shooting grounds in and about Philadelphia county in that time. Where one particular spot was yearly visited by snipe and a fair bag could always be counted on, it has long since been deserted by the birds, and they have to be sought for elsewhere. Who that has shot at all does not remember the meadows bordering Darby Creek, Potts' meadows, the grounds near the Cross Keys and around Captain Scrymgeour's? All were close to the city, where ten or twelve years ago it was a poor day when twelve or fifteen birds could not be killed in proper season. Now a tramp over all these meadows would not start a brace of snipe in the most propitious weather, unless, as it was last autumn, an unaccountable flight suddenly appeared and reminded the old stager of what had been once a common occurrence, especially in the spring.

The writer can call to mind the daily killing in the afternoon, ten years ago, of two or three brace of snipe by Mr. George Twaddell and himself within the limits of West Philadelphia, not a mile from Mr. Twaddell's homestead. This favorite feeding ground is now never visited by the birds, and it is evident their numbers are yearly decreasing, doubtless owing to spring shooting, which we are all guilty of and which we will still indulge in so long as it is allowed by law.

It was common not many years ago to find good woodcock shooting within and but a short distance of Philadelphia. Many birds were killed along the Schuylkill River, and almost every river or creek harbored a pair, and the covers fringing the different creeks in Philadelphia county were sure to be the home of more than one longbill. Some of the Philadelphia readers of FOREST AND STREAM can remember how they once slipped in back of Woodland's Cemetery early of a July morning and brought out two or three woodcock, and can call to mind the excellent feeding grounds on the Cobb Creek running at the foot of Mt. Moriah enclosure. All these grounds are as they once were, not a whit changed. But the birds are not there as of yore. Would it not be wise to abolish all summer woodcock shooting as a means to increase the number of our fall visitors?

Bunting's thicket, long since cut down, and a growth of sapling—now a wood—just outside Philadelphia county limits, on the Baltimore turnpike, was a dozen years ago regularly frequented every autumn by woodcock. Similar good ground lies in the same neighborhood now, but it is seldom a woodcock is found there. We are told that the main cause of this scarcity of snipe and woodcock in the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia of late years may be attributed to the increase of sportsmen, the improvement in shotguns and to the education of the mass in shooting matters by sporting journals. All this may be true in a measure, but the prime reason is the killing of migratory game birds in the spring of the year. Granting that sporting literature has done its share in fostering a desire for field sports on the part of the public, for this very reason it should advocate the total stopping everywhere of all spring shooting, and



The only fish markets of any consequence on Lake Champlain are at Burlington, Vt., and Plattsburg, N. Y., the fish selling for a trifle less on the Vermont side. The hotels do not generally patronize the markets, but purchase direct from the fishermen. Practically all the fish are taken in nets, and those caught after the latter part of April come from the fertile parts of the grand lake, which belongs to Vermont. But the smaller alewives, which are more than fifty in March and April, are set to catch the fish upon and on their way to the spawning beds. Last spring (1882) there were six large saucers in the Mississippi River below Swanton. Few escape to deposit their spawn. The same validations method is practiced in other rivers, and I am credibly informed that for a period of six weeks each year, from June to October, the fish of this species moved down from the north end of Lake Champlain along the shore to New York. Inquiries at Rouse's Point disclosed the significant fact that an average of twenty-five to thirty bar-



rels pass through that place daily "for a period of at least five weeks in the months of March and April." In the spring of 1878 twenty thousand pike died in a small pond in which they were placed to await "a raise" in the market price. The inevitable result of this enormous slaughter to the spawning beds has already made itself felt, and fishing with the hook and line is no longer practiced in places where it used to prove very remunerative.

I feel confident that the above facts, however appalling, constitute but a half-told story—that the enormity of the crime will never be fully known—and it is sincerely to be hoped that the proper authorities will spare neither pains nor cost in bringing the outrageous slaughter to a speedy termination. The food fishes of this magnificent lake are of too great value to the inhabitants of its shores to be sacrificed for the benefit of a handful of worthless outlaws. The time for action is now at hand.

C. HART MERRHAM, M. D.

LOCUST GROVE, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1888.

## MAINE NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Just as I sat at my desk on a beautiful day, August 6, satisfied me that the present Legislature is alive to the demands of the public for laws which will be more protective in regard to fish and game.

The Chairman of the Committee on Fisheries and Game, Hon. J. H. Kimball, of Bath, is himself a lover of field sports and the angle, is deeply interested in all of these matters, and is a gentleman of ability and culture. Also Hon. G. W. McAllister, of Bucksport, of some common sense, Hon. A. G. LeBrock, of Foxcroft, and many other prominent members of the Legislature are anxious to do all in their power to further these important interests and enhance the rapidly increasing business of the people of Maine, which is the result of the "summer travel."

This committee have reported several bills which will doubtless receive a favorable passage in both houses, and which will make a new era in the protection of fish and game in this State.

Among them is the repeal of that terrible nuisance called the "Tank Pond act," amending the law relating to the disposition of the fines and penalties recovered for all violations of the game and fish laws so that one-half will go to societies which will use the funds for the propagation of trout and salmon instead of to the county as now, thus making the law more equitable towards the fishing lakes and ponds which he lawlessly depletes; restricting the transportation of trout and salmon beyond the limits of the State at any time of the year, conferring upon all sheriffs, deputies and constables the powers and duties of game and fish wardens, etc.

The friends of protection to the Maine game and fish may hope for a new order of things here if the bills reported by this committee become law.

J. F. S.

Mosses, Me., Feb. 10, 1888.

## POSITION OF REEL—WEIGHT OF RODS.

I WILL make a reply to Dr. Henshall's letter in FOREST AND STREAM of February 8, but have no desire to enter into a wordy war with him, nor with any other person. My remarks to Mr. Jordan, which roused the Doctor's wrath, were intended to instruct one who claimed to be a novice. If any one cares enough about it to look over Mr. Jordan's letters, as published, they will find that he was praising a rod as "unsurpassed on earth," and at the same time acknowledging that it was the first bass rod he had ever used. His lack of skill is managing a reel placed behind his hand, the only fit place for it on a light rod, led me into writing for his "enlightenment."

If Dr. Henshall has not been an advocate of heavy rods then the inferences were wrong which I and others have drawn from the very pertinacious correspondence between himself and Mr. Van Sicken, when both those gentlemen seemed to forget what was due to those who honestly differ with them. The tone of his last letter wherein he belabors me and lurs epithets at my "ignorant" head, led me to decline to answer it at first, but that course might lead him to think that he has effectually squelched me.

In our striped bass fishing we use the reel in front of the hand and cast a half grown trout from an ounce to an ounce and a half, with a stiff eight-foot rod. All who have cast in this manner know that when Mr. Jordan casts "a half-grown broom," or Dr. Henshall tells in his book of casting an ounce-and-a-half minnow, that it takes a stout rod to do it. When I answered Mr. Jordan that "for the style of fishing that he aims at he is right in placing the reel in front of his hand," and again when he asked how one can cast a minnow "à la Henshall" in any other way, and I replied that he could not, I then saw that this style was the height of his ambition and that he looked up to the Doctor as the father of all bass fishing. My reply was intended to mean "enough said, if that is what you want it will suit you." It does not suit me to throw an ounce-and-a-half minnow at a black bass, with any sort of tackle. If it pleases Mr. Jordan and Doctor Henshall to have no objection, only they should not attempt to enlighten the world on bass fishing in a delicate manner. The splash of a "half-grown broom" may be music to some anglers while to others it might arouse of coarse fishing.

I am not ignorant, as far as reading goes, of the style in which Dr. Henshall fishes, and, begging his pardon, I do not like it. I claim the right to have opinions and to express them. I have read some of the Doctor's letters, especially his "Around the Coast of Florida," but I cannot say that I admire the style with which he treats those who dare to differ with him. His book may be of value to an ichthyologist—of that I do not pretend to judge—but it is badly defaced with advertisements in the reading portion, and will never rank high as an authority on bass fishing. He makes long scientific disquisition between the two species of black bass, and then tells the world on bass fishing that they are all one. The stupid big-mouth appears to finish him as much sport as the quick-fighting small-mouth.

I did not intend to go into such a criticism of the worthy Doctor, and will not again reply to what he may have to say. In his last he charged me with "false hypotheses, wilful assumptions and gross misrepresentations." A week has passed and he has not forwarded any apology for the language, so I will not readers of FOREST AND STREAM to please excuse him, he will feel better some day. I certainly hope that he will find none of those terrible things in this answer, and will settle down to the belief, however much it may hurt his self-love, that at least one man who claims to be a fair bass angler does not think that the highest style of the art is "à la Henshall." FLORIDIAN.

## BAIT-CASTING IN NOTTINGHAM STYLE.

WE have received a book entitled "The Nottingham Style of Float Fishing and Spinning," by J. W. Martin, (the "Trent Otter"), published by Sampson-Low, Marston, Scarle and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, E. C. This is something which we have been desirous of seeing because we have heard so much on the "Nottingham style" of casting at the English tournaments, and had an idea that as the cast was made from the reel it was similar to our sea coast or "Cuttyhunk" style. A picture on the cover shows a man casting with the reel on the under side of the rod, and with his right hand below the reel, checking it from over-running with the forefinger. Other cuts show that some line is pulled off before the cast, as in fly-fishing, and one figure shows two such loops "in order to make an extra long cast." This would seem to be a much poorer reel than our coast fishers use, which run like a fine watch, without friction.

The book is devoted to what in England are termed "coarse fish," a term which includes chub, barbel, roach, perch, bream, carp, tench, dace, gudgeon, etc., and has a chapter on pike fishing. In reading of the "Nottingham" style of fishing we learn that the rod is as light as possible with a spring in the middle of the handle, and a turn of the wrist—and it is nicely balanced. It is made in three joints, the butt is red deal, the middle piece of the same wood and lancewood spliced together about one-third of the distance from the top ferrule, and the tip is made entirely of lancewood. It is a little over twelve feet long. They are sometime made in as many as six pieces, but the author wisely prefers three. The reels are usually of wood and are in two pieces, the barrel of the reel turns upon a spindle in the center and spins freely. Fine silk lines are used, floats of quills or cork, and a gut casting line completes the equipment. After casting in ground bait and having baited his hook the author says: "We will now suppose the swim the angler has selected is from twenty to thirty feet from the bank, and he is fishing with very light tackle, too light to be cast from the reel (the reel would not revolve sufficiently for casting with such a light spin) and that he cannot coil it upon the grass at his feet, nor allow it to hang loose from the reel; the fine line he is using would twist and tangle it up. He cannot reach the swim with the rod, and what line there is hanging from the point. What is to be done? A Nottingham angler holds the rod in his right hand, and with his left takes hold of the line as high up the rod he needs the rings as he can reach, and draws down as much line as he requires. He then has some four or five yards of line in his left hand, and with what is hanging from the point of the rod he can throw the distance he requires, which he does by bringing the rod away from the river at about an angle of 45°. He then sends the point of the rod smartly over the river, at the same time letting go of the line he holds in his left hand, and the line will go fair and neatly to its destination without tangle or catch."

Again we are told "if the Nottingham bottom fisher uses a cork float and a heavier tackle, he mostly throws his bait from the reel, that is in a manner somewhat similar to Jack spinning. He winds up the line until the float nearly touches the top ring of his rod, and then gives it the desired swing over the river."

Illustrations of the several fishes are given, but they are not good, being much like those in Walton. Directions are given for taking them, and the floats and hooks are shown also. The price is two shillings.

## MCCLOUD RIVER TROUT.

IN answer to the very interesting article on McCLOUD River trout by Mr. Livingston Stone, in FOREST AND STREAM for Feb. 1, permit me to offer the following:

So far as the collections sent to the National Museum permit us to form an opinion, there is, in the Upper Sacramento, but one species of black-spotted trout, and this species is *Salmo gairdneri*. There is also a red-spotted trout or char, the so-called "Dolly Varden," *Salvelinus malinus*. The small or "dace-scaled" trout of the mountain brooks, is, we think, the same species as the river trout, and Mr. Stone seems to be quite right in supposing that the "younger and smaller trout affect the brooks and the larger and older trout prefer the river." In many streams, where food is scarce, or conditions unfavorable, this species reaches, when full grown, only a very small size. I obtained specimens in this San Luis River country, California, and found that the largest of them will not weigh three ounces. We suppose that if these little trout were transplanted to the McCLOUD, their progeny, at least after a generation or two, would be large like the McCLOUD River trout, while the latter would certainly be dwarfed if removed to the San Luis River.

As to the scaling of the two forms. I find no real difference and doubt if any exists. The fineness of the scales in the brook fishes is evident to the eye, but there is no difference in the numbers, either lengthwise or crosswise, when we come to count them. Mr. Roosevelt is quoted as saying "that the distinctions between the McCLOUD River and the mountain trout are quite apparent to the eye," and "that there is some difference in their habits." Both these propositions, I grant. The first is dependent on the second, and the second is due to the necessities of the case. Change the surroundings and the appearance of the fish will disappear, and these differences are apparent only, not affecting any of the specific characters of the species. These remarks are based on the supposition that the National Museum has a full series of McCLOUD River trout. If this supposition is erroneous, we stand open to correction and conviction.

The *Salmo purpuratus* or "Clarke's trout," the common trout of Washington Territory and of the lakes of British Columbia and Montana, etc., is quite different from the rainbow trout. It grows much larger, has a much larger mouth, and is, in my opinion, altogether a superior animal and better worthy the attention of fish culturists. It can be readily distinguished from the rainbow trout by its more numerous (i. e. smaller) scales, there being about 130 in a lengthwise series instead of 130. When fresh, there are two crimson blotches on the under side of the lower jaw. This is an excellent mark for dissection for one who does not like to take the trouble to count the scales. The famous trout of Lake Tahoe is a variety of this species. A few specimens have been taken in the Lower Sacramento, but the species has never been traced up to the McCLOUD. DAVID S. JORDAN.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY, Feb. 15, 1888.

A NEW SHARK.—Last week Mr. Blackford received a telegram from Prof. Baird asking him to attend to forwarding a large basking shark caught at Amagansett, Long

Island, and shipped by the lighthouse keeper at that station. This is an early response to a request by the U. S. Fish Commissioner addressed to those in charge of life-saving stations, to report to him at once at Washington the presence of marine animals on the coast—such as whales, porpoises, blackfish, grampuses—as may be stranded on shoals; also, to inform him of schools of mackerel, menhaden, bludfish, porpoises, or blackfish making their appearance after prolonged intervals along the coast. This letter has been indorsed by S. I. Kimball, the General Superintendent of the United States Life-saving Service, and keepers and crews at the various life-saving stations have been notified to comply with the wishes of the Fish Commissioner. The fish arrived at Mr. Blackford's station in a most unfortunate situation. It was not the basking shark, as supposed, but a strange one, and proved to be an entirely new species of shark, inasmuch as it is the first specimen caught on our coast. It has been found, so far, only in deep water off the Portuguese coast, and is known as the *Pseudotriakis marmorata*. The shark was 9 feet 6 inches long and weighed 180 pounds. The mouth was without teeth, and pharyngeal teeth quite distinct from the snout. It had the ordinarily shaped tail of the shark, but its dorsal fin is not more than five inches high from the dorsal line. This shark had been heretofore known from a single specimen described by Cuvier, in 1867. Dr. Bean states that the teeth are no longer than those of the common skate, and have three points. The taking of this rare specimen is the result of the request that the Life-saving Service should communicate with the United States Fish Commission in regard to fish of strange appearance which might come under their notice.

OHIO.—Windsor, O., Feb. 14.—We have been catching quite a number of muscullunge in a stream known as Grand River; it runs through Ashland county and empties into Lake Erie, in Fairport, Huron county. We commenced trolling for them about two years since. They are not plenty as we scarcely ever get more than three or four in a day. —S. S.

## LORENZO PROUTY.

At the last meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, the following resolutions were adopted:

### RESOLUTIONS.

By the death of Lorenzo Prouty the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association has lost one of its earliest and most beloved members; and it is fitting that it should pause in its work and express its appreciation of the worth and character, and extend to his family in this, their hour of affliction, the sympathy and reverent sorrow felt for one whose presence at its meetings and at his place of business was a joy and sunshine to all who knew the simple beauty of his life, his truthfulness, his helpfulness and his kindness of heart. Therefore be it

Resolved, That this Association, admiring his noble qualities, his fondness and enthusiasm for those innocent and healthful pastimes, which we his companions and friends prize in union with him, his humble submission while we deeply deplore the sad and sudden ending of a life that, though about to assume greater and greater responsibilities, would, if it had been prolonged, have filled a larger sphere and developed into greater usefulness and happiness.

To her, who has shared with our departed friend the duties and pleasures of life, who has been his fond companion in his journeyings to lake and stream, ready at all times to rejoice in his success and sorrow at defeat, to her and to the one whose pride and joy it was to call him father, to their dear happy home has by this bereavement been dealt a cruel blow, passing upon that waiting threshold with bowed and reverent heads, unwilling to intrude upon such sacred grief—we bear our consolation in the sweet and hopeful lines of our own beloved New England poet:

"We see but dimly through these mists and vapors.

Ain't these earthly damps

What seem to us but sad funeral tapers

May be Heaven's distant lamps.

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition:

This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life-eyasion

Whose portal we call Death."

Resolved, That a copy of this tribute be placed upon the records of the Association, and a copy sent to the family of our deceased associate.

C. W. STEVENS,

W. M. BRACKETT,

C. E. FIERCE,

DANIEL NEEDHAM,

Boston, Feb. 7, 1888.

(Committee on Resolutions.)

## Fishculture.

### CARP AND MOSQUITOES.

DOES the food carp feed on the mosquito in its larval form of "wiggler" and "tumbler"? From a fact that came under my observation last summer I am decidedly of the opinion that they do. My carp ponds, four in number, are located in Ocean county, N. J., in the cranberry region, where, as is well known, mosquitoes do abound. Three years since I constructed a pond of about five-thirds of an acre but in short dry weather, but when they were full there they came to my supposition that this would not tend to diminish the supply of mosquitoes. Last May I placed in this pond a few carp, received from the Government the preceding autumn. In August last, when bitter complaints were uttered all over the country at the abundance of mosquitoes, we had very few, so few indeed that my attention was arrested by it. Beside, some carpentermen in my employ at the time reported that while on their way to my place they were nearly eaten up by the pest, but when they returned there they came to be annoyed by them. So I am inclined to place carp among the benefactors of our race. The female mosquito, as is well known, deposits her 250 to 350 eggs on the surface of quiet water. These hatch out in a few days, and are known to many country people as the "wiggler." In ten to fifteen days these are changed into "tumblers," in which form they remain from five to ten days, thus spending from fifteen to twenty-five days in the water before they leave the Government of the air and acquire their musical and phlebotomizing capacities. The carp doubtless find their larvae most palatable tidbits, that are greedily sought after. In one particular the chosen habitat of carp and mosquitoes are alike, both delighting in quiet, warm waters.

By the way, my carp did reasonably well last season, notwithstanding the circumstances under which they were placed were anything but favorable. More minnows of an inch or two in length were received from the Government at last autumn a year, when changed to a larger pond in October last I found them to vary from twelve to fourteen and a half inches in length, and to average about one and a half







scatter the round bullets when shot through the same barrel? (Some breech-loaders do not, I believe, shoot the round bullet.) As to Mr. Berg's fact's conclusion that there is "no perceptible preference" in the shooting of the muzzle-loader and the breech-loader, we feel compelled to say plain: on this point, and especially for short hunting ranges. For the same caliber, the muzzle-loader carries much the lightest bullet, which has much less friction along its barrel, and it can shoot with the same amount of powder in proportion than the breech-loader. Its bullet, therefore, has more velocity than the breech-loader, and thereby its curve is less, and thus it shoots the straightest as a hunting rifle. It shoots the straightest at short ranges, mainly because the center of the bullet is the most perfectly sealed in the center of the bore, the very thing the breech-loader tries so hard to approximate in its barrel (we believe) where great accuracy of shooting is the thing desired. Remember, that two things (1) steady shooting, and (2) a flat trajectory, are actually necessary in a good hunting rifle. Steady shooting is but about one-half the requirement, and flat trajectory the other half.

Question VI.—Is not this true to the letter? It is impossible to place, as many try to do, the two kinds of rifles on a parallel as to shooting qualities, especially when the bullet is shot from the shell. If the muzzle loader does not give the straightest and best shooting for a hunting rifle at ordinary hunting distances, why do so many old hunters lay aside the breech-loader and resume the muzzle-loader? Why is it the public voice proclaims that the hunting breech-loader makes comparatively a high trajectory and is subject to scattering its bullets more or less when shot? Even at Cressbrook, where it shoots its very best, with its specially uniformity of aim, and the cry of the "unaccountable" and "eccentric shots," known under the name of "goose eggs." Who ever heard of these modern names in connection with the good old muzzle-loader? Not old Henry Cressbrook nor Captain Van Dyke. Scott, to be sure. Who ever heard the charge of not shooting steady laid as the door of a good muzzle-loader when shooting at its proper range? Not the writer certainly, and he has tried to shoot them for fifty years. The hunting bullet of the muzzle-loader is either the light round one, or the light "conical," so-called. These are the two lightest bullets used in any rifle, and they can be made to have at short ranges, and generally do have, the highest velocities of any, and this, combined with steady shooting, gives the muzzle-loader and best shooting of any rifle now used. The breech-loader bullet is only an attempt at approximation in lightness to the muzzle-loading bullet, but I think am correct in saying that they are considerably heavier than the muzzle-loading bullet, and therefore with the same charge of powder and equal caliber of rifle, they have less velocity than the muzzle-loader for ordinary hunting distances. We acknowledge that the breech-loader has many advantages over the muzzle-loader, and that it is elegant in its place, but when we come to steady and the straightest shooting (along the whole line) using its hunting or fixed ammunition, and to a flat trajectory, both of which are actually necessary to give the best shooting, then the breech-loader is not there by a long way, and it is idle to attempt to put it there.

One hundred yards is the ordinary, and I may say the standard range of the rifle; for they are generally sighted point-blank for this distance. All small arms of the United States are so sighted for the standard range, and I presume this is generally the case in all countries. Thus, one hundred yards has been the ordinary limit of ranges for the rifle, and it is so now, and has been for many years. For over fifty years. Yet I am most willing to extend it to one hundred and forty yards, for a good muzzle-loader carrying from sixty to eighty round bullets to the point-blank range for this distance will fire its bullet with about as much steady and steady and steady and steady for two hundred yards, and much over. But he is a very unwise hunter, indeed, who would shoot at any kind of game over one hundred yards, providing there is a reasonable chance of lessening the distance by crawling up to it.

I have been all through this "muzzle" of shooting at game over one hundred and forty yards, and with a rifle that is sighted for two hundred and fifty yards. But it did not take me long to learn the great folly of shooting at game over one hundred yards, and I believe I have learned it from the mouths of many old hunters. I have seen many a hunter who would shoot at a deer, and sometimes hunted to learn their craft, would always turn over to me the shot, provided the deer was over eighty yards off. This was the extreme limit that I would shoot at, and I have learned in this rule, though many will scout the idea. When shooting less than one hundred yards I preferred the round ball, sixty to the muzzle-loader, for it gave more penetration. At one hundred yards I found by experiments made thirty-nine years ago in the Choctaw hills, that the muzzle-loader bullet carried much more weight than the round ball, and that it was much more steady, and that the elongated bullet required to be loaded with care in order to shoot steady; that I could leave the muzzle-loader bullet to whom I would shoot, and it would vary a little. This fact clearly shows why the breech-loader shoots quite unsteady; the bullet does not always come out of the barrel in its center, and the muzzle-loader bullet, as we have seen, Van Dyke, "The Still Hunter," has correctly given the reason for this, so I will pass it by. My point here is, that up to one hundred yards the muzzle-loader is much better than the breech-loader, and that up to this point the light bullets of the muzzle-loader shoot much better than the heavier bullets of the breech-loader, and that the charges of powder being proportional to the weights of the bullet. As before stated, the muzzle-loader can beat the breech-loader in all ranges of powder, for it is much more steady, and its bullet is lighter, its friction along the barrel much less, and its recoil less. We know the muzzle-loader does give the straightest shooting of all rifles, and the elongated bullet of the muzzle-loader is much more steady, simply reasons based on the maxims and principles of the science of gunnery. Another maxim is that solid shot shoots steadier than hollow shot. This explains the superiority of the muzzle-loader in the shooting the straightest and steadiest, and having less recoil, and the three main reasons why it is liked the best by many sportsmen in general, especially in the country, where the muzzle-loader is used east of the Mississippi river. But in the great plains of the West and among the Rocky Mountains for large and sometimes dangerous game, and in the country where the muzzle-loader is much better than the breech-loader is much better; nor would I do without it in any country, nor in war. I would not detract one hair from its great merits.

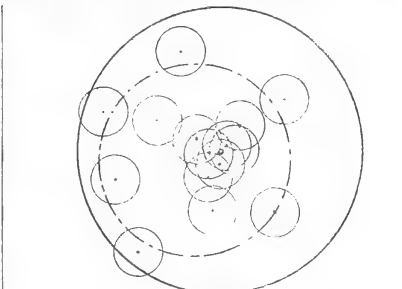
To test these different arms to learn which shoots the straightest or makes the longest range, they should be shot at steady aim, say for 100, 150 or 200 yards, and their merits as to steady aim and good shooting be noted; this is one point gained. They should then be shot at mid-range (55-60) where the muzzle-loader is slightly better with the aim as in the first trial, on the center, and without changing the elevation or load, and their merits again noted—this is the second point gained. Now, let us suppose that both rifles are shot at the same distance, the higher, or gives the higher curve. This will be the case, and the one that makes the light curve with an ordinary hunting load of powder beats the other, and the best shooter is the muzzle-loader. It is here where the muzzle-loader comes in to score its best point, next to steady shooting. Try it and see! The muzzle-loader is much better than the breech-loader in the weight of its bullet. But, as before stated, the muzzle-loader can use with the same recoil more powder than the breech-loader and quicker powder, for it has a light ball with but little friction, and no shell to destroy it. In fact, the lightning express rifle vs. the "express rifle."

I give here a specimen of a country shooting match for an ox by the muzzle-loader and round ball at 40 yds., off-hand (no hip rest allowed) open shots, nine consecutive shots, the rifle loaded in the old-fashioned way, and at which muzzle-loader Bar was the loser. The shots were measured at the time from the center of the bullet hole to the center of the target, by Isaac Bechtel and Andrew Ucker, the latter being the referee. The muzzle-loader was the winner, which is still in possession of Mr. Bar, and authenticates the match. Mr. Bar's string was as follows (one of Mr. Bar's competitors had two consecutive misses):

First 7 shots (centers) total string 56 in. average 1-1 in.  
First 8 shots (centers) total string 124 in. average 1-6 in.  
First 9 shots (centers) total string 181 in. average 2 in. nearly.

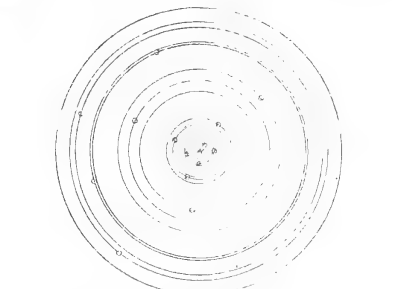
The above score was made in 1853, and he then offered an oxen supper to any one beating it. The offer is still standing—muzzle-loader or breech-loader. The muzzle-loader is "again heard from." Step in, gentlemen, with the breech-loader, shoot this shooting and win the supper. I will double the quantity of oxen.

What! Eight center shots out of nine, or thirteen out of eighteen, including the competitor's shot. Now screw these two barrels in a vice and shoot at a target at 100 yards, and you will find that both would not shoot in the same hole all day, or that the muzzle-loader does not shoot perfectly accurate? This was simply a small affair, and the muzzle-loader was the winner. The muzzle-loader whole country was settled with a class of men who owned their trusty rifles, and who could shoot much in the same way. Those old-fashioned hunters have been written down as "old-fashioned" and "old-fashioned" in a few modern rifles are found in their places. Unsteady shooting in the breech-loader and a high curve I believe to be the main causes.



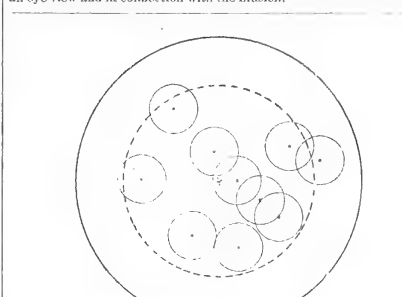
No. 1.—Muzzle-Loading.

The above diagrams, both representing but one target, show the muzzle-loader beaten. (See Nos. 3 and 4). The dotted circle in No. 1 shows the size of a silver dollar and not the center of the target. I have added this circle, but only to give an eye view and in connection with the illusion.



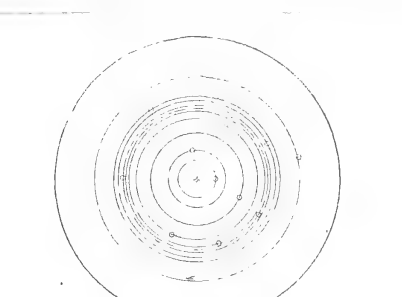
No. 2.—Muzzle-Loading.

The above diagrams, both representing but one target, show the muzzle-loader beaten. (See Nos. 3 and 4). The dotted circle in No. 1 shows the size of a silver dollar and not the center of the target. I have added this circle, but only to give an eye view and in connection with the illusion.



No. 3.—Breech-Loading.

The above diagrams, both representing but one target, show the muzzle-loader beaten. (See Nos. 1 and 2). The dotted circle in No. 1 shows the size of a silver dollar, and is the same circle presented by Mr. Berg, and which I have regarded as the center of the target aimed at, still I much doubt it. The outer circle I have added in connection with the illusion, but this does not change the result of the shooting.



No. 4.—Breech-Loading.

The above diagrams, both representing but one target, show the muzzle-loader beaten. (See Nos. 1 and 2). The dotted circle in No. 1 shows the size of a silver dollar, and is the same circle presented by Mr. Berg, and which I have regarded as the center of the target aimed at, still I much doubt it. The outer circle I have added in connection with the illusion, but this does not change the result of the shooting.

With unsteady shooting the interest is gone; there is no room for perfection, no room for rivalry. Costly rifles that do not shoot well do not give satisfaction to the shooter. So, brush up and improve these breech-loaders if you ever wish to sell them through the country. Return from the long-range, and give us a good hunting rifle. This is what the public wants; they do not generally care a snap of the finger for long-range shooting. It is worthless in practice, so they say to me, and I say amen to it. Not one in a thousand cares for it.

It is a question beyond doubt that the affections of the old hunters after full trials are still with the "plain old muzzle-loader of our fathers." It is in most cases their choice now, nor will they consent to cast off this, their first love, for something more tawdry, but less true to them.

It is said the "muzzle-loader will go under." If it does, it will go with the highest record of any rifle in shooting, and its epithet shall be excellent. M. H. W. Mearns.

New Rochelle, N. Y., Feb. 9, 1883.  
I have seen the above, I learn through Mr. Berg, that the muzzle-loader target as given above, should be increased "just one-half," in order to be correct. Very well. This added fifty per cent. to the illusion which I have exhibited above, and this serves only to make the case so much the worse. In the meantime it leaves the muzzle-loader triumphant at every shot by measure, and the breech-loader flag still hanging at half mast. H. W. M.

## RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Feb. 17.—At Walnut Hill to-day the rifleman had some good shooting until afternoon, when the wind increased to such an extent that it was next to impossible to hold on the target. Some of the very good scores, however, were made, among the best being the following, all at 200 yds.

Cressbrook Prize Match.									
J B Thomas	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	48
T B Irish	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	47
F Dwight	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	50
P Bales	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	50
B J Drake	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	41
A J Carter	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	41
H J East	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	41
W Williams	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	41
A D Fletcher	1	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	43
C Foster, mil	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	43
Decennial Match.									
H L Lee	10	9	10	9	9	9	6	8	83
A Adams	10	9	10	9	9	9	6	8	83
A W Carr	9	10	10	9	9	9	6	8	80
J A Carter	7	9	9	9	9	9	6	8	79
A Duffer	7	9	9	9	9	9	6	8	79
Rest Match.									
J B Thomas	9	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	9-95
H S Harris	10	9	10	9	10	9	10	10	9-94
J B Baxter	9	9	10	9	9	9	10	10	9-91
F Dwight	8	9	10	9	9	9	10	10	9-91
J Carter	7	9	10	9	10	9	10	10	7-90
P Silvester	10	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	8-88
Record Match.									
H L Lee	8	5	10	9	10	8	8	8	8-81
A Duffer	8	7	9	6	10	5	8	9	7-75
A C Adams	8	7	10	6	5	8	8	7	8-74

GALLERY SHOOTING.—The second week of the regular monthly prize shooting at the Massachusetts Valley, Boston, has been a very brilliant shooting, the best for any one week since the gallery opened for the season. Mr. J. Francis heads the list in the All-Comers' match, and the prize is now open at the Frelighuysen Range. All clubs will begin at 8 o'clock sharp and the time limited for teams (35 hours) will be strictly enforced. There are now over 200 men connected with rifle shooting in the city, and any of the above clubs are open for outside challenges.

NEWARK, N. J., Feb. 19.—The March Tournament of the Newark Rifle Association will commence on Monday evening, Feb. 25, at the Warren Range, cor. Lehigh and Bank streets, club shooting in the following order: Nameless, Domestic, Essex, Plymouth, Frelighuysen, Warren, and Celluloid. Second teams will follow as in last tournament. A prize tournament is now open at the Frelighuysen Range. All clubs will begin at 8 o'clock sharp and the time limited for teams (35 hours) will be strictly enforced. There are now over 200 men connected with rifle shooting in the city, and any of the above clubs are open for outside challenges.

Worcester, Mass., Feb. 15.—The members of the Worcester Rifle Association, who went out to Fine Grove Range to-day, had to encounter a cold, raw north-west wind. In the several matches now in progress, the following are the scores made to-day:

Cressbrook.									
St. James Clark	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	4-43
J B Morse, Jr.	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3-40
J N Freeman	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3-40
Decennial.									
Stedman Clark	4	6	8	6	10	7	9	8	9-75
Reentree	4	6	8	6	8	7	8	3	8-72
A L Rice	7	6	10	9	9	6	6	5	8-75
Reentree	3	5	8	6	9	7	8	7	6-65
C Arthur	3	5	8	6	9	7	8	7	6-65
Decennial Rest.									
J N Freeman	6	10	7	9	9	8	10	9	7-10-85

CAMDEN, N. J., Feb. 15.—The Fourth Private Shooting Match was held this evening among the members of the Penrose Society at their club rooms. There were twenty-two members present, besides many visitors. The order of prize winners was: F. Woodson, W. Stein, Jr., E. Amsternuhl, L. S. Howell, S. Martin, J. Bosch, W. Fahrion, W. Thompson, C. Preuss, P. C. Smith, G. E. Wenz, J. Hunsong, H. W. Stein, J. S. Jacobs and P. C. Smith. Mr. Hoff was awarded the leather medal. There was also a team shooting. Edw. Amsternuhl being captain of one team and W. Stein, Jr. The following is the score:

In progress, the following are scheduled to be on the road today.									
Credentialed									
Stedman Clark	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	5	1-4
J N Morse, Jr.	4	3	5	5	1	5	1	5	1-4
J N Freeman	4	4	4	4	5	4	5	1	1-4
Decentral									
Stedman Clark	1	6	8	8	6	10	7	9	8
Re-entry	4	7	7	8	9	8	7	8	5-6
A L Rice	7	6	10	9	2	9	6	8	7-8
Re-entry	3	5	5	8	1	7	9	7	8
C Arthur	7	3	8	7	8	6	7	9	5
Decentral Rest									
J N Freeman	7	5	9	0	5	9	0	5	9

GADSDEN, Mass., Feb. 11.—The attendance at the last weekly meeting of the Gardner Rifle Club at Backnatch Range was larger than for several weeks. The distance was 200 yards, off-hand. The meeting and Cressbrook target combined was the one used. The following is the score:

Ing is the score:						
Edw Austernuhl	2	11	4-17	W Stein	39	11 10 9-30
Clas Stein	12	15	9-23	L E Stein	9	9 10-27
Thompson	7	5	5-17	C Smith	5	7 5 17
W Leister	9	9	23	A Myers	3	8 8
S Martin	10	8	12-30	J Hussang	5	10 0-15
I Plinn	9	6	6-21	J S Jacobs	6	3 8 23
Jul Bosch	5	3	6-14	I Blackwell	4	10 7-23
F Woolson	4	9	7-20	S Howell	3	8 8 19
E C Weir	3	9	8-26	C F Wenz	5	10 4 19
W. B. Bots	9	7	7-14	P. Bots	6	9 9-22
C. Freusch	9	7	7-14	W. Fabbion	9	5 12-17-22

## THE TRAP.

MARLBOROUGH, Mass., Feb. 14.—At the Marlborough Range to-day there was a hard contest for the State badge of the Massachusetts Rifle Club. The contest was between the Worcester Club and Marlborough Sportsmen's Clubs, the latter holding the badge, they having won it last fall in a contest with the Worcester Club. The Perry was Major F. A. White of Worcester, and Frank L. B. Smith, of Marlborough, T. C. Fielching, of the Malden Gun Club, being referee. The balls, 10 in number, were thrown from a rotary trap. The Perry was the winner, and the Worcester Club was defeated. The following is the score which is claimed to be the best on record in a race of this kind:

Worcester Team.									
G J Rodgers	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-9
M D Gilman	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-9
P Holden	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-9
W B Perry	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-9
E T Smith	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-9
Marlborough Team.									
W B Fay	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-19
T J Beaudry	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-19
W B Perry	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-19
George B Clark	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-18
O B Rush	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-18

## WORCESTER VS. MARLBOROUGH.

THE match for the State Association team badge, between the Worcester and Marlborough Clubs was shot at the grounds of the Marlborough Club on Wednesday the 14th inst. The Marlborough won the badge of the Worcester Association by one score, 19 to 18. The following is the score which is claimed to be the best on record in a race of this kind:

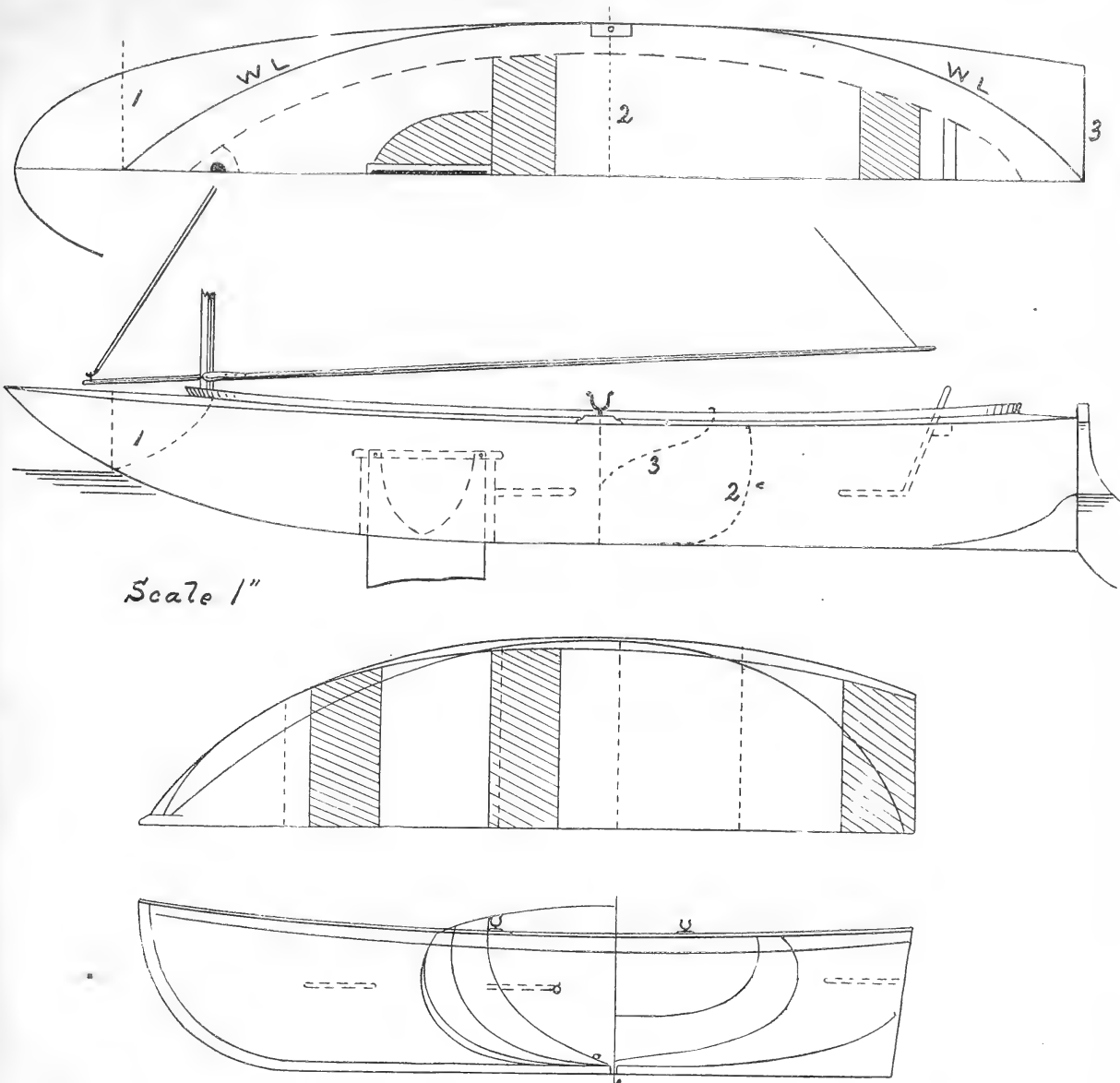
Marlborough Team.									
H W Eager	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-18
H S Fay	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-19
T J Beaudry	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-19
O B Rush	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-18
Geo Clark	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-18

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 15.—The members of the Worcester









## BOATS.

THE average yacht's boat is a cranky consumptive affair, distinguished for lacking in the very qualities most to be expected, and not entitled to admiration unless in the light of a poor copy of a Whitehall waster boat. The tenders and gigs slung to spiderweb davits aboard most our yachts provoke a smile and compassion when trying to reconcile their gaudy race boat build and the hard service a yacht's boat is continually undergoing. As in the vessels to which they belong, speed and speed only has been mined at by the talent in the river front shop, and this with a coat of bright paint, some fancy fixings thrown in here and there and a name displayed in huge letters on the sternboard, constitutes the standard universally accepted. Real worth, adaptability to purpose, the yacht's boat of the present has next to none at all. She is narrow, high-bilged with much dead rise, great sheer, low waist and small carrying capacity. She pulls easy and fast, but neither is wanted and should be kept secondary in scheming out her form. As a consequence our tenders are dangerously tipsy, easily swamped, can stow very little, and as life boats to escape from the yacht, to effect a rescue or to assist some one in distress they are beneath contempt.

The first thing an ideal yawl boat or tender should possess is sturdiness and dryness. To this end she must be wide, have long, flat floor, small draft and little weight, and above all be high in side, and capable quite as well as in the ends. She must be well put together of light stuff accurately fitted, clinch-fastened with copper throughout. Her stern must be kept broad to carry the bearings well aft. She must be fuller in form than usual. Finally, if possible, air chambers and various minor provisions of a lifeboat should be grafted in her construction. The next thing to be sought is good carrying capacity. A tender is used for the conveyance back and forth of skipper and guests, often also for carrying ice and stores and water, sails and gear, and room and buoyancy are therefore more essential than a fancy mold for speed. In short, service and not speed should be the dominating consideration. In large yachts swinging a number of boats, one devoted to show and speed as a fancy gig, may be permitted, though even then the number available in case of disaster is seriously diminished, for the average schooner's gig could hardly be depended upon in ugly weather or in a line of breakers. A small iron centerboard is always a useful appendage, and if placed well forward partly under one of the thwarts, will not be in the way and often contribute to boxing about harbors, or save labor when anchored a distance off.

For very small yachts an additional feature must receive attention. To tow a yawl boat is tedious and damaging to property. Hence a form must be adopted which can readily be stowed on deck without sacrificing stiffness and good service. This is no easy thing. As a solution we offer this week some general cuts of a peculiar boat building by Stephens for the four-ton Aneto. This plan is a cross between the canoe and "sneak box," the object being to obtain something narrow enough to fit into the yacht's gangway, ready for use at all times and also stiff and safe. The features of this boat are a "shoved nose" to facilitate towing when preferred, rather small beam, well bed and over aft, long flat floor, quick bilge and high side with a light deck and coaming canoe fashion. The shape of the molds at three cross sections are shown by the dotted lines.

She is 9 ft. long, 24 ft. wide, 1 ft. deep in center with a sheer of 2 in., and supplied with an iron centerboard and triangular sail 7 ft. on foot, head and leach. The board is of 1/4 in. boiler iron with 1 ft. vertical drop. The sail is set upon a short stump pole after the plan of the Lord Ross lateen for canoes.

A boat of the ordinary style, but extremely serviceable, we also illustrate with two diagrams. From these it will be seen she possesses great width, with long, flat floor and high sides, tumbling home at the stern and along the side. This tender belongs to the three-ton cutter Teal, and is remarkable for the load she carries and for her stiffness, which makes her a more reliable and useful adjunct than many dingies twice the length. She is only 6 ft. 6 in. long over all, with an extreme beam of 3 ft. 1/2 in. Her fault is towing heavily when sailing fast, and the difficulty of stowing on deck on account of her width. But, on the whole, she is much nearer what a tender ought to be than the crazy imitations of the Whitehall boat.

Collapsible or folding boats there are innumerable. Few of them can be recommended as they are crank and complicated. The objection to their use lies in the fact that when wanted in a hurry they have to be expanded at a loss of time which may be very precious in serious cases. The best style of folding boat, occupying the least room when stowed and the simplest and quickest to put into shape, is probably the new model now being perfected by the Osgood Manufacturing Company of Battle Creek, Mich., which we hope to speak of more in detail at an early day. That such a boat is wanted by the owners of small yachts we know from the number of inquiries reaching us, and we believe the new Osgood will supply the long-felt want.

## FIRST IN IOWA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We organized a canoe club in July, 1882, for which we claim the first honors for Iowa; and we are now organizing the Iowa Canoe Club as a State association, of which you will receive notice in due time. The club formed last year we call the Potowonok Canoe Club, of which the following are the officers: Commodore, Dr. John H. H. Vice-Commodore, Mel. O. Warner; Treasurer, Chas. H. Peters; Secretary, Will H. Ailee.

[The future of canoeing in America is assured. The sport appeals to every one within a stone's throw of any kind of water. Few there are in America who cannot reach a streamlet, river, lake or the sea within a short walk. The Iowa clubs will be welcomed as additional members in the great family, and to their enthusiasm in a good cause we look for many new swimmers of the biades, now over from people who now fight shy of the water like old hens.]

NEW YAWL.—Commodore Wynn, Jersey City Y. C., has a very handsome model, made by Snellgrove, for a yawl 30 ft. on deck, 20 ft. load line, 10 ft. beam and 4 1/2 ft. draft, from which he intends to build in time for the season. The boat is a keel, will have outside weight and yawl rig.

## A SPORTSMAN'S VIEWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It would hardly occur to you that an old still-hunter and canoeist would be the man to follow most closely the controversy between catboat and cutter, shoal water and "outside" cruising. But no man has more closely followed your articles, diagrams and arguments, than the present writer. As regards the deep, narrow cutter, you are well right. A catboat has no business beyond the lightslip. A cutter like the Neva—well handled—ought to be able to double Cape Horn.

And you discount the catboat too heavily. She is the result of our peculiar waters. "Take your eye and throw it along" our coast line from Maine to Florida; tell me just how many thousands of miles you count up of sounds, bays, inlets, etc., etc., all safe inland cruising, so to speak, and all most delightful pastime for the outer, who doesn't care to risk gales, cyclones and other manly and energizing chances that are quite likely to drown him. The catboat—the "skimming dish"—is just the boat for these pleasant inland waters. She is not a deep sea cruiser; she is the natural result of a natural demand, and of course the thing is overdue. She is not a deep sea cruiser; she is always over-spared and over-splashed with canvas; she is backed up for outside cruising by her admirers, and she does better there than an old sailor would expect. But her place is sounds, bays, quiet waters. There she has no superior—even in a race. But don't take her to sea, unless you are insured for more than you are worth. And yet, knowing these points years ago, I was within an ace of starting for the Amazon River, in June, 1850, in a Penny Bridge catboat. I think, cutting her rig down more than half, I should have made it. Even now I am sorry I did not try it. On the Amazon she would have been a model cruiser; and I should have tried it, only "bully Charlie Coleman," one of the original crew of the America, backed out at the last moment.

He said: "We can get through easy enough, but look at the comfort of the thing, cooking, eating, sleeping—and forty days of it at that."

I went down to the Amazon in the Ed. Burnett. Coleman sailed as mate of the Gersh, Banker. I think yet he would have done as well to stick by me. I have not seen him since. I only wish I had a slice of the money that some fortunate fool spends yearly on wine, woman and horse. I would take a cutter of the Neva type from New York Bay to the Amazon, make a two years' cruise on that river and its tributaries, come home, and make a book.

(It would really entice a man to that much.)

But brains go one way, money another.

I suppose I must content myself with a cruise in a ten and a half pound canoe next summer, which is quite as risky as a cruise in a cutter on the outside passage to South America in May or June. En passant, on a cruise of that kind I would reduce the sail to jib, main-sail and driver; area of sail entire, 500 ft. Ballast, all comprised in lead keel, 4,000 lbs. Setting aside cyclones, pomposes, etc., such a yacht, well-handled, would live longer than an ocean steamer of the narrow Clyde type.

And my dear old boy, wouldn't there be something grand and ganey in such a cruise?

Ah! I have the pluck—the ability. I can navigate, can handle tacks and sheets, can write up the log, but lack the money.

**WILLIAM READ & SONS, Boston, Mass., Agents for New England States.**  
 We also carry a large stock (at all seasons) of Kynoch's regular thickness brass shells, adapted to the Berdan Primer. Price materially lower than the American make of same quality.

# FOREST AND STREAM.

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With its compact type and in its permanently enlarged form of twenty-eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.

### THE PARK GRAB.

THE fight for the protection of the People's Park still goes on. Although not much has been done in Washington toward the passage of Senator Vest's bill, its friends have made strong efforts to accomplish its objects. On the 17th of February, Senator Vest submitted a resolution, which was ordered to be printed, as follows:—

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators shall be appointed by the President pro Tempore of the Senate, whose duty it shall be to examine and report to the Senate, at its next session, what is the present condition of the Yellowstone National Park, and what action has been taken by the Department of the Interior in regard to the management of said Park, and the leasing or contracting to lease any part of the Park for building hotels or other houses thereon. Also, what legislation, if any, is necessary to protect the timber, game, or objects of curiosity and interest in said Park, and to establish a system of police, and to secure the proper administration of justice therein.

Said committee shall have power to sit in vacation at such times and places as they may think proper, to send for persons and papers, and to employ a stenographer, the expenses thereof to be paid out of the contingent fund of the Senate.

And until said committee shall report by bill or otherwise, the Secretary of the Interior is requested to take no action in the matter of leasing or contracting to lease any part of said Park for any purpose, and to cause any cutting of timber, or erection of hotels or other buildings by any person or corporation, to be discontinued within said Park.

The Secretary of the Interior is also requested to take immediate action for the protection of the game and objects of interest in the Park, and to this end he is requested to call upon the proper military authorities for such force as may be necessary to accomplish such purpose.

This resolution has been called up at least once, but before a vote was reached on it, the time expired, and, Mr. Windom objecting to the postponement of unfinished business, the resolution went over.

It is easy to understand the reason of the objections by the Senator from Minnesota. It is generally believed that he has a direct monied interest in the Improvement Company's plans, and when it comes to a question between the success of this gigantic steal and the good of the people, he

naturally takes the side of his own pocket. Even if it is not the case that Mr. Windom is a shareholder in the Improvement Company, there is another reason for his fighting against the public welfare. Mr. H. P. Douglass, who is one of those to whom the worthy Assistant Secretary Joslyn tried to make the original scandalous lease, is the brother-in-law of the ex-Secretary, and so the latter places himself at the head of the ring and unblushingly rises from his seat in the Senate to combat the rights of the people whose interests he has sworn to defend.

We have already more than once adverted to the methods pursued by the lobby of the "Improvement" Company, and a late attempt of theirs to blacken Senator Vest emphasizes what we have said on this subject. A despatch was recently caused to be sent to a New York paper, stating that Mr. Vest's bill was drawn in the interest of the "Improvement Company," and by its own attorney. A foul accusation was thus made, but the falsehood had but a brief life. Senator Vest promptly branded it as a lie, "wifut, malicious, unmitigated, made out of whole cloth from beginning to end." He further said that he drew the whole bill with his own hand. Such a denial, while it had to be made, is not needed by those who are acquainted with the Senator from Missouri, or by such as have from the beginning watched his firm patriotic and high-minded opposition to one of the greatest outrages which has ever been attempted on the long-suffering and much-swindled American people.

The fight is now to stave off legislative action as long as possible. The reason for this is clear. These trespassers upon the Nation's pleasure-ground have, in defiance of all law, boldly invaded this Government reservation, have cut down the timber belonging to the United States, have slaughtered its game, have set up their sawmills on its waters, and erected stables and buildings upon its lands; they have entered the Park and seized it, treated it as if it belonged to them, and now they impudently laugh in the face of the people, and proceed to make further "improvements," as if indeed all the execrations which have saluted them as they have gone on were merely the mutterings of a distant storm which would soon blow over. They feel that the longer they can hold the Park, the stronger becomes their position and the better will be their chances of ultimately securing an impregnable position there. They reason, too, that if they are finally expelled, they will have claims on the Government for their "improvements," and will make a fat thing out of this, even if they do not accomplish their grander robbery. And Mr. Windom, United States Senator and sometime Secretary of the National Treasury, lends himself to these nefarious plans, and aids and abets the schemers. Is it not a sight to make every American blush to see one who has held such exalted positions enacting the rôle of a lobbyist-in-chief to such a gang of men?

They will carry on the fight as long as they can, for the prize for which they are striving is a rich one, and what do they care for the people, so long as there is a prospect of lining their own pocket? In the meantime, however, new friends of the people are arising. In the House, on Friday last, during the consideration of the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, Mr. McCook, of New York, when the clause relative to the Yellowstone Park had been reached, moved to strike out the provision authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to lease portions of the Park, under certain restrictions, and proposed to substitute for it a proviso prohibiting the Secretary of the Interior from leasing any portion of the Yellowstone National Park to any person, company or corporation for any purpose whatever, and further, declaring of no force nor effect any lease, agreement or exclusive privilege or monopoly already granted or entered into, and authorizing the Secretary of War to make necessary details of troops to prevent trespassers or intruders from entering the Park with the object of destroying the game therein, or for any other purpose prohibited by law. The amendment was adopted.

The next day Senator Vest submitted to the Senate an amendment to be offered to the Sundry Civil bill calling for an appropriation of \$25,000, to enable the Secretary of the Interior to protect the game and improve the roads in the Park.

All these steps are in the right direction, and will accomplish much good, but it is extremely important that the employés of the "Improvement Company," which has seized the Park, should be at once treated as the trespassers that they are, and should be, without the loss of further time, ejected from the Park.

We are inclined to believe that the Secretary of the Interior has full power, if he chooses to exercise it, to call

on the War Department for troops to aid in this work. When a lot of colonists seeking desirable homes invade the Indian Territory with the purpose of occupying lands held by the Government in trust for the red men, troops are sent after them, they are arrested and brought back. The present state of the Park is similar. A band of men, actuated by greed of gain, have invaded and taken possession of lands held by the Government in trust for its own citizens. Why should not such trespassers be punished, not only for their invasion, but for their robbery of timber and game? Heavy damages should be collected from this "Improvement Company" for the ruin that they have wrought in this beautiful region.

We receive frequent advices of the killing of game in considerable quantities within the Park. A recent number of the Bozeman *Academy Courier* speaks of a contract for 1,000 pounds of wild meat given out by a Cook City firm at fifteen cents per pound, and the hunters are going into the Park to kill it. Rules and regulations are all very well, but there must be some power to enforce the rules and regulations which have been made. Mr. Conger and his assistants are of themselves powerless to prevent violations of the law. Troops are needed in and about the Park, and some sharp punishment should be meted out to these marauding meat and skin hunters as well as to the Park grabbers. For the present several small details of troops are required in the Park, as well as other larger bodies to patrol its outskirts, but after the immediate and pressing necessities of the time shall have been attended to, another and better system of policing for the protection of the game and of the geysers and of the forests may be suggested.

Just now, however, the Secretary of the Interior should call for troops to expel the jobbers who have seized the Park, and the almost equally criminal and reckless skin hunters.

Will Mr. Secretary Teller earn for himself the thanks of the people by doing this?

### THE MARKETS AND THE GAME.

FROM Maine to Minnesota come the same reports. The game is killed in large quantities out of season and shipped by market hunters to the open game markets in other States. Minnesota grouse killed out of season have gone to Chicago, and Maine venison killed in the close time goes to Boston. The Boston market is legally open by reason of an unwise compromise made with the dealers of that city when the present law was enacted, and the Chicago market has been illegally kept open through the combined influence of the dealers and some of the sportsmen of that city.

Last week we noticed the fact that the Chicago market men, notably a prominent member of the Sportsmen's and Game Dealers' Association, were receiving grouse which had been killed contrary to law in Minnesota; and in another column of this issue will be found a report from one of our Maine correspondents, of the shipping of unseasonable game from that State to the Boston market.

There is nothing about this state of affairs to excite surprise. Every intelligent man who has given the slightest thought to the subject, knows perfectly well that a game market open beyond the legal season for killing game means that the game will be supplied contrary to law. It is the same old story, rehearsed time and time again in every State in the Union, and in the Provinces beyond. The relation of the game market to the game supply is well understood, and earnest efforts have been made to provide some efficient check to the slaughter. Michigan sportsmen, after careful investigation, found that their deer supply was being exterminated by the market hunters, who shipped the game to the great city marts. Michigan thereupon passed a non-export law. Other States have adopted similar laws. The sportsmen of Indiana saw their game netted and snared by pot-hunters and sent to outside markets in season and out of season. They secured a non-export law which has since been declared unconstitutional. Minnesota tried the same expedient; it has not proved efficient. Nebraska, Dakota and Colorado, Connecticut, Iowa and Missouri followed, each with more or less good effect. The Province of Ontario contemplates a non-export law. To strictly enforce a non-export game law is an exceedingly difficult undertaking. There are many devices well known to the market shooter, and by means of various deceptions it is an easy thing for him to run his contraband goods through the lines. So long as game markets are kept open, inviting the law breaker to send in his plunder, just so long will the

game be butchered and smuggled out of one State into another. The only correction of the abuse is the absolute prohibition of the sale of game in the close seasons, which generally obtain in the districts of game supply. The Boston and New York markets should not be kept open for months after the Maine and Minnesota open seasons have expired, nor should the St. Louis and Chicago dealers be permitted to pay premiums to the grouse snarers and deer butchers of neighboring States. It is a much simpler undertaking to stop the open sale of game than to detect its covert illicit transportation. If the market is closed the shipping will be stopped.

As we have already said, the Chicago marketmen's plea is that if they do not sell the game other markets will. New York dealers say the same, and the Boston men reiterate the argument. Now the right thing would be to close all of these markets upon the expiration of the open season for killing game in the respective States. If the supply of game proves too great to be disposed of in the prescribed period, let the dealers refuse to receive it from the pot-hunters. It is a very easy matter for them to regulate the supply. They will never do this, so long as they can get legislation to suit them, or can evade the laws themselves or else secure such evasion by other parties. The marketman wants all the game there is, and he wants it all now. A compromise between sportsmen and game dealers means a tinkering of the law to suit this improvident greed of the market. The Boston compromise some years ago proved it; the New York "refrigerator bill" proved it again; and now the proposed Illinois amendment affords a fresh illustration.

We have noted with much surprise the proposal to open the Chicago game market for the reception of game illegally shipped from other States, for that is what the contemplated amendment to the Illinois law practically amounts to, and we trust that the real sportsmen of that State who have no grist of their own to grind at the dealers' mill will stand out most decidedly against the change.

#### PROFESSIONAL MEN AND GAME.

IN our issue of February 15 we printed the plea of a professional man—a clergyman—for summer shooting. Last week was published a reply, written by another professional man—a professor in one of the prominent educational institutions of the country. To-day we give another letter on the same subject, written by one who belongs to none of the classes named by "Clericus." Our own views on summer shooting are so well understood that there is no necessity of rehearsing them here.

We appreciate very fully the value of angling and shooting as rational recreations, in which the hard-working professional man of this busy age may find much-needed recuperation. It would certainly be most fortunate if this class, as well as the working men of all other classes, could shoot deer and birds in mid-summer. But, very unhappily, the laws of nature are irrevocable and cannot be altered in favor of any class, however deserving it may be. If the mother of the tender, helpless fawns be killed, the fawns must perish, no matter whether the man who kills her be a doctor of divinity or a refugee from the sheriff.

And—we regret to say it—professional men, as a class, have not and do not conduct themselves while in the woods very differently from other people. They certainly have given no warrant for allowing to them greater privileges than are permitted to men of humbler stations in society. On the black-list of Maine summer deer-shooters are the names of two men who belong to the same profession with "Clericus." If they hunted deer and moose when the law forbade it, what would they not have done had the law been off?

THE NEW YORK LAW.—A bill to amend the law of New York has been prepared and introduced by the State Association. It provides for several changes in the open seasons, among others permitting July woodcock shooting. As we have already discussed the merits of the subject, we need not go into it here. Another provision extends the season for sale of game through the month of February. There are abundant reasons why such a proposition should be opposed; we have stated some of these considerations in another place.

FOOD OF FISHES.—At the suggestion of Prof. Baird, who desires to have more knowledge concerning the food of our commercial fishes, Mr. E. G. Blackford will institute a series of investigations into the stomachs of those species which come to him in Fulton Market. To this end he has secured the service of Prof. Henry J. Rice, well known from his experiments in oyster hatching, who will record the contents of the stomachs of the fishes, and report upon the food found therein at different seasons.

THE CARVER-BOGARDUS MATCH.—It has been held by very many that while Dr. Carver was a phenomenal rifle shot, he could not hold his own in a match with Capt. Bogardus at the traps. The result of the Louisville shooting showed pretty conclusively that the Doctor knows how to hold a gun as well as a rifle. A full report of the event will be found on another page.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

### FLORIDA.

WHEN winter with his icy hand  
Has spread o'er all our Northern land  
His cold white robe of snow;  
When all the woods are bare and brown,  
And all their feathered songsters flown,  
And fierce the north winds blow.

When summer with his joys has fled,  
Its pleasures o'er, its flowers dead,  
And ice-bound is each stream,  
'Tis then my wandering fancy flies  
To a milder land 'neath sunnier skies,  
And of its joys I dream.

My fancy turns to that bright land  
Where Ponce de Leon and his band  
Of Spanish soldiers held,  
Sought for the Fount of Youth—a draught  
Of whose clear waters he who quaffed,  
Would never more grow old.

Ah, Florida! sweet land of flowers,  
I stray in thought beneath thy bowers  
Of dark moss-mantled pines;  
I breathe the fragrant, rich perfume  
Of flowers in perennial bloom,  
And ever fragrant vines.

In those embowered vales is heard  
The note of many a bright-plumaged bird  
In Northern clime unknown;  
Those dark lagoons are the safe lair  
Of many a creature strange and rare,  
That haunt their depths alone.

Beside St. John's slow moving stream  
Low cofts and broad white mansions gleam  
'Mid palms and orange trees;  
And in the low fertile plain,  
Wide fields of grain and rustling cane—  
Bend to the balmy breeze.

Thy broad sea shores in thought I tread,  
And now through tangled swamps I tread  
My slow and toilsome way;  
Or, happier thought, in my light boat  
Upon thy crystal lakes I float,  
And catch the filmy prey.

Still fate my waiting fortune binds  
To regions of harsh chilling winds,  
Where frost rules half the year,  
And yet methinks some day I'll see  
That land, wash'd by a Southern sea—  
That land to fancy dear.

NORMAN B. DRESSER.

### NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY LIEUT. FRED'K SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

#### IV.—Nimrod with a Shotgun.—Part Two.

IN no place in the world is aquatic life so abundant as in the polar regions during the summer. The instance I have given of the elders in Terror Bay is but one in many constantly encountered in polar literature. The little auks, or rogers, says a writer who has been in Spitzbergen, are so numerous that he has frequently seen an uninterrupted line of them extending to a distance of more than three miles, and so close together that thirty have fallen at one shot. This living column might be about six yards broad and as many deep, so that, allowing sixteen birds to a cubic yard, there would be four millions of these little creatures on the wing at one time. This number may appear greatly exaggerated, but when we are told that these auks congregate in such swarms as to darken the air like a passing cloud, and that their chorus is heard distinctly at a distance of four or five miles, these numbers do not appear so great.

The dookies are the most numerous of the summer ducks in the northern part of the bay, and they are especially thick about Depot Island, whose Esquimaux name is Pike-u-lik, meaning the island of birds' nests, and where the dookies deposit their greenish-blotched eggs in innumerable quantities. They seem to mate no nest whatever, but crawl in under the broken granite boulders and lay in such concealed places that a white man will look over a large tract and find nothing, and a few Inuit children will follow and fill their hands and pockets. The first year, '78, we were too late for their eggs, which are here collected in countless scores in July; but that same year, on the 5th of September, we visited Pikkukuk, and some of the Esquimaux we had with us collected about fifty of the quails they caught in the rocks, and then old enough to eat, and gave them to us. Colonel Gilder and I attempted to kill a few of the older ones with our shotguns, but with less success, as they soon scampered some two or three hundred yards out to sea, where they resolutely persisted in remaining while we were on the island.

While on the "Polaris" expedition, Joe, who had been out hunting in February, reported seeing three dookies in the open water, saying that they were the young of last year, and that it was well known among the Esquimaux that this species of bird spent their first winter in the Arctic regions. Joe spoke to me of this also, and added that when they remain they turn almost white like the ptarmigan. I have never seen any in the Arctic, but my journeys have been such that I should easily have overlooked my observation. The skin of their feet and legs is of a beautiful bright red, and quite noticeable when they are sitting on the rocks near the shore. The native women take their feet, as well as those of other web-footed birds, remove the bones, infuse them, and allow them to remain so until dry, when they are filled with rendered reindeer tallow (*loodnoo*) which is then dealt out to their children as candy.

The Esquimaux take great pleasure in hunting small game without a shotgun, and it must be the true spirit of the Nimrod that prompts them, for the returns in pounds of food can in no way remunerate them for the time lost and cost of powder and shot. I have several times seen Esquimaux have the preference of shot or bullets in exchange for some article they desired to trade, and they would invariably choose the former, with which they would probably not secure a dozen ducks, while with the latter they could certainly secure as many reindeer, walrus or musk-oxen.

Toolooah enjoyed a good duck-hunting tour with all the eagerness of an amateur in the art.

We will not speak of the phalaropes, the dabchicks, the grebes, the sandpipers, the gulls, the snipe and the whistlers of the water-loving varieties of birds, for we only saw them here and there without adding any knowledge of their habits, and seldom added any of them to our "bags." The Esquimaux of some localities that I visited, separate the year into moons instead of months, (that is about thirteen months) and each one is named after some event conspicuous at the same, as the arrival or departure of some of the migratory birds, the goose month, the dovekie month, and so forth.

To the sportsman who finds pleasure in pursuing the ptarmigan, the pheasant, the prairie chicken, or grouse, probably the Arctic grouse or ptarmigan would be his first effort with the shotgun as soon as they put in their appearance, for they seem to be exceedingly hard to find in summer. At this season of the year the ptarmigan's plumage is of a pale brown color, mottled with small bars and dusky spots. The head and neck are marked with broad bars of the latter color. I noticed, while on our sledge journey, that it was particularly the stormy weather that brought us in contact with the many bands of ptarmigan who seem to enjoy this sort of bluster; and they cheered the dreary waste of winter when nearly all other life had passed its journey for the more congenial South. With his brother of the black coast—the Arctic raven—he is the only living winged thing that remains on the land to cheer the deep Arctic winter. Long after the great flocks of dovekies, the noisy loons and stately flying burgomaster gulls have departed from the North, the ptarmigan may be found diligently searching the barren rugged hills for his daily food.

In the summer time or breeding season, they are rarely seen, and then have a plumage so much like the prevailing color of the mossy plains as to afford them splendid protection. They are then only seen singly or at most in pairs, but as winter time approaches they flock together often in bands of hundreds; their plumage is then of a pure white, and they are so heavy that they waddle along like fat farm ducks. The sportsman at this time seldom has much trouble in securing ten or fifteen out of a flock, for when frightened they fly but a short distance, and for five or six times after firing they will allow him to approach quite closely. Where hunted considerably with firearms, however, they become as shy as any of the grouse family in warmer climes. Their greatest hunter by the Esquimaux, unless the opportunities are brought directly before them while in their pursuits. I have often seen the small boys using them for a target when practicing with bows and arrows, and they were occasionally successful in securing one in this way, driving them along the ground like so many chickens in the poultry yard. It is said that the Greenland natives hold the idea that ptarmigan, in order to provide for their winter food, gather in a supply of berries into the hollows of rocks, and during very severe cold they form retreats under the snow and bunch together to keep warm. This would hardly coincide with the facts that I have seen them seeking their food at all months of the year, and at all temperatures of the winter, unless their habits vary in the two countries. They are excellent food and taste very much like the partridge of our species in the lower zones. I have never heard them utter any cry beyond a coarse clucking when waddling along on the ground in front of a person, and my queries from the natives failed to extend my information. I have noted this simply because it has been represented that this bird has a most singular and extraordinary voice, which it exerts only in the night time, and instances are given where superstitious people have been frightened beyond measure by hearing it. So white is the plumage of these northern grouse that when squatting in the snow a person even searching for them may get within two or three yards before he sees them, if he be not apprised of their position even by their rapid woodcock-like whirr of their retreat. Especially is this the case in the cold, blustering, snowy weather, when they are the most like the snow.

But bird-life is not the only kind of game in the frigid zone that furnishes food and fun for the double-barreled smooth-bore. There is the Arctic hare, the fox, the lemming, and a few other four-footed but small fellows, which are valuable for palate or peltry, and generally the most sagacious of all. Every now and then when on our sledge journey we saw several of these little dogs, and at their cars, would suddenly prick up their ears, and if the sledges were light, dash forward after some unknown object which would finally resolve itself into some insignificant rabbit trail, and as this boreal bunny is somewhat predisposed to the storniest of weather, like the ptarmigan, he will often lead a team of dogs a merry run if the driver does not stop them, or imagines they are on the scent of reindeer, as he often does. I always found the rabbits living in the crevices of the boulders, heaped over each other, the covering snow forming a little igloo, which, with their immense coat of hair, is sufficient to protect them in the coldest weather. I have seen them in all months of the year, and if they store up a winter's supply of food (which I do not believe), they are very busy in the winter maintaining it by accessions from their winter quarters. We saw a few little birds, and the jack rabbit of the American plains in quantity of meat he is his peer in size, if not larger in the winter, when he looks like a great bundle of white feathers. He is not eaten so much by the natives as by the wild animals, the foxes, wolves, and wolverines.

The Arctic fox is much smaller than the common variety we are used to seeing at home, and equally sagacious. I have seen several, but saw only one before he was secured, and one so far as to procure his pelt. He was either too far to reach with the scattering argument of a shotgun or too agile for a rifle in anybody's hands less active than those of Dr. Carver's. It is not often that the natives get one by shooting, but they manage to trap large quantities for their skins, which they trade to the Arctic walemen, although their meat is not rejected. The natives are very fond of the Arctic foxes, and have pronounced their meat worthy of the table, and probably it may be by comparison when long isolated from all sorts of fresh meat. The traps of the natives are simply slabs of ice with the common figure 4 spring, and when they visit the traps at rare intervals, the slab falls on the top of a small rectangular pen of ice, thus enclosing Reynard alive, as otherwise when crushed and broken to pieces the animal would have been dead to all uses and the fur pulls out. These ice-traps were often seen about Hudson's Bay. On King William's Land the Netschilliks built pens of the slabs of



"You must've killed a good many," said Jack.

"Well, yes; a good many, and more too. I couldn't 'zactly say just how many I've killed and skun, or how many teeth I've pulled; but there ain't a butcher who hev skun more bee-cattle or mutton-sheep than I've skun 'gators; and there ain't a tooth-carpenter in the Newwinted States who hev ex-ztracted more teeth from humans than I 'gators. I'll be doot-busted if there is!"

"I suppose that with the hides and teeth it is a pretty profitable business," said Squire.

"Well, I'm not sure I'm more than the profit. The hides and teeth buy grub and tobacco; that's bizness, bet your ribs! But the enjoyment of the fun is what makes life with livin' with me. You clean out the 'gators, and you clean out me; 'xterminate 'gators, and you 'tinguish Alligator

Ferguson. Without his open countenance and lively tail this vale of tears 'ad hev no attractions fer me!"

"Take it altogether then, hides, teeth and tun, and it pays you pretty well," said Squire.

"Bet your rifle 'd get half a dollar for the hide, five dollars a pound for the teeth, and a dollar and seventy-five cents in fun for every 'gator I kill!"

Jack, who was lying on his bunk, fished out from under it the skull of the big one he had shot at New River, and like Mr. Boflin in Mr. Venus's shop, "lying behind his smile," said:

"How is this for a specimen head, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Well that ain't half a dollar, but I've seen bigger ones, with bigger teeth, but I never saw one just like it on this coast; how long was he?"

"Twelve feet to an inch," answered Jack.

"I've killed a good many 'gators, but I never killed one over twelve feet. And 'gators is like humans, some has big heads, and some small heads; and 'tain't allus the biggest 'gator as has the biggest head, but generally the bigger the head the smaller the brain, just like humans, but I'm bound to say no 'gator's got much brain to brag on. I've caused a good many to die with water on the brain, but I'm bound to say none ever died of inflammation on the brain, cause they ain't got enough to inflame. There's another cur'us thing 'bout 'gators, the smaller the brain, the more musk they carries, just like humans!"

### BOYHOOD REMINISCENCES.

As we get along in years, portly and gouty, nearing the senile and yellow leaf, as it were, and can no longer climb the rough mountain-side for the whirling gourd, nor take long tramps behind the faithful dog for quail or snipe, but have to content ourselves behind the blinds for bay-birds or water-fowl, or ride to a runway and take things easy for a shot; how natural it is of an evening at home, reclining after perusing your domestic paper, to recall those days when we were wont to consider ourselves second to few in those sports where hardihood and perseverance were the *sine qua non* of success. From several articles recently in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, I see that others than "Jacobstam" are going back to years ago. That is a sure sign that they are growing old, and they cannot but hide it.

Boyhood and early manhood were great among the mead hills of Madison county, New York State, some thirty or more miles from Cooperstown and the beautiful Lake Otsego, a region made renowned by Cooper, the greatest delineator of woodcraft character the world ever produced. The original from whom the novelist took his Leatherstockings, was well known in our little village. When I was a boy he was an old man, and went only by the name of Old Hunter. He had lived for many years in a cabin in the woods, and hunted and fished for a living. For a few years before his death he lived in our village, age and rheumatism fast breaking the old man down. It was said that Old Hunter had a history; that he was a man of education and a lawyer of promise, but his domestic relations proving unfortunate, he had left his family, and with his dogs and gun had taken to the woods and had there lived for many years a hunter and trapper, rarely visiting the settlements until the deer and bear were gone and he had to come down to grouse and squirrel. But Old Hunter was a character, very taciturn, almost moody; and never, even when in his cups, would he tolerate any quizzing in regard to his earlier life. He was always hunting and fishing alone, and invariably successful. Let an intimation be given a day or two in advance that Judge Mason wanted a brace of grouse, a half-dozen squirrels, or some trout, and he never failed to fill the order.

It was an object of great veneration to us boys, and many were the pleadings to be allowed to go with him on some of his tramps, but of no avail. I had given the old man a promising pup, and he was well disposed toward me, but I never could get his consent to go with him; he always had some excuse—too far for us boys, we were too noisy, etc., until one day in the spring—drumming time for the partridge, we knew where the grouse were not close season in those days—I was out on a little hunt by myself, when I espied the old man slowly climbing the wooded hill. "Now is the time," thought I, "he has got to take me now." I insisted upon accompanying him. He didn't like it, I knew; said he "had got to get a couple partridges for Lawyer Mitchell," but that if I would "keep still and obey orders I might follow along." I followed along very quietly up that rugged hillside.

Finally we came to a thicket of undergrowth. Here the old man paused. "This," said he, "is a good place for a partridge. You go that way," pointing to the right, "and I'll go this. We'll come together on 'other side; perhaps we may start one out o' here."

I started around and had not gone more than half way when I heard the old man's gun. Upon his joining me, sure enough a grouse leaped at his belt. "You've got one, I see," "Yes," said the old fellow, "he was on a log and I shot him through the head." The marks of the bullet were there, clear through the eyes.

We trudged on a while longer, until in his judgment we came to another likely place, when the same arrangement was proposed: "You go around that way and I'll go this." Now about this time I began to suspect something, I hardly knew what. "All right," I said, and started off, but only a short distance, when I whipped back, dodging behind the trees, and followed the old fellow. He didn't go far; but looking around carefully and being apparently satisfied that there were no prying eyes on him, he parted the bushes and stepped in a short distance. I was close behind, holding my breath, when what did I see! A drumming log, hanging by a noose, a grouse. The old hunter took the bird from the noose, held it up, and then deliberately fired his gun off in the air. That was for me. I retreated a wiser boy for the future, and with some of that veneration gone. My idol was somewhat cracked, if not entirely broken.

I watched the old veteran after that, and I found his favorite trout resort away in a swamp where no one ever dreamed of fishing a trout at all, much less fish of a pound or more in weight.

All those were good old days. We boys didn't have much pocket money in those times; Baptist ministers' sons generally, I believe, don't have, and we sometime were hard put to our trumps to get the ammunition we wanted. My first gun was an old flintlock musket, with hard peas scooped surreptitiously from the farmers' hoppers. I wish I could find a red-letter day it was for me when my father, wishing to reward me for being an exceptional good boy, put into

my hand my first shotgun—a percussion cap, 14-gauge, single barrel. How the squirrels, crows and partridges (grouse) caught it for the next few seasons. But I outgrew that, and my longing was for a rifle that came in one time. All these indeed were halcyon days, roaming over old Madison county hills. There was not a spot that I did not know; and every butternut or hickory tree near a wood for miles around. How I watched for the cornfields near certain pieces of woods, and how angry we all used to get at the farmers when they cut down for the wood our favorite squirrel resorts.

And those "coon hunts" o' nights! What an immense amount of tramping and downright hard work we used to go through; and the snicker and wicked-looking through the ice; and the fox hunts. Of course we shot them—if we got a chance; we straddled no horse after them in that region. And the hares (big white ones) in the cedar swamp; and the chicken shoots, and afterward, when we had achieved our rifle, the turkey matches; and the trapping for muskrats and mink. How proud I was the day I caught my first mink! I brought me \$1.25; and what an immense ammunition that bought. Let me see, we used to pay—for powder 4 pound, 9 cents; shot, 2 pounds, 12 cents; caps, G. D., 10 for a cent, 30 cents. That was about the amount of our purchase at one time, except on Fourth of July, when we had saved up for the occasion.

I am becoming garrulous. But these are about the usual experiences of boys fond of sport, and it does my old heart good to go back to them.

JACOBSTAM.

### A FEW WORDS FOR THE WOODS.

EVERY sportsman should be a wood-lover and foe to the ruthless axe which is being swung with such indiscriminate zeal throughout the country.

Tree after tree falls to the ground, hilltops are made bare and unsightly objects, and ugly vistas are opened up by the destruction of forests.

To be sure there are voices raised and able pens wielded against this vandalism, but it is the duty of every man who carries the rod or the gun to be alive to the interests at stake and in every way possible to stay the hand of the wood-chopper.

Year by year has the writer mourned the loss of favorite trees in his walks and drives; every spring and every fall has he sought some sturdy elm or oak in his fishing or shooting excursions, and found in its place a hideous stump, and he expected shady half a beautiful, barren place, open to the garish day.

If the woods go, the game and the fish must also go, for the one must have cover in which to rear and to rest, and the other must have pure water, which depends upon the forests. Some men are so utterly pig-headed as to be blind to their own greed and interests, and such must be made to heed the laws of nature and to follow in her gentle, kindly ways.

It ought to be made illegal for a man to fell a shade tree without a "good and sufficient" reason, and that reason to be considered by an intelligent and authorized body of men who know the value (other than as merchantable cord wood) of trees. Every winter the felling of trees—the utter destruction of forests—goes on, and every summer follows a drought and dense heat, and the people point for ornithological birds, and the pleasure of the farmer, plant your barren, bleak hillsides with goodly trees, and increase your comfort, the beauty of the land, and, most assuredly, your revenues, by so doing.

O. W. R.

## Natural History.

### APPROACH OF SPRING AT ST. LOUIS.

JEFFERSON, WIS., Feb. 19, 1883.

The following letter from Mr. O. Widmann, of St. Louis, Mo., is too good for me to keep all to myself.—W. W. COOKE:

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 16, 1883.—We have had unusually cold and disagreeable weather since the first of January. Old Bonas was reigning and kept the ground white and the temperature below the freezing point for ornithological birds. The weather was cold and windy. February tried to make things better by a two days' rain, with the mercury below 30°. Of course it succeeded splendidly in making matters worse, and everything, from the smallest grass stalk to the largest tree, was covered with a heavy coat of glittering ice. Ornithology had to go on skates or stay at home. This miserable weather lasted a whole week, from the 5d to the 10th, but by the 14th a warm rain and a strong breeze from the south raised the thermometer to 62°.

This first warm breeze brought the first flock of ducks, and since that time thousands and thousands have passed north. Between 4 and 5 P. M. on the 15th twenty-eight large flocks passed, and at 5 P. M. twenty-two smaller flocks, passing slowly up in beautiful gradients; two small and two very large flocks of geese were also seen. Between 7 and 8 A. M. the 16th, I counted over fifty flocks of ducks, amounting to over two thousand individuals, going up the same way and at the same great height. To-night the mercury stands at 25° and all is white and hard again. Did these ducks know about this approaching great change in the weather and did not mind it, or contrary to the belief of some ornithologists, are unable to read probabilities?

Since this first south-wind period seems to mark a new era in our bird life, it will be well to close the chapter of mid-winter notes now and report what I have seen.

As the weather during the first six weeks of this year did not permit excursions to new fields, I contented myself with revisiting the ground gone over in December to see what had become of my little friends enumerated in my New Year's report.

Of the three mockingbirds mentioned there, two stood the weather bravely and are doing well, but the other has not been seen since the freezing rain of 2, 3. Bluebirds have also remained at their old places, and as a sign that they did not suffer even during the ice-coat spell, the first mid-day two males were already courting a female, with as fine a carol as ever heard in spring.

Fittines, chickadees, vireos and nuthatches are not disturbed by any kind of winter weather, as they can find food where few other birds would think of looking for it, and

tree holes afford unexcelled shelter. Nevertheless they all appreciate southerly winds, and become loquacious in their exultation over a big rise in temperature.

Most, but not all, of the yellow-rumped warblers have vanished. The purple Finch has become very numerous in large numbers, and during the "glacial period" in all places where the coral-berry or Indian currant grows. In those cold days, when everything, even their favorite sycamore buttons, was buried in a sheet of ice, they had to put up with this meager food. They worked hard all day to appease their hunger, but did not succeed. Hard, unrelaxing factory work it was for them, as they do not eat the whole tree, but merely the small seeds within, and even these they have to husk before eating. After the birds had worked there a few days, the ground was covered with the husks, skins and pulp. On six acres, overgrown with patches of this plant, I found about a hundred purple finches. About ten per cent. were in crimson, and the other in plain brown. When the weather moderated they left the coral-berry. The American goldfinch braved the cold of January, but the freezing process of February 3 was too much for them. They have almost wholly disappeared. A walk of nine miles in nine hours revealed only two birds.

White-throated, white-crowned, song, and tree sparrows and the black snowbirds remained the same at their winter quarters. Old Pippa has braved the cold well, his call comes from the same thicket as in December, and Mrs. Pippa is seen on a hundred yards off. The evening Grosbeak is a hardly fussy, but he likes warm days in winter better than cold ones. When the sun shone brightly on the 12th inst. he was much pleased with it and put in a lovely song.

The crow seems to degenerate! It cannot stand so much as it used to. I found them badly starved and frozen, with a terribly empty stomach, and the whole bird not more than one-half its usual weight.

Blue jays still know how to keep from starving, or else they manage to live on noise making.

The downy and hairy woodpeckers remain at their places, and are bound to make the first warm day, no matter how deep the mud is. Mr. Redhead tried his best to stay and live on ice-cold acorns and such like. I met him in cold days, but he did not seem to care. He was not so fat as he used to be, but he was with his brothers. The Flickers remained, and were doing well on the 12th inst., but they looked as if resolved not to stay with us next winter.

New species seen since last report:  
Pine goldfinch—One bird, 1, 18.  
Golden-crowned kinglet—Two pairs, 1, 6.  
Brown creeper—One bird, 1, 6.  
Red poll lined—One bird, 3, 7, and flock of 20-30, 5, 12. They were wholly unacquainted with such a thing as a shot-gun.

Lapland longspur—1, 6. A flock of thousands on a field grown over with a sedge, on the seeds of which they were feeding eagerly. It seemed that they had made a contract with the owner of the field to clear it of every seed in the shortest time. And how they went to work to put the seed to work, as they had to husk the minute seeds. They were not willing to leave their task undone, and a shot had no other effect than to make them go up in a cloud with a thundering noise, whirl a few seconds, and come down again near the same spot. They seemed to do the work systematically: every few minutes the rear part of the array flew over the heads of the others to the front, and all moved in the same direction.

Swamp sparrow—One bird, 1, 29, same place where I found one last winter.

Purple grackle—Four seen, 1, 19, and two on 1, 29.  
A few gulls (*L. argentatus*, *S. hiemalis*) remained here and were seen several times over the Mississippi at the south part of the city, where the strong current prevented the forming of ice.

### BREEDING OF THE RATTLESNAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 1 "E. S." writes of the habits of reptiles, gives some information from personal knowledge, and arrives at certain conclusions, in one of which I think he may be mistaken. He says that he "knew that the rattlesnake is propagated from the egg," but I have been taught to the contrary, and will relate a circumstance wherein for once, at least, there was no "inter-vention of eggs" to bring a lively lot of young rattlesnakes into the world.

I spent the summer of 1881 at a watering place in this State, where rattlesnakes are not unknown. At the hotel was a French cook named Joe, who had a fondness for snakes, particularly those which made a noise with their tails. Not a great way from the hotel was a "den," and one day Joe, accompanied by an old rattlesnake hunter named George explored the mass of broken rocks constituting the "den" and returned to the hotel with several live rattlesnakes; their fangs were drawn and they were placed in a box with a glass cover. Snakes are not exempt from accidents; one of the little snakes was killed and one was so hurt that Joe made other journeys to the den to keep up his stock, so that near the close of the month of August the snake box contained two large snakes, nearly four feet long each; one a black male without fangs, the other a yellow female with fangs. About the 1st of September the female was delivered of nine young snakes, each about eight inches long. Among others my husband and I were present at the birth of the young. The rattlesnake is a very curious animal. I saw the snake after she had brought five young into the world, and again directly after the last one was born, but I take my brother's statement as an eye-witness to the entire operation. Each young snake was enveloped in a sac, and as about one-half the sac became visible outside the vent it would burst, forcing the young out. As soon as born the little snakes rolled themselves in the sun to dry. Eight were born alive, one dead. After five were born, at intervals of only a few minutes, there was an intermission of nearly two hours, then the others followed. "When I saw the snakes hit of the sacs were in the bottom of the box. Did not 'E. S.' mistake the sacs in the snake that he killed for eggs?"

The Frenchman, Joe, took the snakes, old and young, to Albany, and a few months after his arrival there was bitten on the hand by the female snake, and his death followed in a few hours. This has nothing to do with the birth of the snakes, but much to do with their death, for the authorities ordered them killed.

A. N. CRENEY.

GLEN'S FALLS, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1883.

## THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance,  
Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH

192. Bartramian Sandpiper.—*Tringa bartramica* Aud.; *Bartramia longicauda* Ridg. 553, Cs. 640.—Abundant. Arrives in April and early May. Breeds upon the ground in fields and pastures, lays large buff eggs with fine brown spots, sparingly distributed, late in May and early in June. The young birds are well grown in August. The Bartramian sandpipers are locally termed "highland plover" or "upland plover." During the latter part of August they commence to veer their way toward the south, moving in small flocks from the inland breeding places to the marshes and fields along the coast, and but few, if any, remain until the month of October. Their movements, as well as their cries during the season, are peculiar, and are to be witnessed at no other time of the year. Various evolutions are performed in the air, and cries are uttered which bear no resemblance whatever to the familiar notes heard later in the season.

Sometimes rising so high in the air as to become nearly invisible, the bird will repeat these cries, circle about, swoop with set wings somewhat in the manner of a night hawk, etc. It is difficult to tell the cry usually uttered at such times. A quick repetition of short, shrill whistles, resembling those of the fish hawk, is followed by a diminishing decrescendo terminal note much prolonged. But few of our wading birds are so highly esteemed for food as are these sandpipers, which may well rank with the woodcock and snipe in this respect. Leaving Maine in very fat condition during the month of September, they migrate to regions beyond the southernmost limits of the United States. When returning, they arrive upon the Southern shores in such lean condition and gray plumage that their general appearance is greatly changed from that of the summer.

193. Buff-breasted Sandpiper.—*Tringa fuscescens* Aud.; *Tringoides fuscescens* Ridg. 556, Cs. 641.—Rare. Although a little larger than the sandpipers, most commonly known as "peeps," yet this bird is so small as to be given little rank as game, and therefore it is probable that but few of those shot ever appear in the markets or are reported to ornithologists. These sandpipers are nowhere represented by large numbers, and in Maine it is the rarest of the sandpipers known here, having the following record of specimens shot at Scarborough, Maine: Two in 1850 by Caleb G. Loring, Jr.; two in 1864 (one by the writer, August 31, and the other September 3); one August 21, 1866, by the writer. My friend Nathan Clifford Brown has given the following additional record: One "shot out of a flock of golden plover," September 15, 1875; also one shot by Mr. J. H. Bond in September, 1875; one shot by Mr. Henry Fletcher, August 1, 1877, and one shot by Mr. Brown himself, September 1, 1877; one shot by Charles E. Southery, Esq., September 1, 1882.

194. Sanderling.—*Tringa arenaria* Aud.; *Calidris arenaria* Ridg. 542, Cs. 627.—Abundant along the coast during autumn migrations, August and September. Locally known as "beach bird." Associating in flocks upon the sand beaches. The birds of this species may be distinguished from the "peeps" by their more generalized plumage appearance of plumage (in autumn), and upon examination the lack of a hind toe. The latter feature is peculiar to no other species of our sandpipers. The spring migration of the sanderlings past the coast of Maine is made far out at sea. The sole instance of their occurrence on the shores of Maine in a spring that I have learned of was at Scarborough, May 30, 1882. A flock of eight was seen and five of them were shot.

195. Ring-billed Gull.—*Larus delawarensis* Gmel.; *Macrotis hypoleucos* Ridg. 554, Cs. 639.—Accidental visitant from Europe or Great Britain. Ruff is the name applied to the male species, and reeve to the female. I shot a reeve at Scarborough, Maine, April 10, 1870. The bird was alone, flying swiftly near the water, down the course of the Non-such River, and uttered no cry. Although about to shoot some ducks as this bird passed me, I sacrificed my opportunity to procure a specimen, and the specimen was shot at one of the lakes in Upton, Maine, September 8, 1874. Mr. Boardman has reported the capture of a specimen at the Bay of Fundy and several other specimens have been killed in New England at various times and the facts publicly reported.

196. Spotted Sandpiper or Tattler.—*Totanus maculatus* Aud.; *Tringoides maculatus* Ridg. 557, Cs. 638.—Abundant. Arrives in early May. Breeds. Nests upon the ground late in May, and in June, and lays four buff eggs blotched and spotted all over with dark brown. The nest of grass is usually made. The downy young are light drab upon the upper parts, with a brownish black median line from base of bill to tail. Straight black line each side of head, from nostril to root of head, interrupted by eye. Lower parts white. Feet flesh color. The "tattlers" are generally distributed throughout Maine, about the inland streams and lakes as well as along the coast.

197. Solitary Sandpiper.—*Tattler*.—*Totanus solitarius* Aud.; *Rhyacophilus solitarius* Ridg. 550, Cs. 639.—Common. Arrives in May. Frequently muddy districts, wet barnyards, etc., and is sometimes known locally as "barnyard plover." Some birds of this species remain in Maine throughout the summer, and probably breed here, although the discovery of their nests and eggs here has not been reported as yet.

198. Great Yellow-shanks Tattler.—*Yellowlegs*.—*Totanus flavipes* Aud.; *Tattler*, 519, Cs. 634.—Abundant during summer and autumn upon the marshes along the coast. Locally termed "summer yellowlegs." Very rarely seen in Maine in the spring, and the following record comprises all the notes I have of its occurrence here at that season or before July. (Doubtless the June specimens were unusually early return arrivals from the north. This species and the red-breasted snipe were observed at Scarborough, Me., July 5, 1868.) One, May 18, 1859; one, May 20, 1859; one, May 21, 1859; one, May 17, one May 25; one April 23, 1859; one May 12, 1862; one June 24, 1863; one April 30, 1864; one June 28, 1877.

I once procured a specimen with the plumage of the breeding season upon the second day of July, at an island in the Bay of Fundy, and saw another one, apparently its mate, at the same locality.

Usually but few "yellowlegs" of this species arrive here in the fall, and they are not abundant in the marshes, and during July, but throughout the month of August, and the earlier part of September they are generally abundant about the marshes. For extremely late autumn dates of its occurrence here the following are notable: One October 7, 1858; three October 11, 1858; one October 21, 1858; one October 10, 1864; one October 14, 1881.

199. Great Yellow-shanks Tattler.—*Yellowlegs*.—*Totanus*

*flavipes* Aud.; *Totanus melanoleucus* Ridg. 548, Cs. 633.—Locally termed "winter yellowlegs." Abundant during spring and autumn migrations, especially on the marshes along the coast. Arrives early in April, and the spring migration extends throughout this month and May. The autumn migration occurs during August, September, and October. The latest date I have record of its occurrence is that of two specimens shot at Scarborough, November 5, 1861.

200. Semipalmated Tattler.—*Totanus semipalmatus* Aud.; *Semipalmatus semipalmatus* Ridg. 552, Cs. 632.—Not very common. Summer visitant. I have the record of but a single instance of the occurrence of this species here in spring, a bird found at Scarborough, May 21, 1866. It is of not uncommon occurrence in summer and autumn, but apparently rather an irregular visitant, and the species is never abundant here.

201. Great Marshled Godwit.—*Limosa fedoa* Aud.; *Limosa fedoa* Ridg. 543, Cs. 628.—Rare; occasional visitant from the South. The following record is from notes of the occurrence of the species at Scarborough, Maine: Two in 1857, one in 1855, one in 1857, ten in 1862 (two shot Aug. 20, three Aug. 21, five Aug. 26), two in 1863 (one shot Aug. 13, one Aug. 25), one April 20, 1865. The latter is the sole record I have of the occurrence of the species here in spring.

202. Hudsonian Godwit.—*Limosa hudsonica* Aud.; *Limosa hudsonica* Ridg. 545, Cs. 629.—Not uncommon at the Scarborough marshes during the autumn migrations, but never abundant. Not seen in spring. Sometimes locally termed "brant bird" and also "spot rump," on account of the conspicuous white mark across base of tail.

203. Long-billed Curlew.—*Numenius longirostris* Aud.; *Ridg.* 558, Cs. 613.—Occasional visitant in summer. Uncommon. My only record of its occurrence here in spring is that of a single specimen shot at Scarborough, May 2, 1866.

204. Hudsonian Curlew.—*Jack Curlew*.—*Numenius hudsonicus* Aud.; *Ridg.* 559, Cs. 615.—Common during spring and autumn migrations. Arrives in May. Never abundant here.

205. Esquimaux Curlew.—*"Dough bird"*.—*Numenius borealis* Aud.; *Ridg.* 560, Cs. 616.—Common during spring and autumn migrations. Irregularly abundant. Great numbers of curlews migrate along the coast of Maine for at sea, and only appear here upon the land when heavy weather causes them to pause in their flight and come to the shore.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PHOEBE'S NIGHT SONG.—*Editor Forest and Stream*:—Ancient your "Visions of the Night," does anyone doubt the dreaming capacity of birds and animals? In the case of the phoebe bird it is very evident to me that such is the fact. Take a night in August or September and fancy yourself with mistletoe to Nature's voice, after the world is asleep. Scarcely a breath stirs the treetops and the full rich moonlight glimmers on the dense foliage, casting the clearly cut shadows of trunk and branch on the grassy carpet below. The air vibrates to the song of myriads of katydids, while the drone drone drone of the crickets, finding a monotonous and soothing accompaniment comes to us in regular pulsations from the woods. Then it is that you may hear the phoebe's voice ring out from the dark aisles among the trees clear and sweet (though plaintive) above the insect chorus, as though the little fellow slumbered uneasily.—DICK.

OHIO BIRD ARRIVALS.—East Randolph, O., Feb. 16, 1883.—Saw two killdeer plover flying north. This is the earliest record of its arrival in this vicinity I ever heard of. Weather warm, thermometer 65°. Bluebirds, robins, and crows are here. Crows have been here all winter, and also the song sparrow, which is now in full song. It may not be out of place here to give dates of earliest arrivals of bluebird during the past five successive years: Feb. 22, 1878; March 5, 1879; Feb. 17, 1880; Feb. 22, 1881; Feb. 13, 1882; Feb. 16, 1883.—A. HALL.

## Game Bag and Gun.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in order that the latter may be free to devote their entire time to the publication of the paper.

## A HOLIDAY CRUISE TO MAINE.

HAVE you ever forgotten your first deer hunt? How every article in the outfit was examined, criticized and talked over again and again, and that rifle was in such prime condition that its various parts seemed to be out on dress parade, and had inhaled so much of your excitement that you could actually feel a tremor running through its fine fiber, and how—but, of course, your memory has played you no such rank, and the recollection is, undoubtedly, as fresh as the present time, as it was on that memorable day, when you, while telling the boys that you had brought the quarry to camp, vainly tried, under an assumed air of unconcern, to hide that pardonable and natural pride of the heart which we both know.

For I have recently experienced my first deer hunt. In company with two congenial spirits and fellow students, Fred Todd, of Milltown, N. B., and Harmon J. Coulter, of Georgetown, Col., I hurried away from the classic halls of the Phillips, in a house or wagon, and spent the last of the Christmas vacation and took train for Todd's home.

We left Boston at 9 A. M., Dec. 22, 1882, and after a delightful ride reached Bangor, Me., at 8 P. M. At the latter place we transferred ourselves and belongings to a sleeper, and made all preparations for a cozy change at McAdams Junction, N. B., to the night train for St. Stephens, and then turned in, but not to peaceful slumber, for scarcely had we sunk into the arms of Morpheus, when even the faint opportunity had been given us to launch off into sweet dreams of deer, and deer hunts, in which every tree had the wonderful faculty of turning into one of these beautiful creatures, when we were roused by a Custom House officer, while "crossing the line," who went through us, and came mighty near nipping Todd's trip in its infancy, by walking off with all his rifle shells. It was only after the most strenuous and arduous efforts and one united persuasive powers that we three night-lighted and excited youths bore back the shells in triumph.

Upon reaching McAdams Junction, at about 2 A. M., the bracing news greeted us that the night train had been taken off, compelling us to make this our headquarters for the time being; so rousing the inmates of the Junction House,

we secured rooms and finished our interrupted sleep. Making a cautious survey in the morning we found that we were anchored in the midst of about a dozen houses and an ocean of bare, blackened stumps (the result of one of those destructive fires that so often sweep over these wooded countries). "Not much excitement to be found here," thought we; so setting back with the latest Forest and Stream, we gave ourselves over to its pages. But mine host, Capt. Herbert, proved himself a jolly good fellow, and entertained us with not a few stories of bear and deer hunting, and reminded the deer were plenty in the adjoining territory, so that the time passed away very pleasantly until the train gave in sight. To Harlow and myself this "down East" trip was an entirely new experience, and it was with a deal of pleasure that we took note of the country, the people, and their dress.

Have you, reader, ever been down this way? If so you will recall the many fine specimens of manhood that appeared at every station as you hurried toward the wilderness. After leaving Bangor the great interests of the people are centered in their forests, and fully nine tenths of the inhabitants in the immediate vicinity of the great water ways are interested, in some way or other, in the lumber trade. This of course necessitates a vast deal of outdoor life; the result of this active exercise is plainly seen in the natives. They had long since donned their winter garb, and with the body snugly encompassed in numerous shirts and thick homespun, and with feet inclosed in their fancifully colored stockings and lavishing many of the costumes were simply picturesque. At about 8 P. M. of the same day we sped away to St. Stephens, a city which with two others (Calais and Milltown, constitute what is known as the Union.

These places, distributed on the east and west banks of the St. Croix, are connected by three bridges, and with each recurring spring are the scene of bustling activity; the many thousand feet of lumber piled among the headquarters and branches of the St. Croix are rolled down, and here meet their arch enemy, the ever ready saw.

It is needless to say that at Milltown, at the residence of Mr. Charles F. Todd, a most hearty welcome awaited us, for any one who has had the good fortune to tarry with him has always carried away the most pleasant memories. We remained at Mr. Todd's until the 26th; in the meantime all the necessary paraphernalia had been collected, and it was with no little desire that we came to the city, and, standing away snow shoes, axes, guns, etc., into one of those comfortable and tough little sleighs, known as pungs (in which the Brunswickians dart about, we arrayed in the prevailing mode of the country—heavy caps and mittens, each with six pairs of woolen stockings under our moccasins, deposited ourselves in the interiors of the baggage and started for Princeton, Me., twenty miles away, where we met our guide, Mitchell Sewey, by name, a tall muscular looking fellow of the Passamaquoddy tribe. He proved himself thoroughly acquainted with the country and with the most likely places for game, at the same time an intelligent, hard working fellow. I feel no hesitation in recommending him to any one that may visit the region.

Leaving Princeton at about 11 A. M., we drove rapidly across Lewey's and Big lakes to Grand Lake-Stream, twelve miles distant. Here is located one of the State hatcheries. We were not able to inspect very thoroughly, but found everything in excellent working order, and were gratified to hear of the good results of their work. May it keep on.

From Grand Lake-Stream, under the direction of the guide, we struck off on a bark road for a logging camp, fourteen miles off, known to be in the center of a great deer country. Oh! the horrors of that bark road, the worst corduroy in the country could not equal it. After unsuccessfully trying to drag our punge across the punge acrossed, with the exception of the one driving, got out and walked. The sleigh was first up, and then down, with a soul-stirring plunge, then a violent lurch to one side of the road, and after extricating the punge from the bushes, only to go ahead a few steps and strike an unexpected root, a snap and spring of the punge, and a general movement of the baggage was the inevitable result, and so it was repeated until, when still far from our doubtful destination, night had closed in upon us, and the punge, after the night in these woods with the thermometer loading around the zero point, seemed to gain ground as we went on; for roads crossed and branched off from the one we were on in the most perplexing confusion. The thought was not at all inspiring, for we were more than tired after our hard day's travel, and our horse was nearly tuckered. We wrote more in sympathy with this faithful animal than with ourselves, and feared the consequences of the night bivouac for its sake.

The guide kept far ahead, and with the aid of a torch explored most of the roads; so keeping up a steady trudging and following his directions, at about 8 P. M. the most welcome sight of smoke from a logging camp met our eager gaze; with a "view Hello" we lost no time in ensconcing ourselves within its spacious walls.

The hospitality of the woodmen are proverbial; rough and uncouth as they are they always share with you a generous portion of their food. Their welcome appeared directly to the heart, said member generally being reached through the stomach.

The cook bustled around and soon had a piping hot supper of beans, camp bread, and tea sweetened with molasses. No matter what time a man may strike one of these camps, the first question plumped at him is: "Well, stranger, had nothing to eat?" Other cooks seem to be of minor importance in a house or a wagon, but in a logging camp the prospects for game, and in making all preparations for the morrow's early start. The choppers had seen deer quite often while going to and from work, though many doubts were expressed as to our chances for capturing one, the snow being hardly deep enough for snow-shoeing, but making very uncomfortable walking; it would be necessary to exercise the utmost skill in still-hunting, and meet the animal on its own terms. The cook, however, was of the opinion that the deer would be in the bunk (better known as the man's pasture) with the men.

There were ten men in the gang all told, under the leadership of Joshua Crockett, of whom I shall write hereafter. This bunk occupied the larger portion of one side of the camp, and had a thick mattress of spruce and hemlock boughs. No time is lost in disrobing in the woods, the refinements of civilization are left behind, the men, after a moment's undressing, dislodging of themselves from four or five pairs of stockings, completes the necessary toilet. Securely wrapping yourself in a blanket, you soon, on those aromatic boughs, sleep the sleep of the blessed.

I stayed up a while longer and buried my cranium in Hallock's "Sportsman's Gazetteer," in order to glean addi-







Clericus I think, took up their abode within a short distance of the famous old grounds.

They probably had "shooting without sacrifice" to the full extent, for Clericus when he does get the trigger fever, is the most ferocious of sportsmen. "I could take a life unfold," he says. "Clericus" speaks for the entire body of professional men? I had supposed this matter of summer shooting was agitated for the benefit of market gunners and their wealthy patrons, with perhaps a crazy trigger-puller now and then. Here at the top of Connecticut we know how it works, and out of forty or fifty sportsmen in this little borough, I doubt that one vote could be had for summer shooting. To be sure most of us are workmen, but, speaking from observation again, the moral process is as active and wearing in many of our mechanics as it is in our scholars, "brain-workers." They also find rest refreshing, nature beautiful, and sport delightful. Sometimes, at rare intervals, a white day dawns for them, so with dog and gun they start for field and cover, too often to find the pleasure all in anticipation; the summer shooting of years ago and the "brain-worker" "kulting up the ravelled sleeve of care" leaving but a small margin on which to realize.

As to whole matter, I think the "brain-workers" are entitled to special privileges over the rest of us.

They seem to have a pretty good time of it, generally speaking, and what they cannot help themselves to is hardly worth having.

I might, perhaps, be willing to make an exception in favor of "Clericus" himself. For after a tremendous contest with the powers of darkness, what could be nearer a perfect rest than a wrestle with a July woodcock? OTHERCUS, CONNEXICUT.

## LARGE GAME AND SMALL SHOT.

I HAVE been reading in the FOREST AND STREAM week after week "Deer and Small Shot," and the wonderful exploits accomplished with these tiny specks of lead by the "craft" at sundry times and divers places, especially Dr. Sterling's experiences as recorded in your issue of Feb. 15, which reminds me of similar achievements in the "long ago" of my own hunting life.

I stopped crossing from that is called "West Arm" of Mollychuckunk Lake to Cranberry Bog, in the month of June. The path or blazed line passed over a high hill of second growth woods, and when about half way over this ridge, as I stepped up on to a large flat ledge of rock over which the path led, a middling-sized bear stepped upon the other end, some three feet up, and each of us was greatly surprised, as you may suppose.

I stopped and he came up to me, and the bear stopped when he saw me; and we each of us stood still a moment to catch a thought of what was the next best to do. We were about three rods apart, and we both wished we were further, for I had only a partridge charge in my gun; and the bear soon showed signs of uneasiness, for after eyeing me a moment he turned his head half way around and limbered up his forward legs in the act of getting down; he had been standing on his hind legs all this time.

On the impulse of the moment I raised my gun and fired at his ear. The bear dropped; the No. 6 shot had penetrated his brain, and I stood over him with my watch to see how long he would live, being prepared to give him another shot should it be necessary. He died in thirty minutes. The bear had been drinking at a spring which boiled up at the other end of the ledge.

I was following up a streak of air bubbles on the pond in my skiff, one morning before sunrise, to get sight if possible of the animal that made them, when all at once up came two large otters within easy range. I dropped the paddle and caught up my gun and fired the right, which was loaded with double B. The otter kicked over on his side and floundered about, but before I could get to him he sank in deep water and never came up again. But very soon his mate came up and crawled out on the floating log near by, and I let go the left, which had No. 6, and he rolled off the log, kicking up the water fearfully. I paddled up to him this time and took him into the boat before the wind was out of him; and I believe this is the only sure way, for I think they invariably sink when dead, as their bodies are very much heavier than those of land animals of the same bulk. J. G. R.

REVENUE, MAINE.

Last fall, while spending my usual annual vacation at my charming camp home on Indian River, in the northern portion of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan, on the great interior thoroughfare between Petoskey and Cheboygan, one great bird of prey came to try my hand at the deer, which abounded in that river. Lying close in the end of my little sneakboat, waiting for opportunities to bag my game whenever they presented themselves, we glided noiselessly around a sharp bend in the river, when we heard the frequent splashes of water, such as would come from a large animal wading through the sedge and bulrushes that grow all through the overgrown marshes. On it came with great distinctness as it approached, and being perfectly satisfied now that it was a deer, I ordered my man to remain quiet, and with muffled oars turn the boat to the river's bank where the wind and tide were carrying her. The splashes came nearer and nearer. Our boat lay close to the north bank, just opposite the point of a long, dense clump of sedge and bulrushes. I quietly rose from my seat, and holding my gun close to my shoulder, with bated breath I waited for the moment more I saw a deer's head appearing at the point of sedge just in front of me, his ears thrown forward and his eyes glancing at me. It was a slight—a pull and an explosion. I heard a plunge, and it was silent. We hastened to approach the spot where I last saw the deer, and clearing away the driftwood which lined the river's edge, we pushed and pulled our boat over half-sunken logs and through the weeds, but could hear or see nothing. On we went, and then a sudden splash of the floating carcass of a doe came into view. The otter was about eighteen inches deep, and we nudged away on our secured game and after a little effort succeeded in getting it snugly fixed in my little duck-boat, only twelve feet long by three feet beam. We then pulled out from the marsh into the river, and by dint of rowing and paddling reached my camp home a little after dark. Now, summoning my man to get a light, and among whom was my friend, P. Morrison, of Jackson, Mich., who is an ardent hunter of deer, we succeeded in dragging our prize to my ice-house, a few yards distant. All around the country congratulations were given me for securing the first deer of the season. Those unacquainted with the facts in the case I found it quite difficult to convince that I killed that deer with No. 4

duck shot. Subsequently I measured the distance, and it was about 60 feet. I was astonished at the success attending the shooting. But the fact remains nevertheless true, and I must be entered upon the list of those who have bagged their deer with small shot. SENEX, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

## THE FREEDMAN AND THE QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It would be much more satisfactory to your readers to have the opinions of correspondents on this interesting subject who have not yet delivered themselves, than its prolonged discussion by those who have already spoken. Permit me, however, to add a few words more, not for the purpose of maintaining any pet theory in regard to the matter, however contrary that theory may be to truth and justice, but in order to invite the further expression of opinion on the part of persons rendered capable by experience and observation to testify in this behalf.

We all understand "Rallywood's" position. He ascribes the scarcity of "Bob White" to the poor freedman. I do not know "Rallywood," and therefore have no means of judging whether his opinions are worth anything on this subject; but of the four correspondents whose articles with reference thereto have appeared in print, two I know are entitled to the highest consideration. One of these, "Chasseur," agrees with "Rallywood." "Chasseur" is well known in this State as a gentleman of exceptional high character, ability and culture, whose opinions are entitled to respect at least.

Upon the other hand, Dr. M. G. Ellzey, a gentleman also well and favorably known and identified with the best material interests of the State, than whom few have better opportunities of forming a correct opinion upon the question under discussion, agrees with me that the freedman is not responsible for the decrease of quail, and that he has, as a rule, abandoned the inclination to hunt, which was formerly such a prominent feature of his life. This is beyond cavil or dispute true as to the portion of the State with which I am familiar; and it is a singular fact that it is the opinion of every farmer with whom I have conversed on the subject. As was stated in a former communication, there seems to be as yet no accepted theory as to the cause of the decrease of quail within the last few years. "Rallywood" is perfectly correct in his statements of fact going to support Dr. Ellzey's theory, the conditions mentioned by the latter do not exist in the localities indicated by "Rallywood." The facts already alleged, showing that our colored friends are not to be held responsible for this mysterious disappearance of quail, taken in connection with other circumstances, and bearing in mind that quail are scarcest in the northern counties, where there are fewer negroes than in any other part of the State, should induce us to seek for some other and more satisfactory solution. In the extreme northern counties of Fairfax, Loudon, Prince William and Rappahannock, there is a population of whites, 59,487, and of blacks, 18,468. Here the quail are scarce. In the south side counties of Brunswick, Southampton, Greensville and Mecklenburg, where the birds are abundant and there has been no decrease, there is a population of 24,448 whites and 43,288 blacks.

In discussing this subject with an intelligent and highly educated country physician, residing in one of the northern counties, who is an observing sportsman, the idea was advanced that the quail had migrated from the northern to the tidewater and southern counties and to North Carolina, where quail are in great abundance. He stated, as a circumstance inducing this belief, that in the early part of the season there were very few birds on his place, but one evening in November, in company with a friend, he was hunting on a stream passing through his farm, and in the course of a few hours flushed fourteen distinct coveys. A few days afterward they hunted the same ground, but started no birds, nor have any been since found in the vicinity. On another occasion he, with a friend, flushed a covey with a white bird among the number. They endeavored to kill this specimen, as they had never before seen a white quail, but did not succeed. On the following day his friend returned home a distance of ten miles southward, and when nearing home his dog pointed. Upon being flushed the same covey with the white individual got up, and the white bird was killed. No one in the neighborhood ever saw a white quail before or since, and it was evident that the covey had within twenty-four hours gone a distance of ten miles. If quail migrate, that fact would account more satisfactorily for their scarcity in Northern Virginia than any other hypothesis which has been suggested.

It is to be hoped that the invitation extended by you to your correspondents in this State and elsewhere in the South, to give their opinions upon the interesting question of the abatement of the freedman's hunting proclivities, will receive fitting response. We would like to hear from "Wells" on this question. No one is better qualified to speak, instead of vexing his mind and cross-examining "Knick" with reference to that remarkable case in Florida, let us have the benefit of his views on the quail. If I mistake not, his tell-tale nom de plume, and irresistible propensity to pun, points him out as a recent representative in Congress from the "Old North State," and he has doubtless had abundant opportunities in his electioneering experiences with the "American citizen of African descent" to enable him to speak authoritatively. Although his repudiation to "Knick" exhibited rather too great intolerance of the license which "Knick" should enjoy in common with other sportsmen to "swap lies," especially when "Knick's" statement was to be supported by the affidavit of "V. J. S.," yet his reply was extremely witty and enjoyable. It would be instructive for him to tell us whether his experience bears out the assertion of "Rallywood" as to the skill of the freedman as a diplomat. M.

NORTHIDE, VA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue you ask for information as to whether the Southern colored brother is as destructive of game as he is used to be. My candid opinion is that while he is still entitled to high rank as a game destroyer, he is not quite as bad as he used to be. When they were "turned loose," as they generally express it, they became at once a race of sportsmen. Every man and boy was eager to be the owner of a gun. As the old negro sportsmen of the North were very chary in those days, they had not much difficulty in supplying their wants. Thus equipped they made a rush for the fields and woods, and for a long time, summer and winter, there was a perpetual fusillade. They slaughtered indiscriminately, shooting everything above the bluebird in size. Even

the mocking bird, for all his songs, was not safe. The sweet singer fell in the midst of his singing.

It had this sporting craze continued to this day, the South must have been completely bare of game. But it gradually wore off, for various reasons—first among which, no doubt, was that the new-fledged sportsman found that such business would not keep him and his family in food and clothing. The fact, too, that shot and powder and percussion caps could not well be had without some money, and that money could not well be had without some work, may have acted as a gradual extinguisher to the new enthusiasm. At all events, that the colored man has cooled off immensely as a sportsman, compared with what he was when the country was first flooded with freedom and old muskets, cannot be denied by anyone, at least in these parts. I can only speak for Texas on this matter. My judgment is that there is not one bird killed now by the freedman where they were ten killed by him in the early days of his freedom.

I have often meditated over the sudden conversion of the colored race into sportsmen, which we witnessed at the close of the civil war. What was it due to? Perhaps to their wild ancestral instinct, which, suppressed so long in slavery, broke out beyond all reason when their freedom gave the negroes in America no doing what they pleased, ever but hunt and grow gourd. To hunt, therefore, and to grow gourds, must be their peculiar race instinct, which will crop out on every favorable opportunity. We saw the great hunting mania, and every Southern man knows that you will rarely see a negro's cabin in the South without gourds growing around it. It may be, also, that they looked upon the possession of firearms and gunning as the highest privileges of freedom, and that, when they were eager to enjoy them as such; in other words, that the best way to show "big lujun bling" was to roam about with an old musket in hand, blazing away at everything that came in sight. How often have I met these ebony sportsmen in their rounds, and how keen was their enjoyment of the fun! Usually there was a flock of them together, and then there was an eager rivalry as to which would bag the most game. I have seen the negroes and their families, the women, the children, and the old men, all gathered around the gun, and how they would sometimes turn up the white of his eyes at the intruder with the white skin! I have seen them on such occasions puff up like a turkey-cock in all his glory. But they have got over all that foolishness now. When we meet them now with their guns they are polite and pleasant as possible. So, at least, I find them.

According to my best thinking the colored brother is much more destructive to game now with his traps and blinds than with his guns. These implements don't need to be fed with ammunition, which costs money, and they do their work while the freedman is also at his work in the cotton or cornfield. Bob White is the principal sufferer by these implements, and I believe his destiny is to be destroyed by the negro. They take entire flocks at a time, and they never set any of the captured birds free for sale. In this respect their character is entirely imprudent, or want of regard for the future. The birds for the most part are taken alive to the neighboring towns and villages, where they sell them at what they consider a big price. Hence they make a regular business of destroying Bob White. Their most destructive implement is a mere pen built of sticks and covered with brush. They have four trenches leading into the pen from opposite directions, coming to the surface about its center. These trenches lead into the pen and are partly covered with bark and sticks, except at the center, where they all come together. Cows or pigs are scattered thickly in the pen and also in the trenches. When a flock of quail comes along, they find the food in the trenches, eagerly follow it up, and, with rare exceptions, every one of them goes into the pen, and is there a prisoner. He never thinks of looking down for the hole he came in at; he looks upward all the time and sees the trap set for him. The freedman comes along and transfers the poor birds from the pen to his cage—from one prison to another. This whole regions are swept of their quail in Texas, and I presume it is so in other Southern States. It would be very difficult to suppress this business by legislation. If the birds could not be offered for sale without the risk of confiscation and fine, the freedman would still take them for the benefit of his own family, and eat the food at his own expense. The only way to stop him is to educate him into the conviction that he is behaving badly, and this, I fear, can never be done as long as Bob White exists.

We have many negroes who follow gunning as a means of livelihood in ducking season. Their manner of ducking is peculiar and characteristic. They do not walk, walk, walk and shoot like us white folks, counting home at night bespattered all over with mud and quite worn out. On the contrary the colored ducker returns at night with his dainty feet and clothes unsullied, and quite as fresh as when he started out in the morning. Moreover, he returns with just as many ducks as the white man, and even more if the latter be not a very good hunter. The way he does it is this: he finds a good place for ducks; to that place he repairs early in the morning, and on that spot he stays all day long. He gets himself well concealed and quite worn out. On the contrary the ducks. When they come he will remain motionless and noiseless for hours, if need be, until he gets a perfectly satisfactory opportunity for a raking and destructive shot. He takes no risks of losing a shot, and therefore never fires till it is a dead sure thing. Although his weapon may be an old musket, or an old rickety double-barrel muzzle-loader, he often kills many birds at a fire, and indeed generally does. Having fired, he quits his concealment only long enough to pick up the dead birds, which, being accomplished, he again returns to his cover and waits for another supply of ducks, which are quite sure to come along after a while. In this way they often make large bags in a day. They probably derived this way of doing from the cranes which they see along the rivers and about the ponds. Mr. Crane finds a good place to catch fish or frogs; he takes his stand there on one leg, and goes to sleep with one eye. He stays there all day long, unless disturbed, and sails away at night with his stomach full.

I was recently duck hunting on the upper parts of the Sabine River. I heard guns firing, evidently from along the river banks, during the whole day, and yet, though constantly walking, I could see no hunters. The ducks also

were constantly on the wing, flying from place to place. All this caused my special wonder. Suddenly a gun fired very near me, and going hastily in the direction it came from, I found an aged colored man busily fishing his ducks out of the water with a long pole. He explained to me that the shooting I had heard all day was from negroes along the banks of the river, who were so well concealed that I had not seen them, though no doubt sometimes passing within a few feet of them. He showed me his own hiding place, and it was so good I might have passed him hundreds of times without suspecting anybody's presence. After much duck fishing, I am going home. He is plentiful, as they are on Sabal River, that this is good a plan of hunting them as any that can be invented.

We had Mr. Chas. Hallock with us in Texas some two months this winter. He did me the honor to call to see me, but an sorry it was impossible for me to be with him much on his trip. Hope to see him with us again next winter, and that I may then have a better chance to see him through.

N. A. T.

PALESTINE, TEXAS, Feb. 22.

#### PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.

**ALTHOUGH** great quantities of snow have fallen during this winter, I do not believe that the game of this locality has suffered much. Ruffed grouse are careless alike of snow and cold, and if sly rhyard would only leave them alone I have no doubt next fall's crop of birds would be good; but foxes are very plenty, and foxes get hungry, and then grouse must die to satisfy their insatiable maw. The Gardner boys, living about a mile from town, have killed ten gray foxes this winter, and but for the fact of some unkind accidental shooting and wounding their leg hound, would have killed as many more. I rather think the person who shot Trusky would not have indulged often in this sport had he not been able to distance Joe Gardner in a walking contest immediately after the shooting.

Speaking of ruffed grouse reminds me that every year their numbers are diminishing. Now, don't say that subject is worn out, for a discussion that deals with the king of American game birds can never wear out. I do not believe that it is on account of improvements in guns or dogs, or in "treed" their numbers, but on account of the tribute it to the advance of civilization and "clearings," but I believe with some former contributor on this subject that their numbers are decreased by some disease which may be new to their species, or more malignant in late years than formerly. Last spring I found quite a number of their nests and know that quite a large per cent. of the eggs were hatched, and I saw numerous broods of them yet in the down shortly afterward. It is a well known fact that grouse do not travel much from their original home, and when the shooting season opened I went direct to the localities where I had seen the young broods, and much to my discomfiture found none, actually none. I know that they were not all shot, even if the pot-hunters did kill some of them. I hunted my dogs in the same locality several times during the fall, but found none. I do not believe that any new disease has killed the grouse family, but I could have that destroyed them, but it is my firm conviction that disease of some description exterminated them.

Wild turkeys were quite plenty last season and numbers of them were shot, but enough were left for breeding purposes. I was told by a stranger the other day that they were wintering well. Although there was a crust on the snow, he said he had had their own localities. I was told about this winter, and these droppings on the crust made capital food for the turkeys. Deer were more numerous than for years before, and scores of them were captured. Woodcocks were scarce; I suppose they were drowned out by spring rains. There is quite a growing interest in dog, gun and rod in this direction, and a man who can hit a bird on the wing is not such a rare character as formerly. I believe that "L. C." has been a great help, and I would not about the first to start that long controversy on the "Hunting Grouse." I was glad to see in a communication from him some time ago that he had achieved his desire—that of shooting a grouse on the wing, and I know from the graphic manner in which he describes it that he enjoyed it greatly.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., Octo.

**GUINEA-FOWL AS GAME.**—A correspondent, "Octo," calls our attention to the following note on this subject in Col. Hutchinson's work on "Dog Breaking": "Mr. M—I, an officer high in the military store department, wrote to me but last Christmas, 1863, almost in the following words: 'When stationed in Jamaica, quail and the wild guinea-fowl were the only game I ever shot. I went for hours through the long grass and brushwood, and I run for hours unless hard pressed, but when once flushed they spread through the cover and lie so close that one may almost kick them before without raising them. My dog Albert was broke on grouse before I had him out from home. A steadier or better dog you will rarely see. The first time we went out guinea-fowl he set to work as though hunting for grouse, pointing and pointing carefully when he came on the run of the birds, but from their pace through the cover, never coming up with them. This occurred the first two or three mornings, and annoyed him greatly. At last, one day, as he found the birds were running through the brush, he halted, turned round and looked up to me as much as to say, 'My poking after these fellows is all nonsense; do let me try some other dodge.' So I told him to go back on grouse, pointing and pointing off, making a wide circle until he headed his game, when he commenced beating back toward me, driving the birds before him until they were sufficiently near me, when he dashed suddenly in among them, forcing the whole pack to take wing. They spread through the surrounding grass and cover, and Albert and his mother Peggy went to work, picking up the birds singly or in pairs where they lay."

**"AFTER ANTELOPE."**—El Paso, Texas, Feb. 17. *Editor Forest and Stream.*—I desire to answer your queries concerning antelope. The things made in your issue of Feb. 8, I have to say, certainly: 1. The distance was estimated in each instance given. 2. Yes, the person making the estimates was competent to determine the distances. Really there is nothing strange in such shooting. I am quite certain that I can kill antelopes further than any of the distances given. 3. Because mistakes are mischievous and are worthless. They frequently may even be good. The people who were with them all killed. On my own defense is the common one to wit: foolishness for sport and good eating. I wish you had an antelope saddle now.—G. W. B.

**MISSOURI NOTES.**—Marville, Mo., Feb. 16.—Quail have been very plenty this season, with plenty left over for next. Chickens are not as plentiful as they were a few years ago, although one man killed, he claimed, in four days, over four hundred of them. Then again, whether he killed them in the time mentioned or not, I do not know. Rabbits are very thick, a friend of mine had the boys beat the brush for him, and in one day killed seventy-nine. Running wolves is also one of our amusements, and Uncle Jake with his pack of hounds, is a general favorite. Our jack-snipe shooting on the bottoms, when water is plenty, is very fine. Ducks and geese are usually very plenty. Our shooting club always spends a week both fall and spring in camp, when ducks and geese come. In December, I was shooting and in a corn field grown up with grass, and had a covey nicely scattered, and Tricks, my Gordon, and I were having fine sport. I had three birds down and the dog retrieving the third bird when he stopped and came to a point. I called to him; he looked at me a moment, turned and walked away from me some ten feet, came around to me in a half circle and gave me the bird. I sent him on again. He walked directly back and came to a point where he had made game with the dead bird in his mouth, and in a moment I had the pleasure of adding one more quail to my score. Have any of your readers had a like experience?—GUYDETT. [This occasionally occurs. We have often seen it.]

**NEW YORK WOODCOCK SEASON.**—Wellsville, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1893.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—In a recent number of your esteemed paper you advocate a game law for the whole State, objecting to all local exceptions to its provisions. In this we agree when the provisions of the law do not favor the sportsmen of one part of the State, while they rob those in other parts of the sport to which they are justly entitled. For instance, we object to making the open season on woodcock begin September 1, for this reason: Nearly, if not all, the birds we have are those bred here. Sometime the light begins so early that by the last of September our birds are gone. When the last change was made, from July 9 to August 1, it was proposed to make it September 1, but we sent in a protest from this county; other counties did the same, and August 1 was finally agreed upon as a compromise. We are satisfied with the law as it is in this respect, but any change to a later date we will feel justified in opposing. We have few birds here of any kind; what we have we shall take pride in defending against robbery and murder. In capturing them we will endeavor to be sportsmen, faithfully observing the restrictions of a just game law, by example, as well as by precept, leading those who are inclined to murder for plunder to forsake their shameful practices and come over, if they will shoot, to the ranks of those whose banner is inscribed, Sense and Decency.—C. B. M.

**WORCESTER, MASS., Feb. 23.**—The *Gazette* of this afternoon in its "County News" has the following: "Mr. James F. Whitin has for some time been feeding in his yard a lot of gray squirrels and quails. They are now very tame, and will come into the house. All his family have become very much attached to them. Ambrose Nookes shot and killed several of the squirrels. Mr. Whitin remonstrated with him, but it was of no avail. He came again Wednesday afternoon and killed six quails. A warrant was made out and placed in the hands of Sheriff E. O. Bacon, who, after a class of eight or ten minutes, arrested him, and he was taken before Judge Putnam this Friday morning, and fined \$20 and costs, amounting to \$29.70, which he paid. Nookes is a stone cutter and is employed by George M. Blanchard, of Whitinsville. Mr. Whitin lives at Whitins, a station on the Providence & Worcester Railroad, in the town of Northbridge. Nookes must be a hard-hearted wretch."

**GENERAL ITTONE.**—Dexter, Ill., Feb. 14.—The great seal has just left us. I was fearful that every quail in Central Illinois would be starved and frozen to death. But I am happy to learn of at least two birds that have survived the storm. One covey of twenty-two was counted near our house yesterday. And a neighbor has been caring for a covey of twenty-one that has been feeding in his barn lot (and apparently quite tame) all winter. We have not many prairie chickens near here, but there are some left. I have seen none this winter before for the past few years. I shot over eighty in one flock a few days ago. I suppose they have all "bunched," and they were all there for eight or ten miles around.—D. T. S.

**GUN BARREL OBSTRUCTIONS.**—When hunting in Michigan a year ago last fall I met some boys, and let one of them hold my gun, a single barrel shotgun, for a minute. He slipped a small snake down the barrel. In trying to get it out I got wedged in at about three inches of the muzzle. I could not start it an inch, and finally gave up trying. I very foolishly fired the charge, but it did not hurt the gun a particle, though it nearly knocked me over. At another time I got a shot cartridge stuck about half way down the barrel, and fired it without any injury either to the gun or myself.—F. L. D. (Boston, Feb. 17, 1893).

**THE QUEBEC LAW.**—By an act now before the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, it is proposed that the game laws of the Province be amended so that it shall be forbidden to hunt or trap live between March 1 and October 1, yearly. Also that it be forbidden to hunt or take any wild swan, wild goose, or wild duck of any kind, wild geese or teal, between April 15 and September 1, yearly, and any Canada goose between May 15 and September 1, in each year. The act formerly read for hare, March 1 to November 1; and for Canada goose from April 15 to September 1.

**MAINE DEER.**—A correspondent of the *Ellsworth American* says that the number of deer shipped from Maine the past year has exceeded 100,000, and that in 1892, out of three-fourths of those deer were killed by less than 100 men, and a curious fact is that not one in ten of the venison saddles shipped before the ponds froze had a bullet hole upon them, and, of those that had the heads on, nine out of ten were shot in the back of the head, thus proving that they were slaughtered in the water, driven in by hounds.

**MONTANA GROUSE SEASON.**—Port Chester, N. Y., Feb. 12.—Referring to your schedule of game laws published December 1, I would say that I wish to see the grouse, ptarmigan and "foot hens" (Franklin's grouse), protected in Montana till August 15, not August 1, as stated.—ALBUQUERQUE.

**FLORIDA NOTES.**—Cedar Key, Florida, Feb. 16.—It takes about 100 shells for a full day's hunt here. I was out yesterday and killed about forty birds—ducks, snipe, curlew, marsh hens, etc. They hunt by taking a boat and going to the islands along the coast, where there are any quantity of birds of all kinds, though mostly ducks. I saw three Philadelphia sportsmen one day in from the country a few days ago with 150 quail which they killed in one day. I would take a quail hunt, but can get no dog. It is very warm; temperature about 85° during the day.—WM. EYER.

**"OUR NATIONAL BIRD."**—Hartford, Conn., Feb. 22.—The lower house of the Legislature to-day discussed the bill for the protection of American eagles. A number of speech-makers about "our national bird" were made. Many members poked all sorts of fun at the bill, but it was finally passed by a rising vote (at the suggestion of patriotic members). The bill had its outgrowth in a desire of residents of the venerable town of Litchfield to preserve some eagles which have been in that section for years, and which sportsmen are gradually killing off.

**ENFORCING THE MAINE LAW.**—Bangor, Me., Feb. 25, 1893.—James E. Berry, American Express agent at Bar Harbor, Mount Desert, upon complaint of Fish and Game Warden Morse, was fined \$50 for shipping trout during close time in November. Geo. L. Bunker, for killing one deer Feb. 7, upon complaint of same officer, was fined \$41.50. Freeman Collins, for killing a deer Feb. 20, was fined \$40, on complaint of same officer.—LEX TALONIS.

**MESSRS. WILLIAM READ & SONS, of Boston, Mass., have removed from their former establishment in Faneuil Hall to more commodious quarters at No. 107 Washington street. The firm is well-known in New England and throughout the country as dealers in first-class goods. We bespeak for the Messrs. Read in their new establishment the patronage of an increasing host of friends.**

**OREGON DEER ARE** reported more plentiful in the hills along the coast than ever before known, and have become quite tame since the game law went into effect, in some places running with the sheep.

**MAINE SUNDAY SHOOTING.**—Maine has passed a law forbidding the killing of birds and game on Sunday, but an amendment to prohibit fishing was voted down.

#### Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

**JOHN H.**, as it apt to be the case with whole-souled sportsmen, is a thoroughbred joker, and lets no opportunity go by when he can raise the laugh in a quiet way against any of the boys. Sitting in a hotel the other day conversing with a friend about a recent trip to Sandusky Bay, some remarks were made touching some extraordinary shots at ducks. These remarks caught the ear of a commercial traveler, who all unasked, chipped in and immediately monopolized the whole conversation with glowing accounts of his wonderful skill with the gun. "Ninety-six glass balls straight was a bagshot" to him. "Nine out of ten shots at grouse in the worst of cover, you know," had been his season's average for years; and the number of matches in which he had come out victorious was simply countless. John listened attentively, and after the first he said to his associate, and when the fellow stopped for breath, asked in an innocent voice: "What charge did you use in that last match with Bogardus when you beat him ten birds?"

"O, just an ordinary charge," answered the C. T.

"Well, but how much by actual measurement? I would like to know."

"O, just the same as I use at all times."

"Well, what do you use at all times?"

"O, sometime more and sometime less, just as it happens." Then thinking to see his way out of a difficulty, he continued, "How much do you use, Mr. H.?"

"Well," replied John, "in my every day field gun which is a very heavy piece, a thirty-six bore weighing eighteen pounds, I use seventeen drams of powder and four drams of shot."

The commercial man's face brightened, for he now saw his way out, and speaking up boldly, he said: "Well, you shoot a heavier gun than I do, so of course you can use a bigger load; now I only dare use in my thirty-five bore, fifteen pound gun, sixteen drams of powder and three and a half drams of shot, and I tell you even then I have a pretty sore shoulder after an all day's shoot."

The boys laid by this time gathered around, and all say the point but the C. T., who, shouldering his gripsack, moved complacently out, scowling fiercely at the roving crowd as much as to say: "What in thunder you laughing at?"

J. W. D. L.

It was in September. The owls had killed some of our most valuable fowls. One night I was aroused by loud squalling and cackling among some fowls that roosted in some cedar trees that stood almost under the window where I slept.

I jumped up, seized my gun and ran out. I could hear the owl as he darted at his victim, but would fail to strike it, but I could not see it in the darkness. I threw up my gun and touch both triggers—a splendid snap shot—I hear something strike the ground. Walking up to the tree, there lies a turkey, and further on a chicken.

PORT ROYAL, TENN.

I like your new departure in the line of illustrations; the sketches of dogs on point were excellent, and "Asleep at his Post" is still better. An incident precisely like that occurred last fall to an attaché of the Rochester post office. A fellow P. O. man, who is an expert fowler, took him duck shooting to Bradocks Bay, and him in a blind on a good point, and drove a big flock of ducks to the decoys. After waiting an age, and not seeing his friend shoot, the man in the boat went ashore and found his companion sleeping.

MEX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 23.





case was a test suit, the complaint having been made under the law passed in 1879, found on page 190 of the public acts of that year. The gist of the charge was that defendants had used fish traps to interrupt the course of fish in Saginaw River, the date of the commission of the offense being February 1-12, inclusive. C. W. Higley, of Jackson, fish warden, was present to assist the prosecution. A Mr. Paron, the first witness for the prosecution, said that the defendants were fishermen and used trap nets. He thought they lifted the nets on February 3; it might have been February 5, but he was positive as to the date. Harry Harbeck said he dealt in fish and was acquainted with defendants; knew where they fished near the mouth of the river; they had one net between the range lights and another outside; did not know how far apart they were; never measured the distance; did not know whether they fished in the river or outside; thought it was in the river; thought Saginaw River was a harbor; had retreated to Saginaw River during a storm for shelter. John Sharp had been fishing for ten years; don't know where their nets are; saw the stakes and supposed the nets were there; never saw defendants lift the nets; should say that the range lights are in Saginaw River, one of them at least; the river begins to widen about half way between the lights. The prosecution reviewed the testimony of the witnesses and endeavored to show that the mouth of the Saginaw River, where the nets were set, was not a harbor; that a boat could anchor further out with perfect safety. The defense said that the time sworn to in the complaint had not been fixed by the witnesses; that according to Tiffany's criminal law it must be shown that each of the four defendants were guilty as charged; the guilt of only one had been partially shown, and therefore the four could not be convicted. After some further remarks from the prosecution, the jury retired and returned a verdict of "not guilty." The defendants were therefore discharged. Thus the bottom has been kicked out of the first fish suit in Bay county under the act of 1879.

"TENDERFOOT" POACHED.—DENVER, Colo., Feb. 20.—We noticed in your last issue (Feb. 15) a communication from "Tenderfoot," Colorado, Jan. 29, giving a very graphic description of fishing through the ice. We take it for granted that the fish captured were trout and do not doubt that the fishermen who were fishing in this way were not a bit anxious to herald abroad this most flagrant violation of our fish laws. For "Tenderfoot's" benefit we will add that the open season for trout fishing in Colorado is from July 1 to December 1, and that a diet of "hog, venison and rabbit" is preferable to a violation of the same.—FISHERMAN.

BETHABARA WOOD.—PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of 1st inst. you say: "Bethabara wood looks like greenheart, if not the same." Now the facts are, that it looks like it only as much as the large-mouth black bass resembles the small-mouth (viz., only partially so). Bethabara is much darker in color and closer grain, and aside from its being more elastic and stronger than greenheart. It is in it a resinous red dye, which runs out in working it, so that in washing the hands with soap will color the water a brick-red. This is an infallible test as between the two woods.—A. B. SUPLEY.

## Fishculture.

### TRANSPORTATION OF ADULT BLACK BASS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you the following interesting and instructive account of the transportation of over six hundred adult black bass from Sandusky, O., to the lake of the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, of Pittsburgh, Pa. The whole matter, under the charge and direction of Mr. Oscar L. Listel, vice-president of the club, is so well described, that I feel it necessary to the undertaking, giving him such general advice and information as I was possessed of.

The remarkable success attending Mr. McIntosh's efforts, and the ingenuity and satisfactory workings of his device for aerating the water, and his entire methods of transportation, will be useful guides for the imitation of others for similar purposes. He writes:

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 13, 1883.

Dr. J. A. Henshall, *Cynthiana, Ky.*  
MY DEAR SIR—Your favor of December 7, 1882, has been quietly resting on my desk awaiting a time when I could fully reply to it. Two years ago our club, the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, had a desire to stock their lake in the mountains with black bass, but as it was thought that failure was almost sure to attend any attempt in that direction, no person but myself could be obtained to undertake the enterprise. The club had secured \$500 at my disposal. The first thing to be done was to procure the fish. The only person who would contract to furnish them was Oscar Listel, of Sandusky, with whom I contracted for one thousand bass, to average one and a half pounds in weight, none to weigh less than three-quarters of a pound, and he ready for delivery in Sandusky about the first of May.

Owing to extreme backwardness of the season, and large accumulations of ice in the lake and bay, no fish were ready at the time agreed upon, and it was not until the first of the last of May that bass Mr. Listel might be able to procure by that time. The information which I could obtain on the subject of transporting large numbers of live adult fish was extremely meager; none of it being derived from experience, and I was reluctantly thrown upon my own inventive resources.

First I arranged for a baggage car, and made a diagram of it. Then I had four fifteen cask tanks, three feet high and three feet in diameter, with both heads in, and cut out the eighteen inches in diameter in the top head of each cask. I also procured five galvanized iron tanks, each three feet in diameter and five feet high, entirely open at the top. I then procured an air pump, with both heads in, and cut out the top of the air escape of this pump. I attached one end of a piece of rubber hose, fifty feet in length and one inch diameter. The other end of the hose I attached to an affair of my own contriving, consisting of a cone of wood, two inches in diameter and one inch in diameter, joined together so as to form a hollow square; then two cross tubes, the ends of which are fitted to holes cut into the inside of the hollow square tubes.

This affair is then laid flat on the ground, and the intersection of the cross tubes and on top, a hole one inch in diameter is cut, over which is placed one end of a tin tube, one inch in diameter and three feet long, open at both ends, and being at right angles with the vertical level. This is soldered at the intersection and about 300 small holes punched into the upper surface. The remaining end of the rubber hose is drawn down over the upper end of the upright tube and the whole is complete and ready for use. Holding the upper end of the tube in the hand the perforated portion is placed over the bottom of the cask, the lever of the air pump is worked and im-

mediately the air passes through the 300 small holes and comes bubbling up through the water. The "airfall" is easily moved around through the water, thus thoroughly aerating all parts of it.

Not wishing to have "all my eggs in one basket," I arranged another affair, of which I give you a meager description. A funnel eighteen inches in diameter at the top and four inches at its intersection, with a four-inch horizontal tube to which five four-inch tubes, six inches long, are soldered to the lower side, a four-inch hole being cut into each intersection. The lower tubes are closed with corks, with which are perforated with small holes. This apparatus was fastened to the side of the car in such manner that each tube hung immediately over the center of the top of a cask. The water in these casks was aerated by tapping the top of the casks and pouring it into the funnel, whence it ran along the horizontal tube and through the perforated holes in the lower ends of dependent tubes. Closed caps were made to fit the latter which could be placed on one or more of them, and thus continue the aeration to any particular cask desired.

In addition to the above, I had several tin buckets made, eighteen inches deep and eight inches in diameter, the bottoms being perforated with a large number of small holes. Hooks were secured inside of the buckets in such manner as to bring the buckets, when hung on the hooks, immediately over the center of the casks. Aeration was performed by dipping the buckets into the casks, filling them with water, and hanging them on the hooks above the casks. On May 30th of May, 1882, I took with me two pitcask and other paraphernalia in position on the car, not forgetting a couple of thermometers, and forwarded it to Sandusky, following next day with another member of the club and two men who had for a long time been in my employ and whom I knew I would find faithful and able to put in two days and a night without sleep or rest. We arrived in Sandusky on the forenoon of June 1, the rain pouring down in torrents and making a tremendous and very disagreeable day. As soon as we landed we went to the lake, and the first thing we did, as long as possible, we did not commence putting them into the casks until about two o'clock. The party who was to furnish the fish had them "corralled" in a lot about twenty-four feet square. Our car was placed on a track near the net, the track at this point running out into the bay. We had a long, hard and tedious job getting the fish on board the car and into the casks, but at six o'clock were ready to start. When the train had started we proceeded on our way, the cars being distant, having taken on board about two tons of ice. Having arranged beforehand with the officials of the several railroads over which we would have to go for transportation on fast trains, we had no trouble in procuring a special trip, and when the train took us to take us from Sandusky to Cleveland arrived at Sandusky it was about two hours behind time, which would cause us to miss connection at Cleveland and throw us back twenty-four hours in arranging for our destination, so in a fit of temper I telegraphed to the manager of the Cleveland & Pittsburgh Railroad, requesting that the train on that road be held until our arrival. I received no answer, but on arriving at Cleveland was delighted to find that my request had been complied with. Our car was soon shifted into position and we were again on the way.

We arrived at Alliance in time to have our car attached to the fast express on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railway, and at eight o'clock were en route for Cleveland at Pittsburgh, where we took on board another ton of ice, and after a stop of less than half an hour were off on the Pennsylvania Railroad "fast day express," bound for South Fork, which place we reached at five o'clock. Several members of the club were on hand with wagons, on which we had to transport the casks and fish two and a half miles over rough mountainous roads to the lake of the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, where we arrived at five o'clock P. M. We put into the lake in apparent good condition six hundred fish, weighing from three-quarters of a pound to two and a half pounds each, losing about sixty of the six hundred and sixty with which we started from Sandusky.

During the few days following quite a number of dead fish came to the surface of the water, perhaps one hundred, which is not to be wondered at considering the very warm weather, the numerous open air tanks, and the long time the fish had been confined, many of them, in close quarters in Sandusky Bay.

I can assure you there was not much rest taken by any of our party, as the air pump was working all day, and we were all busy in aerating the water. By constant attention and the free use of ice the temperature of the water in the casks was kept down to about sixty degrees.

We are all quite well satisfied with the results, as along the shores of the lake a large number of fish may be seen, a great many of from six to eight inches in length jumping out of the water, apparently after insects.

I am just a little proud of my invention for aerating water by means of air pump apparatus as described. If any body has a valid prior claim let me know and I'll retire. The nearest approach to it that I know of consists in pumping air into the water through a hand bellows—rather a slow process, but you have no doubt a great deal of time and money to transport six hundred or seven hundred fish, averaging one and a half pounds each, is quite a different affair from transporting fry one inch in length.

Should you be in this city, I would be pleased to visit our lake with me.

Permit me to express my thanks for the pleasure I derive from reading your articles in FOREST AND STREAM, on Florida.

Very truly yours,

WM. A. MCINTOSH.

After the reception of the foregoing letter I at once wrote Mr. McIntosh to ascertain if he had taken notice of the mortality of the fish in the different tanks and casks, so that the relative merits of the different aeration might be arrived at. The following is his reply:

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 13, 1883.

Dr. J. A. Henshall, *Cynthiana, Ky.*  
DEAR SIR—I have received your favor of the 10th inst., and in reply would say that constant attention was required of all parties engaged in applying ice, pumping air and raising water from casks into aerating apparatus, and I being ill, it was impossible to take full charge of the matter. The only other method of aerating will be found efficient, i. e., the air pump or the funnel and pipes. If I were to undertake a similar job, I would try to arrange for two large tanks, one on each side of the car, and a force pump. Then, by suspending a wide, perforated trough over each tank, the water could be forced from the tanks by means of the force pump into the troughs. The tanks in the car would be used for the purpose of holding the water, but could be obtained in a great measure by working the pumps by means of a belt connection with one of the car wheels. Yours truly,

WM. A. MCINTOSH.

The lake of the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club is about 90 miles east of Pittsburgh, and 2½ miles from South Fork station on the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is formed by the building of a dam 1,200 feet long, between two ranges of mountains. The lake covers an area of 9,000 acres, and is about three-fourths of a mile in width, and nearly three miles long. The water varies in depth, being about sixty feet deep at the dam, and gradually decreasing in depth to the head of the lake. The water is very pure, and is fed by a mountain stream, the south branch of the Conewago River. A part of the bottom of the lake is

the original bed of the stream, some twenty or thirty feet wide, rock and gravel. The rest of the bottom of the lake is for the most part ordinary soil, with a mixture of some gravel.

These particulars I received two years ago from Mr. McIntosh. The black bass of Lake Erie cannot fail to do well and increase rapidly, and grow to a very large size in this fine lake, provided they have plenty of natural food.

J. A. HENSALL.

CYNTHIANA, Ky., Feb. 1883.

TEMPERATURE OF WISCONSIN LAKES.—Messrs. E. M. Gifford and G. W. Peckham, their investigations into the temperature of Wisconsin lakes found, that at a depth of eighty feet there was a temperature of forty-two degrees Fahrenheit in summer and thirty-nine or lower in winter.

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

#### BENCH SHOWS.

March 29, 27, and 28, 1883.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club. Bench Show, at Ottawa, Canada. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent. April 3, 4, and 5, 1883. Western Pennsylvania Fowl Society's Fifth Annual Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the English Show Derby, for English setters wheeled on or after January 1, 1882, closed February 1, 1883. Chas. Lincoln Superintendent. C. H. Elbin, Secretary.

May 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1883.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City. Chas. Lincoln, Super.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in order otherwise from the latter matters of importance are liable to delay.

### THE WASHINGTON DOG SHOW.

THE bench show held at Washington last week under the management of Mr. Charles Lincoln was quite a success. There were 292 entries, nearly all of them present. Including the puppies there were over 400 dogs in the building. The show was held in the Rotunda of the Hotel, which is well adapted for the purpose except that it is not large enough. The quality of the dogs shown was excellent, many of the best animals in the country being present. We were surprised to see so many good dogs of the breed from Washington. The show was very well conducted. A large number of the most prominent men in the country were present, and many of them expressed their delight at beholding so grand an exhibition. The ladies were also out in force; many of the queens of the breed were present, and many of the cutest and loveliest were lavishly bestowed upon the lucky dogs.

We were pleased to learn that Mr. Lincoln was able to show a handsome balance upon the right side of his books. The judges upon the whole were fairly satisfactory. Owing to pressing matters of business (apt. Wise telegraphed at the last moment that it would be impossible for him to be present, and the exhibitors selected Mr. Chas. H. Mason to fill his stead) we were of course much disappointed, nearly all the judges assigned to him, and in these he made but few mistakes. Mr. Watson also understands the classes he judged, and his decisions were generally indorsed. We were sorry to see that the judges were not very good indeed. A large number of the most prominent men in the country were present, and many of them expressed their delight at beholding so grand an exhibition. The ladies were also out in force; many of the queens of the breed were present, and many of the cutest and loveliest were lavishly bestowed upon the lucky dogs.

Everything pertaining to the show, so far as Mr. Lincoln was concerned, was of course managed to the satisfaction of all; we have never seen dogs better cared for. We understand that it is Mr. Lincoln's intention to hold an annual bench show at Washington. Should he decide to do this, we think we shall be well sustained by both exhibitors and the public.

Friday evening was the occasion of a very interesting ceremony. In behalf of the numerous friends and admirers of Old Leicester, Col. Tom Watson presented a magnificent silver collar, upon which was his name in large raised letters. The Colonel was very happy in his allusions to events in the career of the grand old dog. Closing with a glowing tribute to his usefulness, he then turned around and placed the collar on the neck of the hero and crowned him with a wreath of laurel. Loud and long continued applause greeted the graceful act. Col. Ochiltree then turned to the beautiful Princess III., and in a few words she was presented her with the medal she had won. She was also applauded to the echo, and for a long time admiring crowds gathered around and paid honor to the wonderful pair. Below will be found our comments upon the dogs.

#### MASTIFFS.

There were three grand dogs in the dog class. Cassar was absent. Major, who was first, is a magnificent animal and a credit to his sire, champion Girth. Tiny and Jumbo were also very good. Croyle, in the bitch class, won first, she is a splendid specimen of the breed, although rather old to show well. Dinah II., who was placed second, is a very well bred bitch, but lacks size, she like her mother, has her good points and good looks. Leda, the only other entry, we do not like as a mastiff. Only one puppy was entered, Europa, who gives promise of turning out something nice.

#### ST. BERNARDS.

The St. Bernards were very good all through, with scarcely a bad one in the lot. The best of the breed, the champion class was properly divided into a dog and bitch class. Harold, the only dog, was in grand form. Judy, who won in the bitch class, also looked well. In the rough-coated dog class St. Elmo was a very fine dog, but he was not a very good specimen of the breed. He was given the prize to which he was entitled. He is a very fair animal, although he stands too high behind and is rather weak in the hind legs, which he may outgrow. He reminds us, especially in head, of Snip, who was the champion of the breed. Marcus was a very good specimen of the breed, but he was not a very good specimen of the breed. He was given the prize to which he was entitled. He is a very fair animal, although he stands too high behind and is rather weak in the hind legs, which he may outgrow. He reminds us, especially in head, of Snip, who was the champion of the breed. 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Class 1.—Mastiffs. Dogs.—1st, D. P. Foster, New York, Major, tawn, 5mos., champion Gurth-Lady Ringwood. 2d, W. Wade, Pittsburgh, Pa., Tiny, fawn, 12mos., imported. Vhc., Charles E. Lewis, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., Jumbo, tawn, 2yrs., sire and dam owned by Lord Dufferin.

**Cass G.—**Airedale offered by Mr. Mason for the best dog or bitch in the class classes—Mr. Goodsell's English setter bitch Petrel H.

**Diana L.—**For the best Scotch deerhound—Mr. W. S. P. Emmous's Diana.

**Class I.—**For the best English setter dog or bitch whelped since January 1st, 1882, bred and owned in Washington.—Mr. Edward L. Mills's Diana.

**Class J.—**For the best toy or ladies' pet dog owned and exhibited by a lady residing in Washington.—Miss May M. Johnson's pug dog Dora.

**Class K.—**For the best Skye or Yorkshire terrier owned and entered by a lady residing in Washington.—Miss E. B. Wilson's Yorkshire terrier.

**Class L.—**For the best English pug owned and entered by a lady residing in Washington.—Miss Mary M. Johnson's dog Trout.

**Class M.—**For the best bulldog owned and exhibited by a lady in the non-sporting classes.—Mrs. Edwin A. Preb's pug dog George.

**Class N.—**For the best English setter dog or bitch that never won a first prize at any Western Cossack show.

**Class O.—**For the best Gordon setter.—Mr. Garrett Rouse's Lady Gordon.

**Class P.—**For the best bull-dog.—Mr. James Mortimer's Ruster.

**Class Q.—**For the best spaniel.—Col. Stuart Taylor's Benedict.

**Class R.—**For the best Skye terrier owned by a lady residing in Washington.

**Class S.—**For best pair of foxhounds (no entries, offered for the best English setter puppy owned in Washington.—Mr. Edward L. Mills's Diana).

**Class T.—**For the best setter or pointer owned in Washington.—Miss L. Roeske's Cossack.

**Class U.—**For the best collie.—Mr. Thomas H. Terry's Robin Adair.

## THE ST. BERNARD.

IT is always with delight I welcome any reference in your columns to the St. Bernard dog, and it was therefore with especial pleasure that I read the letter of so great an authority as you recently published in your issue of the 15th of February. In that letter Mr. Gresham contends that the body color of the breed should be either orange tawny or grizzle, with white markings, which latter are defined to be a white blaze up the face, uniting with a white throat ruff; and he declares that the breed is not objects to on a ground that they can be produced by various crosses, and should therefore be regarded with suspicion (though the same objection, he admits, cannot be urged against the Scotch deerhound). He certainly has no right to be on behalf of this last-named specimen that I now take up the cudgel.

I think it will be conceded that what we are aiming at is a head from which the body may be taken. If a by-gone cross shall be eliminated, and certain markings and peculiarities such as double dew claws, fixed,

If I am correct in this supposition, then I contend that the white-bodied dog with evenly marked head should be placed on an equality with dogs whose body color is orange tawny or grizzle. For the first-named dog shows the markings just as plainly as the other two, and is certainly, in color, further removed from any suspicion of Newfoundland or mastiff blood than the second named. He certainly will be considered far handsomer and more noble looking, will be found that the St. Bernard dog is kept up both on this continent and in England solely as a companion and guard, for which his beauty, docility and size pre-eminently fit him, it seems to me. It would hardly be fair to encourage the breed as much as possible. That the white body and evenly marked head is the color most in favor with the general public, I had fair proof last week at the Simcoe Dog Show. I saw an equality with dogs whose body color is orange tawny or grizzle, with white markings, which latter are defined to be a white blaze up the face, uniting with a white throat ruff; and he declares that the breed is not objects to on a ground that they can be produced by various crosses, and should therefore be regarded with suspicion (though the same objection, he admits, cannot be urged against the Scotch deerhound). He certainly has no right to be on behalf of this last-named specimen that I now take up the cudgel.

Mr. Nevins Thwaitt, an authority scarcely second to Mr. Gresham, writing in the *Venezia Gazette*, of October, 1880, says: "I like the white body with evenly marked head, as when washed and in good coat they look so handsome." He also mentions the fact that the two bitches he saw at the Monastery were entirely white, and that the four puppies were all marked on one side of the head.

In conclusion I would point out that if the monks' standard of color is to be strictly followed, then, too, in reason we must admit that the variety of colors of the hair of the dogs they prefer to be intermediate between that of the rough and smooth varieties, thinking it better suited to the work the dogs have to perform. Were this done, which personally I heartily approve, the color of the hair of the dogs would lead to lower their colors to possibly one of a more correct but certainly not so beautiful a type. FRED. W. ROTHEA.

SINCE, Ont., Feb. 20, 1881.

## EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Eastern Field Trials Club, held at Belmont's on Tuesday evening, February 20, the following gentlemen were present: Messrs. Elliott Smith, Robert C. Cornell, J. E. I. Trainger, W. A. Coster, Geo. Leach, A. E. Godfrey and H. E. Hamilton. The committee on annual supper and the committee on running trials were reported. The committee on incorporation reported that the club was now legally incorporated. The committee on ground submitted the following report:

To the Executive Committee of the Eastern Field Trials Club.  
Your committee, appointed at the annual meeting of the club, held at Belmont's on Tuesday evening, February 20, 1881, do respectfully report:

That they have met from time to time, and have authorized the secretary of the club to proceed to High Point and arrange for the trial grounds, and to purchase the land of the game and other sportsmen who own the grounds for the trials.

That Mr. Coster reports that he has been able to secure about 3,500 acres of land, bounded on the north by the railroad to Washington, on the east by Deep River, on the south by a line running from High Point to Ashburn, and on the west by the main road to High Point.

That Mr. Coster has interviewed each of the land owners within the described section, and found them all friendly to the club, and ready to make arrangements for the trials. The payment to them of two dollars per acre for each acre they show. The lands to be drawn immediately before the trials, and payment to be made according to the birds shot.

The member of the club conducting such drawing to give a certificate to the land owner of the number of coverts found, which will be cashed on presentation to the treasurer.

The committee also reported that they had secured portions of the ground and found more birds than were found at the late trials. From the report of the farmers and his personal investigation, it is estimated that there are at present on the grounds from forty to sixty coverts, averages, perhaps, eight hundred.

Annexed to this report is a rough map made by Mr. Co-

ter, showing the location of the grounds, names of owners, and a schedule designating the acreage of each owner.

Your committee further report that in their judgment about five hundred quail should be set out during the present month. Allowing strictly within the province of their appointment, they have written to High Point for the purpose of securing as many as possible up to five hundred birds, and have requested Mr. Abner Holden to have them set out.

Your committee further reports that Mr. Coster has made inquiries of residents in the neighborhood of Salisbury, N. C., where grounds were offered to the club, but that there were no grounds within fifteen miles of Salisbury available, and that it would be necessary to sleep at Salisbury and take a train every morning and evening to and from the grounds.

Your committee are of the opinion that the grounds at High Point are the most available for the purposes of the club, and they recommend that the grounds designated on the accompanying map be accepted by the club.

Your committee further report that Mr. Coster has arranged with one of the hotel keepers at High Point to board any number of handlers up to 100 for \$1.25 per day, including the board of one dog, and 25 cents extra for each extra dog per day.

The lively stable will furnish a three-seated wagon for \$4 per day, or \$2 for half a day with room for five persons and the driver. A buggy for \$5.50 per day, and \$1.50 for half a day for two persons. Saddle-horses \$1.50 per day, and \$1 for half a day, and an outfit for 25 cents per day, to go three and a half miles from High Point.

Your committee further reports that Mr. Coster reports that no objection will be made by the land owners to shooting by members, under the permission of the club, over the grounds reserved.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

(Signed) GEO. T. LEACH,  
ELLIS SMITH,  
J. E. GODFREY,  
WASHINGTON A. COSTER.

The report was approved and adopted, and the committee were authorized to carry out the arrangements proposed in their report. It was also voted that every member of the club be furnished with one signed by the president and secretary, entitling him to shoot over the preserved club grounds after the trials until the close of the season, and that the secretary furnish each land owner a copy of such card, the number of birds that may be killed to be limited to such number as the committee may designate at the time of the trials.

Mr. John Boland, of Avon, N. Y., and Mr. D. S. Gregory, of New York, were elected members. It was voted that Mr. E. H. Smith be chairman of the committee on the field trials of the club, unless elected by the National American Gun Club, and that the National American Gun Club be informed of the action of the club. It was also voted not to consider the action of the club in relation to delinquency of Mr. W. Mitchell, and that he be so informed. Nov. 19, was decided upon for the commencement of the field trials of 1893, which will probably allow the All-Aged State to commence on the 31st. Twenty-five dollars was appropriated to be given in prizes at the coming year's show of the Westminster Kennel Club for the best field trial winners exhibited—setters and pointers.

### THE SIMCOE BENCH SHOW.

THE fourth annual exhibition of the Simcoe Poultry, Dog and Pet Stock Association was held at Simcoe, Canada, on Feb. 14, 15 and 16, and was one of the largest and most nearly all of the prominent breeders in the Province. The show was held in the Military Drill Shed, which is spacious, well lighted and ventilated. The coops for the poultry occupied the center, and the kennels for the dogs were arranged around the sides. There were quite a number of first-class specimens of the different breeds exhibited, among them are some not unknown to fame.

In the English setter class, Mr. T. G. Davey, of London, was the highest prize winner, with a dog named "Lilly" and his bitch "Glenlilly." I thought Dan O'Shley's Lilly full as good as the latter. Jack and Jack in the Gordon class made a splendid brace, and it took Dr. Niven some time to decide between them. I thought the specimen of the Irish setter and easily won first. There were quite a number of very good setter puppies present. Ned and Ranger, in the pointers, were both good and nearly equal. Dan O'Shley's couple of pointers, "Forster" and "Ranger," were both good, and the latter was a very good specimen. The English pointer was also well represented, and the best of the breed was shown at Ottawa, Pittsburgh and New York. Fennel, in the terriers, is the best one that I ever saw. Mr. Gibson should send him to the large shows, where I am sure his merits would be fully appreciated. The English bulldog, "Bobby," and Black Mac, were also remarkably good. Mr. Rothera's splendid collection of St. Bernards were the best feature of the show, and attracted a great deal of attention. His magnificent "Prince" and "Princess" were the best animals in the show, an honor that he richly merited. Dr. Niven, of London, filled the position very acceptably. Following are the awards:

English Setters.—1st, T. G. Davey, London, Laver Rock. Bitches.—1st, T. G. Davey, London, Glenlilly. Dan O'Shley, London, Lilly. Black and Tan Setters.—1st, Lorne Campbell, Jack. 2d, J. P. Duffin, London, Jack. Vets. 1st, D. Hart. Fox Terriers.—1st, D. Hart, London, D. Flinley. Setter Puppies.—1st, D. O'Shley, London, Lilly. 2d, D. Durward. Pointers.—1st, Capt. Ermattinger, Ned. 2d, John Hall, Hamilton, Ranger. Foxhounds.—1st and 2d, D. O'Shley, London, Forster and Ringwood. Englishes.—1st and 2d, D. O'Shley, London, Music II, and Rover. Fox Terriers.—1st, R. Gibson, Merton, Music I. 2d, D. O'Shley, London. Other kind of Terriers.—1st and 2d, D. O'Shley, London, Margo and Lady. Field Spaniels.—1st, J. G. Marshall, Woodstock, Bob, Jr. 2d, J. R. Meek, Black Mac. Water Spaniels.—1st, P. D. Hart, Curly. Cocker Spaniels.—1st, D. O'Shley, London, Verne. 2d, T. Marshall, Col. 3d, W. M. Lorne, Lorn. 4th, B. L. G. Glazebrook. St. Bernards.—1st, W. M. Lorne, Lorn. 2d, W. M. Lorne, Lorn. Foxes.—1st, D. O'Shley, London, 2d, Lorne Campbell, Jack. Bull and Bull Terriers.—1st, J. D. Lorne, Lorn. 2d, J. D. Lorne, Lorn. Bull not otherwise classified.—Equal 1st, Dr. H. D. Durward, D. O'Shley, London. Special Prizes.—For the best dog on exhibition—Fred W. Rothera, St. Bernard Prince. For best three English setters—T. G. Davey, London, Laver Rock and Glenlilly. For best pointer—John Hall, Ranger. For best cocker spaniel—D. O'Shley, London, Verne. For best English bulldog—W. M. Lorne, Lorn. For best fox terrier—R. Gibson, Merton. For best black and tan setter—D. Hart, Curly. For best Irish setter—Chas. A. Flinley, Pato and Vets. For best black terrier—R. Gibson, Merton. For best English bulldog—W. M. Lorne, Lorn. For best black and tan setter—D. O'Shley, London, Music II.

**KENNEL NOTES.**—The publication of the Kennel Notes is for the benefit of dog owners, breeders and buyers. We are not anxious of asking too much when we request correspondents who have notes to write, to follow the style of the printed notes. A very little care on the part of our friends will insure early and correct publication of news.

**THE PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.**—Everything promises well for the Pittsburgh show, and the managers are sanguine in the belief that it will far surpass any that they have yet seen. Major J. M. Taylor, of Lexington, Ky., will judge the English, Irish and Gordon setters and pointers. The other judges have not yet been selected.

**NEW YORK DOG SHOW.**—Mr. Charles Lincoln is in the city attending to the preliminary arrangements for the seventh annual bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club. An office has been secured at No. 23 Park Row, rooms 257 and 258. The office will be open from 10 to 12, at which time the prize list and entry blanks will be ready. A number of changes in the classification will be made and some new classes added.

### KENNEL NOTES.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Stock, with sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

#### NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.  
Study Book, *Stanton Hunt, Steel Bone*. By Mr. Edward O'Neil, New Orleans, La., for pointer pups, whelped Oct. 12, 1892, by his blood out of Mr. J. C. Walker's Pick.

*Pointing*. By Mr. W. R. T. Vanderput, Pittsburg, Pa., for liver and white pointer bitches, whelped Oct. 2, 1892 (Don-Luck).

*Jersey Lilly*. By Mr. J. W. Rushforth, Yonkers, N. Y., for liver, with white feet and breast cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 20, 1892 (Prime's Joe—Beauty).

*Pointing*. By Mr. C. V. V. Sewell, for three whelps, whelped Nov. 4, 1892, at Farrytown, N. Y., out of Lou (Skip—Nanna) by Guess (Toby—Flora).

*Tagg*. By Mr. M. W. Oliver, Buffalo, N. Y., for black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped May 23, 1892, by Ray (Gordon—Dream) out of Mist (Grant—Noll).

*Don*. By Mr. W. R. T. Vanderput, Pittsburg, Pa., for black and white (ticked) English setter bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1892, by Dash III out of Bessie (Don—Davidson's Flora II).

*Trifle of the West*. By Mr. G. R. Nichols, New Haven, Conn., for black, white and tan pointer puppy by Count Nover out of Lala (Lala—Fanny).

*Pointing*. By Mr. D. H. Goodwin, Newburyport, Mass., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, once old, by Dash III, out of Juno (Lepus—Belle).

#### NAMES CHANGED.

See instructions at head of this column.  
*Don*. By Mr. W. R. T. Vanderput, Pittsburg, Pa., for black and white (ticked) English setter bitch, whelped July 1, 1891 (Splinter—Nora), owned by Mr. Lawrence Thompson, New York.

*Shanghai*. By Mr. W. R. T. Vanderput, Pittsburg, Pa., for black, white and tan pointer bitch, once old, by Dash III, out of Juno (Lepus—Belle).

See instructions at head of this column.  
*Pointing*. By Mr. D. H. Goodwin, Newburyport, Mass., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, once old, by Dash III, out of Juno (Lepus—Belle).

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181 (Sensation's) Son—Grace, by Mr. Luke W. White (Bridgeport, Conn.) to Mr. Geo. J. Gould.

*Major*. By Mr. J. H. Haines (Pittsburg, Pa.) to Mr. Garrett (New York).

*Pointing*. By Mr. J. H. Haines (Pittsburg, Pa.) to Mr. Garrett (New York).

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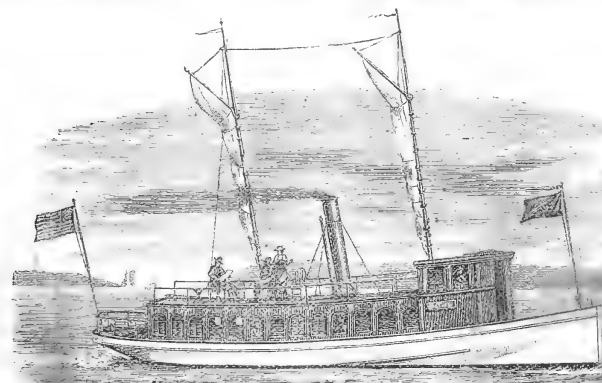
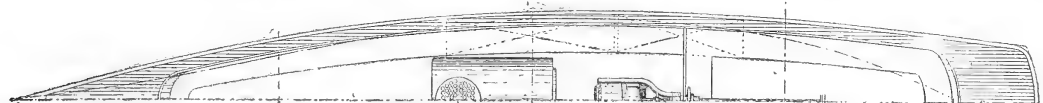
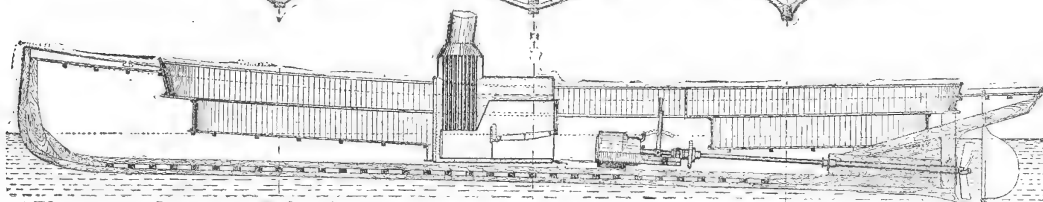
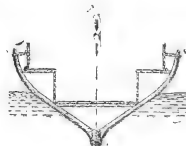
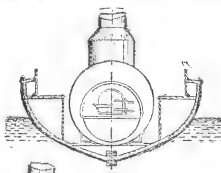
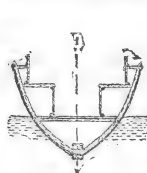
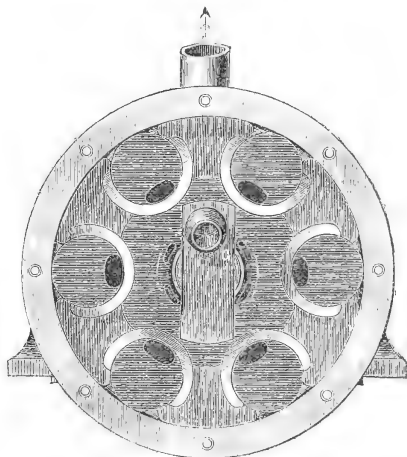
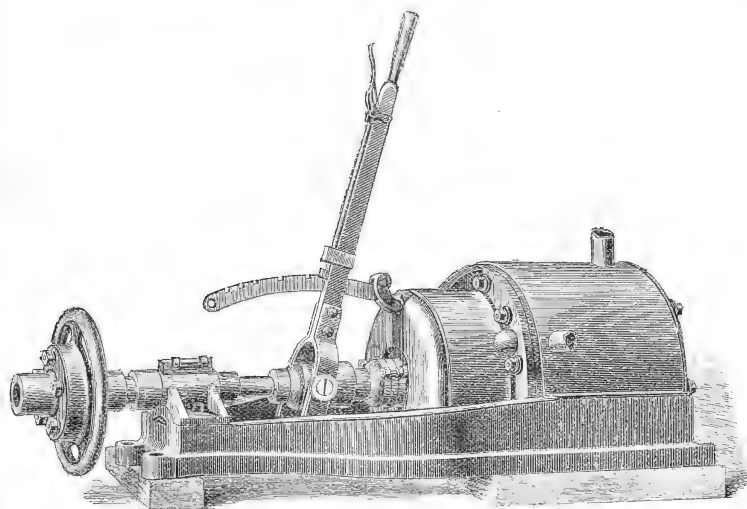
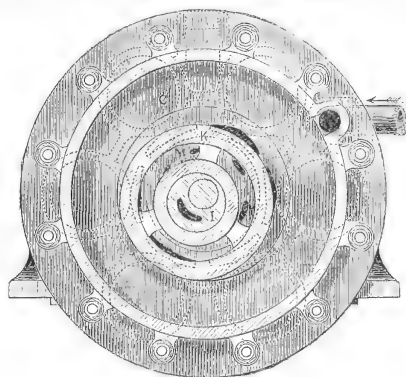
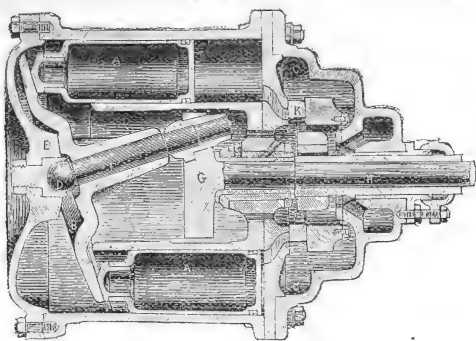


The birds were a lot of tame ones, and while they did very well for such stock, and were not disappointingly sluggish, yet they were very far from being up to the grade of good, swift-flying wild birds,









#### THE COLT DISC ENGINE FOR YACHTS.

THE introduction of steam as an element in yachting has within the past few years added a new chapter to this instructive and exhilarating sport, and has been the means of bringing out a vast amount of enterprising ingenuity and a great deal of friendly rivalry among yachting men, some of whom have carried the spirit of emulation so far as to build a new steamer every season, or nearly so, with the object of beating former records as to speed and eclipsing all rivals. Of course a great deal of the enterprise thus displayed has been entirely misplaced, owing to the want of practical knowledge on the part of these amateur marine architects; but, on the other hand, a great deal of valuable data has been obtained from these numerous experiments by men of sufficient means to carry out their hobbies, and this has been fully taken advantage of by those who make a business of building steamers and marine engines.

Steam yachts may be roughly divided into three classes, namely: Racing Machines, or boats constructed without regard for any other consideration except speed, such boats, indeed, having but little claim to the title of yacht, which, strictly speaking, implies a pleasure boat; Steam Yachts proper, or steamers constructed with a due regard for all the conditions necessary in a pleasure boat, namely, comfort, safety, elegance and reasonable speed; and Combined Steam and Sailing Yachts, in which both canvas and steam power are available, and in which in some instances the steam power is only considered as auxiliary.

The first-mentioned class will always find some advocates in a country where the almost universal motto is "Go ahead," and a brief allusion to them is, therefore, not out of place.

Allowing for the comparatively small advantages or disadvantages due to more or less perfect models, the speed of a boat may be said to depend upon the relation of the available power to the displacement or weight of the boat and its contents. Thus in order to obtain increased speed, either the weight of both hull and machinery must be reduced or the capacity of boiler and engine increased,





# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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## MR. VEST'S VICTORY.

THURSDAY last in the United States Senate was devoted in part to a discussion of the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill. Among the amendments to this bill which were passed by the Senate were a number relating to the Yellowstone Park, by which it is for the present efficiently protected from the greed of the body of men who have so earnestly striven to wrest it from the people of this country and turn it into a speculation with which to line their own pockets. The bill as amended and as passed by both houses of Congress contains the following provisions:

"For the protection and improvement of the Yellowstone National Park: For every purpose and object necessary for the protection, preservation, and improvement of the Yellowstone National Park, including compensation of superintendents and employees, \$40,000, \$2,000 of said amount to be paid annually to a superintendent of said Park, and \$900 annually to each of ten assistants, all of whom shall be appointed by the Secretary of the Interior, and reside continuously in the Park, and whose duty it shall be to protect the game, timber, and objects of interest therein; the balance of the sum appropriated to be expended in the construction and improvement of suitable roads and bridges within said Park, under the supervision and direction of an engineer officer detailed by the Secretary of War for that purpose.

"The Secretary of the Interior may lease small portions of ground in the Park, not exceeding ten acres in extent for each tract, on which may be erected hotels and the necessary outbuildings, and for a period not exceeding ten years; but such lease shall not include any of the geysers or other objects of curiosity or interest in said Park, or exclude the public from the free and convenient approach thereto; or include any ground within one quarter of a mile of any of the geysers or of the Yellowstone Falls, nor shall there be leased more than ten acres to any one person or corporation; nor shall any hotel or other buildings be erected within the Park until such lease shall be executed by the Secretary of the Interior, and all contracts, agreements, or exclusive privileges heretofore made or given in regard to said Park, or any part thereof, are hereby declared to be invalid; nor shall the Secretary of the Interior, in any lease which he may make and execute, grant any exclusive privileges within said Park, except upon the ground leased.

"The Secretary of War, upon the request of the Secretary of the Interior, is hereby authorized and directed to make the necessary details of troops to prevent trespassers or intruders from entering the Park for the purpose of destroying the game or objects of curiosity therein, or for any other purpose prohibited by law, and to remove such persons from the Park if found therein."

These provisions appear to give ample assurance that the people are to be allowed to possess their pleasure ground in peace, and are not to be passed over to the tender mercies of the corporation, which, with a shrinking modesty that has rarely been equalled, attempted to seize for its own benefit about two and one quarter millions of acres of the domain of the United States. If they did not succeed in accomplishing their object it was not for want of energy, shrewdness, money, nor powerful backing. Some of the sharpest intellects, some of the best business ability in the country, worked for them; they had unlimited money with which to influence legislation; they had an enormous political power behind them. Senators and ex-Senators, men whose names are known to every voter, nay to almost every woman and child, throughout the country, did not hesitate to lobby for the success of this project, to speak for it in the halls of Congress, to use every influence, personal and political, to further it. The press of the country, with a few exceptions, was on the side of the jobbers, and they used it in such ways as they pleased. Captured by a shallow device, which we long ago exposed, the newspapers lent themselves to this scheme, and became the willing tools of the ring. There were some notable exceptions to this rule, but it was none the less the rule. With all this in their favor the question may well be asked, "Why did they not succeed in their plans?" The answer can readily be given by one who has watched the fight from its inception. They failed because Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri, occupies a seat in the Senate of these United States. Therefore every citizen owes to this gentleman warm thanks.

No one who is not thoroughly familiar with Washington and the methods of the lobbyist can at all conceive the difficulties against which he had to contend. The opposition which he had to meet in his patriotic efforts to protect the people came from all sides. The politicians, the press, the

lobby, and a considerable number of his colleagues were all against him. Only the people were on his side. He persevered, and in the face of every opposition succeeded in carrying through the measures above cited. We congratulate the Senator on his victory.

It is a matter of regret that the bill which provided for the extension of the limits of the Park could not have been passed during the present session of Congress, but we trust that at the next steps may be taken, in time, to set aside from settlement a considerable additional tract of territory on the south and east of the present Park.

In his effort to save the Park, Senator Vest has received efficient aid from Mr. Harrison, of Indiana, a gentleman who last summer visited the Park, and was thus able to speak intelligently of its needs.

We print in another column the remarks of Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, and Senator Vest's reply. Our readers can very clearly judge from these remarks just exactly how broad and liberal are the views of the Kansas Senator, and how intelligent an interest he takes in the important matter of the National Park. It was scarcely to have been supposed that in a body like the United States Senate any one could have been found to express such sentiments as those quoted, and from their tone we should imagine that the Senator was a kind of a Rip Van Winkle, only more so—a hundred years behind his age. Senator Vest's admirable reply seems to have left Mr. Ingalls nothing to say.

The time will soon come, even if it is not already here, when the Yellowstone Park will be cheap to this nation at a million dollars a year. The piracy policy of saving a few dollars now, and by that means losing in the future something that it will be then wholly out of our power to regain, cannot be too strongly condemned. The Park is at present all our own. How would our readers like to see it become a second Niagara—a place where one goes only to be fleeced, where patent medicine advertisements stare one in the face, and the beauties of nature have all been defiled by the greed of man?

It is the boast of the day that this is a practical age, and its motto seems to be, "Put money in thy purse." Get money; get it—honestly, if you can—but get it. Sacrifice everything to this hunger for lucre. Set Niagara to turning millwheels, build your manufactories over the geysers, for in them you have perpetual motion. Cut up your parks and sell them for farms or for building lots, as the case may be. The man whose pockets are to be filled will not say a word against the work of destruction.

The progress of this spirit must be checked; and for having interfered to save the Park from the monopolists, we thank you, Senator Vest.

## HUNTING WITHOUT A GUN.—III.

ALL seasons are good wherein to go hunting without a gun, but none better than when the arbutus is blooming or a little earlier, when of all flowers the liverleaf alone has raised its head above the mold. For then you are in duty bound not to hunt, it being close time for all game except wild ducks and geese and the persecuted snipe—and ought to be for them.

The trees are waking from their long sleep, showing it not only by the swelling buds that give a purple tinge to all the gray woods, but by a more living look in their trunks. Their old leaves, pressed flat by the snow, that so long has lain upon them, thickly cover the ground and will add a nail's thickness to the crust of the world.

Here and there on the brown carpet, are tufts of evergreen ferns, cushions of moss, blotches of the purple green leaves of hepatica and dots of its flowers. The sun shines down through the lattice of branches, and checks all with meshes of shadow.

The chipmunk and woodchuck have left the darkness of the under world and are out in the sun again. The birds that spend the year with us are here—jays, woodpeckers, titmice and nuthatches—all busy and noisy, and some of the migrants have come. A hawk is cruising high above the tree-tops, his broad sails golden brown in the sunlight, and a black guard of crows are challenging a fox in his own woods, or an owl in the tree, that has been his home these ten years. A peewee makes sudden flights from her perch and back, gathering an insect in every airy loop. A bluebird carols in a tree-top against a sky as blue as his back, and a flock of slate-colored snowbirds are thridding a thicket, and filling it with their light warble and sharp metallic chip, like the clinking of castanets. They are not snowbirds with us, for they go further southward when the first snow comes, and are by no means the earliest spring comers.





year-olds, \$6.50 for three-year-olds, and \$8 for four-year-olds and upward, extra heavy ones sometime bringing \$10 per head.

Generally one or two young men, sons of the former owners of the cattle, would go along with the herd to assist in driving, and at the same time look after the interests of their friends and neighbors, and if the dealer should decide not to return immediately to the same neighborhood, they would disappear, and the herd, thus being alone, would receive the purchase money due to their friends at home, having been previously authorized by power of attorney to do so.

These droves or herds numbered from a thousand to twenty-five hundred head, rarely exceeding the latter figure, and it would require four men for the first five hundred head, and a man for each hundred after. In addition to these men there would be needed one pilot to lead the herd, and select camping grounds, etc. One cook, a teamster to drive the heavy canvas-covered wagons drawn by five or six yoke of oxen, containing the cook and camp equipages, and two men to drive and attend to the spare saddle horses, of which there would be needed three or four for each vaquero.

The trip to Kansas used to occupy from sixty to eighty days, driving ten or twelve miles a day, but stopping over occasionally for three or four days, to rest the cattle where they found good camping and grazing ground, and also being delayed sometime for a week at a time gathering together the cattle after a stampede.

The wages paid these vaqueros, or cowboys, as they are now called, was sixty to eighty dollars per month, with arms and everything furnished, and one month's pay in addition and allowed to them for their expenses on the return trip to their homes in Texas.

A trip up the trail with a herd was always accompanied by great hardships and many startling incidents. Starting as they did in the spring of the year, when every stream was swollen, they had to swim the Brazos, Colorado, Trinity, Red River, and the Wichita and Arkansas rivers, beside many smaller streams, all with swift-flowing currents and changing quicksands.

I have seen sixty steers bogged down in the quicksands of the Red River at one time, and yet, owing to the indefatigable exertions made by all hands, we only lost eleven head by being either smothered or drowned. The cowboys would dig down in the quicksand with their fingers until they could pass a lariat under the animal's fetlock joints, and so, pulling one leg out at a time, release the herd. Then, over and over like a barrel until they reached terra firma, when they would immediately rise to their feet and, after shaking their heads awhile, come charging on their rescuers.

To get their wagons and camp equipage across these swollen streams, they would construct a raft from the dead timber found along the banks, and then six or eight vaqueros would attach one end of their lariats to it and the other to the horns of their saddles, and so causing their ponies to swim, tow the raft and wagon across.

Then there were the stampedes, on dark and stormy nights generally, accompanied by loud peeling thunder and vivid streaks of lightning, when the cattle would suddenly start up as with one impulse, and run for miles, the earth literally trembling under the heavy tramp of the moving mass, which nothing could stop until they ran themselves down. I knew of one instance of a cowboy who, on such a night, jumped on his pony without either saddle or bridle, and with no clothes on but his shirt and drawers, and bare-headed, ran with a stampeded herd a distance of thirteen miles, until he succeeded in stopping a bunch of eighty-five head which had become separated from the main herd, and being unable to drive them back to the camp, held them until three o'clock next day, when some of the other hands came to his assistance. He had herded this bunch bare-headed under a broiling sun all day, and on foot, as his horse had been completely run down during the night.

The Cross Timbers, situated between the Brazos and Trinity rivers, was invaded by a gang of desperadoes and cattle thieves at this time, who resorted to all sort of schemes to stampede the herds as they passed through that country; they would then fall in behind a bunch of the stampeded cattle and run them off a long distance into some brushy creek bottom, where they would keep them in hiding until the balance of the herd had been gathered together and moved on. They would then kill the cattle they had thus stolen for the sake of the hides and tallow, which they would sell in the nearest town.

I recall a case in which one of these cattle thieves was caught by a cowboy on guard in the act of tying a flinted raw hide to the tail of a milch cow, which he had driven up to the outskirts of the herd for that purpose. If he had succeeded, the rattling of the dry hide would have frightened the cow and caused her to run, and the faster she ran the more noise the rattling hide would have made, and this stampeded the herd. The boys gave this fellow a short shrift, and the next day the boss of the herd rode in to the neighboring town of Hillsboro and reported that the body of a man had been found near his camp with three bullets in his heart and several holes in other portions of the body; at the same time he related the capture that his men had made the previous night, adding, "of course he got away." I believe some of the citizens went out and buried the fellow, but there was no sort of judicial inquiry made as to the manner or cause of his death, and the matter was understood.

The Chickasaw Indians, Pawnees and other Indians through whom the herds had to pass, also harassed them and stole their cattle and saddle horses, and battles between parties of cowboys and these Indians, in which many of both sides would be killed and wounded, were of frequent occurrence.

After they arrived in Kansas, if the owner concluded to winter his cattle below putting them on the market, the cowboys would have no easy time of it. Living in a hole dug out from the side of some hill, with probably a buffalo robe or two to keep them from the cold ground, riding twenty-five or thirty miles in all sorts of weather daily, often being away from camp all night after a bunch of stray cattle, when they would have to seek some ravine or hollow where they could find a little rest, and then sit there all night to keep from freezing to death, for a cowboy would suffer untold privations before he would return to camp and report a failure to bring back any cattle he had started after and endure the jeers and derision to which he would be subjected at the hands of his fellows.

Taking it all in all, the cowboy of those days was not so bad as he has been painted. Quick with his pistol to resist a fancied injury, just as ready to fight for his rights as his employer, though he kept from personal interest in the quarrel; generous and open-hearted. His word was his bond in

everything but swamping horses. Faithful in the discharge of his onerous duties, his chief fault was his love of strong drink and gambling; under the influence of the former he would become a perfect demon. Abilene, Elsworth, Wichita, and other Kansas towns at which they used to arrive from their long, hard trips up the trail, were full of gambling dens, rum shops, and dance-houses of the lowest description, kept principally by Northern men and women for the purpose of prevailing upon these unsophisticated semi-barbarians. Is it any wonder then that they should become the desperadoes and terrorists to society they have, when such snares and pitfalls have been laid for them and temptations thrown in their way?

The profits in the Texas cattle trade were very large, but the risks to be run were also great. With fair luck a herd could be driven from Texas to Kansas and wintered there for \$2.50 per head, with a loss of five per cent. of the cattle on the trail and from five to eight per cent. extra loss during the winter. With a hard, wet trip and many stampedes the loss would be much greater, and in wintering there was always the chance of trouble with the Indians or being burned out by the Kansas jayhawkers, when the probabilities were that the owner would lose everything, and come out on foot in the ensuing spring, as once happened to the writer of this article.

#### A LONGING FOR SPRING.

( ) WOULD I could sing:

"The winter over,

The breath of the spring

Is rippling the clover;

Daisies and daffodils

Languish, I ween,

In the valleys and the hills

Are 'waxen' the green."

O would I could hear

"The voice of the turtle"

At even, so clear

Afar in the myrtle!

Often I listen,

Yet listen in vain I—

Bound fast in prison

Of frost doth the earth lie.

O would I could tread

The path of the past-time,

Where leaves, lying dead,

Are crooning a sad rhyme.

Over hill and through dale

Long I to roam.

Now watching the cloud-sails,

And on the bee's foam.

O would I could climb,

As erst, the bold mountain.

Could look on the rim

Of sky-fostered fountain.

Leap like the anemone,

From crest to crest.

And see the far spaces open,

To the eastward and west.

O would I could throw

My crafty creation

Where the swift waters flow.

In sweet expectation

To see the fish take it!

Ah me and ah me!

I anticipate it

So heartily!

Those longings will come

On days such as this

When winter seems dumb

To the rills in the ridges.

Oh, do the buds and bees

Think it is spring!

Long to path forth on trees,

Blithely to sing!

O. W. R.

### Natural History.

#### THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

By EVERETT SMITH

FAMILY ARDEIDÆ: HERONS.

206. Great Blue Heron—*Ardea herodias* Aud.; Ridg. 487, Cs. 655.—Common throughout the State. Arrives late of March and early in April. Breeds on trees; lays three or more bluish green eggs in June. Remains until late in the autumn. I saw one at Scarborough December 25, 1877, a remarkably late date for the species to be here.

207. Great White Egret—*Ardea candidissima* Aud.; *Herodias alba egretta* Ridg. 489; *herodias egretta* Cs. 658.—A rare straggler from the South. The late Caleb G. Loring, Jr., shot a specimen at Scarborough, Maine, August 22, 1853. I saw a freshly killed specimen that was shot at Scarborough in April, 1875, and this was mounted by Mr. Willey, a taxidermist, then of Portland, Me. Mr. Boardman obtained a specimen, shot at the Bay of Fundy, in August, 1879.

208. Little White Egret, Snowy Heron—*Ardea candidissima* Aud.; *Garzetta candidissima* Ridg. 490, Cs. 659.—A rare straggler from the South. Mr. Boardman informed me that he has procured two specimens, which were shot in the vicinity of the St. Croix River.

209. Little Blue Heron—*Ardea herodias* Aud.; *Florida herodias* Ridg. 493, Cs. 662.—A rare straggler from the South, and but a single instance of its occurrence here has been reported.

While at Scarborough, during the latter part of May and early in June 1881, I learned that a white heron had been seen there by several persons. I offered a reward for the capture of this specimen, and various local gunners sought for it.

The bird passed the summer in the vicinity where first seen, and in September was shot by Mr. L. W. Pillsbury, a well-known gunner of Scarborough, in company with Mr. Charles H. Chandler, of Cambridge, Mass. The skin of this bird is preserved and in the possession of the latter gentleman.

My friend Nathan Clifford Brown, informs me that the specimen has been viewed and identified by Mr. H. A. Pur-

die as of the species above named, in the white phase of plumage peculiar to the birds of this species of less than three years of age.

210. Green Heron—*Ardea virescens* Aud.; *Butorides virescens* Ridg. 494, Cs. 663.—Common. Not abundant. Breeds on trees, lays three or more pale green eggs, in June. The little herons of this species appear now to be less common in Maine than formerly. I have never known them to be associated together in communities here, nor observed a greater number than the members of one family together.

211. Night Heron—*Ardea nycticorax* Aud.; *Nycticorax grisea* Ridg. 495; *Nycticorax grisea nivalis* Cs. 664.—Abundant; gregarious. Arrives in April. Breeds in colonies upon coniferous trees, usually preferring spruce swamps. Lays from three to five blue-green eggs in May and June. This bird is locally termed "stake," on account of its cry, and by an imitation of this cry the bird may be easily decoyed.

212. Bittern—*Ardea lentiginosa* Aud.; *Butorides lentiginosa* Ridg. 497; *Butorides nunguis* Cs. 666.—Abundant. Arrives early in May. Breeds on the ground, Lays five eggs in June. Locally known as "stake-driver," "meadow-hen," "mud-pie," etc.

Audubon wrote that he "never had a good opportunity of observing all the habits of this remarkable bird, which in many respects differs from most other herons."

Dr. Coues, after alluding to the vagueness and paucity of the information on the subject that has been given by Wilson, Nuttall, Richardson, and other ornithologists, says of his own experience, "Although I have seen many of the birds, I have never seen its nest, nor found it where I could suppose it was breeding."

The facts that the standard works on American ornithology give but little of this bird's life history, and the bird is often locally confounded with the night-heron, whose habits are quite different, induce me to repeat in this connection some of my own observations derived from many frequent opportunities for studying of the bittern in various localities, in New Hampshire, Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, at all seasons of the considerable portion of the year spent by the species in the regions named.

I first saw the nest of a bittern in 1863. While shooting at Scarborough, in the summer of 1862, upon what is termed the "upper marsh," Mr. Manson Libby, a native resident of that vicinity, saw, and informed me, and informed me, it was one of his family bred close by. At that time I was giving especial attention to oology and the nidification of birds, and immediately obtained a promise from Mr. Libby to observe if any bitterns returned to breed there the following spring, and inform me. This he did, but not until so late in the season that I failed to secure the eggs, which were hatched ere I could avail myself of an opportunity to visit this nest was of grass, and on the ground near the head of a little meadow communicating with the marsh. I have never known of the nest of a bittern elsewhere than on the ground, and although usually placed in close proximity to suitable feeding grounds, they are frequently located among the bushes and small growth to be found at the borders or in the midst of meadows. I have not so frequently found bitterns in covert, both in the breeding season and later, but I have never known one to alight on a tree except when wounded.

Until within a dozen years quite a number of pairs annually bred at the marshes of Scarborough, Maine, and a few pairs still breed there. These marshes are on the coast from six to ten miles westerly from the city of Portland, and are familiar with the haunts and habits. I found two families there so recently as 1877, and leaving them undisturbed until October, I then gathered in seven of them.

I once watched, at every opportunity (which occurred at least once in each week), the arrival and courtship of a pair that bred on a meadow in the town of Madison, New Hampshire. Every morning through the month of May could be heard those curious cries never heard by a woman, and to which during the spring, for which the farmers name them "stake-drivers."

The cries of but few birds can be expressed or imitated by words, but the syllables "pump-aug-aug," with a strong accent on the terminal "ga," are to my mind the best verbal expression of the bittern's cry that I have seen written. If a stake be placed between wooden buildings and driven into the ground by blows with a wooden maul, to one standing at a distance, or leaning the sheet of which immediately followed by its reverberatory echo from the buildings, the sound will seem a good imitation of the "stake-driver's" cries. So like unto these are these cries at times that I once knew a trout fisherman to drop his rod on the bank of a stream to seek information in regard to the locality from a "stake-driver" that he mistook to be some person building a fence.

These cries are sometimes given irregularly with long or short pauses between, and at other times the cries will be repeated regularly, perhaps slowly at first and gradually increasing in rapidity of repetition, after the manner of the whip-poor-will.

Although diurnal in its habits the bird is of a retiring nature, and I have known of many farmers who were perfectly familiar with the cry of the "stake-driver," but knew not whether it emanated from bird, beast or reptile, some expressing the belief that the cry was produced by a peculiar sort of frog, others that it was made by a little bird that always kept secreted in the dense grass, reeds or bushes.

The only cry that I have heard from the bittern in autumn is a guttural croak given when alarmed, and this cry resembles that given by various herons and other similar ground-stauncs. It is even of course, the cry or screams of a wounded bird, which are unnatural.

My profession as civil engineer located me for two years at Machias, Me., in charge of river improvements, and while there I watched with great interest the courtship of a pair of bitterns, and the subsequent rearing of a large family of five children. Almost daily from June until the first of August I saw these birds, as they frequented a bit of marsh on the west shore of the "Kovaskisscook," or Machias River, immediately adjoining the portion of the river on which the work was being prosecuted. Their nest was located on the border of a meadow through which the Marshfield stream flows, and was within a mile of the bit of marsh resorted to as a feeding place. Here the tide ebbed and flowed, but the water was only brackish, and tide-eaten creeks and "pools" of the marsh afforded an inexhaustible supply of food to the bitterns, as also to two families of kingfishers, reared near by, while a pair of ospreys procured an easy living from the river. When the five young bitterns could fly they followed their parents twice daily to this feeding place. After feeding in the morning they would return to the seclusion and solitude of the bushes in the vicinity of the nest, and about four



o'clock P. M. come back and feed until sundown, when all again returned home for the night. After a while, however, some of them would remain all day on the marsh, especially on cloudy or cool days. But when the weather was very hot they would again seek the shade for the middle portion of the day.

Oftentimes when they came to the marsh at high tide I would mark them down, and quietly approaching in my boat the one most accessible, watch its movements unobserved. When suspicious of danger or slightly alarmed the bird, if not taking flight, would remain all day on the marsh, especially on cloudy or cool days. But when the weather was very hot they would again seek the shade for the middle portion of the day.

One time, when they came to the marsh at high tide I would mark them down, and quietly approaching in my boat the one most accessible, watch its movements unobserved. When suspicious of danger or slightly alarmed the bird, if not taking flight, would remain all day on the marsh, especially on cloudy or cool days. But when the weather was very hot they would again seek the shade for the middle portion of the day.

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have record was a single specimen shot near Fort Popham, in the month of the Kennebec River, early in September, 1881.

Like the common bittern, which it somewhat resembles in plumage and much in form, although so diminutive, the least bittern nests upon the ground, laying its four or five eggs in June. The young are well able to fly and take care of themselves early in August, although the parents, both male and female, still remain with them at that time and continue a fostering care. I once watched a family of seven during July and August. Their daily noonday retreat was the gunwale of an unused boat anchored in a small cove, and while perched there would permit me to swim within a few yards without showing fear or being at all disturbed.

The habits of this species much resemble those of the greater bittern. They are very gentle, are diurnal and nocturnal, nest upon the ground, do not associate in colonies, and I have never seen one alight upon a tree, although not infrequently I have observed them upon the large stalks of marsh hay, where they were industriously seeking and devouring insects. I have also observed the little green heron thus engaged.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### THOSE MARINE MONSTERS.

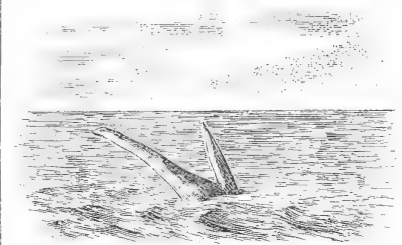
OUR notes on the strange marine monsters, loosely called "sea serpents," continue to accumulate, and we are not without hopes that from this discussion may arise some facts which shall be of permanent value to science.

We owe to the kindness of Prof. Spencer F. Baird, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, the opportunity to print the two letters given below. Our readers will remember Captain Platt's account of his own observations published in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, and those appearances to Captain Howes adds most interesting details concerning the creatures seen at different times in almost the same locality. The letters explain themselves:

U. S. NITRE DEPOT, MALDEN, MASS. }  
February 17, 1883.

Professor Spencer F. Baird, U. S. Commissioner, Fish and Fisheries, Washington, D. C.:

DEAR SIR—I take great pleasure in inclosing a thoroughly reliable account of the sea serpent seen by Captain Frank M. Howes in 1875 in almost the same place that I saw the one that I reported. Captain H.'s account is better than



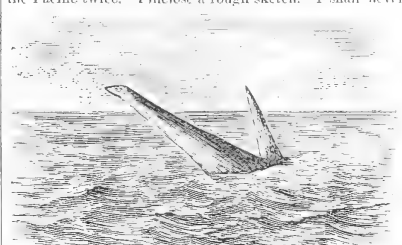
mine, from the fact that he was nearer and saw its head and mouth; but the fin and its manner of holding its head was pretty much as what I saw. You will see by Captain H.'s letter that he made a note of seeing these creatures in the ship's log. I think now you can say safely that these creatures are sea serpents, and I believe that they are often seen, but those seeing them feel that they would only be ridiculed by reporting them.

ROBERT PLATT.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 13, 1883.

Robert Platt, Master, U. S. N.:

MY DEAR CAPTAIN—At last I have found my log-book which had the sketch of the "sea serpents," which I saw on the 12th of August, 1875. The sketch I made immediately after seeing them. A cut taken from my sketch was published in the Boston Globe of August 14, 1875. I saw three of them: two large and one small one. All the family were out that day. They were a different animal from any I ever saw before, and I have been around the Horn into the Pacific twice. I inclose a rough sketch. I shall never



forget how they appeared, but I wanted to find my time-book, thinking that I had made some memorandum which would give the particulars more fully than I might remember. The large ones showed about fifteen feet of their length, and carried their heads about six feet from the water. I estimated that through the head they measured from twelve to fifteen inches, and grew gradually larger until at the water line they were, I should say, about two feet six inches to three feet in diameter. They were going quite fast in an opposite direction. We were about two miles from Cape Cod Light, by the way. They looked remarkably like a snake. The head was flat, and when they were right abreast about 250 to 300 feet away, the small one came up head on to us. I had my glasses right on them at the time, and I noticed under the jaw it was perfectly flat, and there was a sort of rim formed by the mouth and lips, such as snakes and frogs usually have. When they came up the body was at an angle to the water of about fifteen to twenty degrees or perhaps more. On their backs was a long slender fin projecting forward at an angle of twenty degrees from themselves, and I should think it was five or six feet long. It would oscillate or vibrate very perceptibly. The upper half of the body was a dark slate color, shading to a cream color on the under part. Another thing I

remarked: they did not curve down when they disappeared, but actually sank. Taking it altogether I think there is no doubt but that they were "sea serpents," judging from appearances—and I am no Polonius. A number of my officers and passengers saw them; and one of the captains of the Philadelphia and Boston steamer which passed Cape Cod a short time ahead of me went close alongside of them, and his description, as told me by a friend, tallied with mine.

This is about the thing. I hope Professor Baird won't say as Judge Bond did: "That I must have had 'em awful bad to have seen three."

FRANK M. HOWES.

The explanation of a supposed monster by "C." is interesting, but it is not to be supposed that all or any considerable portion of the trustworthy and credible individuals who have reported that they have seen these animals should have been deceived, as was the ancient mariner, whom our correspondent quotes. He says:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was quite interested in Dr. Ayre's article on the sea serpent, and chanced to be in the company, a short time afterward, of Mr. Alexander Renney, an old seafaring man, who is perfectly reliable for all he may say. We were conversing on various adventures of his, until finally he said he had seen these serpents, and I was all attention at once. At my request he gave the following account of it. He said:

"About forty-five years ago I was with Capt. John Luce, engaged in coasting. Just at that time the New London papers were full of accounts of one being seen off the east end of Long Island, and we had just been reading about it. We were coming through the Sound, and had scarcely any wind, but there was a sort of steamboat roll on. When we were about opposite New Haven we saw, distant about a half mile or so, what we had just been reading about—the sea serpent. His head was pretty well out of the water, his tail lost underneath it; the humps corresponded exactly with the description, there being eight or ten of them. It was apparently swimming in the same direction we were going. After viewing it for quite a while, Capt. Luce said he was going to have a closer look at it, lowered the yawl and said to me, 'Will you go with me?' I did not like to refuse after the captain said he was going, so I told him I would go with him. We had a good pair of oars, and started for the creature. As we neared him we saw the monster more plainly, and stopped and looked at, and he seemed an ugly-looking fellow. We now turned the boat and backed toward him very slowly, all the time ready to bend on the oars for our vessel, in case he put for us. We finally got quite close and stopped, and then, after a while, we made him out. Now what do you think he was?"

I guessed the serpent, of course. "No," "Seaweed, then?" "No," "Well, what was it?" "A water fence of about eight or ten lengths tied together with gravestones. Seaweed had collected at the joints, and gave the appearance of humps at a little distance off. The head or high part was the shore end, and the other had been under the water so long it had become heavy and scarcely floated."

Mr. Renney says he has no doubt that this was the sea serpent seen off New London, the wind and tide bringing it in the Sound. I confess I felt disappointed at the finale, and almost wished they had not gone quite so close to it. If the above will be the means of hearing more of the serpent, it will be interesting to

WALTON RIVER, Jan. 22.

In the Portland (Me.) Press of Jan. 27 appear the following item:

Capt. William Richardson, of the fishing schooner Village Maid, was on a recent trip, when about six miles off Cape Elizabeth, the two lights bearing northwest, had his attention called to a monster by Herbert Elliot. Whatever it was it was disturbing the crew, and when one of the crew, who was on the vessel, the monster raised its head twelve feet out of the water in a perpendicular position, with its head bent forward at right angles to its body; it appeared to be two feet in diameter, with black, shining scales. The water was lashed into foam as it disappeared under the sea with a long, sweeping motion. It continued to rise at short intervals, presenting the same appearance until lost in the distance.

We have taken some pains to investigate this report; but the information received, while it adds something to the newspaper report, is not wholly satisfactory, being somewhat meagre in its details. One correspondent, who was requested by us to investigate this matter, writes us as follows:

PORTLAND, Me., Feb. 19, 1883.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The sea monster reported as seen near Cape Elizabeth, Maine, in December, 1882, was observed by Wm. L. Richardson, of Ferry Village, Me., master of the fishing schooner Village Maid, and by Herbert Elliot, of same place and vessel. The vessel was drifting under mainsail with boom gaged out, with only the captain and cook aboard, the crew in dories a mile to windward, when the creature was first seen by Mr. Elliot, who exclaimed to Capt. Richardson, "Is that one of our dories to leeward?" The captain looked up on the bimble for a better view, and saw that the object, at first apparently lying quietly at the surface of the water, was a living creature, and the water could be seen to dash up about it as it moved.

Capt. Richardson says that it would have attracted no special attention in the summer season, when whales, sharks and other large creatures of the ocean abound on this coast, but that they are seldom seen here in winter.

This "sea serpent" when seen was about a quarter of a mile to leeward, and the time half-past three o'clock in the afternoon of a bright day; sea smooth, no swell, and breeze very light from the north; the vessel then being on the "White Head" fishing ground, about eight miles to the southward of Cape Elizabeth. While being watched the creature raised a part of itself above the water, appearing then to the observers to be about the size of a barrel or "latter," black and glistening in the sunlight, with its head "fully six feet above the surface of the water," and held horizontally at right angles to the erect part of the body seen. The body seemed larger near the water than at the head of the creature. Remaining thus raised for several seconds, the monster, with a curving motion, disappeared beneath the water and was seen no more. I have thought it possible that this "sea serpent" may be one of the enormous eel-like seals, astray from the coast of Labrador, but the observers are confident that it was quite a different creature. A late officer of the U. S. Navy collected a voluminous mass of evidence upon the subject of the sea serpent, much of it of great value, as showing conclusively the occurrence of some such strange monster along the coast of New England, but not yet captured nor accurately described. This manuscript evidence was in possession of the late and now deceased History Society, and destroyed by one of our unfortunate rivals.

EVERETT SMITH.



Rochester has such a fall, she need not apprehend any such fate as befell the capitals of Greece and Italy.

The advantages of this place for a shooting ground have long been appreciated. It was formerly the range on which the celebrated Billings rifle was tested, before being sent out to challenge the world for accuracy, and spread the repute of this city as a manufacturing center. Ages before the sound of a rifle was heard in the Genesee Valley there were shooters on this flat, for they have left evidence of their existence in numerous flint arrow-heads, of which I had a finely chipped specimen picked up on the field a few years ago.

The region appears to possess for wildfowl some of the attractions ascribed by Tom Moore to the Skeig Islands in the county Wexford, Ireland.

Islets, so freshly fair,  
That never hath bird come nigh them,  
But from his course thenceward,  
He hath been won down by them.

The place is only a short distance from the middle of the city and surrounded by dwellings and manufactories, but the river flows beside it and its water seems to attract the feathered tribe as a magnet does a needle.

I remember one occasion on which a flock of Canada geese, going south, lost their way or became demoralized in crossing the river at this spot, and after flying wildly about the mills swooped down in the river and seemed to collect their scattered senses from contact with its water, for in a short time they arose and went off hooking, leaving, however, one of their number behind to testify to the skill of Rochester wildfowling. When the weather is very cold a few winter ducks come into the rapids. I shot one of them from the west bank of the river one very cold day some time ago, and it fell on the ice on the east side. I was looking for a safe place to cross, when two men with guns rushed down the bank and made for the bird. As one of them picked it up the ice broke under him, and he was immersed to the shoulders—a clear case of poetic justice. One day last fall, as a party of us were shooting glass balls a plover dropped its head into the water of the river. The traps were deserted instantly, and the bird paid forfeit with its life for having thus ventured into the lion's mouth. At a recent ball shoot of the club the sport was varied by the presence of merganser amid the floating ice, and it too was brought to pot.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## SENATORIAL OPINIONS ON THE PARK.

WE give below the remarks made by Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, during the course of the discussion of those amendments to the sundry Civil Bill which relate to the Yellowstone National Park. These sentiments do not require much comment from us, and we leave our readers to form their own opinion on the matter. The reply of Senator Vest is worth reading, because it shows so intelligent an appreciation of the needs, present and future, of the American people. Let our readers compare the two speeches:

MR. INGALLS.

The best thing that the Government could do with the Yellowstone National Park is to survey it and sell it as other public lands are sold. I have no doubt there are great curiosities, spouting geysers, crimson cliffs, and inaccessible mountain summits within that domain; but these features are not peculiar to that portion of the country. I know of no greater reason why the Government should exercise exclusive dominion over the Yellowstone Park than why it should assume to exercise control over Pike's Park or the Garden of the Gods or the Falls of Niagara or the Mississippi River, or any other of the great natural features of this continent.

It is getting to be a good deal of an incubus, and it is very rapidly assuming troublesome and elephantine proportions. We are already engaged in a very good-sized wrangle and quarrel with our citizens, that time is being wasted by way of unauthorized leases, as alleged by the Secretary of the Interior. Ten thousand dollars has already been spent in laying out roads that nobody uses. Last year we appointed a superintendent at an expense of \$2,000, and this year the appropriations are \$40,000. There is to be a corps of assistants to stay there summer and winter to look after the spouting geysers; to see that patent medicines are not advertised on the cliffs; that time is being wasted, and that the noble game is not excluded from those preserves. If this thing continues and the engineers of the Government are to lay out a system of roads and bridges, it will not be five years before it will take a million dollars a year to run that Park.

I do not understand myself what the necessity is for the Government entering into the show business in the Yellowstone National Park. I should be very glad myself to see an amendment to this bill to authorize that portion of the public domain to be surveyed and sold, leaving it to private enterprise, which is the surest guarantee for proper protection for such objects of care as the great natural curiosities in that region. I believe they would be safer that way, and that the interest of the public would be better preserved that way, and we should have easier and better and surer access, and less encroaching demands upon the Treasury of the United States.

MR. VEST.

I do not think that this is exactly the time to discuss the question that the Senator from Kansas has brought to the attention of the Senate. I was not a member of the Senate when the dedicatory act was passed. I believe, if I am not mistaken, that the Senator from Kansas was. That was the time that he ought to have made the speech that he has delivered here to-night.

Very frank to say, however, that I thoroughly indorse the purpose for which the act of 1872 was enacted. I believe that this Park is necessary to the American people. The Senator speaks of cutting it up, or surveying it, or selling it. This mountain wilderness is absolutely without value unless it be for mineral purposes, and the minerals have not yet been discovered. If the Senator from Kansas thinks that the noble game that inhabit that region, which is fast being exterminated, should utterly disappear from this continent, he should destroy this Park. The last hope of the preservation of the bison, the buffalo, the moose and the elk upon the continent of North America exists in the preservation of that Park, and to such an extent that it will be a great preserve.

The Senator speaks as if this was some proposition *sub genere*, unknown before. France has such a park, Germany has such a park, England has her royal parks, and why should

not America have her republican park, free to the people of the States, with these great curiosities that exist nowhere else?

Mr. President, the great cause of this age and of the American people is its materialistic tendencies. Money, money, *argent, argent*, is the cry everywhere, until our people are held up already to the world as noted for nothing except the acquisition of money at the expense of all esthetic taste and of all love of nature and its great mysteries and wonders.

I am not ashamed to say that I shall vote to perpetuate this Park for the American people. I am not ashamed to say that I think its existence answers a great purpose in our national life. There should be to a nation that will have a hundred million or a hundred and fifty million people, a park like this as a great breathing-place for the national lungs, as a place to which every American citizen can resort instead of spending his money amid the Alps of Europe or wandering on the Eastern continent in search of the wonders of nature. This is the great wonderland of the world, and if Senators will take a little time to devote but an hour to reading as I have done lately the account in plain, unvarnished phrase, from men who have no artistic taste but who love nature, the description of the great wonders that exist here, I shall not be afraid that speeches like those of the Senator from Kansas will find suffrages in the Senate.

But the question now before us is whether we shall keep this Park free from enclosures. If the Senator hereafter proposes to survey it and cut it up and sell it, I shall be perfectly willing to discuss that question.

## GUINEA FOWL AS GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have seen the guinea fowl live in flocks among wheat stubble in the fields as closely as quail, not flushing until almost stepped on. They are kept around farm houses like chickens, but unlike them do not stay in the yard, but run around the woods all day, only coming back for their morning and evening meals. They roost in the trees at night, and in fact are almost wild. When wanted for the table they are generally hunted up in the woods and killed with a shotgun. They fly fast for a heavy bird—very much like a prairie chicken. Instead of flying in a bunch they string out in a line like geese or ducks. When flushed they utter their peculiar note several times very sharply until they are well on the wing, and then again as they rise. If the hunter can get on a line with the direction of their flight, he ought to get several at a shot, as they are strung out so.

Last fall, while on a quail-shooting trip in the country, I was asked at a farmhouse to kill some "guineas," as they were called, for dinner. They had been noticed some time before feeding in a large field on the edge of some woods; the field was covered with high grass, so they could not be seen. Keeping close to my dog, I took a little while to give signs that they were near, and pretty soon pointed. As I came up the "guineas" rose with a terrible cry directly away from me for the nearest piece of woods. They were all in a line, and as I fired the first barrel seven fell, and three came down to my second. This was more than half the flock. The rest I let go as I had already more than I wanted. Some of them were only wounded and had to be retrieved, but a double shot I think this one was very successful, as I had never before killed more than one at a time. If the guinea fowl is allowed to run wild and hunted a little, I see no reason why it should not make a very good game bird. Its flesh tastes good like one anyhow. A law for shooting them should be made very strict because they would sell for a good price, and on that account would be very much hunted for the market.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

## THE RECEPTION OF THE "SCREED."

SOME weeks ago I sent a "New Year's Screed" to your office, which was fairly rendered and might well be calculated to provoke returns. It was written hastily, not thoughtlessly, and I am sure it is a boulder. A little briery maybe; but, in the main, well right.

The returns have been encouraging. I do not stand alone by long odds. The "screed" has brought me dozens of letters, some of them six to eight pages in extent, all flattering and commendatory. The letters bear evidence of sportsmanship, fair play and culture. The adverse criticisms have been light. "Meat-Hawk" enters a mild protest against being thought of as a fool because he has several dogs that cost him over \$100 each. I did not say that; but I can't help thinking of the old adage, "A fool and his money," etc. The fair cost of raising and training a good business hunter, setter, pointer or bound never ought to be more than \$25. I have owned, raised and trained hunting dogs for more than fifty years. The highest price I ever got for a dog was \$30. This was for a pointer that stood a snipe, in a raw March wind, for thirty minutes by the watch, without a perceptible hitch or uneasy movement. I thought him well sold.

The bound has bothered me most. I can train and break three pointers, setters or cockers more easily than one eager bound. I have trained and broken the fiercest and gamiest bounds. But, alas, when they were trained to voice and whistle, their vim and *clan* were gone. They became "ridge dogs." They listened for signals and ran short races. They ran well for a little while and came back.

"Meat-Hawk" thinks I might call the man a fool who paid \$500 for an oil painting when he could buy a chromo for five cents. I dare say I should. I know something of this painting business. I think I can name a parvenu of New York who paid not \$500, but \$4,000 for an oil painting by an "old master," the same having been painted in Rome by a sharp young artist of Cincinnati and duly manipulated by a shrewd low dealer in Vienna. In 1870 I was shown in New York a painting of two rappers for which \$6,000 was paid by the owner, who would not have given six dollars for the originals. Is a "counterfeit presentment" then worth more than the original?

Recently I read a paragraph in a New York daily stating that a painting on a canvas eight inches by six had been sold for \$88,000. I did not dwell on the point, but I can't help thinking that with a canoe, hatchet and knapsack, that I can bring to the front a young American painter who, for \$100, will copy that picture so perfectly that not one man in ten can tell the difference between copy and original. Wherein is its value? And I do not "go back" on art or artists, Grand, humorous old Hogarth with your "Prospective," "March of the Guards" and "Election Scene," to me you are, like Burns, a constant source of consolation. I cannot

afford the originals, but the copies are good enough. "When the mountain streams are frozen and the norland winds are out" I get my little array of art to the front and amuse it for inspection and admiration. First, the Damascus barrels of the shotgun. The intricate and beautiful pattern is just as fine to me as a good oil painting. Then a card of trout and bass flies by the best makers; next a few of Prang's best chromes; one or two oil paintings; my best red; photos of friends, etc. One of the paintings represents a hemlock tree of perfect pyramidal form. Right in front of me as I write stand three hemlocks, perfect as nature made them. All so similar in form and the growth of thirty years. Now, first them by the naked eye or microscope. The painting is the dabb of a plasterer. The work of nature stands the test from minutest twig and leaf to the root—more and more beautiful the more fully it is developed.

As to the five-cent chromo ("Meat-Hawk's"), I do not see it. But the last Prang chromo, I endorse. I can give my wife and children the benefit of a good picture at a cheap price. They enjoy, and see it. "Toxix" pays his respects, and thinks I had better draw it a little finer—take the bow and arrow instead of the old muzzle-loader. He is well right. The suggestion is good. Now, let us have a law something like this: "From and after the first day of April, 1883, it shall be unlawful for any person to kill or have in possession any deer or part of a deer, killed by any device save only by the bow and arrow. Penalty, \$1,000 or imprisonment for 1,000 days. All collections of money to be paid to the informer on whose testimony conviction is attained."

Pass such a law and enforce it. Extend it to every bird and animal now recognized as game. I dare say they would vote for it, with a chance. It would develop a good deal of muscle and skill in archery, and some deer would still be slain. It is not so very long ago that they were killed in no other way.

As to the covert snar at the old muzzle loader, let me state a few provable facts. "Ben Gitchell," "Joel Uster," "Old Foster," "Jim Locke," "Jim Steele," "Eph Steele," and "Old Man Young," each killed from 1,000 to 2,000 deer with a single-barreled wheel-stocked flint-locked, long-barreled Lancaster rifle. Is that enough? Or would it have been better that they had the modern breech-loader?

"Capt. Dorsal Fin" gives me a lift. My dorsal fin is worn flat by the knapsack. But here's my doctor pectoral. Let him cut me off somewhere in the Adirondacks if he can, and dare.

A word as to the Yellowstone Park business. You, Senator Vest and the best intellect of the country have got on the matter heavily and earnestly. All have spoken well and heartily. *Cut-throat!* Mr. Rufus Hatch, *et alii*, etc., are going right along though nothing had happened to disturb their serene plans. Are they going to haw?

WELLSBORO, Pa., Feb. 26,

## SUMMER SHOOTING.

IT is proposed by the FOREST AND STREAM, and others of the shooting fraternity, to repeal all laws relating to summer shooting, and thus to sweep away forever privileges which many of us have esteemed and enjoyed, and which our fathers enjoyed before us.

There was a custom in Athens of old, whenever a law was about to be repealed, to appoint an advocate, to plead its cause as that of a defendant.

My object in this article is to call for the advocate who will make an effective plea for summer shooting, before this question shall be decided by the summer.

"Nothing is settled till it is settled right," and how shall we get at the merits of a case unless we hear "the other side."

CLARRY.

While waiting for the advocate I beg to submit a few thoughts to the reader.

You have noticed that it has become—shall I say fashionably—to denounce summer shooting. A few editors of the sporting press, and hawk-makers have passed the word, and "summer shooting," and certain self-appointed guardians of shooting interests in various parts of the country have caught it up and echoed it after them, till at length it is fabled to be "the thing" to cry down and snarl at any who favor the old ways in this matter. You have noticed also the supercilious and lordly way in which these persons design to touch the subject, assuming, as they do, that the question has been decided on its merits, and that all who dissent from them are disloyal to the guild—are indeed "masked pot-hunters," could they be uncovered.

Well, servants of man won't accomplish its end, Byron said, "Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away," but the poet's success lay in "the ripeness of the times" even more than in his matchless sarcasm. In order to clear the way for our conclusions, let us put down the things on which we are all agreed:

1. Game laws are dependent for their execution on the sporting public, on the men who use the rod and gun. No game constable can succeed so long as these are indifferent or hostile.

2. These laws must represent the average sentiment and convictions of the shooting public. They must be free from the suspicion of having been framed in the interests of a class. They must be just, and aim at "the greatest good of the greatest number."

3. They must vary in various States according to climate and topography. Uniformity is impossible.

4. They must be framed so as to protect the young. Full-grown birds alone are lawful game, and the fawns must be brought to maturity. The rights of the farmers must be respected.

There is no better way, perhaps, to get at the average sentiment of the sporting fraternity on this question of summer shooting than by an examination of the game laws of the country.

I have been looking at these laws with a view to classification, and with the following results: Of the several States and Territories of the United States—

15 permit quail shooting in summer, viz., 9 in September, 3 in August, and 1 in July.  
24 permit woodcock shooting in summer, viz., 13 in July, including New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Delaware, Illinois; 7 in August, including Massachusetts, New York, New Hampshire, Michigan; and 4 in September, including Maine, Vermont, Rhode Island.  
23 permit ruffed grouse shooting in summer, viz., 1 in June, 7 in August, 15 in September, including New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, Ohio, New Jersey.  
10 permit deer shooting in summer, viz., 4 in June, 1 in July, 7 in August, including Michigan, New York, North





# Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

Of course, the supreme business of the hour when hooked to a fish would be to land him, but even in the highest sources of the angler's pleasure would come the joy of the chase, the progress of the struggle, the eye was not occasionally relieved by these visions of beauty. No, it is not all of fishing to fish. If it were the angler would not be able to claim fellowship with the long line of poets, philosophers, divines and statesmen whose names, from the time of St. Peter to the present hour, have adorned its annals.—George Dawson, "Pleasures of Angling."

## POSITION AND WEIGHT.

I HAVE no fault to find with "Floridian's" reply in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 22, though the lofty air of injured innocence which he assumes is not warranted by the facts. I admit that the language I used in my article was strong and vigorous—it was intended to be so, for the provocation was great—but it had the merit of being at least plain and honest, and devoid of all vagueness or insinuation. I see no necessity at present to retract anything I have said, for I think it was fully justified by "Floridian's" articles.

Let us see. He stated, without any qualification or extenuation, that: (1) The custom of placing the reel in front of the hand on bait rods is an obsolete one. (2) The mode of casting the minnow *à la Henshall* is the same as used in heavy sea-fishing for striped bass weighing from twenty-five to fifty pounds. (3) Dr. Henshall and all Southern and Western anglers believe in an use of heavy tackle.

Now, if (1) is not a false hypothesis, and (2) a willful assumption, and (3) a gross misrepresentation, then I am ignorant of the true meaning of these words. And then when Mr. Jordan distinctly and explicitly stated that he used a pliant eight-ounce rod, a G line, and a Meek reel No. 2 for black bass weighing from five to ten pounds, and played them a half hour each, "Floridian" hopes that he will extend his work up to the point of using a Meek tackle and getting more sport. I leave it to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to characterize this portion of "Floridian's" article.

Now, when "Floridian" apologizes for the above-mentioned statements relating to Mr. Jordan, "all Southern and Western anglers" and myself, my retraction of, and apology for, the trenchant language used will be in order, and it will be done with unaffected cheerfulness and sincerity.

An explanation is due to Mr. Jordan in regard to his use of "half-grown bream" for bait. His use of this large bait was exceptional, they being used on one occasion only—the one referred to in his articles. He wished to secure a large bass for a specimen. A fuller account of this will be found in FOREST AND STREAM of October 19, 1882, page 230. In this article he says: "I had all the time been using medium sized minnows or small perch, and could take all the bass I wanted up to five pounds, but the Captain kept telling me to use the half-grown bream, and even the grown ones, if I wanted to catch the big bass, so I concluded to act upon his plan, once." The small perch alluded to here were sunfish an inch or two long, and which were often the only bait we could get; and the medium-sized minnows were "top minnows" (*Zygopterus*) which rarely exceeded two and a half inches in length.

Nowhere in my book do I advise, mention or "tell of" casting an ounce-and-a-half minnow, and "Floridian" and I agree perfectly when he says: "It does not suit me to throw an ounce-and-a-half minnow at a black bass, with any kind of tackle."

"Floridian" says my book is "badly defaced with advertisements in the reading portion." I say that neither my publishers nor myself have received either fee or reward for any mention made of tackle manufacturers. I used their cuts and recommended their tackle whenever I could honestly do so, solely for the guidance and benefit of my readers. And as these cuts were especially designed to portray the special features of their tools and tackle, they were the very best ones I could have used. They were not inserted in the light of advertisements, but as illustrative of the implements of angling. He further says my book "will not rank high as an authority on bass fishing." I should certainly be much surprised that "Floridian" entertain any other opinion of it; but after all it is merely an opinion. And he says I make a long scientific distinction between the two species of black bass, but when I come to write of taking them they are all one. And that the stupid big-mouth appears to furnish me as much sport as the quick-fishing small-mouth. Exactly so, and eminently proper. To the naturalist there are two species; to the angler but one, so far as the mere matter of taking them is concerned, for the same ways and means are employed, and the two species respond in the same manner to said ways and means. In all matters pertaining to the taking of the species I use the general term black bass advisedly, for this reason.

My opinion that there is no difference in the game qualities of the two species where the inhabitant the same waters, all other things being equal, has yet to be successfully controverted. Before I had much experience with both species I held the same opinion that "Floridian" does now; and when he experiments to the same extent that I have in the matter he will arrive at the same conclusion that I did; and as conclusion is a good word in this connection, I eagerly embrace it and conclude.

One thing more, however, just to agree with "Floridian" whenever possible. He concludes his reply by saying that he "does not think the highest style of the art is *à la Henshall*." Granted; for I claim fly-fishing to be "the most legitimate, scientific and gentlemanly mode of angling." But I also claim that "next to fly-fishing, casting the minnow is the most artistic mode of angling for the black bass." J. A. HENSHALL.

CYNTHIANA, KY., FEBRUARY, 1883.

After all that has been said on the subject, I presume all anglers will suit their own tastes. As the fashion, whether it suits their convenience or not. We fishermen, you know, like to talk of the deeds done on the water, of the fish taken and the big ones not taken—the big ones are generally lost—got snagged on the bottom or somewhere else, gone in some mysterious way, the bungling of the fishes, or other remote

cause, not a word of censure on the little pet, or as a woman would express herself, the "little duck of a rod."

Of being very robust, barrel training the beam at one hundred and fifty-eight pounds, consequently lacking in muscular power, I am a great admirer of a light rod, six ounces being as light as I would dare risk in my hands. I like to use it on all convenient occasions, where I know the water and the size of the inhabitants that I am about to engage in mortal strife. If the water with its natives are unknown to me, it is more convenient to swing an eight or nine-ounce rod, for the sole reason that I go out for sport and recreation, not to be made sport of by the tiny little fishes.

Let us illustrate: Some few years ago striped bass in great numbers made an annual pilgrimage to our doors, it was one of the pleasures of our life to spend an hour, morning or evening, in their company. The six-ounce rod casting the bread (flies) upon the waters snaking out the fish, which would weigh from half a pound to one pound and a half each. We would often get two or three fish at one cast, and sometime get one of two or three pounds weight, which I could accommodate, although it was a sore trial to the joy forever.

One evening in the early part of September, 1874, I reached the briek, got my leader wet and rubbed down, and sent the flies dancing over the water. My trail fly was snatched, and as the hook was bedded in the lip of the fish, and, not liking the rest, it made a rush down stream. One hundred and fifty feet below where I stood the river took a sudden bend, and when I reached the turn the fish was one hundred yards down and toward the far shore, headed for the sound, while I, with a few turns of line on the reel, dared not put on another ounce of strain. The last straw was on the camel's back. One of two things was open to me, either to part company with the fish, or take to the water, and the latter course was chosen. No doubt the fish thought he had due sport, for after some rough usage which the fish thought a good joke, he tried to thoroughly soak his captive, and a new idea struck him. He turned in his tracks and faced up stream. Improving the opportunity, I made some line and returned to the shore, but, alas, he had hardly begun his sport, for heading for South Hadley, he soon had all the line, and was enjoying the sport of playing the angler through the strong current from one of the mills. I certainly was fun, by the time he had me, for the second time up to the armpits, he began to show signs of relenting, and wanted to come in and purley. My turn had now come and I soon had him under control, but not through any service the rod had rendered. The graceful curve was not there. There was a perceptible short bend above the hand, and from the bend out to the tip the rod was straight with the line, and when the fish, a fifteen-pound striped bass, came to the sand, my hand and arm were straight, and I was glad to stay in a reclining posture for some time, with all the consoling indulgence soaked out of pipe, tobacco, and matches. With the same tackle and a nine-ounce rod, that fish would have wiggled its way to my feet, and I would have remained dry shod and enjoyed all the sport.

Now let me tell you a short story for your own edification. Many years ago, when log cabins were the fashion, and neighborhoods few and far between, in the State of New York, a Scot and a Hollander were the nearest neighbors and made the time pass pleasantly by their families spending the Sundays together at either house. In early summer Hans, with his family, were spending the day at Sandy's house, and while the two cronies cracked ocken and ky, the two matrons prepared the mid-day meal, cracked eggs and praised the babies. The guide wife was preparing some lace, and was noticed to be making a great addition of sugar, vinegar and at dinner he could not be prevailed on to touch the salad. "No, no, mine good friend, me don't want him, you put sugar in him, make him sweet, you put vinegar in him, make him sour." Sandy tried to convince him that it was good, that it was a matter of taste. "No, no, mine good friend, you taste mit your tongue; sugar him sweet, vinegar him sour." After many ineffectual efforts to convince him, and in despair he said, "I will give up, I will give up, you see my wife there?" "Yaw, yaw." "Well, I don't know whether you could have married her or not, but the Lord knows I never could have married your wife." "Yaw, yaw, mine friend, dat ish goot, haw haw haw-haw." The moral of this is that one man's meat is another man's poison. I am wedded to Dr. Henshall's fancy.

A few words more on the position of the reel, and I have done. No doubt some of your readers will say Chalmers is an old fogey. Well, he is. I prefer being an old fogey, with something substantial to hold on to, than have a new-fangled, unreliable something to be a source of trouble. I have said that I am not very robust. I cannot hold an outstretched arm with a copper cent on the palm for any length of time. How, then, can I hold the rod out with the left hand and manipulate the reel with my right hand, and a nine-ounce fish tugging at the far end of the line? I have tried it and have seen it tried.

"Oh, and some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us,  
It wad free many a blam'd-free us,  
And foolish notion."

I have seen the flip of the rod oftener without a line above the water, and the rod in a couple of minutes, I have seen the corner of the face, the twisted body of the rod under the water with the reel behind the back, and the hand twisted round clutching for the crank, which could not be found. I have almost seen the unexpressed thought: but of course there was no thought of the position of the reel; it was that the consummate fish would not keep still. Mr. Jordan decidedly showed common sense in placing the reel above the hand. With the reel above the hand on any fish, I am better prepared to handle any or all kind of fish and fishing.

It is now fifty years since Mr. Jordan's fancy and I were wed, and we are this year celebrating our golden wedding. During that fifty years there has been but one jar in the happy union. When Miss Back-of-the-hand stepped on the stage with her allurements and apparently bewitching smiles, we forgot ourselves and deserted the old love for the new flirt for a short season. Soon tiring of the flirt, ere we was too late to repent, we turned to our old love, where sport and pleasure in its truest sense extended the hand of thrice welcome to THOMAS CHALMERS.

P. S.—This is as good as you please and is everybody's business. I have a light rod mounted for the reel behind the hand; it is kept only for show.

HOLYOKE, MASS., MARCH 5, 1883.

**QUEBEC FISH AND PROTECTION CLUB.**—Quebec, Canada. The adjourned meeting of sportsmen and others to form a club to prevent the illegal slaughter of game, etc., was held on Thursday, the 15th inst., at the Board of Trade rooms, in which were present, Messrs. J. H. Sewell, W. A. Griffith, G. H. Thomson, F. C. Wurtelle, Richardson, McNabb, Gauvreau, C. Deau, W. D. Campbell, Graddon, D. C. Thompson, C. P. Dean, C. F. Smith, H. Stanley Smith, J. Hamilton, Jr., and A. F. Hunt. W. D. Campbell was appointed chairman, and F. C. Wurtelle secretary. It was then moved by D. C. Thomson and seconded by W. A. Griffith, and carried, that the constitution of the Quebec Fish and Game Protection Club, and those present do sign the constitution. Moved by W. A. Griffith and seconded by H. H. Sewell, and carried, that this meeting do adjourn until the 26th inst., when a general meeting of the club will be called for the purpose of electing officers, adopting by-laws, and other business. In the meantime a committee be named to prepare a draft of by-laws, to be submitted at next meeting, and also that between this and the next meeting the members be requested to induce their friends to join the club. Copies of the constitution were prepared and put into the hands of several members for signature. Before the meeting separated those present enrolled themselves as members of the Quebec Fish and Game Protection Club. —F. C. WURTELLE, Secretary *pro tem*.

**MONROE COUNTY SPORTSMEN.**—Rochester, March 4.—The annual meeting of the Monroe County Sportsmen's Club was held last evening at the rooms in the Arcade, President M. M. Hollister in the chair. L. A. Pratt, secretary and treasurer, presented his fifteenth annual report, showing cash on hand \$363.84 and no debts of consequence. The number of active members is sixty-two. The Committee on Game Laws reported that they had made suggestions to the members of the Legislature on the new game law, and thought that the suggestions would be adopted. They recommend that trout fishing begin April 1, and that imported sparrows be taken from the list of birds which may not be shot. M. M. Hollister was re-elected president, James H. Brown vice-president, and A. L. Pratt secretary and treasurer. The chair appointed as Finance Committee George W. Crouch, Jr., and Edmond Redmond; Vigilance Committee, J. B. Hooker, Homer Jacobs and James T. St. John; and a committee on supplies for the State convention. —J. B. HOOKER, Secretary.

**THE AIR-SPACE.**—Philadelphia, Feb. 28.—The experiments which I commenced last fall, having for their object a determination of the question as to the effect of "air spaces" in rifles, etc., have been progressing, though slowly, during the winter. It has been impracticable to secure here permanently a room in all respects suitable for such a purpose; hence, I have had to use distant fields and to defer to the weather. I must ask the indulgence of some correspondents whose queries I shall not be able for some weeks to answer. The results of these experiments will also be delayed in publication. To some readers access to a postal card I will endeavor to mail a copy of a daily paper giving some of the results. This trial has to do with rifles principally; but I am trying some shotguns—arms that I think ought not to be fired in that way. A Colt twelve-bore, seven and a quarter pounds breech-loading gun, which I tested some days since, however, stood forty-five discharges, showing no injury whatever. —W. McK. HEATH.

**A CRUSTER DECKED.**—Central Lake, Mich., Editor Forest and Stream: In "Michigan Notes," page 69 of your paper of Feb. 22, you say the snow is ten feet deep! My communication read "three" (3) feet, and that is about all we can "get away" with to good advantage. Please correct. One man in these woods "crusts" a buck, the other does not. I am crusting a river with his plunder (the correct term, I believe) he broke through, mercury about the ephers, and a pair of thirty-six inch snowshoes on his feet. The buck floated off under the ice, and after several ineffectual efforts to climb out, the man was obliged to sink, or drive until he could manage to loosen the snowshoe-slides, when he succeeded in getting ashore. Now, if there had only been an efficient game warden to clasp his claw upon the soaked and shivering law-breaker, and give him a taste of his quality, the misfortune of that particular "cruster" would have been as complete as anything I happen to think of at this writing. —X.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**—Colebrook, Feb. 28.—Nature has caused the slaughter to pause, and the deer are having fine time on the crust. Dogs and their allies fail to catch them. I visited Second Connecticut Lake last week; found "Uncle Tom" in happy solitude, catching beaver and otter, and anticipating what the next day's excursion along his lines would bring to hand. Logging crews have not encroached upon the game resorts about that lake, as the main operations are confined to the upper towns of Vermont. —NEO NORTON.

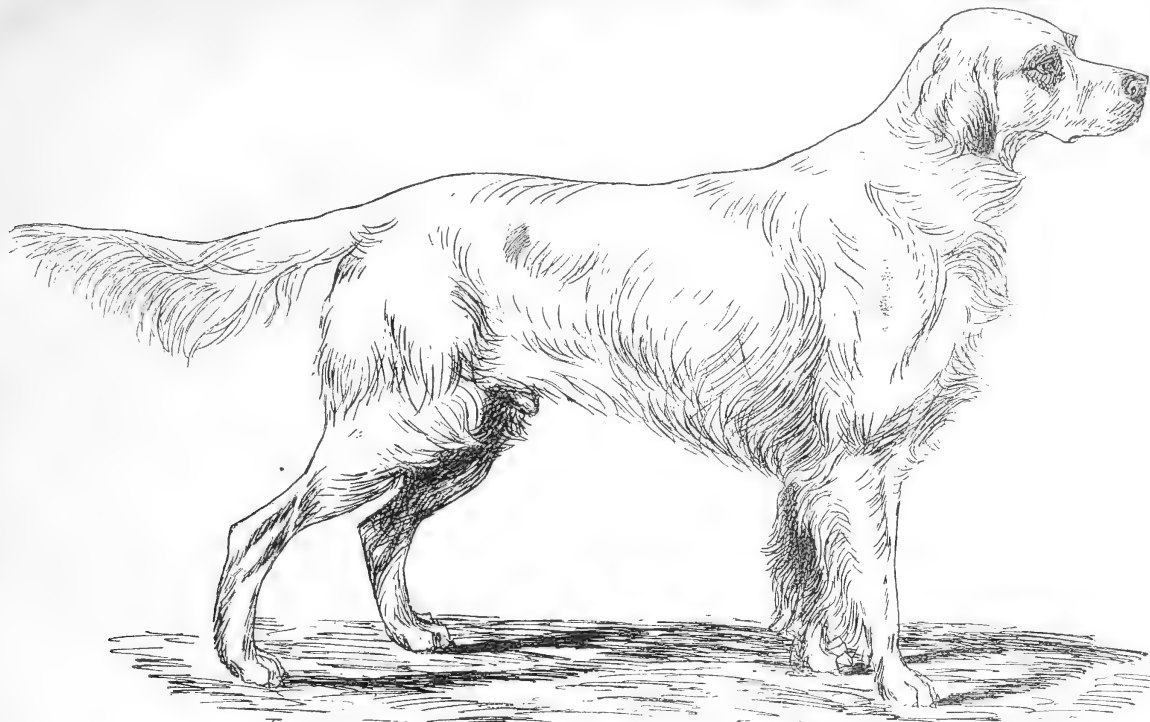
**ENFORCING THE MAINE LAW.**—Bangor, March 3, 1883.—Editor Forest and Stream: Warden Morse went to Dover last Tuesday to get three parties indicted before the grand jury. After attending to that agreeable little ceremony he crossed the river for the winter, for he is of an inquiring turn of mind, and looked into the American Express office there. Thirteen saddles of venison packed in barrels and boxes rewarded his research.

**TENNESSEE.**—Memphis, Tenn., March 3.—Mr. W. A. Wheately, of Memphis, Tennessee ("Guide"), recently had a pleasant visit at home from Mr. Justus van Lencrpe, of New York. One afternoon was spent at Mr. Jerry Cockrell's kennels; one over the traps with fifteen Memphis sportsmen, the guest making best score, and one day affix, four guns bagging seventy-two quail and a few snipe.

**TARIFF ON FIREARMS.**—The tariff on firearms which will go into effect July 1, is: On breech-loading guns of all kinds, 35 per cent.; on muzzle-loading guns of all kinds, 25 per cent.; duty on vuds, 35 per cent.; on cartridges and cartridge shells, both metal and paper, 35 per cent.; on percussion caps, 40 per cent.; on gun materials of all kinds, 45 per cent.

**MICHIGAN QUAIL.**—Grand Rapids, Mich., March 2.—Birds have stood the past severe winter here unexpectedly well. Many beaves alive and well have been seen lately and no dead ones reported. —E. S. HOLMES.





MISS M. L. ROESSE'S ORANGE AND WHITE ENGLISH SETTER DOG "COSSACK."

Winner of First Prize in Open Class for English Setters, Washington, 1883.

huge ocean steamers scare all the fish out of their course between America and Europe? Who has any evidence that the denizens of the great deep have any fear or respect for the floating craft on the surface?

If the argument is that by steamer fishing the menhaden are caught so rapidly that they are reduced so much in number as to show a lamentable decrease, the folly of such a position is evident at once, when it is known that very rarely, if ever, is a fish caught with spawn, and further, who does not know that the multiplication of these and other fish is too rapid for any manifest depletion by human agency. The spawn of the menhaden produces 150,000 living fish, and Professor Baird estimates that 1,200,000,000,000 fish are consumed by the bluefish alone in a period of four months of summer and autumn along the New England coast. And yet who notes any diminution of the quantities of fish? That billions of menhaden are digested by voracious fishes is undisputed. Every voracious swimmer feeds upon them. Whales and dolphins feast upon them by the thousand; sharks do full duty in destroying them, one hundred having been found at once in a shark's stomach, and the tunny makes horrible havoc, not only killing for food but destroying for pleasure. The pollock, the whiting, the garfish, bluefish and bonito—in fact every carnivorous corsair that swims in our coast waters, from Casco Bay to Brazil, gorges itself with the menhaden, and yet the accidental scarcity just now is attributed to the terrible fact that man takes from the ocean waters some eight hundred to nine hundred millions annually of these fish. In 1878 the menhaden oil and guano industry employed 64 steamers, 279 sailing vessels, 3,327 men and a capital of \$2,550,000, and took and consumed 777,000,000 fish. Now allowing Prof. Baird to be within ten miles of the truth in his estimate of the destructiveness of the bluefish, the above number caught by the menhaden fishermen is not a drop in the bucket of what is destroyed. Moreover it is well known to all intelligent men that a free and full catch of fish, especially those hugging the shore, tends rather to their increase than extermination. Whoever studies the science of ichthyology and the business of fishing in the open sea will not dispute this position.

To sum up our brief statement we aver:

1. That striped bass do not feed on menhaden.
2. That the habits of menhaden are not fully understood.
3. That catching menhaden does not visibly diminish their number.
4. That steamer fishing does not scare them.
5. That the number caught by men is of no perceptible account in the vast multitude destroyed by voracious fishes.
6. And, lastly, that attempt to connect the small number of menhaden with a diminished supply of striped bass is wholly illogical and unworthy of scientific discussion.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, ETC.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Be it known that on this twenty-sixth of December, A. D., eighteen hundred and eighty-two, before me, a notary public, duly commissioned and sworn, residing in Tiverton, in said county and State, personally appeared Gideon Mosher of said Tiverton, and being sworn according to law, testified as follows:

How long have you been engaged in the bass fishery? Ans. Forty-five years.

What from your observation do bass feed upon? Ans. Crabs and lobsters.

From your observation do bass feed upon live menhaden? Ans. They do not.

Have you been in the habit of preparing bass for market? Ans. That was part of my business for thirty years or more, and I have prepared tens of thousands of bass for market, but I have never found any menhaden in them, except what had been fed to them for bait.

How long a range of coast does your experience cover in taking and observing bass? Ans. My experience goes from Monomoy to Beavertail. My observation goes from Baltimore to Cape Cod. I have found the bass the most numerous in Chesapeake Bay, which I attribute to the great quantity of crabs that are found in that bay. I have always observed that bass fishing was best when lobsters and crabs were most plentiful.

Where has been your principal locality in taking bass? Ans. West Island, Rhode Island.

How many years before the West Island Club was formed were you located there? Ans. About thirty years.

What has been your experience as to the plentifulness and scarcity of the bass? Ans. When there is plenty of feed (lobsters and crabs) there is generally plenty of bass. If feed is scarce, bass are scarce.

Do you think the absence or presence of menhaden on this coast affects the bass fishery? Ans. No, except in the difference it makes to the catch by having or not having fresh bait.

What has been your experience in regard to bass bait? Ans. You cannot catch bass with stale bait.

Do you think menhaden taken in the vicinity of Sandy Hook, carried to a factory and from there transhipped, are likely after arrival here to be fit for bait? Ans. No, sir.

Providing the menhaden in 1883 are as far from this coast as they were in 1882, how would you proceed to get fresh bait? Ans. I should put an experienced man on board a menhaden fishing steamer and let them alive. The bank fishermen treat them in that way and preserve them in a fit condition for bait for a month.

Is the bass a rover of the sea or shore fish? Ans. He is both a rover and a shore fish.

Have you ever been engaged in the menhaden fishery? Ans. Yes.

What is your observation and experience as regards bass and menhaden? Ans. I never observed or heard of bass feeding on or troubling menhaden. My business has brought me in contact with many of the most successful menhaden fishermen, and have never heard of but two bass being taken in a purse seine.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, the said George N. Durfee, notary public as aforesaid, the day and year first above written.

GEORGE N. DUFFEE, Notary Public.

We, the undersigned, indorse Gideon Mosher's statement in full.

CHARLES W. ANTHONY,  
EDWARD C. SMITH,  
BENJAMIN OWEN,  
EDWARD SMITH,  
GEORGE M. CRABB,  
WILLIAM M. RECORD,  
THOMAS RECORD.

Bass Fishers of  
Newport,  
R. I.

GERMAN TROUT IN AMERICA.—The North German Lloyd steamer Werra, which arrived on February 24, brought 80,000 eggs of two kinds of German trout. They were sent at the request of Professor Baird, and came in care of Mr. E. G. Blackford, consigned to Mr. Fred Mather, superintendent of the New York Fish Commission hatching station at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. One lot of 60,000 described as "An enormous trout, the upper Rhine (Baden), and the other 20,000 is called "That delicious but very small mountain trout of Baden highly esteemed by epicures." We have at present no further information concerning these fish, and think it possible that the larger one may be the common brook trout of Europe, *Salmo fario*. Whether the small one is a distinct species or only a variety we cannot say at present. The eggs came in good order, and were presented by that enthusiastic promoter of fish culture, Herr von Behr, president of the Deutschen Fischerei Verein, from the ponds of Oberbürgermeister Schuster, in Freiburg, Baden. We shall look anxiously to see how these fish thrive in this country, and also to test their merits.

CARP IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—Seattle, W. T., Feb. 16.—We are about to try the experiment of carp culture in this Territory, three cans of the fry having been received at Fort Townsend and one at this place. They traveled all the way from the East in small tin pails, and seem to be none the worse for their long trip, as they are very lively and strong. As they are small, being only about two inches in length, they will for the present be placed in a shallow pond near town, and should they thrive and increase, will afterward be placed in Lake Union, a lake about a mile from town, three miles in length, which is at present inhabited only by trout and a kind of fish which we call chubs, although I think they are not the chub proper. I am not very much interested in the result of the experiment, as the carp, as I understand it, is of value only as a food fish, having no gamey qualities, and we are abundantly supplied with fish of all kinds for food.

ALB.

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES. BENCH SHOWS.

March 20, 27 and 28, 1883. Dominion of Canada Kennel Club, Bench Show, at Ottawa, Canada. Entries close March 12. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

April 3, 4 and 5, 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Eleventh Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries close March 19. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent. C. R. Elton, Secretary.

May 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1883. Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City. Entries close April 12. Chas. Lincoln, Supt.

### FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1882.—Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary. Flatbush, N. Y.

December, 1882.—National American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Secretary. Memphis, Tenn.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

### BEAUFORT AND COSSACK.

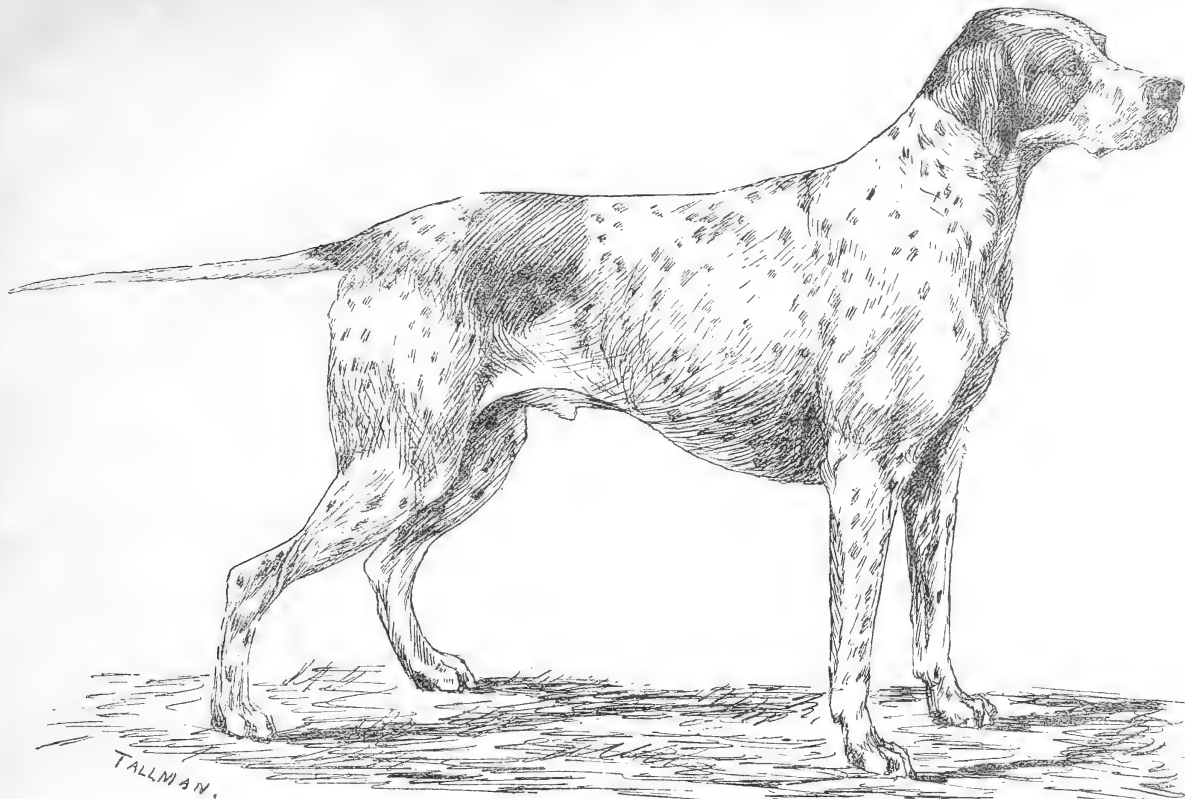
WE give this week cuts of the pointer dog Beaufort, owned by Mr. C. H. Nixon, Leesburg, Va., and of the English setter dog Cossack, owned by Miss M. L. Roessle, Washington, D. C. Both dogs won first in their classes at Washington. Beaufort is a fine, large, upstanding dog of great beauty, and one of the best Bench Show pointers that we have seen in a long time. His owner informs us that he is also a capital dog in the field, and that he will run in the Trials next fall. He is liver and white ticked. He is three years old, and is by champion Bow out of Beulah, who is litter sister to Mr. Orgill's champion Rush.

Cossack is also an animal of rare beauty of form with a splendid coat and feather. He comes honestly by his good points, his sire being Mr. Theodore Morsey's Don and his dam Mr. Chas. H. Raymond's Fairy. He is nearly white, with orange markings. He is just in his prime, being nearly four years old. The cuts are from sketches by Harry Tallman.

BEAGLE JUDGING AT WASHINGTON.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Editor Forest and Stream: I wish to criticize the judging of beagle hounds at the late Washington bench show, and think I have just cause for so doing, for, as I understand, one of the principal objects of a bench show is the bringing together of the different varieties of the best dogs in competition, and to have a dog win alone on its merits, by honest judgment, with a judge who ought to know what he is to judge by and for, I felt secure in making my entry for the show, that the gentlemen who had gone to the trouble and expense of getting it up would have had a competent judge, one who would have known the points necessary for a dog to win; such I find, however, has not been the case, and had I been present just after the judging of the class (I entered) I would have entered my protest, but not getting to the show until the next day, I was informed I was too late and was not allowed to enter it then, so I requested to be introduced to the judge, and had, for the first time, the pleasure of meeting Mr. C. H. Mason. When after a few moments' conversation I asked him (as an exhibitor I had a right to do) if he would be kind enough to show me the difference in value by points of the winners over me and also to show where my dog was deficient, by so doing he would greatly oblige me, he said, "Mr. A. I know nothing about beagles, I have made a guess of it and will state what I make up my report." Now I would ask where the satisfaction is to an exhibitor, who, going to the trouble and expense to get dogs in proper shape for a show, by such proceedings as that. A gentleman (and one who knows), one of my competitors, said to me, "You should have had first," when I only got an "bc." It is gross injustice to exhibitors to send to shows and have their dogs judged after such confusion by a judge as that, and I hope hereafter when judges are selected they won't have to make such confessions, —W. H. ASHBURNER.







MR. C. H. NIXON'S LIVER AND WHITE TICKED POINTER DOG "BEAUFORT."

Winner of First Prize in Open Pointer Class, Washington, 1888.

# THE GREYHOUND.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

The attention of American sporting gentlemen has for many years been directed to the improvement in the breeding of pointers, setters and other game-seeking dogs. These game-seeking dogs are the sportsman's aid and companion over many a weary tramp in search of feathered game. But every gentleman does not use a gun or have the privilege of sporting preserves or good game country. With these few remarks I would respectfully introduce to the American sportsman, whether the "crack shot" or the "just for fun," the well-known but little used English coursing greyhound. This grand breed of dog, whose vocation, like that of the bloodhound, is not yet gone, and whose antiquity is such that, long before the signing of Magna Charta, his destruction was looked upon as an act "equally criminal with the murder of a fellow man," claims your patronage. For many years the kennels of our sportsmen and the benches of our shows have shown but few specimens of this "flying course." But there would seem a time not far distant when greyhound coursing will rank as one of the gentlemanly sports of America.

To the true sportsman the race-course has always had something "fast" or degrading in its associations. Every gentleman cannot keep his racing stable and its expensive equipment, but every American sporting gentleman can, upon a far more economical, respectable and high-toned basis, maintain his brace of coursing greyhounds at a mere nominal cost.

In 1591, England's queen, from the turret of the castle, witnessed these fleet dogs in their coursing, and to this day the grand coursing meets of England are as well known as the celebrated Derby, Oaks or Goodwood Cup. And the names of Donald, Mistorion, Contango, Judge, Buccaneer and hundreds of others who have carried their noble owners' colors to the fore on many a "pumping course," are as celebrated as the winners of the racing calendar.

The greyhound runs or courses only by sight, and as we have plenty of fine, level tracts in close proximity to our large cities, coursing, as a gentlemanly sport, can be readily introduced. The English hare is not difficult to procure, and in de't, the "jack-rabbit" of the West, a "chick" in himself, will give us a good greyhound all the running he can wish and bring out his points of endurance and fleetness.

As a fancier of greyhounds I would say that freshly imported stock does not do well in this country until they have become accustomed to our climatic changes, but they are easily acclimated and become hardy, easily kept and perform well. We have in the many greyhounds now shown at our bench shows, the opportunity of introducing greyhound coursing as a gentlemanly sport.

Let us endeavor to raise our greyhound standard still higher, and let this noble and neglected dog come in for a share of sporting honors. And may the day soon come when the coursing meets of America will have their share of attention and thousands be charmed in seeing the greyhound "well slipped" watch closely the "turn," the chase, the "go by" and the "kill." Then the coursing cup of the Westminster or some other club will have its regular patrons, and its possession as eagerly sought for as the champion medals of the bench shows circuit.

JOSEPH R. PRINSON.

BUCKINGHAM, Pa.

**PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.**—In explanation of my name appearing in the Pittsburgh premium list as judge of certain classes, I would state that I received a letter dated February 3, requesting me to act in the classes I had passed upon last year. I replied as early as possible that I felt it was impossible for me to absent myself from business and respond to their kind invitation. There I presumed the matter rested, as no reply, but on February 17 I had a visit from Mr. Elben, who handed me a premium list on which my name appeared. I then stated that I would reconsider the possibility of my accepting the honor thus thrust upon me. However, I found it impossible to do so, and I so informed Mr.

Elben on March 1. I very much regret that I could not oblige the Pittsburgh committee in return for their last year's kindness.—JAS. WATSON.

# THE RED IRISH SETTER.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In your journal of the 11th ult. I read with deep interest a letter on "Dogs and Trials," by "Pious Jeems," and owing to a statement of his, which I consider a libel on the Irish red setter, I feel constrained to ask you for space to say a few words in defense of my favorite.

I am not, of course, in a position to dispute the assertions, "That in his experience the Irish always were a failure at field trials," but the impression it has made on my mind is that his experience of Irish setters must have been very limited indeed, or he could not possibly have so maligned the finest breed of sporting dogs in all the world. No doubt long ere this some friend of the Irishman has come to the rescue. I know one at least who knows and appreciates his worth and the better. But "Pious Jeems" adds further, "That with the will he will be quite ready to break a lance on his behalf. I allude to the well-known 'Mont Clare,' who, as I am aware, has a few good ones in his kennels, field trial winners, too, and if 'Pious Jeems' has not seen them the sooner he does the better." But "Pious Jeems" observation were of that class so many of which are bred for the market nowadays, weedy, snipe mongers of the first water, utterly unlike, save in color, the pure bred, handsome and dashing Irish setter. That numbers of this class of so-called Irish setters do cross the Atlantic I have had abundant proof, having seen many of them shipped at Queenstown during a residence of some years there. That they could not be the same animal about which "Idstone," "Stonchenge," "G," and hosts of well-known sportsmen have written, is, however, certain, for the former, a well-known authority on the subject, says, "That he had seen and known a good many Irish setters and he candidly confesses that he never knew or heard of a bad one," but this most wonderful "Llewellyn," whence does he trace his descent? From the Laverack, "whose crowning glory" it is, says "Pious Jeems." And does he not know by this time that the Laverack has Irish blood in his veins and that to this fact, beyond a doubt, he is indebted for some of his best and finest qualities? I notice that "Vitius" in your journal, in alluding to the fact that the Irish are so much crossed with other breeds and the produce entered as a pure breed of either one country or the other gives this as the cause why the Irish setter has dropped to the low standard he holds in America, but it seems to me that there is a further cause and it is this: That your countrymen spare no expense in procuring the very best Laveracks or Llewellyns from this country. They are the rage at present, and I do not for a moment attempt to deny their excellence, but I do most emphatically deny that for style, pace, nose or stamina they exceed the merry Irish red, he being the oldest and purest setter, has been used for the purpose of giving backbone to some breeds and forming others, with what good results is well known, whereas, if any part of the time, care and money lavished on other breeds had been spent in improving him, sportsmen would be in possession of a setter, in color gorgeous, in form a model of grace and beauty, and in all the qualities necessary in a sporting dog, holding a position second to none in the world. I need scarcely say that I am an ardent lover of the breed, and I have bred some good ones in my time, the celebrated Plunket to wit. For some years past the exigencies of the service to which I have the honor to belong have, however, prevented me from doing more than merely preserving the grand old breed, but I cherish the hope of being able at no distant date to prove that my favorite is worth the faith I have in him.

ROBT. O'CALLAHAN, R. N., Chaplain H. M. S. Hector.  
Netley, Southampton, Eng., Feb. 3, 1888.

# IN RE BEAGLES ET AL.

their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,  
Each under each.

—Mitsamoor Night's Dream.

WHEN such a genial gentleman and evident lover of hounds as "Dorkin" is calls for my "idea of a dog," I am constrained to make a brief hiatus in my papers on angling and write a few words upon the "little hound," except the beagle, as by "dog." I infer that that particular breed is meant. "Dorkin," however, must pardon me if I decline to give, in *minuting* my best ideal of a beagle, for a person's ideal of any thing, animate or inanimate, is his own picture of perfection, and as one man differs in many ways from another so does his ideal. This is evident and need not have been expressed, but pups and hounds will "run riot" sometime.

I claim to be no judge of dogs, of any breed, but I love and admire them—yes! I respect them, and always like to have one near me. I very seldom use one in the field to shoot over, for I very seldom shoot, being a lover of the single rather than of the gun. Of all sporting dogs I prefer the beagle because he is petite, pretty, companionable and affectionate, and furthermore, because he is of ancient lineage and can boast of royal patronage. Of course there must be a standard of excellence, and I have no doubt that if "Dorkin" and I could agree on one, we could soon make a short pilgrimage to the kennel of a common friend and find more than one beagle to fill its requirements. With King-wood, Elmore's celebrated stud dog, and with some whelps of his "got" I have the privilege to be acquainted, as also with King, Lucy, Music, the imported "basket" bitch, and others of "that ilk."

Now, I venture to join with "Dorkin" in the hope that the constituted judges at bench shows may fully know what they are expected to judge, and that such an honest standard of pure beagles may be adopted as shall be beyond all cavil. Will "Dorkin" clasp hands with me over the above? The beagle is an "interesting" dog, either in the field, "a hunting of the hare," or as a gentleman's pet and companion, and is bound to come "to the fore" as a favorite.

"Every dog has his day," and as "history repeats itself," so doth the fashionable fancy for different breeds. I am as one with "Dorkin" in his demand for pure blood, for I believe in "blood" thoroughly. It is "thicker than water," and whether flowing in the veins of man or beast it should have no taint. There are too many mongrels (both bipedal and quadrupedal) in the world now, and a bit of advice to all may be summed in one word, "Ware!" and I repeat it, "Ware!" Intelligent and judicious breeding and honest judging will give us a race of dogs to be proud of, and very low in the scale of humanity is the soul who is not proud of a fine-bred dog. There are such, but I always feel like giving a "cautionary signal" when I see them—they're the stoats and "other vermin" in the social economy and should be "run to earth" and effectually "stopped."

My dear "Dorkin," do you catch my "idea" of a beagle? When I go for my next puppy to friend Elmore's kennel, I will give you an "object lesson" if you are "to the fore." Shakespeare knew a good hound and I doubt not he had a beagle, or pack of them, in mind when he wrote what I have made the caption of this paper.

"Good Queen Bess" was an ardent lover of the beagle and especially of the "basket" breed of which she had some very tiny and perfect specimens. I hold the *FOREST AND STREAM* to a "fang syne" promise to give an article on the beagle, and join with you in wishing well to the breed and breeders. *Adieu.*

O. W. R.

**THE COLLIE AWARDS AT WASHINGTON.**—In the list of awards last week in Class 54, Mr. J. W. Burgess's (East Orange, N. J.) Jean, black and white, 10 months, should have been first instead of Mr. J. W. Lindsay's Kitty Mac, who was vho.



### THE CARVER-BOGARDUS MATCH.

[From our Regular Chicago Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, March 3, 1884.  
 Local pigeon shots, sportsmen and lovers of hunting sports have been pretty thoroughly aroused lately over the Bogare case, after much and different opinion has been expressed.

driving Park Saturday. The southwest wind, though bred the contestants, and the only drawback was the sloppy of the park. Bridges of planks enabled the 2,000 spectators to reach the grand stand and club house. The match was at the best driving park in the West, and everyone can see admirably from the club house or grand stand.

shooting grounds were laid off directly opposite those quarters. Sawdust and platforms gave the shooters, referee and mark a foothold. A regular blockboard, unobtrusively placed, and

blackboard. A regular blackboard, prominently placed, enabled markers to show the crowd the score as under. S. H. Turley, one of our old-time trap shooters, and the best man that could be

selected for the position, acted as referee very satisfactorily. The other trapping arrangements were perfect.

It is settled to the minds of most local sportsmen that the two shoots both show Dr. Carver to be the superior under the terms they have so far contested.

that an old shot standing near remarked, "I think you'd do better if he waited longer with his second." Still he did this advice, judging from the way he shot that day.

gun, which has caused a very painful soreness from the recoil of a gun. Both men, though, were firm and determined. They had little chance on losing a bird, and emptied both barrels. The terms of the shoot were the same as at Louisville, 100 birds.

to the grand shoot of the day the two crack shots had a

match, clay pigeons. This commenced at 12 M. Mr. Reese, president of the Ligowsky Clay Pigeon Company, having offered \$250 if either Carver or Bogardus could break 82 clay pigeons of 100. As a test of game shooting, the trial is scarcely a fair one, the disks of the clay pigeons being the size of the target.

for the night or the clay pigeon from the trap resembles the down bird. As a test of quickness of hand and eye it is a different thing, and a man that can break a clay pigeon is decidedly a good shot, even though he might not be deadly with a snipe and quail.

Shortly after 12 o'clock Carver and Bogardus appeared on the field to shoot the clay pigeons. Mr. Lovelady was referee, and Mr. Miller represented the firm of Ligowsky & Co. The match was at 30 yds., and the following was the score taken by the referee:

gardus - 00101011111011111110001010111111110100101010100  
 00011110101010001111011110000100. Total, 69.  
 ever - 01101011100111101111101111010101101111100101111  
 101011110100110100111000101111110. Total, 72.

er lunch came the regular match. The birds were an average, though not extra strong. At the start Carver got his first birds, then missed his fourth, but laid low all the rest of the ten birds, causing great applause.

His second scored, but his third and fourth, though killed, end out of bounds. His fifth he killed, his sixth, dead out of bounds, while he got three out of the remaining four of his first

out of the second ten was Carver's luck. The fifth bird was a cinnamon, which received some bullets, but flew away. The seventh was Bogardus in his second ten. The score then stood 18, Bogardus 13.

The fourth round opened with a miss for Carver and then eight birds killed. His opponent crept up a little, getting "a miss" and three "kills." The lead of them still remained the same.

When the sixth ten were finished, both men had nine killed. Ten were finished in the seventh, when both men scored seven out of ten.

to ten. Then the Chicago champion awoke from his lethargy and reduced the lead by getting nine to Carver's seven birds on the eighth round. Carver missed his third, ninth and tenth birds, but the Captain killed all but his third bird. Carver killed seven on the ninth, six in the ninth both, resulting a hand buck for

of a still further lead by killing eight to Bogardus's seven, finishing by three birds. It was very close and a good score. I

[illegible]

mediately after the conclusion of the match Bogardus challenged Carver to shoot him, half English and half American rules, for \$1,000 or \$500 a side. The match will hardly take place, however, as it is understood Carver will do but little, if a

So, at least, he expressed himself to your correspondent. Bogardus said, in an interview with the Forest & Stream reporter: "I don't know much about these light guns; I am accustomed to a 10lb. gun, and I beat every one in England with one of that weight. I will shoot Carver a match at 100 birds, 800

with a gun of that weight. It is true I am getting old, but I will not interfere with my shooting. When it does I will yield. I have shot Carver for six days for \$50 a day, and the Forest Service may say so." The gate receipts are said to amount to about \$1,000, and the winner of the match, who, they state, is 61 years old, will receive \$1,000.

and go to the winner of the match, who thus gets \$1,000, sold even before the match. Both men remain in the city for so.

and of course both defector and defeated were called upon reporters to have their opinions recorded. Captain Bogardus ledges his defeat squarely, and says of the victory of the Doerflinger, "I wish to say a few words in regard to the pigeon match at Louisville, Ky., between Dr. Carver and myself. I never had such

in my life in any pigeon match I ever shot. I would not, time, have given anybody ten dollars to have guaranteed a match, but my bad luck in having birds fall dead out of bounds. Upon arriving in Chicago, I found a few gentlemen, who were watching the matches sitting around the store, and never did a bird

I will shoot them or any man in the world, barring Dr. Carver, under the same rules, and will give them one yard in a race. My reasons for barring Dr. Carver are, that he has been

ing under these rules in England for the last three years, who not accustomed to shooting a light gun, this being the first in my life in which I ever shot one. I still think I can do it, and beat Dr. Carver or any other man in the world at gun shooting, and I have money to back my opinion."

Carver chats in an interesting way at his hotel in Chicago, under the weather with a cold and was found in his room, lying down. He did not look like a very sick man, though it was evident he was suffering from a cold, but then a man six feet two inches tall and weighing 250 pounds is not easily affected by colds.

weighing 216 pounds with a fair complexion and robust body is in no way ill. The doctor was plainly dressed, and wore a pair of boots, reaching to the thigh. A very handsome pin with the letters F. V. in diamonds and rubies, surmounted by an imperial crown, glittered in his neck tie. The doctor greeted the interview-

cordially, and in answer to a question concerning his health he was better, and continued: "But I generally have a cold. I shoot. When I was in England I hardly shot a match without suffering from a cold. The victory at Louisville was a cold, and about the hardest that I ever shot. I wish you were at it."

about the hardest hunt I ever shot. I only won the match last thirty birds, and it was tremendous work. Do you know though we only scored 82 and 89 every bird but one was hard! Most of them just dropped outside the boundary. The birds were remarkably good ones, and though a few would not get up

when the did they went away very strong. Very few flew. I was afraid the Chicago boys dropped their money, as they did not know I had improved in shooting since I came back from the West, and, I think Bogardus was astonished." On the day of his trip abroad Dr. Cameron said: "I left New York in

On the 27th of April, 1879, I left New York in a ship bound for England. Dr. Carver said, "I will shoot for you," and gave me my first exhibition shoot with the rifle at Weymouth, before the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, and some sixty of the nobility, on the 30th of April, 1879. A few days afterward the Prince sent me

Dighton Probyn, a gold horseshoe scarfpin, studded with emeralds, and having in the center the Prince of Wales feathers, and colored precious stones in the band of the coronet. I am very









## HULL YACHT CLUB.

YACHTS SAILING OVER FIVE RACES IN 1892.

Name.	Rig.	C.R. or K.	Owner.	Races Sailed.	Prizes Won.
Joker	Cat.	C.B.	George Coffin	31	8
Amey	"	"	F. W. Baxter	21	10
Thistle	"	"	S. A. Freeman	20	1
Waltham	"	"	H. A. Kelly	17	6
Noble	"	"	A. J. & L. M. Clark	17	3
Quaker	"	"	C. F. Adams, Jr.	18	4
Corsair	"	"	W. H. Mills	14	2
Lille	Sip.	"	P. M. Bond	13	8
Greveland	"	"	E. F. Wood	13	7
Bis	Cat.	C.B.	J. J. Souther	13	3
Myrtle	"	"	C. H. & R. G. Poor	13	3
Arcturion	"	"	H. N. Curtis	12	3
Raven	Sip.	"	H. P. Elwell	12	4
Gisela	Cat.	C.B.	G. G. Kane	12	5
Albatross	"	"	W. L. French	13	3
Zin	"	"	S. W. Morton	11	2
Albie	Sip.	"	A. S. Wattles	11	4
Albatross	"	"	E. P. Sharp	10	2
Junior L.	Sip.	"	C. H. Lockhart	10	4
Florida Lee	Cat.	C.B.	S. A. Freeman	10	9
Druid	"	"	E. P. Sharp	10	2
Sea Bird	Sip.	"	G. S. Fortnash	9	3
Wayo Crest	Cat.	"	E. B. Rogers	9	3
Druid	"	"	E. P. Sharp	9	2
David Crockett	Sip.	"	H. Putnam	8	(1)
Diagla	"	"	E. G. Seal	7	5
Showerboat	Cat.	"	W. M. Merrill	(1)	(1)
Charlotte	"	"	G. G. Harroway	6	6
Dream	Sip.	C.B.	J. P. Phinney	6	(2)
Relief	"	"	E. P. Sharp	6	1
Shadow	"	"	J. Bryant	6	5
Valley Witch	"	"	S. G. King	6	2
Beetle	Cat.	"	G. G. Harroway	5	2
Exeter	Sip.	"	Monks & Stanwood	5	2
Flirt	Cat.	"	J. T. Marshall	5	2
Snailboat	Sip.	"	G. H. Howe	5	2

## WINNERS OVER \$20 IN CASH.

Hera	\$1,097	Hermes	\$50
Shadow	243	Raven	50
Lille	135	Janet	38
Sea Bird	141	Danielson	36
Florida Lee	95	John	34
Amey	95	John	34
Bessie	85	Wayo Crest	33
Myrtle	82	John	33
Joker	82	Albie	25
Charlotte	80	Volante	25
Beetle	74	Albatross	25
Beetle	50	Anna	20
Admiral	50		20

For a full and complete list of each winning of yachts of the Hull Y. C. for the season of 1898, look up \$1,000, exclusive of cups and prizes other than cash. The Hera holds the list on account of large prize of \$1,000 taken in the match with Lille, sailed September 4.

## BEST TIME PER MILE OF HULL Y. C. YACHTS.

Name.	Rig.	C.R. or K.	Where.	Auspices.	Average per Mile.
Albie	Sch.	K.	74.10	Salem Bay	7m. 39.53s.
Sea Bird	Sip.	C.B.	32.1	Hull Y. C.	8m. 7.58s.
Lille	"	"	42.6	Hull Y. C.	8m. 42.00s.
Noble	"	"	42.6	Salem Bay	8m. 34.49s.
Hera	"	"	31	Hull Y. C.	8m. 37.55s.
Shadow	"	"	33.2	Marblehead, Eastern	9m. 42.00s.
Amey	"	"	33.2		10m. 48.00s.

## KINKS IN RIG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I am greatly interested in the subject of single handers it occurred to me that it might be of interest to some of your readers to know of an arrangement which I have been trying for a couple of years on my small schooner. I bought of a harness maker a number of galvanized hatter snags, made to receive the end of a rope half instead of a strap, and spliced one of these snags on to the end of each piece of running rigging on my yacht. Thus my halliards, sheets, downhaul, etc., are all capable of being detached in a few minutes. To owners who are accustomed to strip their own craft each fall and fit them out again each spring, this scheme will I think appear very forcibly. I have also found it very convenient in changing or modifying the rig, as you can dislodge the yacht of every particle of running rigging without any assistance, and can replace it in much less time than by the common method.

My yacht is twenty-five feet over all, and I am convinced that the rope snag will be found useful on all yachts up to thirty-five feet. There may be a better method, but I believe there is none more cheap, and easily attained by everyone.

In conclusion, let me say that I like the looks of the Fendear, and I have had in mind a similar scheme for some time, as I believe in the theory of lateral friction, and of course the nearer straight the frames the less surface exposed. Respectfully yours, NIM.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHICAGO Y. C.—Cash prizes to the amount of \$1,500 will be offered for the annual regatta, which will be sailed about August 1. Photographs of the Fleet Club, open to all schooners, together with printed programmes, will be sent to all Eastern yacht clubs, in the hope that some of them will send representative boats to Lake Michigan.

BEVERLY Y. C.—Beside the fixtures at the head of these columns the club will sail two matches at Monument Beach, one open to club yachts only, the other to all comers, dates not yet settled.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Beavor Webb, of London, the designer of Buttercup and Medusa, cutters, now building in Boston, will be in this country in September as a party to some races Medusa is nominated for.

HULL YACHT CLUB.—For the interesting statistics concerning this club we are indebted to a very creditable compilation from the pen of Mr. Peleg Aborn, 117 Devonshire street, Boston.

Sudden Changes of Weather are productive of Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, &c. There is no more effectual relief in these diseases to be found than in the use of BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Price 25 cts.—Adm.

## Answers to Correspondents.

## No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

E. D. C., Butler, Pa.—The cross of English and Irish will produce good results.

E. H. P., Stamford, Conn.—For general shooting in your State select a .40cal. .31gr. rifle.

J. W. E., Montgomery, N. Y.—For advertisement of "Schwatzka's Search" see our advertising columns.

F. H. S., Cleveland, O.—You can use five drams with perfect safety, providing that the gun is sound.

D. K. E. F.—We know of no one wishing to dispose of a complete second-hand amateur photographic outfit.

J. W. D., Richards Landing, Canada.—For information about Oregon State lands, write to State Land Office, Portland, Oregon.

E. D. L., Arrow Rock, Mo.—1. For foxhounds write to T. G. Tucker, Gaston, N. C. 2. There is but one species of red fox in this country.

L. H. C., Doyleston, Pa.—We do not know of whom you can procure suitable crow for trap shooting. You might employ some farmer to trap them for you.

C. X., Millersburg, Pa.—1. Will either Cune's "Field Ornithology" or Cune's "Check List" enable me to identify the natatoris and grallatoris of this section? 2. Which will the better serve my purpose?

Ans. Neither work will answer your purpose. Cune's "Key to N. A. Birds" is what you want, but it is out of print, we believe, and hard to obtain.

B. D. D.—1. To remove lead from your gun barrels, use kerosene oil and a wire scrub brush. 2. For glass ball shooting, use No. 8 or No. 9 shot. 3. There is no material difference in practical field work.

THURMERS, Winnipeg, Manitoba.—1. For all round shooting in Rocky Mountains select a .45 caliber, chambered for 100gr. powder. 2. Harris, 177 Broadway, may supply parts of the other rifle you want.

W. T. E., Concord, N. H.—Is Stoddard's map of the Adirondack Wilderness on regular news paper and meat 2 hanging on the wall or does it fold up like most maps in guide books? Ans. It can be supplied in either form.

Far Jack, South Norwalk, Conn., March 4.—To-day while returning from a fox chase, I started a good sized woodcock. Do you think it is a new comer or an old resident? Ans. A new comer. It was early for this season, but not for the time of year.

G. H. D., Carson, Nev.—1. Use of a .24in. shell in a .26in. chamber does interfere with correctness of shooting. 2. The gun will stand reboresing. 3. You will find .26in. shell sufficient for ordinary shooting; if you wish to use heavier charge have the chamber enlarged.

R. L. C., New York.—How long after birth should the tails of foxtier puppies be cut? 2. Is there any particular way of performing the operation which is better than any other? Ans. 1. About ten days. 2. Use a sharp pair of shears and cut quickly, leaving the tail an inch long.

C. B. P., South Britain, Conn.—1. There are fair but small grounds for snipe about eight miles from Westport. 2. On Long Island snipe go to Oakdale, on Long Island R. R., or to vicinity of South Oyster Bay. 3. For duck shooting on Long Island go to Good Ground, or Moriches, or Islip. The ducks will soon be there.

S. B. W., Augusta, Ga.—Jones and Smith marry two sisters; are Jones and Smith brothers-in-law? In other words, defunct relationship though now existing previous to marriage. What constitutes brother-in-law? Ans. You will find a definition of the term brother-in-law in the dictionary. Jones and Smith are not brothers-in-law.

E. K. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.—The shad bush or June berry is a shrub or small tree growing from ten to thirty feet high. It belongs to the botanical family Rosaceae, and stands near the hawthorne and the genus which contains the pear and the apple. The leaves of the shad bush are simple, ovate, serrated, and the flowers white in racemes, and the fruit globose, purplish, edible, and when ripe, in June, very sweet. It grows along streams and in moist places almost everywhere.

E. D., Salt Lake City.—1. How are antlers of elk or deer measured? i. e., in a direct line from butt to tip, or along the horn following the curves? 2. Which is regarded as of most value, great length or great circumference? 3. Other things being equal, which has the greater value, a head in which the antlers are perfectly symmetrical, or one in which some one or more unique peculiarities exist? 4. Is there any recognized authority on the above subject? What publication contains the rules and order, and where can it be had? Ans. 1. They are measured from butt to tip in a right line and not along the curve. 2. Great length which is usually but of course, not always, accompanied by great circumference. 3. This would be a matter of opinion and taste, but unless the symmetrical horns were enormously large they should be judged to give the preference to the unique head. 4. We know of none.

Roundabout roads are out of favor. Short cuts are popular and practical. Bessons' CAPSULE PLASTER is in this respect and in all others in advance of the times. It is fast superceding all other external remedies. It does not postpone; it acts to-day. Recommended by eminent physicians. It never fails to afford immediate relief. Price 25 cents. Word "capsule" cut in middle of the plaster.—Adm.

LEATHER KEEP DRY.—A perfect waterproof dressing for boots and shoes, makes them impervious to water, and softens the leather. No sportsman should be without it. For sale by Geo. L. Brown, 125 Federal street, Boston, Mass. See advertisement.—Adm.

CALIFORNIA BROOK TROUT.—Parties wishing to purchase California brook trout eggs can procure them by writing to H. Woodson, Fort Bidwell, Cal. See advertisement in our For Sale column.

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P. Cures Cattle or Gripes, Bile, 75c.  
Q. Cures Cattle or Gripes, Bile, 75c.  
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W. Cures Cattle or Gripes, Bile, 75c.  
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[Extract from Forest and Stream, July 7, 1891, p. 441]

\* \* \* This flight so nearly resembles the actual motion of birds that the Clay Pigeons afford excellent practice for wing shooting. We commend all sportsmen to test its merits. \* \* \*

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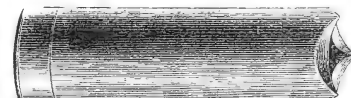
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## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Address all communications,

Forest and Stream Publishing Co.  
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BACK COPIES OF THE FOREST AND STREAM can be supplied.

## THE PARK LEASES.

THE Secretary of the Interior has leased to the Yellowstone Park Improvement Company a portion of the National Park. The lease executed covers seven different plots in various portions of the region, which aggregate ten acres. The law as passed during the last session of Congress protects this national pleasure resort from being seized by a vast monopoly, and the orders of the Secretary of the Interior should be sufficient to save the geysers and the game from destruction.

By this law the responsibility for the care of the Park is placed where it belongs, that is with the Interior Department and its servants. The public will look with interest on the action of Superintendent Conger, who has now been furnished with money and means to patrol the Park. If he does his full duty, the work of destruction which for ten years past has been going on in this beautiful region will be checked, trespassers and butchers will be promptly dealt with and punished, and the game, soon recognizing that it has here a safe abiding place, will increase and multiply. If the superintendent is careless and slothful, if he appoints as his assistants a lot of Eastern men who know nothing of the mountains and the habits of game, the old style slaughter will be kept up. We have every reason to think that the superintendent will do his duty by the Park. He has already shown a deep interest in it, and this interest will no doubt increase rather than flag. We warn him, however, against falling into the mistake of appointing for his game keepers and police incompetent men. Let him make his selection of these officers from among the mountain men of Montana, whom he can easily find. From among them he can select good men, who will be honest, reliable, faithful and fearless in the performance of their duty. If the care of the forests, the game and the natural wonders of the Park be placed in such hands, we have no fears for their future.

Any failure to act up to the provisions of the law will

readily be learned of in a region such as this will soon be, and the assistants who fail to do their duty must speedily be removed and make way for better men. The responsibility of the Park thus resting on one pair of shoulders, it is certain that it will be well cared for, and the country looks to Mr. Conger to see how its Park is to be looked after. The people's temper has been somewhat aroused by the monstrous attempt to take from them their rights, and they will look sharply after this reservation for the future.

It is stated that other parties beside those above mentioned have filed applications for leases, and these the Secretary is now considering. A healthy competition in the hotel business in the Park is very desirable. If, however, the Improvement Company had secured their 4,500 acres of land as at first attempted, there would have been much opportunity for other hotels to have been started.

**A DISGUSTED DOG.**—It is Hamerton, we think, who says, in one of his charming essays, that a poor shot should never go into the field with a good dog unless he is willing to be despised by the dog. In another column our ever-entertaining correspondent "Wells" relates a story illustrative of this; and "that reminds us" of a similar case that once came under our own notice. We have owned several dogs who seemed to take great delight in the killing of the birds, and it was plain to be seen that unless the birds were brought to bag their interest flagged. Many years ago we had a dog who possessed this trait, which grew upon him as he became older until it was impossible to get a good day's work out of him unless we did our share. He was one of the best animals we ever owned, and one of the most intelligent. In those days we selected our shooting companions as we did our dogs—for their good qualities in the field—and we nearly always succeeded in bringing to bag birds enough to keep the old dog, if not at his best, pretty well up to the mark. After a long career of usefulness he became too infirm for anything more than an hour or two in the field, and was seldom taken out. One afternoon we loaned him to a friend, who was a capital shot, except that at times he would have a "poor streak." Both man and dog started off in high spirits, but when they returned it was plain to be seen from the dejected appearance of the dog and the sheepish face of the Doctor that their fond anticipation of sport had not been realized. The Doctor explained the matter by saying that he had had a "poor streak." Said he: "I never was so disconcerted as when I caught the reproachful glance of the old dog's eye after missing as fair a shot as I ever had; and as I soon repeated the performance, I could plainly see in his expressive countenance disgust as well as reproach. Although I have stood behind the trap and, amid the jeers and hoots of the crowd, missed my ten birds straight, I never was so utterly demoralized in my life, and of course I missed the next one, when the old dog, with a look that will haunt me to my dying day, hung his head and, curling his tail between his legs, dejectedly marched back to the wagon, and actually showed his teeth when I tried to coax him out again."

**JUDGES FOR THE NEW YORK SNOW.**—The judges for the bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club are as follows: Mr. J. C. Higgins, of Delaware City, Del., will judge the English setters; Dr. J. W. Downey, of New Market, Md., the collies and beagles; Mr. J. F. Kirk, of Toronto, Canada, some of the non-sporting classes. The remaining classes are, as yet, not assigned, although it is probable that Mr. E. C. Sterling, of St. Louis, Mo., will judge the pointers, Irish, and black and tan setters. This list is unexceptionable, and one that is sure to receive the unqualified approval of the exhibitors.

**PROPOSED KENTUCKY ASSOCIATION.**—Doctor W. Van Antwerp and other prominent sportsmen of Kentucky are about to form an association for the protection of fish and game in the State. Such an organization is needed, and if the new one takes hold vigorously and helps to enforce the laws, it will take higher rank than those clubs which exist merely in order to hold shooting matches. As the proposed society intends to assist in stocking the waters, let up hope that it will protect them from the depredations of thieves who would take the last fish in them by any means in their power.

**HOW MUCH HE MISSED!**—It is related of the eccentric Dearborn Giles, of Boscawen, N. H., who recently died at the age of seventy-seven years, that although the best trout-brook in the town ran through his land, he made his boast that he never owned a fish-pole, a dog or a gun.

## ANTIQUATED MILITARY ARMS.

THERE is a growing feeling in the ranks of the National Guard that when the State makes a demand upon the soldier for a certain amount of range practice, the State thereby incurs the duty of seeing to it that the very best arms obtainable are placed in the hands of the men. In many of the States this is not the fact at present, and the guard-men of this Empire State feel the annoyance of an antiquated arm probably more than do the soldiers of any other State. It was the guard of this State which established Creedmoor, and gave to modern rifle practice in this country its first impulse. Knowing next to nothing of the art of rifle shooting it is not surprising that for a time there was no open objection urged against the State model arm. It was the regulation weapon, and shooting home matches there was little hardship, as all were equally handicapped by it, but when the marksmen from other States came up to Creedmoor and engaged in the matches they came with the best arms obtainable, and it goes without saying that they were not the New York State arm. The New York boys found themselves pushed to the wall by men in no wise their superiors in knowledge of all the many details which go to make up the successful bullseye hitter, but there was the difference of a superior weapon, and this decided the match.

Under such circumstances it is not at all surprising that there should be a disposition on the part of the New York teams to stay out of matches where by the conditions they are doomed to almost certain defeat. This indisposition to enter into competition is significant, for once crush out the desire to measure effort in friendly rivalry with fellow-workers, and soon the whole subject of butt practice will die out despite all the general orders that may be issued to bolster it up. Competition is life and rivalry is vital in this matter, and if the men of one section are weighted down by an antiquated arm, they must soon cease to use it as anything more than a dummy with which to go through the manual of arms, and one of the most valuable lines of endeavor on the part of the soldier is cut off.

It may be urged that the cost of rearming such a large force as the entire National Guard of a State is too great to be lightly incurred, and then there is the risk that the work may be, after all, but temporary. There is no knowing when the time may come that shall see an invention which shall sweep away our entire small arm system, and there is a continuous line of improvement which makes the winning weapon of to-day the discarded arm of to-morrow. Still this is no excuse for absolute inaction, and a start, at least, could be made toward the better arming of the men by the issue of a limited number of rifles which are beyond question, and by general consent, superior to those now in use. They might be placed in the hands of the men best qualified to appreciate and use them, and their possession would come to be looked upon as in some degree a badge of proficiency in one of the soldiers' duties. It would not require such a great outlay to issue enough of these improved rifles to enable all the official scoring under the State orders to be made with them, and so show the men at their very best.

Of course, for a great majority of the work which the National Guard may ever be unfortunately called upon to perform, the present arms are amply accurate and deadly. It is quite enough for a mob of riotous citizens to know that the blue-coated young men marching against the disorderly ones are armed, even though it be with .50-caliber rifles, which may not shoot above an average of inners at the long ranges. Across the street, or at the distance of a block away, they are quite accurate enough to render a deadly fire, and they will be the more deadly, and, therefore, the less likely to be called into use in proportion as the men can handle them with certainty. Yet an essential point is to keep the interest of the men up to the highest point, and this can only be accomplished by letting them feel that their personal endeavors are not set at naught by the inherent defects of the instrument in their hands.

That there is a feeling in the matter among the National Guard is shown by the expression of opinion on the part of Company C, Seventh Regiment, N. G., S. N. Y., where, at a recent meeting, resolutions were passed, as shown in the following synopsis:

The rifle with which the National Guard is at present armed will not carry accurately more than 500 yards. In all matches at Creedmoor and elsewhere whenever our National Guard are called in competition with those of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and other States, they find themselves heavily handicapped, their opponents being furnished with a much better arm. The late International Match and other matches have created a spirit of emulation in our National Guard that in our opinion should be fostered by the State; this can only be done by arming us with the best rifle procurable. The ex-





starts suddenly, with hoarse cry, from a secluded nook by the water's side, and lazily flaps away, with its long legs sticking straight out behind; and the ungainly water turkey or snake bird sits awkwardly on a limb projecting over the stream, tilting back and forth in vain efforts to balance itself. Its long neck is raised, pecking about in every direction, seemingly undecided whether to drop to the water or take flight. Black bass, sunfish, sheepshead and gar-pikes, with an occasional alligator, can be plainly seen swimming along in the clear, white water.

Returning to the Rambler we put back to Bayport and up the coast, ten miles, to Chessowicksee River. This part of the coast abounds in masses of black rock, called "nigger heads," for which the cruiser must keep a sharp lookout or he will continue to be so, as they crop up within a few inches of the surface. This river, as do most of the streams in this section, rises from a large spring. Some of the rivers of the interior suddenly disappear under ground, and most probably they reappear at the surface through these springs. At the mouths of the rivers are numerous oyster banks where sheepshead and drum do mostly congregate. Ten miles further north we come to Homosassa River, and following the tortuous channel at its mouth we anchored a mile from the Gulf. The Homosassa is a beautiful stream, unlike most others on the west coast. It rises from two large springs, and seems to have forced its way suddenly and with great violence toward the Gulf, cutting its way through the rocky soil by numerous channels, leaving many islands of coralline rock crowned by cabbage palms, for the last four miles of its course.

The next morning we sailed up to the charming resort of Capt. A. E. Jones, four miles from the mouth of the river. This is the most home-like hotel in Florida, and under the able management of Capt. and Mrs. Jones has become a favorite winter resort for many Northern sportsmen and their families. There are two long buildings with spacious and comfortable rooms, all on the first floor, shaded by verandas, and facing each other, with a beautiful lawn between adorned by orange, lemon and fig trees, with the beautiful river and mangrove groves in the rear. It is really the home of Mr. Yule, who was abandoned and burnt during the war; the large sugar plantation adjoining, with its mills and machinery, being also deserted and destroyed and permitted to lapse into a state of tropical wildness. The fine fishing and hunting at this place is so well known, having often been described in *FOREST AND STREAM*, that I will not dwell upon it here; suffice it to say that we went out one day with Mr. Giles and Mr. Curtis, and saw how they made a fine sport, but I will not say a mile from the hotel, where I killed my last deer in Florida, a young deerhound belonging to Mr. Giles. We went to the springs at the head of the river in the schooner without difficulty under the pilotage of Mr. Curtis. They are similar to the other river springs of this section, but the river itself, I think, is by far the most beautiful. To those wishing the comforts of a home while enjoying the fishing, shooting, boating, sub-tropical scenery and climate salubrity of the Gulf Coast, I would say, by all means go to Homosassa and put yourselves under the hospitable roof of Capt. and Mrs. A. E. Jones, whose efforts to secure the comfort and well-being of their guests are untiring and proverbial, and moreover, you will there meet with some of the best people of the North, to associate with whom will be one of your greatest pleasures.

One night while anchored off the wharf of Capt. Jones I was awakened by strains of melody floating over the water, and turning out I beheld several large lights floating down the stream above us. Soon I discovered it to be a long raft of cedar logs being poled along by negroes, whose dusky forms were brought out in strong relief by the blazing fires of pine-knots in hoop iron baskets, and whose clear and musical voices, singing their boating refrains, had been softened by distance and borne along the surface of the water by the sea breeze.

The next day we were anchored near the mouth of the river, laying in supplies. Skipper was in the dingy tending oysters. Squire was standing on the cabin roof watching for ducks and shore birds. Jack had gone ashore in the canvas boat to shoot snipe, while I was catching sheepshead. A sudden blow of wind sent the foresail sweeping over the cabin roof, the boom striking Squire and snipsheds and sent him sprawling on the deck. I seized the conch-horn and a terrific blast to attract the attention of the boatmen, for the scene was too good to enjoy alone. Jack and Skipper looked over just as Squire emerged upright with the water up to his shoulders. Jack, taking in the situation at a glance, shouted:

"Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a crested woman;  
So might I, stretched on my deathbed lie,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

### MUSICAL FROGS.

SOME time ago you printed a note from one of your many observing contributors in reference to certain musical frogs.

It reminded me that one night last summer while drifting with the tide up the Potomac, a dead calm having fallen upon us, I thought I heard instrumental music on shore just above Mount Vernon. The soft tinkling rose and fell, increasing and diminishing, while at times the sweetest strains floated over the water, as if an opera of fairies was rendering the sweet silver notes nanking and delightful swells and cadences, as my rapturing being quiet reverenced the artists somewhere in the shadowy distance. At one time there was a good imitation of the "Turkish Patrol," the crescendo and diminuendo being marked, starting with soft tinkles, increasing to a full chorus, and ending with delicate cadence. Finally I discovered that the musicians were frogs, and all in a little space of an acre or so near shore where, where the grass was not entirely covered by the tide.

The frogs may be well known, but I never heard any that made that kind of music before, though I generally hear them all, from *hyas* to *pipiens*, from those that tune up almost as soon as the song sparrow in the spring, to the rum-jug-o-rums of the summer, J. C. B.

### EXPERIENCE OF THREE AT REHOBOTH.

A PARTY of congenial souls had congregated at the corner grocery in the town of Rehoboth, Delaware, one evening in the early part of last December, and while sitting around the stove toasting their shins, and recounting their gunning and fishing exploits, the subject of duck shooting was introduced by Silas Merrihew, an enthusiastic lover of the rod and gun. "Boys," said he, "I've been seriously thinking of spending a week among the ducks. It is an entirely new diversion to me, and something always has been so. Now, one of you two, if you will accompany me, the thing is fixed. We'll have lots of fun, and probably bring home enough ducks to convince our friends that we did not purchase them. Who will go?"

Tom Stetson and Harry Wilson declared that nothing would suit them better, provided that good partridge shooting could be had in the neighborhood of the ducking waters. As each was the possessor of a well-broken setter, they naturally desired to spend some off-time at their favorite sport.

A place was next to be decided on. Barnegat Bay and Gunpowder River were condemned on account of the last mentioned requisite being lacking. Rehoboth Bay, on the southeastern coast of Delaware, was unanimously chosen as the place offering the greatest inducements. A letter was forwarded by the next mail to John Martin, a farmer living within a short distance of the bay, who accommodated gunners with boarding and lodging for a consideration, and throwing in the use of his decoys and services as boatman, notifying him they would be there either on Monday or Tuesday evening of the following week. It was finally decided that they should start on Monday.

Accordingly the trio, with their dogs, guns and ammunition, left C. early on Monday morning for Rehoboth, via Wilmington and Harrington. The trip to Lewes was devoid of interest. Here the railroad facilities ceased. Rehoboth is situated about eight miles southwest of Lewes. To cover this distance they had either to walk or engage a team, as they had not definitely stated in their letter what day they were coming, and Martin, of course, was not there to meet them. Inquiry of a native elicited the information that for \$6 he would hire them a conveyance and send a driver along. His proposition was accepted.

Calling a genuine Delaware darkey to him, he said: "Pete, you go down to the stable and hitch up the bays and take these gentlemen over to Jack Martin's." In a short time the "bays" were driven around to the station.

And what a team! A pair of mules, whose appearance indicated a propensity for airing their heels and perpetrating all the tricks peculiar to the race, were harnessed to a rickety old open-topped wagon.

Harry W., whose avoirdupois was over 255 pounds, looked at the vehicle dubiously, and then asked the proprietor if he hadn't a cart and a pair of oxen handy, as his party wasn't much on style, and didn't want him to send his best rig that distance. Pretending not to see the point, the man answered:

"Oh! that's all right, stranger, I s'uss like to give my friends the best. Won't you step over to the hotel and hev sumthin' before you go?" Declining his offer, they mounted the vehicle and ordered the driver to drive on. As they moved off the proprietor halted. "Now you be damned careful, Pete. Them mules be chuck full of oats and fed mighty spunky." They had not been long on the road before a trace parted. It was spliced with a piece of rope, and again everything was lovely.

"We're getting tawny now, we are," exclaimed Pete as the mules broke into a trot. "These yar animals are sumthin' on the git up and git, I tell yer." Hardly had the words escaped him when Wilson, who had been sitting on the seat, was observed to suddenly turn a flip-flop and alight in the sand on the roadside. Before his friends could divine the cause of this strange maneuver, they were all dumped in a heap alongside of their fallen comrade. The darkey was the first to take in the situation. "For to goodness, if de lynch pin ain't gone and dropped out." Such was the case. He was sent back to find it, while John and Silas righted the wagon and replaced the wheel. Harry meanwhile held the mules. A post soon returned with the lost lynch-pin. It was securely seated and once more the party were en route.

The mules had been very meek and well-behaved under these trying circumstances, and no trouble with them was apprehended. But alas for our friends' confidence in mule flesh! When about three miles from Martin's the off mule, evidently becoming tired, quietly lay down in the middle of the road, and no amount of persuasion could induce him to get up. This sort of traveling was becoming monotonous. It was how almost dark. Something had to be done, and very soon at that. While they were consulting as to the best means for raising the refractory mule, a smile suddenly illuminated the countenance of Pete, who exclaimed: "I know what will fetch him; he's awful afraid of a gun. S'pose we all git in de wagon, and one of you gentlemen shoots off his gun, and then he start his back up. When I didn't thought of dat afore." They satated themselves; Pete gathered the lines; John inserted two shells, raised his gun and fired both barrels. With a bound the mule sprang to his feet, and the circus then began in earnest. The near mule had remained quiet up to this time, but now took a hand in the performance. They reared, plunged and kicked. It was a ludicrous sight to see Pete dexterously avoid their heels. The harness, fortunately, held the car-stricken animals to the wagon, and the two drivers were free themselves futile, started off at a spanking gait, and without further adventure the tired and disgusted Nimrods arrived at John Martin's, having been three and one-half hours in making the eight miles.

A man was standing at the door of a rather comfortable-looking farm house, and as the team stopped in front of the gate he came forward and inquired, "Be you the party that has comin' in here to-night?" "Yes," answered the gentlemen. "If I'd a know you fellows was comin' to-night I'd a had a team down to Lewes and hauled you over; your letter didn't say what day to look for you. Howsomer, the old woman'll soon have supper ready. Here, Jake—" turning to a young man, whom he afterward introduced as his son, "take these gentlemen's dogs and put them in the stable." He then led the way into the house, where they were soon seated before a roaring wood fire.

Presently Mr. Harry Wilson, after being introduced, he announced that supper was in waiting, and "would the gentlemen be kind enough to step into the dining-room?" What a feast was set before these hungry sportsmen! Cold roast duck, broiled quail, fresh white bread, steaming hot

coffee, and different kinds of sauces. After partaking heartily of the repast, they adjourned to the sitting-room.

"Mr. Martin," inquired Harry, "what are the prospects for duck and partridge shooting?"

"Gentlemen," answered Martin, "I'm afeard you've left it too late for ducks. The bay is all frozen over, so you can't snuck up on the ducks. Your only chance is to lay fur 'em at night, and shoot into 'em as they fly over the pint for the fresh water pond beyond. It's froze over, too, but there be air-holes where the ducks can get fresh water to drink. They allers go there at night. Soon as ever the moon gets up you won't have much trouble in bringing some down. As fur partridges, there's plenty of 'em, but takes my advice, and when you find a covey, give 'em both barrels as they're up, 'cause ten to one you won't see 'em again. They make straight for the swamps, and the devil himself couldn't hunt 'em there."

"Boys," said Silas, "suppose we try the ducks to-night? We might as well have a little fun before turning in." The proposition was agreed to, and in a short time they were en route for the "point" above alluded to, accompanied by John Martin. The point proved to be a narrow strip of land projecting some distance out into the bay, and on which the Martins had erected a blind, sufficiently large to accommodate four or five gunners. Our friends took possession, and anxiously awaited the first appearance of Luna. As the ducks flew overhead their forms could be dimly outlined, and it was with some difficulty that Martin could restrain the excited sportsmen from opening fire. "Now, just hold on a bit, and don't waste your powder and shot," said he to Harry as the latter was on the point of raising his gun. "You'll hev all the shooting you want very shortly."

The time dragged wearily along, but at length the scene changed from darkness to moonlight. "Harry, you take the first shot," said Tom. "Get ready," whispered Martin, "here comes a bunch." He put up the gun, and when the birds approached within shooting distance, gave them both barrels. "I didn't hear anything drop," laughingly exclaimed Silas. "I guess you must have forgotten to put shot in your partridges. Now, Tom, your turn next. If you miss, I'll see if I can stop them a flock of eight ducks, soon come in range, and with the report of Tom's gun two birds fell, and as the others flew by, Silas gave them a parting shot, killing two more. "Just give me another chance, and I'll show you what duck-killing is," exasperatingly ejaculated Harry, as the others chaffed him on his misses. "Well, here's your chance," said Tom, as two more were reported coming toward the blind. Now, redeem yourself, Bang bang! "There comes one, anyhow. Clean shot that," shouted H., exultantly. "By George, he's only wounded, and is making for the ice."

The thought never occurred to give the wounded duck another load, but rushing from the blind he started in pursuit. The bird gained the ice, Harry close behind. Crash! He had stepped upon the ice, which, not being more than an inch thick, broke under his weight, precipitating him into the water below.

Scrambling to the shore, he returned to the blind. "Did you get the duck?" asked his companions. "No, blast the duck, but I've got an infernal good ducking. Guess I'll go up to the house and borrow some of Mr. Martin's old clothes."

Silas and Tom concluded to remain awhile longer, as the fun was just commencing. After enjoying the sport for upward of an hour, and securing twenty ducks, they too, returned to the farmhouse. There the three ducks Harry squeezed into one of the old man's suits, looking the very picture of despair.

"I want it distinctly understood," said he, "that duck chasing for me is played out. I'll fill the next one full of shot that tries to get away."

The forenoon of the following day was devoted to partridge shooting. The dogs worked excellently, and quite a number of the birds were found. Two were shot, but one killed when flushed sought safety in the swamps. Don and Nig followed and pointed, but the gunners could not approach. Indeed, H. endeavored to do so once, and became so imbedded in the mud that his friends experienced great difficulty in extricating him. Notwithstanding this discouraging state of affairs, they succeeded in bagging thirty for one morning's work.

After partaking of a hearty dinner they turned their attention to cleaning their guns and putting everything in readiness for an evening with the wildfowl. The old man and his son entertained them with recitals of some of their marvelous gunning exploits. It was amusing to behold the countenance of Tom, as Mr. Martin, Jr., related the greatest feat of his life in long range shooting. Said he:

"I had 'bin gunnin' for ducks and had got 'bout as many as I could stand, when I spied comin' my way six geese. I dropped two cartridges of big shot into my gun, and waited. Presently they come a little nearer; I honked and they honked, but darn if I could git 'em inside of a hundred yards. 'Thanks I, 'Them birds are goin' to light out pretty soon, so I'll cut loose on 'em anyhow.' I puts up my gun and blazed away. You oughter see the feathers fly! I thought that's 'bout all the damage I'd done, but, as true as my name is Jack Martin, then six geese dropped, one after the other, some dead. 'That's what I call pretty tall shootin'!' Although his listeners felt that the story was gotten up for their especial edification, they nevertheless agreed that it was a remarkable shot and one worthy to be placed on record.

About 9 o'clock the party were again within the blind. The ducks began to move, affording some excellent shots. H.'s nervousness had worn off, and he scored five more birds than either of his companions. The fusillade continued until 11 o'clock. Upon counting the result, it was ascertained that thirty-five ducks and three geese had been killed. Highly elated they returned to the house and were soon wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

It is hardly necessary to detail their actions during the remaining four days. Each day's shooting was but a repetition of Tuesday's. When they arrived in the village on Saturday evening, they divided the game that had not been retimed among some consumption among their friends. H. enjoined his companions to secrecy regarding his various mishaps. But somehow they all leaked out, and now he is asked whether he caught his ducks or shot them.

OCCEANICAL.

NEBRASKA.—Falls City, Neb., March 6.—Since the ice has begun to melt we have been having fine duck and goose shooting on the numerous lakes in this immediate vicinity. Squirrels, rabbits, etc., are plentiful. Quail wintered in this section well, though undoubtedly a number were frozen.—Tyro.

## Natural History.

### THE YELLOW-BELLIED WOODPECKER.

Picus.

I SEE as with "the spect of prophecy" that the FOREST AND STREAM is destined to be an encyclopedia of natural history, and the only one in the English language. To sustain that reputation is only necessary that the sportsman-naturalist and compiler of facts, unite their efforts on this common or neutral ground. The sportsman must rise to the plane of the naturalist, then both must be lifted from savage to civilized life, while the compiler must come down from the high stool he has mounted, and in a manly way acknowledge his indebtedness to the others, and to the labors of other men. The sooner this is done the better for all parties, since it is plain that the sportsman (today now carries into the woods the highest grade of intellect, which, fired with the excitement of the chase, gives life, interest and humor to a narrative that no tarry-at-home, however sentimental or scientific, can reach. I would not be considered meddling or inclined to "thrust my nose" into other men's business, but I often read an article in this paper to the significance of which I might possibly add a trifle, and the same amount perhaps to its value as an historic record. My object is simply to preserve strong points of character frequently overlooked, and which, once true, are forever true, in the orders of life below us.

In running my eye over the list of "Birds of Maine," substantially the birds of New England, I noticed that the yellow-bellied woodpecker was passed over with a few words, just what every author gives the bird, showing most conclusively that ornithology as a science had not at all reached his character, habits and peculiar instincts. I am obliged to set down first, that this is the most destructive bird in our climate. I have seen the best trees in an apple orchard destroyed, while the owner looked sadly at the trees ceasing to bear and dying, not once dreaming that so small a bird could cause it. "Sometimes collect a sap sucker," falsely so-called. *It has no sucking apparatus.* Boring for worms is often asserted and stoutly defended. False again, he never bores a wormy tree, and besides he has no barbed tongue like his tribe for pulling out a worm when he gets almost to it. Still worse, he kills a tree leaving no mark of his bill on the wood equal to the scratch of a pin. Then what under heaven does he do?

Well, he kills the tree most certainly. I have seen the white birch cut off, or rather broken off, twenty feet from the ground, in more cases than I can number, all his work. I have seen the yellow birch destroyed in the same manner; branches of the tree cut off, shriveled branches struggling for life, but dying. I have seen a tree girdled with spots twenty feet from the ground, then again a few feet lower, then below that, repeating the process to the roots, leaving dead and dry sections above each hole. I have seen the white pine destroyed in the same way. I have seen an elm tree eighteen inches in diameter, whose trunk of twelve feet was spotted with "gimlet holes" in the bark nearly one inch thick, and where for ten summers past I have shot the pests and thereby saved the tree. But this was a "honeydew" class, of thicker, darker, greener foliage than hundreds of others in the neighborhood, and from the tips of the leaves a drop of sticky liquid fell, just as a name.

What other crimes against property this bird may be guilty of, I leave others to discover. What I have seen any one can see if they have the same opportunity. The bird crowds closely the snow line in its northern migrations, and although leaving his "trade mark" on many trees, does little damage in Massachusetts. But further north, where the bird breeds, white orchards are severely injured, if not destroyed, by them. In such a tree can be found without enlargement for some distance of the sap. In that case the wound in the soft inner bark would grow over, while the rough outside bark would show the holes ever afterward. The first impression might well be that sweet-apple trees would be selected, but the rule is not reliable, since the sour, "puckery," crab-apple seldom escapes.

The bird begins its operations early in May, on the smooth, green, healthy bark of a tree just beginning to bear fruit, and just as the bark swells out with the soft pulp for the year's deposit of wood. With true philosophy he invariably begins just below the offshoot of branches, where the upward flow of sap is retarded by knotty fibers above, and where the accumulation presses, causing the sap to flow more freely than at any other place. If the taste is satisfactory he begins again, then returns to the first, lapping out the sap with a tongue fringed with hair on both sides, meeting at the point. This is the key to all his eccentric habits. Thus alternately pecking new holes, and lapping out those already made, he soon girdles a tree with bleeding wounds. Then perhaps flies off to other trees picking bugs and worms from the bark, but soon returns to the flowing sap where three-quarters of the day is spent. If the heat of summer dries a hole he at once enlarges it, laterally, causing it to bleed afresh. Thus by a process constantly intermittent, the work is carried on often by a whole family in turn.

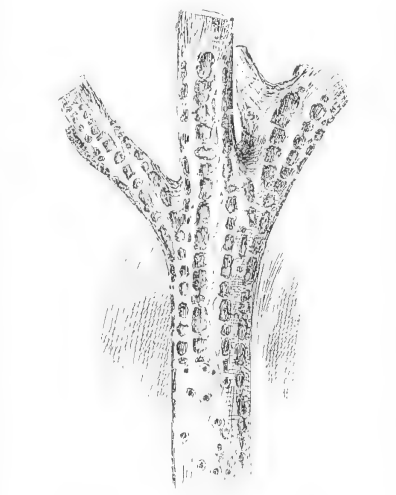
In this way the holes approach each other till the flow of sap is so diminished that the leaves fade and the fruit withers on the stem or falls to the ground. Perhaps half the apple trees attacked by this little frightful, but not otherwise invariably destructive, bird, are injured, and in every possible degree, from the round gimlet hole, which is not fatal, to the broad "countersink" which kills the branch or the whole tree. I must allude here to the fact that when the woodpecker leaves the tree, a hummingbird invariably drops down from a twig on which he has been waiting his turn, thrusts his tongue into the holes in rapid succession and starts off the next minute.

I think the reader will acknowledge my first assertion sustained, and also that this species is misnamed "a sap-sucker," although at a certain season sap is a prime article of food, and that he is more of an insect than a worm eater, lacking the necessary machinery for reaching worms in the true picarian style.

To return to introductory remarks I trust the sportsman naturalist will not feel that he has been treated with disrespect in natural history is beneath the dignity of the sharpest intellects in society. The subject is not yet exhausted, there will be for many days to come. Another thing, there should be a free interchange of thought among writers. A postal card will ask and answer many questions where the record of a fact has obscure points. My skull is thick as a board, I acknowledge; yours may be in spots; in any case

let us be neighborly and abolish fictitious names. Record every natural fact that comes under your eye, even at the risk of feeling the clerical have more than once felt on finding what I supposed new to the world was new only to myself. One thing further, let no man expect to see all these things in a minute. The experiences of a lifetime, and the fruit of its researches are often embodied in a single page of record, and it is only from a great store of incident that we can sift what is reliable, and separate the true from the false.

A word of explanation for using *Picus*—There is in ornithology substantial agreement as to genera, while species and variety afford a boundless field in which young ambition spreads itself with wonderful effect. Distinctions



CRAB-APPLE TREE KILLED BY YELLOW-BELLIED WOODPECKER.

without differences, as synonyms fully demonstrate, have been multiplied about as long as it will pay. I herein give a "difference" in this bird without a "distinction," and throw the gate wide open for my friends above referred to to step in and reach "immortality" by a shorter cut than usual. Give us, please, a term (not as long as your arm) embodying some idea of its character and habits, else we must give it up, and fall back on yellow-bellied wood—no—black-pecker, very near the place from which we started.

B. HORSFORD.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

### WINTER BIRDS.

AROUND Boston this winter there has been an unusual flight of birds, especially several species that have not been seen in its vicinity (excepting a few scattering specimens) for at least fifteen years. Several birds have been taken here during the past three months that have never before been known to pass the winter here. For instance, I know of an authentic case of the taking of two cowbirds in the middle of winter. Although the season has been severe, robins, song-sparrows, bluejays and yellow-rumped warblers have stayed in this vicinity in greater or less numbers. I saw a red-winged blackbird the 17th of February, and bluebirds arrived before the 1st of March. I have taken many white-winged crossbills and pine grosbeaks, but the American crossbill has been scarce. On the 22d of February I shot forty redpolls out of one flock, about thirty of them being Greenland or greater redpolls. Redpolls have been here in great numbers, and snow-birds and shore-larks are frequenting the seashore in large flocks. On the 24d of February I saw an Ipswich sparrow, which was shot by a friend accompanying me. Thinking this a remarkable winter in regard to the number of birds visiting us, I have deemed it worthy to write to you about it.

W. A.

BOSTON, March 7.

I here send you a list of birds observed during the winter months, as follows: Robin, *Turdus migratorius*; bluebird, *Sialia sialis*; black-capped chickadee, *Parus atricapillus*; white-bellied nuthatch, *Sitta carolinensis*; cedar bird, *Amphispiza bilineata*; pine grosbeak, *Pinicola enucleator*; American goldfinch, *Chrysomitris tristis*; song sparrow, *Melospiza melodia*; chipping sparrow, *Spizella socialis*; English sparrow, *Passer domesticus*; crow, *Corvus americanus*; downy woodpecker, *Picus pubescens*; red-headed woodpecker, *Melanerpes erythrocephalus*; golden-winged woodpecker, *Colaptes auratus*; screech owl, *Scops asio*.

CAD. OLIVER.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., Feb. 25.

A friend of mine shot a high-hole on January 25. Another high-hole was seen at Woodside a couple of weeks ago. Robins and a few meadow larks were in the woods in winter, and several large flocks of meadow larks and fox sparrows have appeared during the past week. A large white owl was seen by a friend at Locust Valley on January 25. I have heard of three being killed in this neighborhood during January. Will you please inform me if the horned lark, about which an article appeared in your last issue, and the lark bunting, abundant here during the winter, are the same?

LOUISIANA CITY, Feb. 26.

A pewee (*Sayornis phoebe*) was observed here to-day, an unusually early date for the arrival of this species. G. MELFORD, CORNELL, Feb. 8, 1883.

### THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH

#### FAMILY RECURVITROSTRIDÆ: AVOCETS AND STILTS.

214. Avocet—*Recurvirostra americana* Aud., Ridg. 566. Cs. 600.—Accidental visitant from the West. Rare. Several specimens have been shot on the eastern shore of the Bay of Fundy at various times, and sent to a taxidermist in St. John, N. B. One was killed at "Simonton's Cove," Cape Elizabeth, Cumberland county, Maine, November 5, 1878, and its skin is now in the collection of the Natural History Society of Portland, Maine.

215. Black-necked Stilt—*Himantopus nigripes* Aud., Ridg. 567. Cs. 601.—Accidental visitant from the South and West. Very rare. Mr. Boardman has recorded a specimen taken near the mouth of the St. Croix River in 1862. Mr. Montague Chamberlain has recorded (Bull. N. O. C., April, 1882) the capture of a specimen by Mr. John C. Gills, at Mace's Bay, on the eastern shore of the Bay of Fundy, in September, 1880. The species is rarely found on the New England coast.

#### FAMILY PHALAROPIDÆ: PHALAROPES.

216. Red Phalarope—*Phalaropus fulicarius* Aud., Ridg. 563. Cs. 604.—Not uncommon along the coast during migrations. Mr. Boardman reports that "some breed" in the region of the St. Croix River. Mr. H. H. Hildreth, of Brewer, Maine, informs me that a pair, male and female, were shot at Hermon Pond, Penobscot county, in May, 1881, and they were probably there for breeding purposes, although the spring migration occurs in May and these birds may have been merely stragglers from the coast.

217. Northern Phalarope—*Lobipes hyperboreus* Aud., Ridg. 564. Cs. 603.—Not uncommon along the coast during migrations. Probably a few breed on the outer islands, but I have observed phalaropes, probably of this species, at sea near our coast in June and July. The phalaropes are locally termed "sea geese" by fishermen and others. I have failed to learn the origin of this very inappropriate name for birds that most resemble in size and form the small sandpipers, although their feet are partially webbed, and they are swimmers more habitually than waders when found near our coast. "Rock old-quaw" is another and less common, local name, I have heard applied to the phalarope.

218. Wilson's Phalarope—*Lobipes wilsoni* Aud., Ridg. 565. Cs. 602.—Rare. I saw three phalaropes alight in the Noneseuch River, near "Black Rock," Scarborough, June 9, 1881. My companion, William H. Stephenson, Esq., shot one of these, and it proved to be of the species above named.

#### FAMILY RALLIDÆ: RAILS.

219. King Rail—*Rallus elegans* Aud., Ridg. 569. Cs. 676.—Rare. The only record of the occurrence of this species here for which I can vouch is that of a single specimen, shot by my friend Albert G. Rogers, Esq., at the Sparhawk River marsh, October 1, 1881, the skin of which is preserved in the collection of the Portland Natural History Society.

220. Clapper Rail—*Rallus corymbosus* Aud., Ridg. 571. Cs. 673.—Rare. An occasional visitant from the South. Specimens have been taken at various times on the coast, and one was shot at "Sedgwick's Pond," Androscoggin county, in 1874, by Mr. C. F. Nason, of Auburn, Maine. For this sole inland record I am indebted to Prof. J. T. Stanton, of Lewiston, Maine, in whose collection the skin is preserved.

221. Virginia Rail—*Rallus virginianus* Aud., Ridg. 572. Cs. 677.—Not very common. Breeds. Formerly abundant but apparently not very common during the last few years, excepting in the autumn of 1881, when rails of several species were remarkably abundant here.

222. Carolina Rail, Sora Rail—*Ortygma caroliniana* Aud., Ridg. 574. Cs. 679. Common. Breeds. Abundant in favorite localities during September and October.

223. Yellow Rail—*Ortygma pusilla* Aud., Ridg. 575. Cs. 680.—Not uncommon but very rare. Breeds. Breeds.

224. Jamaica Rail, Black Rail—*Porzana jamaicensis* Aud., Ridg. 576. Cs. 681.—During the autumn of 1881 great numbers of Carolina rails were shot in the vicinity of Portland, Me., as also numerous Virginia rails and yellow rails, and a king rail. Upon the fourth of October, while my friends, Jonas Hamilton and Albert G. Rogers, of this city, were shooting in Scarborough, Mr. Boardman's father shot a Carolina rail, a black rail, and a yellow rail. The bird was probably of the species *Porzana jamaicensis*. Both gentlemen have a familiar knowledge of our common species of rails, and especially noted that this bird differed from the "sora" or Carolina rail and the yellow rail in form as well as in plumage. Unfortunately the specimen was not preserved, and it may possibly have been an instance of melanism of the yellow rail.

225. Purple Gallinule—*Gallinula porphyrio* Aud., Ridg. 578. Cs. 685.—Accidental visitant from the South. This species has been recorded as of occurrence as far north and east as New Brunswick (v. Bull. N. O. C., July, 1881, and April, 1882).

Mr. Boardman mentions it in his list of the birds found in the vicinity of Calais, Maine. Mr. H. A. Purdie has recorded (Bull. N. O. C., v. p. 242) the capture of a bird in 1877 near Boothbay, Maine, by Mr. Jos. G. Nickerson. This bird was "taken alive and afterward escaped."

226. Common Gallinule, Florida Gallinule—*Gallinula chloropus* Aud., Ridg. 579. Cs. 684.—Accidental visitant from the South. Mr. Boardman obtained a specimen some years since that was shot in Calais, Maine.

227. American Coot—*Fulica americana* Aud., Ridg. 580. Cs. 686.—Not very common, but usually occurring in limited numbers during the autumn migration. But little known here, and the name *Pont de l'eau*, or water-hen, is not used in Maine.

I have heard it locally termed "blue peter" and "blue marsh-hen" in Maine. The name coot, properly applied only to this bird, is erroneously used in Maine, as well as throughout New England, to designate any one of the three species of surf ducks or scoters so abundant along this coast.

#### FAMILY ANATIDÆ: DUCKS, GESE AND SWANS.

228. Common Swan—*Cygnus americanus* Aud., Ridg. 588. Cs. 689.—Rare straggler from the West or South. An immature swan of this species was shot by Mr. Wm. Williams, of Boudoinham, Me., in the Kennebec River, near Brick Island, at the

junction of the Androscoggin River, known as "Merry-meeting Bay," in November, 1881.

229. Snow Goose—*Anser hyperboreus* Aud.: *Chen hyperboreus* Ridg. 501, C. 695.—Rare. Some years ago a flock of geese of this species alighted in the Nonesuch River at Scarborough, Me., and remained there undisturbed a half day. An immature specimen was shot at Glenburn, Penobscot county, October 28, 1881, and its skin is in the possession of Mr. E. S. Bowler, of Bangor. An immature specimen was shot near Hollowell, Kennebec county, November 25, 1881. An adult specimen was shot in Casco Bay, Cumberland county, in December, 1880, and its skin is preserved in the collection of the Portland Natural History Society. Geo. A. Boardman, Esq., has procured an immature specimen in the region of the St. Croix River. The three immature specimens above cited are probably referable to "variety alberta" (Ridg. 501a, C. 696).

230. Brant Goose—*Anser bernicla* Aud.: *Bernicla bernicla* Ridg. 505, C. 700.—Common; migrant along the coast, but usually passing far out at sea, hence not often shot here. Arrives late in April and early in May.

231. Canada Goose—*Anser canadensis* Aud.: *Bernicla canadensis* Ridg. 504, C. 702.—Abundant during migrations, arriving in numbers March 20. The spring flight continues until the month, but stragglers are sometimes seen late in May and early in June. In Maine the "variety alberta," which appeared to differ in no respect from the same "variety" shot in Dakota Territory. The Canada geese are usually termed "wild geese" in Maine, and no other species is commonly known here, except the brant geese on the coast. They vary much in size, and shades of coloration of plumage. The average weight of those shot here is less than eight pounds each, and ten pounds is an unusual weight. I caught the latter lower parts were of a light buff or cream color, the yellow being more vivid than the coloration of Audubon's plate in "Birds of North America," with which I made a comparison.

232. Mallard—*Anas boschas* Aud.: *Ridg. 601, C. 707.*—Not common. An irregular visitor, usually as a straggler associated with ducks of other species.

233. Dusky Duck—*Anas boschas* Aud.: *Ridg. 602, C. 708.*—Abundant. Many breed about the lakes and streams throughout the State, nesting upon the ground, and laying their eggs usually in June. In August the young ducks can be seen. In September the families associate together, forming large flocks. If not driven away, these ducks frequent the lakes and streams until ice obliges them to seek other resorts. The greater number migrate South to pass the winter, but their places are taken by more Northern-bred ducks, which spend the entire winter in considerable numbers along our coast.

The first spring migrants arrive here on their return from the South in the latter part of March, and the migration extends well into the month of May, being at its height during the earlier portion of April. Then they make a very brief halt on our coast at this time, but pass northward; the departing flocks being quickly succeeded by others, arriving with the migration continues.

The dusky duck is generally termed "black duck" in Maine as well as elsewhere along the Atlantic coast, although we have in great abundance the scoters (improperly termed "coots") which are black, and the dusky duck is brown and not black.

The "spring ducks," or those arriving from the South, may be distinguished from the "winter ducks," or those that have spent the winter on the coast of Maine, by the difference in density of plumage, especially of the head, compared with the general darker coloration of the heavier plumaged "winter ducks," as the gunners term them.

234. Sprigtail or Pintail Duck—*Anas platyrhynchos* Aud.: *Drifto platyrhynchos* Ridg. 605, C. 710.—Not common. A few seen during autumn migrations, but rarely in spring. Turned by local gunners "gray duck."

235. Gadwall Duck—*Anas strepera* Aud.: *Chalcidastanus streperus* Ridg. 604, C. 711. Very rare. Mr. Boardman has procured a single specimen. Two ducks of this species were shot at Scarborough, April 29, 1879, by my friend Mr. Ira Crocker, of Portland, Me.

236. American Widgeon—*Anas americana* Aud.: *Mareca americana* Ridg. 607, C. 713.—Not uncommon in autumn, but never abundant. Rarely appears here in spring.

237. Green-winged Teal—*Anas carolinensis* Aud.: *Nettion carolinensis* Ridg. 612; *Querquedula carolinensis* C. 715.—Common migrant. Most common in the autumn. Arrives early in April, and is seen in the autumn after all of the other migrants have passed by. Rarely abundant here.

238. Blue-winged Teal—*Anas discors* Aud.: *Querquedula discors* Ridg. 609, C. 716.—Common autumn migrant, arriving early in August. Sometime rather abundant. I know of but a single instance of the occurrence of this species here in the spring. The late Caleb G. Loring, Jr., shot one at Scarborough, Me., April 28, 1859.

239. Shoreline Duck—*Anas platyrhynchos* Aud.: *Spatula platyrhynchos* Ridg. 608, C. 718.—Rare. An occasional visitor from the South. My friend, James Hamilton, Esq., shot a fine adult male at Stratton Island, Scarborough, Me., April 7, 1879. Five ducks of this species were shot near Portland, April 18, 1881, and several more in the same vicinity two days later.

240. Wood Duck—*Anas sponsa* Aud.: *A. sponsa* Ridg. 613, C. 719.—Abundant throughout the State, except on the coast and in the mountains. Breeds usually in hollow trees. The eggs are laid in May, and the young birds fly strongly ere the expiration of July. Strictly a fresh-water duck in habits; this species is only found on our coast as a straggler, where it is occasionally shot in company with ducks of other species. The wood ducks and the dusky ducks are the only species of ducks that breed abundantly in Maine.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILL OWLS KILL CROWS?—Onondaga, March 5.—On the 23d of February, while hunting crows and snowbirds, my rifle led me along the banks of what has long been known as the "Furnace Brook," south of the mill of Sprague, N. Y. Among the hemlocks fringing this stream, the crows, of late, have found a comfortable roosting place. In the early morning, these dusky birds take their flight eastward, seemingly in companies and battalions, under the guidance of appointed leaders. As the sun is about disappearing over the western hills, the sky is fairly darkened by these same birds, and they burn to the hemlocks. While hanging about in the neighborhood of the stream, I had abundant evidence that a conflict had recently occurred between a cat-owl and a crow. Here and there in the snow were visible impressions of the crow's wings where he had flapped

along, and following were the imprints of the owl's wings, here and there feathers of both, and blood upon the snow. Following this trail a short distance, I reached the spot where the owl had celebrated his triumph by devouring the greater part of his victim. For several feet around were black feathers, blood, pieces of crow's skin and numerous remains of the owl's meal in the snow. Doubtless the owl took advantage of the crow while sleeping among the hemlocks, and so fiercely pursued him that he fell a victim to beak and claw. This being my first intimation of owl feeding upon crow, I hope to learn more about it through the columns of your valuable journal.—G. ALBERT KNAPP. [We have in two instances known of the killing of the crow by the great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*).]

MASSACHUSETTS BIRD ARRIVALS.—Brookline, Mass., March 9, 1893.—Having kept notes of the time of arrival of some of the birds in spring, as observed by myself, I send you the record from 1879 to 1883, inclusive, taken at my residence. Following at Newton, Mass.: 1879—February 20, robins; March 11, bluebirds. Following at Brookline, Mass.: 1880—February 25, bluebirds; March 6, robins; March 8, babblers; March 8, robins; March 8, bluebirds; March 10, robins. 1882—March 3, bluebirds; March 10, robins; March 19, woodcocks. 1883—March 2, bluebirds; March 4, robins. The above record for five years shows that in only one of the five have the robins come to us earlier than the bluebirds, viz., in the spring of 1879. The number of woodcock seen in the spring of 1882 led us to anticipate a good season for those birds, but when the season opened, August 1, there were but few robins to be found, and our fall flight of woodcock was an utter failure, as far as number was concerned. We shall look for their arrival now as soon as the weather moderates, March thus far having been as severely cold as any part of the past winter, and there being still several inches of snow on the ground.—C. T. D.

A EUROPEAN WOODCOCK IN CANADA.—The occurrence of *Scopula rusticola* in America is so unusual that every instance of its capture should be noted. Sportsmen should be on the lookout for this species, and if they find it lose no time in reporting the matter. The Canadian *Sportsman and Naturalist* says: "A specimen of the English woodcock (*Scopula rusticola*) was shot on the 11th ult. [November] by a French Canadian at Chambly, P. Q. Color, size and weight of the bird confused the man, who carried the stranger to Mr. Smith, a sportsman, and knew him, but he became incredulous—as we did when it was brought to us in the flesh—that a fat, twelve-ounce European woodcock could be obtained in Canada in November; but its freshness settled the doubt and the bird is now stuffed. We believe that this is the first specimen shot so far inland in Canada. The other record of a specimen occurring so far north on this continent is one taken in Newfoundland in 1866."

DRUMMING OF THE SPRUCE GROUSE.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: The drumming of the Canada grouse is performed exactly as I have related it in *FOREST AND STREAM*—the bird drumming while descending, in a very small spiral, from a limb overhead, and after strutting on the ground for about two minutes, flying back in the ordinary manner. I have seen this drumming only once, and only once over thirty years. Mr. Smith's account is quite new to me, and if correct, shows a very surprising difference in the drumming habits of different individuals of this species.—PESNOSCOT.

SPRING IN VIRGINIA.—Leesburg, Va., March 7.—Blackbirds, frogs croaking, robins, geese going north and other like signs have made us all think of fishing. The small boys have tried the succulent sucker, with some success, and older folks have caught the catfish. One of the latter has, however, nipped our plans in the bud. Flies called here "shad" were out by thousands on Goose Creek three weeks ago. These flies are, I think, the caddis flies, having four wings, only two showing when at rest, of a delicate lead color.—T. W.

TO ENTOMOLOGISTS.—We have been requested by its author to call attention to the following circular of inquiry concerning canker-worms:

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,  
DIVISION OF ENTOMOLOGY.  
Washington, D. C., Nov. 1, 1892.  
SIR: In preparing a bulletin upon the subject of canker-worms, to be issued from this department, I find that much of our present information is of little value, and that the data for the preparation of two entirely distinct species of canker-worms were confounded in description, seasons, habits and geographical distribution. In many of the publications of the general public, and even in the reports of our own entomologists, the most widespread and best known species is the spring canker-worm (*Pteromalidella caryocarpa*, Peck). The female rises in the spring, and is active in the spring, and the male rises in the fall, and is active in the fall. The second species is *Limnodynastes pomatorum*, Harris, and the female rises chiefly in the fall, and lays her eggs in the spring. It is therefore, as you will see, that the two species are not as you possess, especially upon the following points, in regard to the occurrence of canker-worms in your own locality:

1. Which species, if either, is now found in your own locality, or has ever been found?
2. When was it first observed there?
3. During what years has it been especially injurious?
4. During what years has it been especially unnoticed?
5. Has the appearance of the perfect or imperfect insect been confined to either the fall or the spring, or has it covered both?

Wherever any doubt can or does arise in regard to the species observed, it is particularly requested that specimens may be sent to the department, and that the specimens be accompanied by a letter, signed by the contributors if a request to that effect is made; or boxes and stamps for the return of specimens will be sent to any person who will notify the department of intention to contribute information and specimens.

Observations may be made during all mild weather from the present month (November) until the middle of June next, and the results and detailed the observations the greater will be their value. If you have not the time or inclination to make these observations personally, you will confer favor by handing this circular to some person who will be interested.

Should this circular come to the hands of any entomologist, and he find it of interest, he will be glad to forward to the department information they may possess, that will throw light on the range and preferred food-plants of either. Respectfully,

C. V. RILEY, Entomologist.

THE SNIPE, THE SNIPERS AND THE SNIPER.—In reference to the snipe eating at a young man in town a week ago, we learn that the young man from Germany was fully posted, and sold the attempted snipers very nicely. He went out as a poor innocent victim in disguise, and when told to hold the sack the snipers replied, "Cave in, hold it, hold it all night." The snipe hunters then retired for a grand fusillade, and the young man from Germany also retired to town, informing his friend that he captured eight snipes on the road south of town. The snipe hunters on arrival in town supposed they had secured their prey, and they had indeed found the mountains or some place of shelter, but felt much chagrined on finding that he reached town before they did, and that they wasted a good deal of powder and lung exercise for nothing, excepting to scare away the snipe. Instead of the young man from Germany.—*Treka Journal*.

## Gauge Bag and Gun.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co., and not to individuals, to whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

### MY FIRST PANTHER.

ONE Sunday afternoon I was seated in my tent on the banks of Bayou Bartholomew, some twenty-five miles below Pine Bluff, Jefferson county, Arkansas. I was engaged in deadening a tract of land for the purpose of opening a plantation. My laborers had all gone off for various objects, and I was left alone. Except my riding horse and pack of hounds there was not a living object about the camp, even my rifle and shotgun were not at home, having been loaned to some of the hands for still-hunting. It was about the middle of November, and the weather though cool was not disagreeable. I was employed in studying some (it ought to have been my Bible) township maps, as I was anxious to enter some lands adjacent to mine, when the son of a neighbor galloped up to the tent in great excitement.

"Colonel, oh, Colonel! papa has got a big panther up a tree on the cypress brake, not far from Couchart Bayou, and wants you to come quick and shoot it."

Now this was breaking the camel's back; my guns loaned out at a time when I needed them more than I ever did before. How provoking! no gun, and this the first opportunity ever offered me to shoot a panther.

"Ride to your uncle's, Sam, as fast as your horse will carry you, and request him to saddle his gun. I will saddle my horse and be ready to go on back with you. Perhaps by that time some of my workmen may return and I may get my own gun."

It was two miles to the residence of Mr. Price Copeland. He and his brother, William Copeland, were the noted bear hunters of the country. They were the early pioneers who settled on Bayou Bartholomew, in the southeastern portion of Jefferson county; but when the chain carriers when the lands were first surveyed, and were now widely known for their hospitality.

In a short time Sam returned with the gun, and when I looked at it I lost all confidence in its shooting qualities; yet it was the only chance, and I intended to kill that panther if I had to do it with my case-knife. My horse was ready saddled and hounds coupled to prevent their running after any game before I should get to Mr. Copeland; none of the laborers had gotten back, so I was forced to set out with the miserable excuse of a gun that Sam brought. It was quite dark when I left my camp. I was afraid some other bad luck would attend me before reaching Copeland. Our horses were put to full speed to keep the hounds from leaving the road and striking the track of a deer, turkey, bear or other wild varmint.

As we rode together Sam informed me "that he and his father had been over on the Arkansas River to Richmond, a small country store sixteen miles south of Pine Bluff, and the same distance from my tract of land. On their way home, after crossing Couchart Bayou, they saw a very large panther spring out of the cypress brake and cross the road. Fortunately several of their bear dogs were along, and they gave pursuit. The panther ran parallel with the road for nearly a mile, when it went up a tree on the side of the road. His father concluded to stay where he was, and let it up the tree until he should go after me; and if I were not at home, to go after a gun and return as soon as possible."

Fortunately I succeeded in getting my hounds to the tree in which the panther was crouched without their striking any trail.

"Furies and thunder and lightning, what kept you so long, Sam? Did you expect me to sleep out the night and you to come back in the morning?" exclaimed Mr. Copeland as we dashed up to him. "I explained the cause, the dogs, and this seemed to satisfy him. It was now 8 o'clock at night. He had sat on his horse under the tree not thirty feet from that ferocious animal for four long mortal hours to keep it from jumping out, and he was one of the most tired and fretful men that a person could imagine. While I was tying my horse to prevent his running off when I should shoot, I asked him how he managed to keep the panther from jumping. "Oh, I fastened him and the dogs, and everything else, until he was afraid to leap out."

My arrival with so many dogs seemed to infuriate the beast. I could hear him lashing his tail against his side and the deep angry growls, but I could not see him. His color and that of the leaves were so nearly alike that I could not make out his form until Copeland took my gun and pointed him out. I stood in front of Copeland, who was still seated on his horse, though he had not seen the animal. I kept him from jumping on me when I shot, as this was not his hunting horse. I was perhaps some ten feet in advance of Copeland. With many misgivings as to the certainty of that gun's killing the panther I fired a random shot. With the report I felt a rapid movement of the air just over my head and next angry odors from Copeland and a yell to the dogs to seize him. When I shot, the panther leaped out of the tree, evidently with the intention of springing on Copeland, but disabled by his severe wounds he fell short of its object and lighted on the rump of the poor horse, most fearfully lacerating it with its fore claws as it struck the ground and then it bounded into the thick cover followed by all the dogs. Running some hundred yards it mounted a small, bending sapling, and when Copeland and myself got to the place we saw it hanging with its fore feet while the hind feet swung clear. I fired the second barrel, and by the time it fell to the ground it was seized by the dogs and Copeland plunged his knife to the hilt in its side behind the shoulder, before it could do much injury to a dog.

On our way to our respective homes, Copeland asked me "had I ever eaten any panther meat?" Replying "no," he said, "it was the sweetest of all flesh he had ever eaten, and if it was willing, he would come over to my camp the day after the next day, which would be Tuesday morning, to have a regular barbecue. To that day I readily consented. Before separating, near the head of the cypress brake, not a mile from Copeland, the dogs flushed a large flock of turkeys. "Now," said Copeland, "you come out here early to-morrow morning, and kill a turkey, and perhaps you may get a fat doe also. I saw a track of a bear going into the cane brake just as I crossed Couchart, and I know where he will be to-morrow; I price and I will go after him. I am fully sure to kill a regular bear, and then I will send you how to capture, which you will declare the finest eating you ever had of wild animals. When you return from hunting the turkeys







gator teeth, two young bald eagles alive, live gators, photographic views, etc.

Across the river Mr. Wheeler, of Templeton, Mass., is collecting birds and curiosities for Maynard of Boston. Each boat day brings a large assemblage of yachts to our wharves to take visitors up or down the river. Many of them are boats of small capacity, while the large boats of last year are engaged in Government employ or longer voyages with freight. Capt. Hancock, with the *Ima*, is repairing the houses of refuge along the coast. The Pennsylvania, Capt. Bowers, has a Government survey party; the Illinois, Capt. Hendrickson, is carrying lumber to the light-house at Jubiter, and bringing up pineapple slips from Key Largo and banana plants from Lake Worth.

The Rambler, that took Mr. Henshall's party round to the west coast last year, has not returned. We welcome to our waters the new nonpareil sharpie *Seminole*, Com. Douglas, which came in at Indian River Inlet two weeks ago, and is lying at Jubiter. Also the New York, a new yacht, built at Jacksonville and run in at Mosquito Inlet and through the haul-over to Indian River. She will start on a cruise down the river soon. We propose to haul our sailboat over from the St. Johns immediately and take a large delegation of country down to the Indian River to hunt and fish at favorable points, and visit the hunting grounds and rookeries of the head waters of the St. Lucie.

The regular southeast winds have set in; the thermometer stands from 70° to 80° in the shade, which gives us just the weather to eat, drink and sleep in the open air. Last year we had five or six weeks of continuous pleasant weather without a single rainy day; and now, as the weather has become settled, we shall look for it to continue this.

RICR BIRD.

ROCK LEDGE, Fla., Feb. 6.

### IOWA NOTES.

THE winter here has been of unusual severity. Sixty-five days straight of excellent sleighing, with snow from one to two and a half feet deep. Of course such weather is largely destructive of small game; we look for no more quail shooting here for years. Quail have been growing scarcer and scarcer here of late, yet in spite of this, and in spite of the prospects of this extraordinary winter, two of our so-called sportsmen, who hunt invariably for the bag all through the season, and for sport I know, long after the season, persisted in the pursuit of the poor Bob Whites, whose whereabouts they learned from their allies in the country, until they have secured, it is proved, nearly all that were left. They probably killed 500 or 600. They have no care for others, and no concern for the future. There are many like them, and while such exist it does seem almost foolish to attempt the practice of the rules of honorable sport. The parties with whom I hunted the past season, however, refused steadfastly to kill a single quail. We did that much; it was so much more for the pot-hunters; they should thank us.

So great has been the scarcity of food that game and birds of all kinds have been rendered almost helpless or unnaturally bold. The rabbits, of which we still have considerable numbers, grow so thin that it is alleged they are quite transparent when skinned. Large flocks of crows have wintered in the dog yards of the residences in our town, in many instances becoming so careless of man's presence that one could approach within twenty feet of them. Such has been their unnatural desperation that, lighting in numbers about the stock yards of the C. R. I. & P. depot, they have actually been known and seen to alight on the shoulders of a living hog and peck a hole into the living flesh. It became necessary to station men with guns to keep them off. The above statement has been met with Homeric laughter all through the West, but it is nevertheless true.

We saw our first wild geese on the 1st of March. They do not stop here very often now, though twenty years ago, they tell me, the Skunk bottoms were black with them. Most of the geese have passed north of us before the ice is broken up in our streams, and are all gone before the duck season begins. I am told that ducks were seen a week ago; two weeks later, or possibly before, we will have duck-shooting. Everything here depends on the height of the water in Skunk River during the migratory period. When there is, as often there is, a broad strip of water a mile or more wide, running diagonally across the State directly in the line of flight, we often have good sport.

The ducks are about the only game we have. Pinnated grouse almost gone in this section. Ruffed grouse very rare indeed. Even the ducks are becoming scarce and wild, under the incessant fusillade which meets them at all seasons from every boy and every cured market-shooting pot-hunter who can steal enough to buy one of those abominations, a cheap English breech-loader. Oh! if I were Congress, wouldn't those guns be taxed and barred. I am discouraged. I am disgusted. It is so useless to try to stop the war of extermination. Our game laws are dead letters. Our citizens are afraid to enforce them. The sworn officers of justice, and the very justices of the peace, are too apathetic or too cowardly to take a stand. The gun clubs are the worst pot-hunters of all. I am discouraged. I am disgusted. I am of a mind, at the age of twenty-five, to hang up my gun.

Here in our river, probably the best stream in the State for number and variety of game fish—here where enormous black bass, pike-perch and muscogee once played the stream, and would have been a good sport for any fisher. If only gentlemen present them, you may notice the effect of the undue greed of man. Traps, set-nets, gill-nets, seines—every poaching device imaginable, and all practiced right under our very noses—have all combined to deplete our fertile waters, till a few under-sized fish, last among the unfortunate, represent the luck of an average day's fishing.

We do not use very fine lines out here. One stream is muddy, lined with mud, and full of mud. Heavy fickle, with live bait, is found most effective. Spoon-hooks are often effective in the bayous during the early spring. The fly can be used only rarely to any advantage. The live minnow is our most killing bait.

This is a famous stream for big muscogee. The nets don't stop them so readily. My father caught one a few years ago that weighed twenty-five pounds. Many have been caught of nearly that weight.

If the seining were stopped here for five years, our waters would be well restocked. It is a horrid fate for a game man to die in a prison. It is a horrid death for a game fish to die in a net. May the souls of these slaughtered ones haunt and curse their destroyers!

You see even our fishing is falling off. At the last fishing trip we made last fall, Judge H. S. W., as ardent and jolly

an angler as ever spun a reel, recorded a solemn vow that he would fish no more in Skunk River. But then the Judge was very warm; and he had broken his fly-rod in a tree.

By the way, in an old number of *FOREST AND STREAM*, I see that Lieut. Thurston and wife, of our State University, were up in Michigan last season. The big trout that Mrs. Thurston caught should have considered his death a privilege. If the Lieutenant had only told me when I was under his instruction at the university, that he too was a lover of the rod, I should have studied my infantry tactics harder for him.

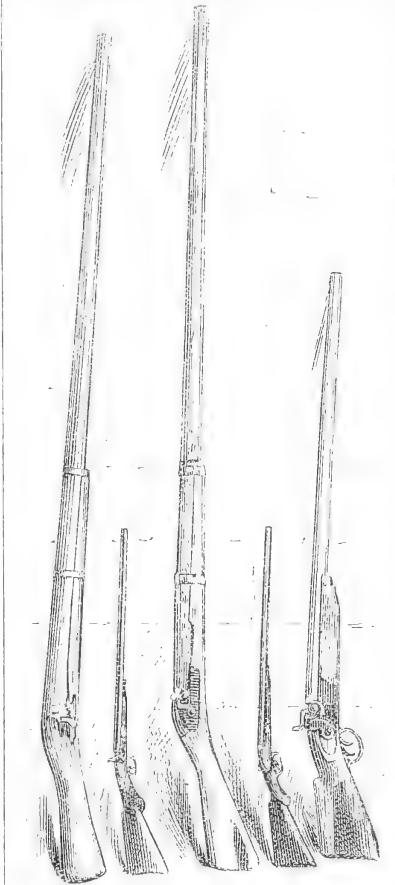
Let me close my rambling notes by a word of hearty approbation of your course as to the Park monopoly fraud. Be sure your readers will hold up your hands in what way they can. We hope that dreaded national disgrace will not be blotted into our record. And we know *FOREST AND STREAM* is doing much to keep it out.

E. HUGHES.

Newtown, Iowa, March 9, 1883.

### THE BIG-GUNS.

WE give herewith a sketch of the big ducking guns recently captured from the night hunters of Speciosa Island. From the description already given of the number in which these destructive weapons are employed we quote: "A gun of this kind is mounted in the bows of a small skiff, which can either be navigated in water or put upon runners, and propelled over the ice. The stock of the gun is braced against a block, so that the recoil sends the boat back through the water, and there is no big shock as there otherwise would be. The gun is usually painted the color of the boat, some dull neutral tint, and is fitted with a patent buoy, by which the owner, if surprised by an officer of the law, can pitch it overboard and return for it again when the alarm is over." The gunner lies in the bottom of the boat and propels the craft with a paddle. "The sound of one of the guns can be heard five miles, and the destruction of ducks is great, as they sleep quietly upon the water. There are instances recorded were eighty-five and one hundred



BIG-GUNS OF SPECIOSA ISLAND.

canvas-backs were killed at one discharge. On account of this slaughter the law passed by the last Legislature imposes a fine of \$200 or imprisonment for each and every offense constituted by having in possession, using or disposing of any sink boat, sneak boat, big or swivel gun, or killing a duck in the night time in any manner in the Chesapeake Bay or its tributaries." Our sketch is taken from a photograph, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of John E. Semmes, Esq., of Baltimore, through whose exertions, it will be remembered, the guns were confiscated. The sketch represents them as standing by the side of ordinary shotguns, and shows by comparison the difference between the two styles of arms. The largest of the big guns was 10 feet in length, 1½ inch bore, weighed 160 pounds, and was loaded with a charge of 1 or 2 pound of powder and 1½ pounds of shot. This one with the next in size were made by an old gunsmith of Havre de Grace, who is still living, though we understand he "has gone out of the business." The smallest gun, weighing about seventy-five pounds, was an imported one.

CONNECTICUT QUAIL.—Windsor Locks, March 10.—Good season for the quail here this winter, most all lived over.—YOUNGSTER.

ST. LAWRENCE GAME CLUB.—The third annual meeting of this club was held at Ogdensburg, N. Y., on the 7th inst. President Heard reported a steady growth of public opinion in favor of the support of the object of the society, the indictment of fourteen persons for violation of the game laws; the destruction of seines and gill nets in Oswegatchie and adjacent towns by the agents of this club, and not by officers elected by the people to enforce said laws. He was emphatic in the opinion that the State needs more game and fish protectors, and that there is urgent necessity for their services in that region of the State lying north and west of the Adirondacks; and recommended the appointment of a committee to confer with the Governor on the subject. The report of the treasurer showed receipts amounting to \$512, disbursements \$503, with no unpaid bills. The following twelve trustees were elected: M. D. Packard, J. H. Rushville, S. D. Kimball, of Canton; George H. Clark, of Fullerton; Iron Works; John Webb, Jr., George P. Ormiston, of Gouverneur; J. L. Brown, Alcu Olmstead, of Watouan; James R. Smith, of Russell; J. McNaughton, J. H. Brown, Wm. Peters of Ogdensburg. The Board of Trustees then met and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: L. D. Hoard, President; E. F. Beardslee, Vice-President; N. W. Howard, Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. McNaughton then moved that a committee be appointed by the president, the number at his discretion, to confer with the Governor as to the appointment of game and fish protectors. The motion prevailed, and the following were announced as such committee: J. McNaughton, D. Magone, William Peters, Leslie W. Russell, John Webb, Jr., D. S. Lynde. Mr. Peters moved that L. D. Hoard be added to the committee—it was so ordered.—N. W. HOWARD, Secretary.

"WE ARE FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE."—Near Poake's Cross Roads, Virginia, March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have come to the conclusion, after some thought, that our friends of the North are blessed with much more volubility of stomach than their brethren of the South. Some years since, a gentleman from Virginia was on a business trip to a town in one of the Northern States, and after he and the rest of the guests had finished their breakfast on the second day after his arrival, a man came into the general room of the tavern where the Virginian was and told the tavern keeper he wanted breakfast. My friend said, judging from his general appearance, he had been "making a night of it." Upon being asked what he would have for his breakfast, he ordered "a salt herring, two large cucumbers and a quart of buttermilk." My friend scraped an acquaintance with the fellow to see what his strange brood fast, and avers that "he finished off the mess with two biscuits and a half pint of molasses." "Mark West," in your bright elegant issue of the 23d of February, gives us the second bowler to this order, but takes his liquors after instead of before the feast. Hear him: "That evening, after we had reached home and had disposed of an enormous quantity of slippers (I believe they are fated in grass), stewed (?) grouse, milk and pumpkin pie, Sam set a big pitcher of cold cider upon the table." Mr. Glover, same issue, informs us that in his part of the country they "con-sign" undesirable whelps "to the water bucket."—R. M. C.

NOTES FROM WORCESTER, MASS.—March 10.—The annual meeting of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club was held Wednesday evening, March 7, at the Bay State House. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Maj. J. L. O. White, President; Wm. S. Perry, First Vice-President; John B. Goodell, Second Vice-President; Chas. Hartwell, Secretary; O. L. Taft, Treasurer; G. J. Rugg, A. B. F. Kinney, C. A. Allen, O. A. Benoit, Executive Committee. The club was organized nine years ago, and was never in a more flourishing condition than at present, the treasurer's report showing a larger surplus than for several years. It was voted at the annual meeting to hold a "fishing day" sometime during the trout season, which will be conducted on the same general plan as the annual hunt, the fish dinner to be served on the evening of the following day. C. A. Allen and O. A. Benoit were chosen captains, who, with Secretary Hartwell, constitute the committee to arrange a scale of points and perfect all the arrangements for the affair. It was thought best not to fix the date till later in the season. The fishing is entirely new to the club, and was started by a member who is an enthusiastic trout fisherman; but anything that is to wind up with one of Landford Shepard's elegant dinners at the Bay State House is apt to take wonderfully well, and the members look forward to this affair with much pleasure.—K.

SUMMER SHOOTING.—Would not the law respecting deer be about as satisfactory as possible if it permitted the shooting of bucks in July, August and September, but forbade the killing of does before October? I know summer venison is poor stuff; still there is such a desire for it that perhaps the law would do wisely to allow it to be killed if that can be done without inhumanity or undue hardship.

The only objection to killing the males in July (as compared with September) is their poor condition. I suppose the supply would not be materially reduced, although the bucks should be much less numerous than the does. An apparent objection to this suggestion is the difficulty of enforcing the proposed law. But is it not generally nearly as easy to prove that a doe was killed as that a deer was killed, at a certain time and place? On the other hand, the temptation to break the law would be much diminished.—PICKET.

NEWS FROM WOLF POINT, MONTANA TERRITORY.—Feb. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have had a very severe winter, but game of all kinds has done well. Buffalo, deer and antelope up to this date are in good condition. The Indians and white hunters have had quite a dispute over hunting on the reservation; but with the aid of the military and the Indian agent, N. S. Porter, the whites had to vacate the ranch. Ducks and geese will be along to visit us again in about twenty days. Have done very little hunting this winter, cause, as you expect, to hit it a lick in the spring.—TICPAPA. [We hope to hear from our correspondent when he hits the lick.]

CONVERTING THE GUNSMITHS.—Philadelphia, March 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a dealer and gunmaker I could at first hardly support Mr. Heath's astonishing statement; but there need be no doubt entertained by any reader who has heard of my premises, and I myself saw him fire his tests (he used in fact a large number of them) more than a hundred shots from the loads, the loads of which were "air-speed." Neither rifles nor shooters were injured.—C. A. M.

**GUINEA FOWL AS GAME BIRDS.**—I will give you my personal experience. In the year 1856, living in Dearborn county, Southern Indiana, on a farm that was not being cultivated, I bought a large number of common domestic fowl, also about a dozen guinea fowls. At first the guinea fowls stayed around the barns with the others. In a short time they missed them. Occasionally during the summer we would hear them in the neighboring fields, which were grown up with high weeds. In the month of September, while out with my dog and gun after quail, I noticed the setter act in a strange manner. He would come to a point and then start on again. Finally the dog flushed a guinea fowl; soon afterward two more. I came to the conclusion that they were my own birds, as there was no other house within half a mile. Soon my dog came to a very staunch point; I walked in and put up a guinea, and shot and killed it. In one hour's time I shot four more. This being all I wished, I returned to the house. During the fall months at different times I shot forty-one guineas, and had capital sport. When the weather got cold, in December, the rest of the guineas came up to the house (I should judge at least thirty birds) and roosted in the barns and sheds with the other fowls. As a game bird, they make capital sport, being somewhat quicker in flight than the prairie chicken, to which their habits are very similar, only that when the weeds are dry they would run a long distance before taking flight. Their flesh is quite dark, and when young they are very fine eating. I prefer them to the prairie chicken.—**BRAID.**

**MAINE LAWS ENFORCED.**—MOBSON, March 5, 1893.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Warden Morse of Eddington, Me., has been making some official visits to this region, which have proved very effectual. Some members of the Piscataquis Game and Fish Protective Society informed him of the transportation of a quantity of deer en route for Boston, and Tuesday, February 27, he pursued them and seized thirteen venison saddles at the express office in Dexter. The Grand Jury being in session at Dover, he had the parties indicted, but up to this time they have not been found by the officers. They absconded as soon as they received information that their plunder had been taken. The game laws are being unusually well enforced here now. We have a sound public sentiment among nearly all of our citizens in favor of prosecutions, which is a great aid to the officers in their work. The bill before the Legislature to raise the annual appropriation to the Fish and Game Commissions from \$5,000 to \$7,500 will undoubtedly become a law.—**J. F. S.**

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—TAUNTON, Mass., March 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I clip the following from the recent issue of a Cape Cod paper, the *Harwich Independent*: "Mr. C. A. Caboon is getting signatures to the following petition: 'To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives assembled: We, the undersigned, do hereby ask your honorable body for a special act prohibiting the shooting or taking in any way any wild duck, commonly called black duck, by the use of decoys, whether wood decoys, live duck decoys, or any other kind, at any season of any year, except the months of October and November of each year, for the term of five years (such act to go into effect on its passage) in any of the ponds commonly called and known by the name of Child Ponds, viz., Big Cliff, Little Cliff and Lower Cliff, situated in the towns of Brewster and Orleans, Barnstable county, State of Massachusetts.'"—**CHESTER.**

**LONG ISLAND ASSOCIATION.**—The annual meeting of the Long Island Sportsman's Association was held at the headquarters of the organization, Gun Club, No. 431 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, Monday evening. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President—Henry Allen Brandt, Washington Club; Vice-Presidents—Charles W. Wingert, Fountain Club; Hugh McLaughlin, Coney Island Club; Robert Rinson, Long Island Club; Charles W. Rodman, Garden City Club; Samuel S. Conant, Nonpareil Club. Secretary—Henry Thorpe, Long Island Forester Club; Treasurer—N. D. Cooke, Fountain Club. Legislative Committee—Abel Crook, F. C. Chamberlain and F. S. Massey.

**THE ENDLESS DISPUTATION.**—LEESBURG, Va.—The shooting season having come to an end the gunners spend their time quarreling over the merits of their respective guns, each having advocates who claim to have several "the best gun in America." Then they quarrel over hammerless and with hammers made by same maker. All the disputants are disinterested, of course, though strange to say, each happens to admire his own.—**T. W.**

**STONEHAM, Mass., March 7, 1893.**—At the annual meeting of the Stoneham Sportsman's Club, the following officers were elected: President, P. H. Horne; First Vice-President, Elbridge Gerry; Second Vice-President, J. D. Pierce; Secretary, B. R. Houghton; Treasurer, F. M. Switzer; Trustees, B. W. Jones, John Norton, William Whowell.

**NEW JERSEY.**—LAYTON, Sussex County, March 8.—Quail have wintered good, and thus far have found plenty of good feeding ground; the prospects are that they will be more numerous this coming fall than for many years. Partridges are scarce.—**D. R. L.**

**NEW JERSEY.**—TOMS RIVER, N. J., March 11.—Quail have wintered well in this section. I do not believe that a single bird has perished from cold or want of food. Am looking out for snipe to be along very soon.—**H. CLAY GLOVER.**

Statistics of a quail hunt in Georgia, gathered by the *Atlanta Constitution*: The Marietta & North Georgia road is the great route for quail hunters. The other day there were 22,000 worth of dogs (cash valuation) in the baggage car on that road, attended by 26,000 worth of negroes (old valuation). The coaches were \$1,400 worth and \$20 worth of birds. On the return trip they had \$5.50 worth of birds, and they ate a \$20 lunch.

## Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

**READING** "Reidnolds's" account of a remarkable coincidence happening to him on Long Island, recalls to my mind as singular a coincidence: but I can hardly call it similar, as neither the place nor birds were the same. It was in the latter part of November, and we lay on a point in the Great South Bay, directly opposite Babylon. The sun was slowly looming up in the east, the wind blowing from the same quarter in a way that would have gladdened the heart of Wiggins, could he have foretold its coming; and as for the cold, well that can only be appreciated by those of you who have spent a winter's day in a cramped-up sharpie on the unprotected "marsh" of the great South. My bayard and myself were lying in the bottom of the boat shivering, and not the sign of a bird, excepting a great bunch of broadbills, that seemed to drift lazily along with the wind, at a distance of a mile or so from shore, but never venturing nearer.

You can well believe that I was not feeling extremely lively; so to make things agreeable as well as to kill time, my bayman (thanks to him for the attention shown me during that pleasant week spent on his trim little oyster sloop), led off with a string of marvellous shooting exploits, all of which had been performed by either himself or his father. I listened to a number without comment, until he came to one which struck me as being a "Davy Crockett," sure. The story went as follows:

He was gunning at the mouth of a small creek with a miscellaneous lot of "stoops" set out and upward, of forty birds heaped upon the stern. Suddenly he discerned a bird of enormous size making directly at him or his birds, he was in doubt which to shoot. To protect himself, he immediately fired both barrels simultaneously, but although he wounded it, failed to stop the bird's onward course. "I saw now," said he, "that it was an eagle, and a big one, too, so I did not lose any time getting overboard, although it was near the middle of winter. He struck square in their boat and in a minute was out in their water after me, but I took an oar with me when I went over, and although I killed him with it he tried to drown me to get his claws in me."

This yarn I received with an ill-concealed sneer, and suggested that probably he had indulged too freely in "tangle foot" that morning, and had fallen overboard, and I was ridiculing the idea of the bird falling into the boat, etc.; but I was cut short in my remarks by the sudden appearance of a dark object directly in the sun's rays which seemed to be coming straight at us. I took a snap shot at it and paused for results, which came in a very unexpected manner—*scrip, bang!* and here I received with duck our leader's "fat old sheldrake landed directly in the boat between us. "There now," triumphantly shouted my bayman, swinging the bird aloft, "you won't believe my eagle story?" "Yes," said I laughing, "I believe it now, after having it so well illustrated. We had a narrow escape indeed." **B. L.**

BROOKLYN, L. I.

## Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the *Forest and Stream*, Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

I enjoy a good joke or argument, but I don't think much of a man who uses such words as "bloomin'!" "so help me," "tosh!" "alorn wuss." Darns in stockings is signs of 'olish,' and unobjectionable poverty, but in conversational they show a poverty of language.—*The Kaukaigh Arlmink.*

### WITH HACKLES AND GENTLES.

VIII.

"Bright blaze'd the fire of crackling wood,  
And thence around a charming gleam;  
In front a vast oak table stood—  
A bacon rack hung from the beam;  
Pipes, mugs, the chimney-piece well graced—  
In rows the fishing-rods hung o'er;  
On each side other skins were placed—  
A rap!—cries danger, 'Who's at the door?'"

CHORUS.

"Some jolly anglers," loud they call,  
"T' enjoy the pastime at Trout-Hall!"

**WHAT** a pretty picture of an English angler's inn doth the above verse give, and especially to those "to the manner born"! The old song goes on to portray the good cheer of the dame's house, and often reminds one of the simple and pleasant conceits of the "Complex Angler," and of the "innocent trout" indulged in by the great master of the "gentle art" and his beloved pupils and chance-net fellow craftsman.

How effective are the "otter skins," hanging by the quaint old chimney-piece in that they suggest to the angler that, at least, just so many deadly enemies of the trout are well rid of. A brace or two of otter hounds should have been added to the scene to make it perfect! Left to the imagination, however, we can permit us to suit ourselves, and before that gorgeous blaze, or under that sturdy table, they ought to be. The old and cunning four-legged race of otters has given place to a new and less noble genus, wholly devoid of the better and fully endowed with the baser qualities of the extinct species.

This new pest of our trout streams goes about on two legs, and has not the discriminating taste for noble fish that the old-time catfish has, *et cetera*, and all fish he can lure within reach of his greedy clutch. It is a shame—a pitiful shame—that such human others exist, and it were well if a breed of hounds were "to the fore" capable of "drawing" them and giving to each and every one the fate of "vermin." Their skins, however, should never be displayed in any "Trout Hall," but, rather, at cross-roads and by streamside, as a warning to any existing whelp of the family of the probability in store for him.

It is the bounden duty of every sportsman, angler, shooter, or huntsman, to constitute himself, as far as may be, a game keeper on his own "preserve." In other words, to guard his own interests and those of his craft against the encroachment of any poaching pursuit of game in close season, the needless destruction of game at any time, and to see that the

laws are wise ones and rigidly enforced. There are many towns (alas! too many, in this beautiful age and country!) which have no more respect for the game laws than for the noble trees that are, one by one, felled to the ground. It were well if some movement might be made to post, in many conspicuous places, copies of the laws relating to close seasons, and the penalties for infringement of the same. The publisher of every local paper ought to be willing to publish such, if concise and digested, and in every village, post-office and shop there should be a copy, also. Ignorance (even in these enlightened (?) days) is an excuse for many a wrong doing, where, if it may be, the unwitting transgressor would be a model of propriety, if he but knew what the law declared right or wrong. The above point suggests itself: Early in April of last year, I was driven on a country road, and enjoying the first advance of spring and the songs of robins and bluebirds, when in a neighboring field I saw a man (the proved to be stuck after all) with a shotgun in his hands and two little boys at his heels. I kept "my eye on him," and he so doing plainly saw him level his gun at a robin and fire, evidently without effect. He then deliberately declared his intent, but before the charge was driven home, I challenged him to halt, and having the buggy, I scaled the fence, and a brisk walk brought me within talking distance and to confront him. Telling, by a glance, how best to address him, I asked him if he was aware that a law existed forbidding the shooting of song birds at any time and especially in the spring? He replied that he was not aware of any such law; that he came out to shoot a bird or two, to please his boys, who were teasing him every day to "go a-hunting"—as he expressed it.

He said he had not shot any nor injured any and promised me not to do so. I told him the penalty was ten dollars for every bird killed and that he should set the "boys" a better example. That I felt it my duty to tell him and that "a word to the wise," etc. I left him and drove on my way. A few weeks since I had occasion to take the cars at the little station nearest to the above mentioned road and field, and to my surprise the "hunting" party familiarly recognized and addressed me. He said that he found I was right and very courteously thanked me for "stopping his little game." In the few minutes before the coming of the train we had a little rational talk about game laws and humanity, and I was pleased to find that, barring this one graceless, thoughtless act, he had a fleshly and considerate heart hidden away under his coat. This man might have shot robins and bluebirds all day long had I not chanced to arrive, for he was in the habit of shooting them, and as known and respected quite as well as the forgotten one of the "Medes and Persians," but I have reason to think he was honest and that he will make others so likewise.

This is a long digression from my subject and intent—so long a detour is it that I shall not try to find my way back, but will "run riot" to the end of this rambling chapter.

This passing sweet once in a while to wander up and down a brook, with now a "pusher" back, and now a "May fly" on the leader, and to bring to dred only a few game of well-conditioned fish. To go from deep to deep, from one likely "hole" to another, pausing often to note the changes of the passing months on the banks of the stream, and to be quite as well pleased to know there are still trout in the favorite stream as to take them thence. Trout are not always "on the feed," and why should the angler be always on the greed to kill them?

There are waters in which I would not cast a lure for a "sizable" trout, even if I knew I could bring him to net. Why? They are sacred to the past! To the past jolly anglers, "who have fished with me there; to the past goodly trout that erst bent my rod there!"

"Vale of bliss; what joy to wander  
Where thy glittering waters flow;  
Here ere 'Guilt in peace may ponder,  
Here Despair forget his woe!"

'Tis sentimental? Nay, not so, good friend. Think for a moment what spot would be if robbed of sentiment—mere cold-blooded butchery! Who would go to an abattoir for sport? I will add, also, who would go to a battue, in the wildwood, when the half-tame birds almost touch the muzzle in their startled flight? The average life is too void of sentiment, as many a goodly dish is too void of seasoning, giving no zest to the palate nor vigor to the stomach.

The will and forethought only is needed to make his life less full of care; to place a rose here and a lily there in the pathway, to unbar the senses to all the genial influences that revel in wood and water, in the sky above and earth beneath, and let them in to join with sentiment in making life less a treadmill and more of a goodly pleasureance. At any rate, and however with others it may be, our beloved master, "honest Izaak Walton," set the craft a noble example of cheerfulness and sentiment, and we can but follow hard after. Few anglers can have a "Trout Hall" in every "outing" or at every corner; but, when arrived at the welcome portal, let him stay without doors who cannot sing with honest zeal:

"Begone, dull care! shouts every soul;  
To thee this is forbidden ground;  
Begone! Thou never can'st enthrall  
The jolly anglers of Trout Hall!"

O. W. R.

### SOMETHING ABOUT THE PIKE-PERCH.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Ever since your call for something concerning the wall-eyed pike, or pike-perch, I have been expecting to see a screed in praise of his beauty and goodness and game qualities. But so far nothing has appeared but the short and disparaging communication of "Wall E. Pike," which only goes to prove what I long ago said in your columns, that the habits of game and fish so differ in varied localities that it behooves those whose observations have been limited to their own neighborhoods to be careful of making sweeping assertions in matters of natural history. In instance, I observed, one of our foremost and most delightful writers on outdoor life held for twenty years that bees never gathered honey from the arbutus, but at last he caught them in the act, as eager for the sweet heart of the scented blossoms as any wood-haunting doer hunter for the blossoms themselves. If anyone else had reported such doings he would not have believed the tale, but his own eyes were witnesses whose testimony he could not deny.

If you were to ask those who "go a-fishing" in Lake Champlain what fish of its waters afford most sport, I am sure that nine-tenths of those who fish for sport would name, first the black bass, and next the pike-perch, and would tell you that the last is generally a bold biter and fights well, if not

to the last gasp, for life and freedom. Yet I do not know that he is ever scientifically fished for here, either with the traditional fly, which I have never known to be offered him, though Dr. Esler says he will take ("the Collick Gazette" or, with the minnow, which is the usual bait in these waters. At Thompson's Point and Spit Rock, which are the most celebrated places for taking this fish with the hook, and when the fishing is done entirely from anchored boats, as far as I know only heavy, stiff rods, with coarse lines are used. When the fish is struck the rod is laid aside and the line is pulled in hand over hand as quickly as possible, and the fish is then taken in the fight it is wont to believe the only aim is to make the biggest score among those who congregate there to "camp out," as they term it, in perfectly comfortable and well-furnished houses.

Of course such fishing is not sport; it is only fun, even when the fish are biting freely, and when they are not it is as stupid a pastime as sitting all day on a runway to which no one but mousie de hounds come.

But light rods and tackle would make a different affair of it, giving the fish some chance of his life and the angler some opportunity to exercise his skill. With such gear I remember having a tussle with a pike-perch, in "Sungahmetuk" while fishing for bass, which afforded me great sport for ten minutes or more, and I doubt not as much to the fish, barring the slight pain in his jaw, till he lay "gassing out."

In the latter part of May and in June the pike-perch is trolled for with a spoon in the streams emptying into the lake, and affords more sport than any other fish so taken here except the bass. At this time it is not uncommon to take them with worms on a drop line.

Our pike-perch seldom attain a greater weight than six pounds, and this is exceptional, the fish in general running from one to three pounds. Perhaps the Western fish are too overgrown and lazy to give much sport, or perhaps they are so old that they are tired of life, and do not think it worth fighting for. I do not pretend to know much about this fish, and have only set down this little concerning him in the hope that it may draw something better worth reading from those who know more of him. A. W. A. MOUSIE.

March 11, 1888.

[We repeat our call for further notes on this subject.]

#### ANGLING AT LAKE COPAKE.

THE weather has much to do with one's fever for fishing. After a summer shower, not serious enough to make the streams roily, but the least bit milky perhaps, the angler tells what he feels, and says, "Now the fish will bite," and under the spell of this conviction he is off with his rod for a bout. How glad the country boys are when the rain begins to fall, for the double reason that it affords them a respite from hard harvest work, and an opportunity to go a-fishing.

It sometime happens that the fever seizes the old farmers of a neighborhood, and that which has had long rest during the busy summer, is unrolled, spread out upon the lawn, inspected, and if needs be, hastily repaired, while others put the team to the wagon to carry them to the river. They all get their inspiration from the weather.

When our little party of three started last September from the Central Depot, via the New York & Harlem Railroad, for Copake Lake, the gentle rainfall of the day before had so refreshed the varied landscapes by its grateful baptism that our spirits were wrought up to a fever pitch. We felt that we were journeying on to sure success, and could hardly repress signs of impatience at the slow progress of the train, though it was running up to schedule time, in such haste were we to be upon the lake, fishing. At last, as the train slowed up, "Copake," shouted the brakeman. With a feeling of sweet relief, at reaching our journey's end, we seized our grippes and fishing tackle and hurried down the stairs, and with a modest dwelling on the lake shore, and who earns his rent and something more, boarding tramps like ourselves, letting boats and furnishing bait, had been apprised of our coming, and was waiting at the depot with a spanking team and commodious wagon to carry us to the lake three miles away. The ride over, amid beautiful scenery, was delightful, and grateful to our nostrils was the fragrance of the meadows, and the sweet melody of robins forcing their way through the "smoke." Mrs. Loup received us cordially, and with the gratifying announcement that dinner would be ready soon. Meantime we joined our rods, fixed our reels and lines, and provided a good supply of bait. Dinner once ready, it was soon dispatched, with right hearty relish, and we were upon the lake, enjoying the supreme moment, about which we had talked many days, for which we rode out from the city, and which cost half a dozen dollars.

It was soon apparent that we had come at an evil time, for as bad luck would have it, the lake was in "blow" or "blossom," as it is sometimes called, so that the bass would not take the fly, for the simple reason that they could not see it, and they could scarcely be enticed by the most luring lure. I never saw lake water so forbidding a condition for fishing. At some of the best fishing grounds the surface was covered with a dirty, greenish scum, such as is often seen on a stagnant pool chiefly inhabited by bullfrogs and snapping turtles.

Though, when we returned at noon or night to headquarters, we always had some fresh-caught bass for Loup's large floating creel, which he kept anchored near the shore in front of his house, yet during our stay of nearly a week we added nothing to the stock of fish in Loup's creel, which we entertain our friends upon our return home, barring the following about "mine host," Loup and his neighbor, Conklin. It appears that Conklin was a rival of Loup's; therefore, at the opening of the season, to draw custom to his house and boats, he purchased a handsome split bamboo rod, which he offered as a prize to whomever might take the largest bass, each competitor for the rod, however, was to pay Conklin five cents, the prize was to be paid to the winner, the best caught, and when caught it had to be weighed on Conklin's scales, in Conklin's presence, and the weight by him recorded. Loup paid the required amount and went to fishing with a will for the winning bass. Finally he caught a noble fellow, which he thought would win the prize, but to make sure of it he administered to the fish a regular allopathic dose of shot. Loup then called on his rival neighbor on the opposite shore, who was waiting for him, and weighed and entered, it being the heaviest by over a pound yet taken.

No sooner was Loup out of sight of Conklin than he proceeded to disgorge the fish of the shot, making clean work of it, as he supposed. Fortunately for the next highest competitor, but unfortunately for Loup, he gave the fish to a farmer friend of his, whom he found waiting to see him at his house, whose wife, in the process of cleaning it, discovered the fish, discovered a remaining shot that Loup

had failed to disgorge. She, of course, as any loyal wife would, disclosed the fact to her husband, and he again to his neighbor, and that neighbor to his, until it reached Conklin, who at once raised the record and thus Loup forfeited his claim. What added cream to the joke and chagrin to Loup, was the fact that his fish, without the half pound of shot, which in that doubtful and evil moment he had charged him with, would have finally taken the prize at the end of the season. Loup is a character. We called him "Old Loup," not that he was old in years, but old in tricks. For once, however, he held the winning card and played it, but he lost the trick, and he will never hear the last of it so long as he lives on Lake Copake.

On another shore of this lake there lives a very numerous family. Every day we would see the young urchins playing on the pebbly beach. One would actually suppose that the district school was kept there. But Old Loup insisted that one mother mothered them all. "Why," said he, "she has got so many children that one day three of them ran away, and they were not missed until the next Sunday," when the mother laid out the Sunday suits for the family.

The stories that Loup told in his dry, off-hand way, when the fish were not biting, helped wonderfully to beguile the time that we spent at Copake. Loup differs from his rival, Conklin, in that he is a joker, and a joker is good company in poor fishing, better than in good fishing, when his joking jargon is too distracting.

Hix.

#### BITS OF FLORIDA EXPERIENCE.—IV.

I HAVE followed Dr. Henshall in his coast trip with much interest and pleasure. Part of the way I have been myself, viz., considerable of the Indian River trip, and enjoyed very much memories, as I read, of well-known points, particularly St. Sebastian River, up which our party went several very crooked miles fishing and shooting cators and deer. And well do I remember the night I spent there, with our boat tied under a ten-foot bluff. The air was full of musquitoes. In fact there was very little air and more musquitoes, more all the time. We built huge smudges on the bluff, and they were a failure. We rolled ourselves in blankets until from lack of breath we were compelled to let the beasts at us again. We smoked and talked, and sleeping vigorously the meanwhile. We betook ourselves to the boat and tried to protect ourselves with netting, but there were too many cracks, and so the night wore away and nearly wore us out. It is seldom that a sportsman does not pay dearly for all his sport.

We caught a number of sea bass and trout, and sharks from the bar, making out from the south side at the mouth, and just where the bay is so doing. Sea bass are abundant for a while, but it becomes labor ere long. As for the black bass, they do not compare with the Northern bass for gameness, and one who has played a three-pound fish in Northern waters, particularly of the small-mouthed variety, will soon tire of Southern black-bass fishing. The big mouth tire soon and is willing to be led in. I have taken many with the fly when the sport is very good, but in many of the most favorable spots a still rod and absolutely necessary to keep the fish out of the grass and bonnets. The most successful mode was to float down stream fifteen or twenty feet from shore and cast in with a three-inch phantom minnow. I rarely failed to obtain all I wished in this way. The negroes use a piece of bacon rind two or three inches long by a half-inch wide, fixed so it will trail from the hook, and are generally very successful. These negroes do their first bass fishing in Florida as enthusiastically as men can well be. Fish are waiting almost anywhere to be taken. There are "bass hogs," too, as well as "trout hogs." Two or three years since I saw a man on the St. Johns from Brooklyn, N. Y., who was on the river above Lake Monroe, every day when he could get out, and his usual catch was from fifteen to forty. What could he do with them? The St. Johns has a large river and country innumerable fish, but many years will not elapse before bass fishing there will be hard work with very poor sport.

I have had good small sport catching bream with the fly toward night, using the white miller. A black bass, although a *Micropterus*, is not a bass at the South, but a trout. But is what is called a bream there really a bream, or is it a perch? These fish, although gamey and large size, consume too much vegetable food to be really toothsome from the fly. I should think, would detract much from the good qualities of the carp. I think I have enjoyed fully as much sport with the blue catfish as with any other fish in Florida. A ten-pound cat, with a moderately heavy rod, will give a person employment enough for a few minutes.

I notice Dr. Henshall mentions the man-o'-war hawk and frigate bird as being nuisances for health, none can be had. But I am sure, and believe it to be entirely different in habitat as well as form from the frigate bird of the ornithologists. Does not the latter make his home in the Southern hemisphere?

I am writing on Wiggins's day, or one of them, and we are having the heaviest snowstorm of the season. How different from scenes in Florida to-day. The boys are playing gardening and State and County fairs, nowadays. The claims by newspapers and real estate men that vegetables can be raised all the year there. So they can in tin cans, with a good many dollars. They do it this way sometime: Send to Mapes or Forrester, or Baker or Bowker, or some one else for a ton or tons of chemical fertilizers at \$34.50 per ton and raise vegetables or fruit to the amount of \$150.00 per ton. It is claimed that the State is growing wealthy.

In the hot weather there, when fresh fruits and vegetables are absolutely necessary for health, none can be had. But they can raise oranges and don't have snow-storms, both with limitations. It would tickle a Northern farmer all over to see a display of agricultural products at a State fair there. I have heard most ludicrous descriptions. But the people there fuss over it and cuddle it, and go into more ecstasies over it than a mother over her first baby, and really think they are making a wonderful thing of it—and they are.

Here's my hand to "Nessmuk." A gun isn't all of life. It's a pretty thing—to worry to spend money and time and enthusiasm on—to worry over, to keep in order; useful at times; costing too much generally; but "Nessmuk" and others of us are getting along in life, when the glamour of the gun begins to wane. We give a thought to God's creatures occasionally, and wonder if they are not entitled to life as well as we, except when we are pushed by hunger.

MARCH 10, 1888.

[The man-o'-war hawk and the frigate bird are different names for the same species (*Zeugopterus aquilus*). It is not confined to North America.]

#### STREAMS OF NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

FEAR be it from me to rail against an angler, or even at the peculiarities of one who loves the plant rod, but the letter of "Prairie Dog" is amusing to one who from year to year has fished the Michigan trout streams.

Wherever does "Prairie Dog" expect to find trout? Surely not on a mud-flat under a burning sun. Not under a dense growth of waving rushes, where his boat can lock and dip under the influence of the light ripples on the water, where he can sit and lazily take his ease on the festive perch and sometime a long-noise comes to worry his bait, and raise the hopes of our friend to the highest pitch as he queries what the luck is going to be, where he can spin his minnow attached to a treble flight of hooks and be sure of killing every time he catches on. The "Prairie Dog" considers this fishing for him enjoy it, want none of it.

I would like to see "Prairie Dog" on such a stream as was my fortune to strike during last summer, a feeder of the very Boardman River he writes of. A portion of the creek ran through a swamp in which we had to jump from log to log to secure a firm footing, but in that little creek we caught trout—pounders; as pretty as a picture, my boy said; and the streamers were there by tens of thousands. Please! didn't they lay on, and take their fill. When trout are biting who cares for "skeeters"?

I can imagine a tenderfoot in such a place. I have seen a young man go almost crazy until he used "dope" to keep them off him; then he laughed them to scorn. "Bite, you little cusses, I am going to have trout anyhow, if you do have some of my blood for it."

Loved him? I saw disappointed fishermen rail at them, and condemn their beautiful streams and lakes because they yielded no fish food by the hundreds of pounds to satisfy their ambition, but we who know them, who for years have visited its streams to tempt the trout and black bass, who enjoy a life in the woods, because it gives the weary angler the respite he needs, and takes him from the busy city life, and knows the home of his fishing place. Please! doesn't the home of the grayling under the dense forest growth, or to fling a fly for the lusty bass—we love there because they days are quiet and free from care, and they summer nights peaceful. The "skeeters" are not always as vicious as depicted.

"Prairie Dog," I can count anglers by the score who will endorse these sentiments, both men and women.

I fear it is a clear case. I saw my pleasure in the trout who fishes in the chain of lakes you passed through who would shame them, man as thou art, when bass are biting. She cares not for the dampness so dutifully depicted, but slipping on a rubber cloak she skillfully handles her rod and lands big bass, often scoring finer fish than her husband. If, perchance, she gets a little damp, laughingly says, "Oh, I'm not made of sugar, I'm too solid to melt."

I fear it is a clear case. Ephraim wedded to his idols: the mud flats of St. Clair River and the perch of the Detroit River are greater treasures than the clear springs and beautiful lakes of further north.

He can rest satisfied that if he seeks to avoid "skeeters" he will never kill trout, for it is an axiom older than either of us. When the "skeeters" are biting then trout will rise to the top of the lake.

Michigan to-day can hold its own to satisfy the demands of the angler who is content to remain an angler and not develop into the trout hog dear old "Nessmuk" has so graphically described. May the old gentleman live to see the dams of his loved fishing and canoeing grounds blown sky high by an outraged and indignant class of men whose homes are turned into a desolation and themselves slowly poisoned by a dank miasma that a corrupt and powerful monopoly have generated by flooding this once fair region.

W. D. T.

CHICAGO.

#### A CHINAMAN TAKES A TROUT.

SAM LUNG brought my shirts home one day lately, and after obtaining his trade dollar lingered as though something oppressed his mind.

"What is it, Sam? Dollar no good?" asked I.

"Yeh, dollar all litte, but want to talkee bout woodsee."

"Woodsee? what's that, Sam? Didn't I give you the right change?"

"Change alle litte too, alle same, but want to talkee bout Adirondacks. You been in Adirondacks, so Melican man tallee me."

"Yes, I have been in the Adirondacks, but what do you know about that place?"

"Know heap. I been Adirondacks too, catcatch trout on stling, no litke in net. Litke thlow fly, bloute bite, hookee in jaw, pull him topside. Wloopee! I go washee by Blue Mountain Lake, big hotel, lookee for heap washee when Melican ladce come in with whitee dress and nobby Melican man come, plenty washee, plenty money."

"Well, Sam, did you get rich there? Plenty washee and plenty dollar?"

"No washee, no dollar. Melican ladce blue dress, Melican man blue shirt, wear 'em two, three weekee, no wash. Paye on hillroad, walkee back. Catcatche tlout alle samee fore go."

"How did you get the trout, Sam? Tell me all about it."

"Old looster stoppe in hotel. He say 'Sam come in boat for guide on lake, me give half dollar day.' So I get in boat with looster and go topside lake to see him, scoope tlout."

He get out little bamboo stick and put on stling and little fly. He thlow fly but tloute no catce. Put on more fly, putty fly on stling when he see tlout come topside, and show tail way off. He thlow out and stick out hand, no catcatche. Leach out again, and plunk he got out boat and get all wette. Me no leavee him, but pull him topside in boat. He flaid to go back to hotel cause boys laff, so he tell me to make fire. Then I gottee old looster where hair is short. I make fire and he pull out big bottle whiskey and get dry. I say I go scoope tlout so boys don't laff when we come backside hotel when no catcatche. So I go out and thlow fly. Think got big bulgee on old slucker to get all fun and half dollar, an' he sit by fire so sick."

"So I thlow fly, alle same Melican man and say me no clye baht, but catcatche tlout on stling, and say bettee you livee; so I thlow and thlow and catcatche big fish and thinnke I shooke old looster, and go to hotel and showe tlout to Melican ladce and braggee alle same Melican man. So I takee baht and leave old looster on shore. He yellee likee lion, I no hear, just hove my own row, go on to hotel, takee fish on stling, and showe finee ladce big tlout. She laugh and say 'nicee flout,' and call 'Melican man. He I catcatche say 'downe be blowed, you maffee butt in daid.' So I cuttee stick fore old looster come longside hotel and kickee me topside stomach, and I hoof it down road twenty-five miles to hillroad and stealce lide to



Salatoga. Heap washee in Salatoga, water all taste like old tin, all but that."

"Well, Sam! was that all the trout you took, one horned dace?"

"Yes, trout, hav'n dace, all same, some call it floutie, some call it hawu dace. Call it trout when Melican man scoope himself, call hawn dace when other feller or Chinaman scoope. All same, I catche trout like Melican man in Aconitine. When you got topside Adlondacks again, you take me for a guide. I shovve you how scoope trout with fly on sling. Bye bye."

With a smile that was childlike and bland, Sam Lung pungled off in the direction of the flowery, scarcely soiling the white soles of his shoes in the mud of Broadway as he crossed it. I think I'll take him into the woods next season.

THE THIRSTY PELICAN.

### "SKIP THE HARD WORDS."

IF there be any among the readers of FOREST AND STREAM disposed to doubt the truth of that alliterative axiom embodied in the copy-book sentence of their boyhood, "Many men of many minds," they will find ample ground for the re-establishment of their faith in perusing the communications of some of your correspondents concerning weight of rods, position of reels, and other moot points in connection with the angling art. Their discussions certainly form most interesting and instructive reading, especially to those who, like the present writer, are tyros in the craft, or, at least, are not above seeking an addition to their stock of wisdom from that supply which, according to the Good Book, is possessed by "the multitude of counselors." Indeed, I presume that I am, as the genial "Nessmuk" observes, "well right" in supposing the arguments contained in those communications to be intended for the benefit and edification of all and sundry who may be interested in the subjects discussed, and not for the sole behoof of the disputants themselves; otherwise they would send them to each other through the usual channels of private correspondence, instead of displaying them in your columns.

Acting on this presumption, I am emboldened to offer (together with thanks for the share of their knowledge which I have thus received) the suggestion that in the discussion of matters of this kind, the "gentle" and, a little more correctly, might not be out of place, and that objection, insinuation and vituperation add nothing to the strength of an argument. Sitting humbly at the feet of these piscatory Gamaliels, I, for one, am willing and glad to hear all they may have to say about fish and fishing—the habits of the fish and the methods of the last—but it does seem to me rather hard to be compelled to listen also to the disagreeable things they may choose to say about each other; for, while it interests me to know what so expert a fisherman as X. thinks about the proper position of the reel, and what are the opinions of so high an authority as Y. on the subject of wriggle of rods, I do not in the least care to be informed that each of those gentlemen considers the other an ass, or that Z., who differs from both, holds them to be a pair of knaves; and I, meekly, but urgently, appeal to argumentative members of the craft to "study to be quiet," and to leave barking and biting, growling and fighting to Congressmen and truck-drivers, and not to degrade their vocation by making fish and calling names, especially after all that has been said and sung concerning the mild and refining influence of the pastime of angling.

What would our patron Saint Izaak say to such acrimonious dispute among his followers, think you? And would you care to encounter such an episode as this among the pages of "The Compleat Angler?"

VIATOR.—Methods, Master Piscator, that your which is misplaced on your rod, being behind your hand.

PISCATOR.—Humph!

VI.—And I would further make bold to say that your rod, in my opinion, is a trifle too long for the dexterous casting of a fly.

PS.—Humph!

VI.—And moreover, your line, to my eye, is prodigiously heavy for the light manner in which you are casting it. You are making the casting of his fish, but rather perforce than the pleasure of making fish in his sport shall arise from the skillful handling of his trout or crayling with his tackle.

PS.—Humph!

VI.—Also I think—(and here, I think, I quote) and pray, sirrah, who payeth thee for thinking and hath neglected to cure thine ears? Thou sayest varlet! dost thou undertake to instruct thy grandmother in the sucking of eggs? Why, thou malapert scrub, thou pol-wallerer, thou dolt, dost thou venture to vex mine ears with the senseless chatter? Look now, thou curvy-kaw, how I shall speak thy nose—so. And take thou this scurrilous and—this—and this—and now this study lack thee in number—thine into the brook! And so be thou then, and may thy manners be bettered by the wetting!

TRUTHFUL JEREM.

PIKE FISHING THROUGH ICE.—Oneida, N. Y., March 3. —On the 22d of last month, with a friend I went to Fish Creek, at the head of Oneida Lake, for a little fishing. Arriving at the hotel we found mine host, Spencer, of the "Forest Home," had some four holes cut and hooks ready set which we could use. After an hearty dinner, set to work. Five of us had all we wanted to do to tend forty hooks, and Thursday P. M. and Friday morning we captured one hundred and twenty-six pike, which weighed over one hundred and sixty pounds. If anybody in Central New York would like a few days' fishing next summer, they will do no better than to try Oneida Lake, Constantine being, in my opinion, the best point for bass. Some Vindictive Indians were wintered an unceasing war against trap-net, the past three years, and are to be thanked for the fine fishing, which was never better than last summer. They destroyed in one week as high as eighteen trap-nets. —E. C. W.

NEPESCON RIVER.—Indianapolis, Ind., March, 1888.—I usually get statements of the number of visitors to Red Rock after the close of the fishing season, but it was delayed, and I have only just received it for last summer. The number was smaller than the average, being only forty-two, twenty-four of which were from the "States." The catch reported averaged about sixty pounds per visitor. This is not large, nor can it ever be large if the rules of the river are observed, but it was the luck to supply fish for an Indian camp, as sometime happens. The season being cold, prevented many from visiting Red Rock last year. —H.

NATIONAL ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.—There will be a meeting of the association at the Metropolitan Hotel on Friday, March 10, at 2 P. M. Various interesting reports will be brought up, and it is possible that preliminary steps will be taken toward a tournament to be held some time next summer. All anglers are invited to attend.

## Fishculture.

### IMPREGNATING SALMON EGGS.

Editor FOREST AND STREAM:

I was much interested in the report in your columns of Mr. Stone's experiments on the impregnation of salmon eggs, having at various times made many similar trials myself, and as you express a wish for further reports on the same subject, I will give you a selection of my own experiments. If in some points my results do not agree with Mr. Stone's, it will be well to bear in mind that we were working with different species of salmon. Further, it is very true, as you say, that to establish a rule of procedure the trials should be often repeated. Contradictory results are sometimes obtained from what are supposed to have been identical methods; but as like will unerringly produce like, a divergence of results proves that there were some minor differences in the conditions of the experiments which were at first overlooked. Such minor sources of error can generally be selected by many repetitions carefully performed and carefully compared.

To-day I will give you the results of some experiments, all being on a single point, the one aimed at by the first three in Mr. Stone's series, namely: How long salmon eggs may safely remain in the air before the mill is applied.

EXPERIMENTS WITH SCOTCH SALMON, NOV. 17, 1877.

No. of experiments.	Spawn.	Mill.	Time in air, in hours.	No. eggs examined.	Impregnated.	Per cent. impregnated.
A. Good living fish.	Direct from living fish.	30 mins	123	121	98.1	
B. Same fish as A.	Direct from living fish.	30 mins	123	123	100	
C. Same fish as B.	Direct from living fish.	60 mins	136	123	97.9	
D. Same fish as C.	Direct from living fish.	2 hrs	50	46	95.7	
E. Same fish as D.	Direct from living fish.	2 hrs	50	46	95.7	
F. Same fish as E.	Direct from living fish.	7 hrs	59	41	74.6	
G. Same fish as F.	Direct from living fish.	24 hrs	39	37	94.6	
H. Another fish.	Direct from living fish.	2 mins	80	80	100	
I. Another fish.	Just taken from male.	0 min	135	45	41	
K. Same fish as D.	Direct from living fish.	(on 10th)	48 hrs	17	7.1	

\* This experiment will appear again in another series, which will show that the failure to impregnate was not wholly the fault of the eggs.

These eggs were placed in a vial, without water, corked tight, buried in sand under the water of the stream, and after 24 hours, after which they were treated with fresh milk from a new male.

Taken as it stands, the above would lead to the conclusion that it was much better to keep the eggs exposed to the air an hour or two, than to put them immediately. But I think I shall be able to point out in another communication the source of the error that leads to such a remarkable conclusion.

Compare H. with K. The eggs kept 24 hours, failed totally, while those of kept 48 hours almost half were impregnated. My note book says that the eggs of H. stood in a "dish without water," while waiting for the application of the mill, while those of K. stood in water, and moved, and were in a vial, and the water under water, where, of course, the temperature was uniform. It would, therefore, appear that in case of H., the eggs must have been influenced by change of temperature, or more likely been injured by the drying effect of unconditioned air, an agency that must be taken into consideration in all such cases. Leaving out of consideration H., J., and K., we should draw from the results of the other experiments, the conclusion that after the first 30 or 40 minutes of exposure to air, the eggs lose in capacity of impregnation, but that the loss is not very great for the first two hours.

CHAS. G. ATKINS.

GRAND LAKE STREAM, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1878.

### THE WISCONSIN COMMISSION.

THE ninth annual report of the Commissioner of Fisheries of Wisconsin for 1887 opens with a sketch of fishculture and a description of the State's fisheries. The buildings, tools, and appliances and the property of the State at this point, which is worth at least \$100,000, are in good repair and condition. The capacity of the institution now is 4,000,000, and it will be run to one-half its capacity, or 2,000,000, the coming year. The State has made considerable excavations in the earth, three to four feet deep, and of varying lateral dimensions, lined and bottomed with hemlock plank and supplied with screens so that the whole body of water may be drawn off, and the fish, thus exposed, afforded the opportunity of daily cleansing, and of considerable importance in view of the large amount of animal food that sometimes sinks to the bottom. A branch hatchery is being established in the building of the Milwaukee Exposition here, the latter city, which will be devoted to whitefish and lake trout.

The superintendent, Mr. James Nevin, makes a very good report of work done. He says: "The ova in the new hatchery are laid on wire trays instead of on gravel as formerly. We have at this date in the hatchery houses 1,500,000 brook trout eggs, with the expectation of half a million or more by the 1st of February. Unless some unforeseen event occurs we expect to be able to fill all orders for trout fry this coming spring. From the number of trout fry we have on hand we ought to be able to have some two hundred thousand fry to distribute during the month of June next. The Milwaukee branch of the State fish hatchery is in the basement of the Exposition building, and the new glass jar ovens can be found for the propagation of lake fish. During the past summer the hatchery has been overhauled and remodelled to harmonize with the improved apparatus for hatching, and its interior is a model of economy and convenience. The superintending hatcheryman, James Jar, makes the Holten hatching-box for the hatching of whitefish and wall-eyed pike was so apparent that the board directed their discontinuance, and authorized the purchase of one hundred glass jars to take the place of the Holten hatching-boxes, with a hatching capacity of 300,000 eggs to the jar, which makes a grand total for the holding of 20,000,000 of whitefish eggs. By this arrangement the commission saves some \$500 for help to pick and feed the eggs. The hatchery is now owned by one man, Mr. Martin O'Brien, an officer in charge. Otherwise, with the Holten box, he would require the help of four or five all winter through. These jars are 20 inches deep and 7 inches wide, with an oval-shaped bottom, with a glass tube extending down the center of the jar to within one-eighth of an inch from the bottom. The water is brought from the supply pipe by a half-inch wooden faucet, a small piece of hose connects the faucet to the center tube, and when the water is turned on, it rises in the tube, and the glass jar rises and falls with the increased volume of water the bad eggs rise and flow off, which saves a great deal of extra labor. I was not successful in getting our full quota of eggs this fall to the hatchery, but I have a strange feeling of satisfaction in the locality where we collected the eggs and not knowing where

the spawning grounds were. However, we succeeded in collecting in all seventeen millions, and will have in the neighborhood of sixteen millions of fry for the lakes this coming spring, as the eggs at this date are in extra fine condition."

An appendix contains extracts from the Michigan report, correspondence and "Statistical information" relative to the commissioners of fisheries. "We notice a trifle of carelessness in the make-up of the report, such as the retaining a printer's error in inserting a whole paragraph not intended to be printed here, and the New York report, where the title of fish culture was taken; and the publication of a two-year-old list of fish commissioners and superintendents, in which the name of their own present superintendent does not appear; other wise the report is very creditable."

### THE CONNECTICUT COMMISSION.

WE have the Seventeenth Report of the Fish Commissioners of Connecticut for 1887, also the Second Report of Shell-fish Commissioners. They call attention to the pollution of waters by the refuse of mills and factories, often lime or other bleaching material, which is deadly to fish, and quote the article on "Preventing the Poisoning of Fish by Bleaching Powder," from the *Chautauk Review*, which has appeared in our columns. The hatching and distributing of brook trout is increasing. In 1880 the number distributed by the State was 10,000; in 1881, 27,000; and in 1882, 35,000. Of land-locked salmon, over 11,000 were sold. Of the sea salmon over 265,000 were planted, 10,000 of them in Mill River, at Southport, and the remainder in Farmington River. Nearly five million shad were hatched and liberated.

The demand for carp continues to grow. Some that were only two inches long when received two years ago are now of two pounds weight, not as great a growth as in more southern waters, but fair for these colder ones. They have not been fed out, but have grown up on natural food.

The report on the shell-fisheries is somewhat larger, and contains a map of the triangulation of the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound from the Connecticut River to Rye. The report contains much information concerning the oyster beds.

FISH CULTURE IN KENTUCKY.—Mr. Sterling, March 5. —Our fish commission has been so successful in obtaining funds could do, and work for glory, and our Senators have done all they could through our Central United States Fish Commission. We have planted in the principal waters of Kentucky, the California salmon, glass-eyed perch and Mackinac trout. In our private ponds we have also planted. The edible qualities of the carp have been called in question. "That reminds me!" Some people would grumble if they were going to be hatched; and the same party that says that a carp and a good catch (which properly cooked), most likely would snare a fish, and would do it in a minute. Now for the cooking. A carp of five pounds weight, nicely cleaned, wrapped in a towel, and cooked in a scale of boiling water. Then boil fifteen minutes; turn off the water; take out the carp, and serve it with a sauce of butter and baste as it roasts in the oven. Serve on hot dish and garnish to suit taste. Now I have eaten almost all kinds of salt and fresh-water fish, and say without fear of contradiction it is better to eat a fish, and will eat Col. Ferguson, of Baltimore, to back me. W. V. S. A. A. A. A.

THE KANSAS COMMISSION.—The Fish Commissioner of Kansas has issued his third biennial report for 1887. Many carp were stocked, and also a few of the California salmon, lake trout, land-locked salmon and shad. The total number of fish of all kinds received, hatched and planted in the waters of the State during the two years amounted to 200,000. An aquatic garden was done at the State House, and a monograph on carp and carp culture, with illustrations, by Capt. Milton P. Peirce, comprising forty pages, is also given. The latter is substantially the same as that given by Capt. Peirce in his book.

THE DELAWARE COMMISSION.—The first biennial report of the Commissioner of Fisheries of Delaware for the year 1887 is before us. As the State has just begun to take a hand in the good work and has made no appropriation for it, not much has been done except to distribute the carp received from the U. S. Fish Commission. A beginning has been made, however, and we have no doubt that the Commission will be granted the means to do more. A building house is needed and also money to do other work. The report is very creditable under the circumstances.

SOUTHERIDGE, Mass., March 5.—The Rod and Gun Club are perfecting arrangements for a weekly shoot. They have some good shots among them, and hope to make an enviable record. The few carp which they have received have been turned in one of the ponds. They also have applications for more.

### "NIGGER MIGHTY HAPPY."

PLANTATION 8036.

H O! start a-ramm'n' when de overseer callin';  
Whisperer holler when de dew-drops fallin';  
Duck-ee-a quackin' when de mule turn po'-in';  
Crows flock together when de young corn growin';  
Pig wince to squeal when de milk maw churnin';  
Nigger mighty happy when de ole overseer grinin';  
Sput' go to jump when de scaly harks comin';  
Bee-martin sail when de honey-bee hummin';  
Lean horse nicker when de punkin-rye spreadin';  
Rabbit kick his ear when de catnip-stalks beadin';  
Mooseer start a-cowarin' when de deer start runnin';  
Nigger mighty happy when de hoe-eake bakin';  
Big fish flutter when he done catch de cricket;  
Bullfrog likely when he sing in de thickets;  
Mule gal sleeker when he done eat de clover;  
Cot migh' zealy when you turn him in de clover;  
An' it come mighty handy to de nigger man water  
When he squint in de drum, wid de ole mule driver;  
Backsacke eatin' while de old ole bitches;  
Sparrow hawk bicker while de little chicken scratchin';  
Big owl when de little bird singin';  
Pigeon grine to cluck when de hawk flyin' swingin';  
Nigger mighty happy—eh he n't a't a dollar,  
When he startin' out co'tin' wid a tall tan in color."  
—J. A. Stewin, in *The Century*, "Bivouac."

A NEW FIREMEN'S DEVICE.—The Milwaukee Wisconsin is proud and happy in the belief that if the Newhall House fire were to occur again there would be little loss of life, because the firemen of the city, by the aid of the new device, the experts in the use of all sorts of fire-appliances (one scheme in particular recommends itself to every eye of imagination and experience. The plan in a future emergency will be to shoot ramrods into the burning apartments, into the burning rooms. The only danger of this is a practical question of this idea is that a terrified guest, standing in a window shrieking for help, will be very much surprised, and not immeasurably tranquilized or reassured, on finding himself subjected to a three-foot ramrod and a coil of string. And, unless the firemen of Milwaukee become vastly better marksmen than the police usually are, the probability is that not a window in the hotel will be broken, while the streets will be filled with the fire-stranger in the city, the citizens pulling ramrods out of each other.—*Philadelphia Press*.

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES. BENCH SHOWS.

March 26, 27 and 28, 1883.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club, Bench show at Ottawa, Canada. Entries close March 12. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

April 3, 4 and 5, 1883.—Western Pennsylvania Field Trial Society's Bench Show, Allegheny, Pa. Entries close March 19. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

April 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1883.—Western Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, Nassau, South Garden, New York City. Entries close April 3. Chas. Lincoln, Supt.

### FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1882.—Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Fifth Point, N. Y. Entries close March 15. W. A. Coker, Secretary.

December, 1882.—National American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. P. Tyson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

### N. A. K. C. DERBY.

FOLLOWING is a complete list of the entries for the fourth Annual Derby of the National American Kennel Club, to be run at Grand Junction, Tenn., next December. All were entered in 1882, except as noted:

1. COUNTRY VIC.—H. Bailey Harrison, Tilsburg, Ont., English setter bitch, January 8, Dick Laverack—Boll.
2. SAXON.—W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, April 19, Count Noble—Bessie T.
3. LA BELLE.—W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn., blue belton English setter bitch, April 19, Count Noble—Bessie T.
4. LITTLE CHIP.—W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 19, Count Noble—Bessie T.
5. VAN HORNE.—D. C. Salmon, Dowling, Mich., blue belton English setter dog, May 21, Count Noble—Dashing Novice.
6. JOE BOWERS.—D. C. Salmon, Dowling, Mich., blue belton English setter dog, May 21, Count Noble—Dashing Novice.
7. STONE D.—D. C. Salmon, Dowling, Mich., black, white and tan English setter bitch, May 21, Count Noble—Dashing Novice.
8. NOVELTY.—D. C. Salmon, Dowling, Mich., blue belton English setter dog, May 21, Count Noble—Dashing Novice.
9. FRED H.—J. Hayward, Jr., St. Joseph, Mo., black and white English setter dog, June 6, Dash III.—Countess True.
10. LADY FAY.—J. Hayward, Jr., St. Joseph, Mo., black and white English setter bitch, June 6, Dash III.—Countess True.
11. PRIMOISE.—R. T. Vandeventer, Pittsburgh, Pa., liver and white pointer bitch, Oct. 2, Don—Luck.
12. LUCK'S BARY.—R. T. Vandeventer, Pittsburgh, Pa., liver and white pointer bitch, Oct. 2, Don—Luck.
13. MADON CROXTETH.—L. J. Pettit, Milwaukee, Wis., liver and white pointer dog, April 13, Croxteth—Lass.
14. MIKE.—E. B. Law, Chicago, Ill., red Irish setter dog, Feb. 25, Elcho—Rose.
15. BRIDGE.—Sidney Law, Chicago, Ill., red Irish setter bitch, Feb. 25, Elcho—Rose.
16. BESSIE.—W. H. Knight, Chicago, Ill., red Irish setter bitch, February 25, Elcho—Rose.
17. FAYE GLADSTONE.—Chas. Tucker, Stanton, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, June 19, Gladstone—Lavalotte.
18. GRACE GLADSTONE.—Chas. Tucker, Stanton, Tenn., blue belton English setter bitch, June 19, Gladstone—Lavalotte.
19. KING HARRY.—B. T. Price, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, July 15, Gladstone—Donna J.
20. QUEEN BESS.—B. T. Price, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, July 15, Gladstone—Donna J.
21. SUE.—H. M. Short, Atoka, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, April, Prince Laverack—Native Bitch.
22. DON NELLSON.—W. F. Thurn, Lewisville, Ark., blue belton English setter dog, January 4, Druid—Nelson.
23. MAY PRINCE.—J. H. Hayes, Pittsburgh, Pa., black and white English setter bitch, February 19, Count Noble—May Laverack.
24. CORF GLADSTONE.—J. R. Henricks, Pittsburgh, Pa., black, white and tan English setter dog, April 23, Gladstone—Countess.
25. CORFESS GLADSTONE.—J. R. Henricks, Pittsburgh, Pa., lemon and tan English setter bitch, April 23, Gladstone—Countess.
26. DON OLYMPIE.—F. Huntington, Memphis, Tenn., liver and white pointer dog, March 20, Pat. Cleburn—Mag.
27. FRED.—Benj. Machauer, Trevorton, Pa., black and white English setter dog, February 19, Thunder—Peggy.
28. SUE.—Benj. Machauer, Trevorton, Pa., black and white English setter dog, February 19, Thunder—Peggy.
29. KATE S.—Benj. Machauer, Trevorton, Pa., black and white English setter bitch, February 19, Thunder—Peggy.
30. CONNY.—J. H. Hayes, Pittsburgh, Pa., blue belton and tan English setter dog, March, Count Noble—Spark.
31. JEFF D.—E. Maek, Hickory Valley, Tenn., black and white English setter dog, June 4, Gladstone—Ress.
32. GRAY.—E. W. Colburn, Honna, La., black, white and tan English setter dog, 6 months, Brussels—Jenny Lind.
33. ALICE DALE.—W. A. Buckingham, Norwich, Conn., orange and white English setter bitch, February 5, Waters's Grange—Daisy Dale.
34. ROSE DALE.—W. A. Buckingham, Norwich, Conn., orange and white English setter bitch, February 5, Waters's Grange—Daisy Dale.
35. TONY FAUST.—J. B. Rhodes, Moberly, Mo., liver and white pointer dog, July, Paul—Boudette.
36. NELLIE W.—M. P. Walter, Indianapolis, Ind., blue belton English setter bitch, 7 months, Rake—Minnetta.
37. LADY C.—B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, July 11, Coleman's London—Belle of Hatchie.
38. STABLE.—Elliott Smith, New York, pointer dog, August 20, Ruby—Minnie.
39. PRIGASS.—N. Rowe, Chicago, Ill., black, white and tan English setter dog, June 15, Penelope—Peg Wootton.
40. COUNTRY ELEGANT.—C. K. Drake, Burdick, Ky., lemon and white English setter bitch, March 2, Prince Loffy—Bonny Kate.
41. COUNT LOFFY.—C. K. Drake, Burdick, Ky., lemon and white English setter dog, March 2, Prince Loffy—Bonny Kate.
42. GLADSTONE'S BOY.—Dr. G. G. Ware, Stanton, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, January 19, Gladstone—Sue.
43. PRINCE GLADSTONE.—P. H. and D. Bryson, Memphis, black, white and tan English setter dog, January 19, Gladstone—Sue.
44. LOTTIE GLADSTONE.—P. H. and D. Bryson, Memphis, black, white and tan English setter bitch, January 19, Gladstone—Sue.
45. DANIEL BOONE.—P. H. and D. Bryson, Memphis, black, white and tan English setter dog, January 19, Gladstone—Sue.
46. CARRON.—B. L. Mallory, Memphis, black, white and tan

English setter dog, July 11, 1882, Coleman's London—Belle of Hatchie.

48. DOT GLADSTONE.—W. L. McDonald, Tipton, Tenn., blue belton English setter bitch, July 22, 1882, Gladstone—Blaze.
49. SHADON H.—J. H. Burdick, Glasgow, Miss., lemon and white English setter bitch, May 15, 1882, Gladstone—Shadow.
50. NELLIE H.—S. Worthington, Glenora, Miss., black and white English setter bitch, April 9, Count Noble—Nellie.
51. FINE.—S. Worthington, Glenora, Miss., liver and white pointer dog, Croxteth—Royal Pan.
52. MADREX.—E. S. Wannerker, Elmwood, N. C., blue belton English setter bitch, February 23, Darkey—Rosey Morn.
53. PATRICK.—J. H. Burdick, Glasgow, Miss., black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 9, Count Noble—Nellie.
54. NELLIE R.—E. Odell, New Orleans, La., black and white English setter bitch, February 6, Rake—Meg Merles.
55. HAIN BOW.—J. H. Trezevant, Houston, Tex., black, white and tan English setter bitch, August 10, Gladstone—June.
56. LADY NOBLE.—E. Odell, New Orleans, La., black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 9, Count Noble—Nellie.
57. NELLIE R.—E. Odell, New Orleans, La., black and white English setter bitch, February 6, Rake—Meg Merles.
58. HAIN BOW.—J. H. Trezevant, Houston, Tex., liver and white pointer dog, August 10, Bow—Roxie.
59. LADY BOW.—E. Odell, New Orleans, La., liver and white pointer bitch, October 12, Bow—Tick.
60. STIRRO BOW.—E. Odell, New Orleans, La., lemon and white pointer dog, October 12, Bow—Tieus.
61. DUG.—W. L. McDonald, Tipton, Tenn., liver and white pointer bitch, February 20, Croxteth—Trinket.
62. DASH.—W. E. Hughes, St. Louis, Mo., liver and white pointer bitch, February 20, Croxteth—Trinket.
63. LADY BOW.—J. H. Trezevant, St. Louis, Mo., liver and white pointer bitch, February 20, Croxteth—Trinket.
64. LEAH.—E. C. Sterling, St. Louis, Mo., liver and white pointer bitch, February 20, Croxteth—Trinket.
65. PRINCESS TRICK.—Geo. C. Marsh, Sycamore, Ill., black and white setter bitch, February 20, Croxteth—Trinket.
66. BLANCH.—T. W. Sterling, St. Louis, Mo., liver and white pointer dog, February 20, Croxteth—Trinket.
67. KATE.—T. W. Sterling, St. Louis, Mo., liver and white pointer bitch, February 20, Croxteth—Trinket.
68. DON ROSE.—W. H. Robinson, Waluspa, Minn., liver and white pointer dog, October 20, Don—Gipsy.
69. COL. THUNDER.—A. G. Seaman, Marysville, Kan., blue belton English setter dog, May 25, Gladstone—Countess Druid.
70. PRIDE OF DIXIE.—E. E. Wallin, Montgomery, Ala., blue belton English setter dog, May 25, Gladstone—Countess Druid.
71. CLAYTON.—M. Parker, Memphis, lemon and white pointer dog, March 23, Bow—Belle of Memphis.
72. LADY BOW.—M. Parker, Memphis, liver and white pointer bitch, March 23, Bow—Belle of Memphis.
73. HOGENT.—E. Orgill, Brooklyn, N. Y., lemon and white pointer dog, April 5, Rocket—Belle.
74. RUSH OF DASH.—R. A. Brooklyn, N. Y., lemon and white pointer dog, September 22, Rush—Nan.
75. COUNTRY C.—J. Yearly, Jr., Coatsville, Pa., black, white and tan English setter bitch, March 24, Dashing Lion—Archie.
76. SAYS ROY.—H. H. Matlock, Riceville, Tenn., lemon and white English setter dog, March, Count Noble—Spark.
77. DASHING LINCOLN.—A. G. Sloo, Vincennes, Ind., blue belton English setter dog, March 24, Dashing Lion—Archie.
78. NOT NAMED.—A. G. Sloo, Vincennes, Ind., English setter dog, Count Windham—Novel.
79. NELLIE.—J. H. Crosman, New York, lemon and white pointer bitch, February 19, Sensation—Lily.
80. RUSH GLADSTONE.—J. H. Crosman, Hickory Valley, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, July 18, Gladstone—Donna J.
81. FORTY.—M. A. Avant, Hickory Valley, Tenn., black and white English setter dog, July 18, Gladstone—Ress.
82. BANGOR.—E. B. Downing, Wilmington, Del., liver and white pointer dog, July 11, Bang—Jean.
83. NOT NAMED.—J. H. Kirt, New Albany, Ind., orange and white pointer dog, July 11, Bang—Jean.
84. KING BANG.—W. B. Stafford, Brazil, Tenn., lemon and white pointer dog, July 11, Bang—Jean.
85. BRACY G.—L. F. Patterson, Bainbridge, Ga., black and tan setter bitch, January 13, Coin—Beauty.
86. GAMBETTA.—E. B. Carr, M. D., Gallatin, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, July 22, Gladstone—Blaze.
87. GRAND BOCKOR.—E. B. Carr, M. D., Gallatin, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, July 22, Gladstone—Blaze.
88. LUCKY-STONE.—R. M. Boyd, Racine, Wis., black, white and tan English setter dog, March 12, Gladstone—Flossy.
89. DAN ROYAL.—J. W. Rourke, Atlanta, Ga., black, white and tan English setter dog, July 22, Prince Royal—Venus.
90. FLOY.—Wm. Bowles, Jr., Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 23, Pride of South—June II.
91. NOT NAMED.—Wm. Bowles, Jr., Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, August 10, Gladstone—June II.
92. JIM.—Will Davidson, Niagara, Canada, black ticked English setter dog, July, Beacon—Fly.
93. FANTLESS.—C. H. Raymond, New York, blue belton English setter dog, July, Beacon—Fly.
94. MISTER E.—C. H. Raymond, New York, orange and white English setter dog, May; pedigree not given.
95. BRANDY PRINCE.—C. H. Raymond, New York, orange and white English setter dog, April, Brandy—Lemonade.

### PITTSBURGH BENCH SHOW.

I ENCLOSE a list of additional special prizes which have been offered for the show. The society are confident of having a grand exhibition. The Coliseum building is admirably adapted for a bench show, and is a great improvement over the old City Hall, as the plenty of light and air is well ventilated, beside having a spacious yard attached surrounded by a high, light board fence.

Mr. James Watson has written the secretary, saying it is impossible for him to act as secretary, the non-sporting classes, owing to business engagements, but the society have been fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. J. F. Kirk, of Toronto, Canada.

The entries close on the 19th inst.

The following special prizes have been donated since the publication of the premium list:

1.—The Cleveland Bench Show Association, a silver cup, value \$25, for the best exhibition of sporting dogs, regardless of breed, as judged from Northern Ohio, quality to be considered in judging.

2.—J. H. Malochu, Esq., Baltimore, Md., a Gordon setter puppy, eight weeks old, by Malcolm out of Dream IV., for the best Gordon setter dog. To be competed for only by dogs owned outside of Maryland, Virginia and District of Columbia. Entry \$2, value \$50.

3.—J. J. Snellenburg, Esq., \$10 cash for best dog, bitch or puppy, of any breed, under 18 months of age.

4.—W. Lawford, Esq., Baltimore, Md., case Little's solid phenyle, through James Ken, Jr., for best setter dog, bitch or puppy, in the open class.

5.—J. W. W. Waller, Fifth Avenue, jewel casket, value \$10, for best male Laverack setter puppy under eighteen months old. Entry \$1.

6.—A friend of the Irish setters, \$10 cash for best Irish setter dog in show.

7.—Same gentleman, \$10 cash for best Irish setter bitch in show.

8.—Messrs. Grogan & Mertz, silver cup, value \$5, for best pig bitch.

QQ.—Messrs. O. M. Chutcock & Co., sheepskin mat, value \$5, for best white noddie dog or bitch.

RR.—J. R. Henricks, Esq., musical organina and music, value \$15, for best toy of pet dog owned and entered by a lady residing in Allegheny City.

SS.—J. J. Snellenburg, Esq., \$5 cash for best collie bitch exhibited with a litter of puppies. CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt. PITTSBURGH, March 9, 1883.

### LAVERACK PEDIGREES.

#### Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. J. B. Bowers has recently made an attack on me in a contemporary, and published in support certain private letters written to him by the late Mr. Llewellyn which contain calumnies relating to me. I have dealt with the above in the following manner:

Mr. J. B. Bowers in his communication states that he continued for long terms of intimacy with the late Mr. Laverack. I could easily prove from a great number of Mr. Laverack's letters in my possession that it was not possible for anyone, being a gentleman, to long continue on terms of intimacy with Mr. Laverack.

I do not know whether I should have taken any notice of Mr. J. B. Bowers, had he not made a false accusation. Doubtless Mr. Laverack deceived him as to the ownership of the dog when he was given to him by authority the Stud Book for saying that I entered a Fairy as the trials under a wrong name, he makes a false accusation, which he certainly has the means of knowing to be false. In the report of the Vaynal Trials, in the very self-same volume of the Stud Book which Mr. Bowers quotes, Fairy is given correctly, thus proving that when her name occurs further on in the book, where she is called Fanny, it is purely a printer's blunder.

It has been pretended that I detracted the Laverack setter. The contrary I did more than any to render it famous, and I have refrained from expressing my opinion as to its faults, which I now, under provocation, allow Mr. Laverack himself to describe in his own words.

My own part, I am content, and should have remained content with giving to sportsmen a breed of setters, vastly superior to the originals, from which they were produced, but I could not allow that breed to be ruined by in-breeding, for that would have cost the fair sportsman, set up by those false pedigrees should to the ruin of my trials under the opportunity afforded by the first occasion of their being publicly accepted as authentic, to enter a protest, which has caused a thorough expose of the Laverack trials.

Be it remembered that my protest was in such that one in division of the Laverack breed was crossed, hence the verdict, which allowed those dogs which had through custom become known as "pure Laveracks," to remain as such, in consequence of my protest proved not only that one, but the whole breed crossed.

What I have taken the trouble to prove before the committee of the Kennel Club I do not intend to prove over again. Those who do not choose to accept the proof will in time have no alternative but to do so.

I shall not trouble myself to deny Mr. Laverack's charges against me, I shall merely place quotations from his letters before the public and others, against the letters I quote from, were many of them placed before the Kennel Club, his pedigrees were then proved unwelcome through his own words, and now some of the comest of his statements share the same fate.

Now see below Mr. Laverack's private opinion of his own breed, and what they would have been worth if in other hands than those he mentions. See also his change of front with regard to certain persons after he became inspired by his false pedigrees and the Llewellyns that had grown up stronger than his own.

(To Llewellyn—Saturday morning.)

"It agreeable to you I propose dedicating this book to you, viz: of Tregwyt, Mr. Haverford, West South Wales, as a tribute of respect, esteem, etc., to a gentleman who is endeavoring to restore the breed of setters, and who has spared no money, time, etc., in this pursuit."

(To Llewellyn—Oct. 15, 1871.)

"I give you and Buckell very great credit for your great perseverance. You are a man of great observation, and I can endorse all you say about the cunning displayed when out of sight, etc. Don't despair; carry on day after day when tired down and you will subdue. Remember me to Buckell, and he does deserve great credit."

(To Llewellyn—Oct. 1, 1871.)

"Your friend, Mr. Buckell, must have been in time to prepare, etc. I desire to be particularly remembered to him, and both of you richly deserve your success. Had Countess been in other hands would have been less successful."

(To Buckell—Jan. 1872.)

"Llewellyn, with all his venom and treachery, cannot injure the breed."

(To Bowers—Sept. 26, 1875.)

"Buckell and Llewellyn don't understand setters; how should they?"

Seeing that he (Laverack) cannot make head openly against the Llewellyn setter, he is driven to the petty expedient of calumny and abuse, and is a gentleman who is on back what he knows to be falsehoods in regard to Fairy and Pedigree.

(To Llewellyn—Sept. 7, 1871.)

"Privately keep quiet until spring, and you shall have the pick of some clippers."

(To Llewellyn—March 10, 1872.)

"If Pedigree and Fairy are no use to you for these Trials, send them back."

(To Llewellyn—March 11, 1873.)

"I duly received Fairy to-day by your keeper, for which I feel much obliged. I return by him a check for her, viz. £52 10s."

(To Llewellyn—Nov. 19, 1873.)

"As Fairy does not come up to your standard idea, would it not be more satisfactory, and avoid misunderstanding, for you to return her safely to me, and on receipt I will return you a check for the same you paid for her."

(To Llewellyn—March 14, 1872.)

"If Pedigree is useless for Trials send him back."

(To Bowers—Jan. 20, 1874.)

"The articles of Llewellyn and Buckell show the petty malignity of envious men, and all owing to my not letting him have the services of my Pedigree and not selling him Fairy."

(To Bowers—Feb. 3, 1874.)

"The sole cause of my animosity is my refusal to let or sell him Fairy and refusing him for love or money the services of her brother Pedigree."

The following clearly shows the truth of what the editor of the London Field stated some years ago, to the effect that Laverack habitually claimed everything that was good to his own, and repudiated whatever he did not find it convenient to acknowledge, although knowing it to be his own. Thus we see early in 1875 he claims the Laura and her owners as well as a very few months later, after he has failed to make people swallow it, he finds out that they are truthfully faulty, and abuses them as though he had been bitten by them.

By the way, how his fear and jealousy of Dan shows itself through all this.

(To Bowers—Feb. 3, 1874.)

"The sole cause of Llewellyn's vindictive animosity is,







Kelden and Stoddard respectively won second and third prizes. —J.

E. H.

*London Correspondence, New York Sun*

CAMDEN, N. J., March 10.—The seventh shooting match of the Princeton Social was held March 7, 8, 9 and 10, at the University Grounds.

W. Stein, Jr.	.....12	9	11-32	C. H. Weinz	.....00	7	5-22
L. E. Stein	.....12	6	10-28	C. H. Stein	.....00	7	5-25
P. C. Smith	.....5	7	11-23	A. Weber	.....10	0	5-15

W. Astor-muhl	6	12	9	37	H. Wirth	3	8	8	8
W. B. B. B.	9	9	9	9	H. Wirth	3	8	8	8
F. Woodson	1	10	10	24	J. Bosch	7	8	8	28
F. S. Howell	9	9	7	22	C. Prusich	9	9	3	16
F. S. Howell	9	9	9	9	C. Prusich	9	9	9	9
A. Meyers	9	9	5	22	E. Jones	9	9	9	20
J. H. Jones	12	4	5	31	J. L. Jacobs	8	9	9	18
				296					206

MAINE ANTI PIGEON SHOOTING LEAGUE, Augusta, March 7. The Cruelty to Animals bill came up in the House to-day and was passed, pigeon shooting clause and all. No opposition to "sp. ak. of."

TRENTON, N. J., Second shoot of the Trenton tin Club, March 1, at 2nd class balls, Carl's revolving trap secured, *Myi. r. r.* 1402.

A. Leigh	100111110110111111	-16
N. Cook	101111000011111111	-16
Charles Allen	010101111111111101	-14
L. Howell	001101111111111111	-16
James Allen	101111111111111111	-19
Wm Mickle	101101001110100101	12
John Wilson	010110101110100011	-9
H. Lovell	011010110110101111	15

LONDON GUN CLUB. London, Oct. 1894. The annual

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, 14th March.—The Annual meeting of the members of the London Club Club, was held on Monday evening, 5th of March, to organize for the coming year. The following officers were re-elected: President, D. Skirving, Esq.; Vice-President, R. Wallace, Esq.; Secretary-Treasurer, A. G. Chisholm, Esq. Afterwards a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. A. S. Murray, for his kindness in presenting a valuable cup to the member making the best average score during the season. This cup was won by the

president, Mr. Stirling, after a hard struggle. The club is in a good financial position, having a large balance to its credit. After making arrangements for the season the meeting adjourned.—A. G. C.

**PITTSBURGH TOURNAMENT.**—Pittsburgh, Pa., March 10.—A grand shooting tournament will be held in this city during bench-shooting week. The guaranteed prizes amount to five hundred dollars.

*Answers to Correspondents.*

**✂ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**  
B. A. J. — Yes, the gun is strong and reliable.  
W. M., Jr., Boston, Mass. — For wild rice supply, see our advertising columns.

J. F. W., Talladega, Ala.—For wild rice supply, see our advertising columns.

S. & T., Providence, R. I.—For buffalo heads for mounting, write to parties named in answer to F. J. C.

L. C. C., New York.—Will you kindly give me the name of the game and fish warden living at Rochester? Ans. G. M. Schwartz.

J. E. H., Phillips, W. Va.—The combination gives general satisfaction, so far as we can learn, and you will doubtless find the arm suited to your purpose.

C. M. P., Scranton, Pa.—The term "2yds. rise" means that the trap is placed at a distance of 2yds. from the shooter. We do not know Dr. Carver's address.

F. J. C., Concord, N. H.—For birds' eggs write to Wallace, taxidermist, William street, New York, or to Bell, 355 Broadway, New York, or to F. Sauter, 199 William street, New York.

Typo, Falls City, Neb.—Will a short barreled gun shoot as well as a long-barreled one? Ans. Within certain limitations of difference there will be no practical difference in field work.

A. F. S., Hastings, Minn.—The rifle mentioned is a standard first-class arm, but we cannot compare its relative merits with others. It will answer all legitimate purposes. Sells at \$500.

H. R. G., Kittanning, Pa.—How large should English setters grow? Ans. They vary greatly. A medium-sized dog is of about 50 lbs. weight. We have seen them of all weights from 30 to nearly 100 lbs.

D. R., Montreal, Canada.—Will a gun with two sets of barrels of the following dimensions, viz.: 10-bore, 32in., and 10-bore, 26in., be balanced when using either set? Ans. You could have such a gun made to balance by selecting heavy 26in. barrels and light 32in.

H. D., Baltimore.—1. Would I, not knowing the points of an Irish

setter, he able to distinguish a good specimen of the breed by having a book on their points? 2. What is the best work on the judging of the Irish setter and what is the price of it? Ans. 1. Probably with a little experience. 2. "The Dogs of Great Britain, America and Other Countries," price \$2.50; we can furnish it.

J. E. Riverside, Cal.—Will you please inform me where, and at what price I can obtain Bidgway's "Natural History of North America."

W. H.—I. is a straight stern, made for hanging a ruler, a defini-

ment to a travel agent? 2. What type of canoes are considered the best for general traveling and sailing, the old "Rob Roy" or the modern straight bow, like that in Joyner's advertisement? 3. Can I get back numbers of your paper? Ans. 1. Straight post to canoe is no detriment. 2. Best canoe for general service is of the medium type; can be had from any of our advertisers. 3. You can get back numbers.

**OSTRICH FARMING.**—In reply to several queries we quote from a San Francisco exchange, the *Call*, of March 3: "A company, with a capital stock of \$30,000, has been incorporated under the name of the California Ostrich Farming Company. A tract of 640 acres, part of the old Abel Stearns ranch, near Anaheim, Los Angeles county, has been secured, and will be placed under the superintendence of Dr. C. J. Sketchley, who has had considerable experience in ostrich

farming in South Africa. One of the ostriches at Woodward's Gardens has commenced laying. Her eggs weigh three and one-half pounds each."







ONLY ONE MATCH.

A RESIDENT of Indiana has received the following letter from a friend at English Lake, Indiana: I have not had time till now to write you about John's adventure up the lake that terrible night. This is the way that Johnson was prevented from getting down the lake: He had noticed that the floating ice in the river was hard when he went up in the morning, and that it became soft and mushy in the afternoon. He thought that the lake would be partially open and the ice soft, so that he would have no difficulty in pushing through it. Everything went along smoothly until he struck the ice near dawn, and he was forced to go back. He had about two miles to go, and he was very tired. He was still daylight when he got there. He took in the situation at once, and said to Bell, the man that was with him, that it would be impossible to get down the lake that night; that it would be their death to undertake it. The weather was getting intensely cold, and the drifting snow was so dense that he could scarcely see the length of his boat ahead of him. They were about two miles from the north bank of the river; there was nothing for them to do but to turn the boat and seek shelter in the woods. Here they encountered much difficulty, as the boat could be scarcely moved on account of the ice and snow that had been frozen to it, and the river was so deep that Johnson had to put his hands down into the water so that the paddle would reach the bottom. They were fully fifteen minutes in getting to the shore. By this time it had become quite dark and bitter cold, with the snow setting down in torrents. They did not feel like making a fire, as they feared from the wind and to make a fire. An examination revealed that they had but one match.

The situation was getting desperate in the extreme, and a pitiless night before them. The boat was dragged a short distance into the woods. Johnson then dried off the decks with a paddle, took off his rubber coat, and crawled under the boat and whittled the deckboard into thin shavings upon the other coast; then taking his oil gun rags from his cartridge case, he soaked them with kerosene, and then used the match until he had exhausted other means, he proceeded to obtain fire by extracting the shot from some of his shells and putting dry rags therein, also putting rags in the barrel of the gun. In this way he tried several times to get fire by shooting under the boat, but did not once succeed in lighting the rags. By this time they were nearly frozen. The time had come when they were to give up the match. They could delay no longer and live, for they were perishing. Johnson told me the next day that he felt that their lives depended upon the match, that if it went out for half an hour to get a fire with the gun without great it upon the match was their last resort. Johnson again crawled under the boat to arrange the rags and shavings upon the rubber coat, and to keep the fire from going out. He imagined that the coat was damp and cold and might extinguish the fire, so he called to his friend to empty his shell-box and hand it to him. This being done, he carefully gathered his shavings and rags into it. Though already suffering with the intense cold, Johnson and Bell took off their outer coats and stuffed them under the windward side of the boat, between the gunwale and the ground, to prevent the possibility of the wind putting out the match when ignited.

This cautionary notice, telling the awful consequences of a failure, Johnson weakened and faltered and asked Bell to

strike the match, which Bell lacked the courage to do; so, with his fingers huddled and nearly frozen, Johnson took from his rubber coat the solitary match upon which the lives of two souls depended, and, with trembling hand he at first struck, oh, so carefully, on the end of the match-safe. The second strike less gentle than the first. The third strike, with more vigor, ignited the match, and they were safe. The rags and shavings in the shell box immediately took fire. A few dry twigs and limbs were immediately added. Near the boat was a hollow ash tree, and to this the shell box with its precious contents was conveyed. In another minute the ash tree was in flames from top to bottom. Other trees and stubs were set on fire. They kept as many as four or five fires burning at a time, during the whole night, so if the snow should extinguish one there would be others left. On account of the difficulty of getting a supply of fuel, they having no ax or hatchet, and nearly all the dead limbs lying on the ground being frozen into the mud, it became necessary to set fire to a willow tree when one could be found. Consequently the fire extended over two acres of ground. About 2 o'clock in the morning the faintest dawn asserted itself. A mallard was picked and cleaned and broiled. There was one piece of frozen bread and some salt left in the lunch box, which served as food purpose. The voyagers broke camp at 8 o'clock in the morning, walked down the lake over the ice, and were soon at the house. Johnson had one ear frozen and his clothes badly ruined. Bell was nearly done for. He slept all that day and night, and he and Johnson were home on the next day. They heard our guns when we fired, and were repaid by shooting also, but, as you are aware, we did not hear them.

POT LUCK FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

The Russian General Ignatieff is now living near the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. A correspondent says: "The Russian General Ignatieff has a collection of historical arms, unique of their kind; each piece has a tradition, and each is marked by rich and curious workmanship; all have been given to him at one time or another by their owners. For instance, one sees the pistols of the last Sovereign Prince of Albania, a long poniard of Selim, and a gun richly chased presented to him by the Sultan Abdul Aziz."

The good observer of nature exists in fragments, a trait here and a trait there. Each person sees what it concerns him to see. The fox-hunter knows pretty well the way and habits of the fox, but on any other subject he is apt to mislead you. He comes to see only fox, fruits in whatever he looks upon. The bee-hunter will follow the bee, but lose the bird. The farmer notes what effects his crops and his earnings, and little else. Common people, St. Pierre says, observe without reasoning, and the learned reason without observing. If one could apply to the observation of nature the sense and skill of the South American *rastreador*, or trapper, how much he would track home. This man's eye is keener than a hound's scent. A negative can do no more elude him than he can elude fate. His perceptions are said to be so keen that the displacement of a leaf or pebble, or the bending down of a spire of grass, or the removal of a little dust from the fence are enough to give him a clue. He senses the half-vanished foot-print of a thief in the sand, and carries the impression in his eye till a year afterward, when he again detects it in the suburbs of a city, and the culprit is tracked home and caught. I knew a man blind from his youth who not only went about his own neighborhood without a guide, turning up to his neighbor's

gate or door as unerringly as if he had the best of eyes, but who would go many miles on an errand to a new part of the country. He seemed to carry a map of the township in the bottom of his feet, a most minute and accurate survey. He never took the wrong road, and he knew the right house when he had reached it. He was a miller and fuller, and ran his mill at night, while his sons ran it by day. He never made a mistake with his customers' bags or wool, knowing each man's by the sense of touch. He frightened a colored man, whom he detected stealing, as if he had seen out of the back of his head. Such facts show one how delicate and sensitive a man's relation to outward nature through his bodily senses may become. Heighten it a little more, and he could forecast the weather and the seasons, and detect hidden springs and minerals. A good observer has something of this delicacy and quickness of perception. All the great poets and naturalists have it. Agassiz traces the glaciers like a *rastreador*, and Darwin misses no step that the slow but tireless gods of physical change have taken, no matter how they cross or retrace their course. In the obscure fisherman he sees an agent that has kneaded and leavened the soil like giant hands.

-Geddy.  
It is a noticeable fact that the wholesale and wanton destruction of the forests in the northern counties is having a marked effect upon the annual rainfall and is seriously affecting the navigation of the Hudson River. The bill presented is a wise measure, suggestive of statesmanship of a comprehensive order. There is no subject to which the attention of the public should be more frequently called. The destruction of the forest lands in the Adirondack region is a menace to the Empire State. Every falling tree is a presage of drought. When the trees grow no more, the waters will descend, except upon the occasion of destructive storms. The felling of timber is the banishment of moisture. Every raft which floats lazily down the stream is an eloquent prophecy of drought and famine for future generations. Every blow of the axe upon the living tree is the knell of a drop of life-giving water. The moaning and crackling of each falling oak is a dirge and requiem for the loss of productive power. The buzzing saws, which hum and whiz through the inanimate logs, are but teaching the lesson of irreparable loss. -*National Republican*.

For some time the reckless use of firearms on and about the Yale campus has caused considerable comment. A shot entered the dining-room of a professor of mathematics, who has made the study of curves a specialty. He was determined to find out the reckless student, and he brought his mathematical knowledge into play. Knowing the breadth of the room, he measured the fall of the bullet in crossing it. Then he measured the distance from his house to the West Divinity building. With these data, and knowing the curve which a bullet takes, he computed the height from which the shot was fired, and fixed upon the very window from which the bullet must have come. The next day two students were greatly surprised by a call from the professor, who accused them of firing the shot. They denied it and the professor gave his proof. The proof was so strong that they finally admitted their guilt. A young lady tells of a plump dog in a family where she was making a visit, which she trained to lie under the table as a foot-stool. Now, whenever a chair is placed at that part of the table the dog locates in front of it, but cannot be induced to remain unless the young lady occupies the seat.

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3. Trying Colic, or Teething of Infants ..... 25  
4. Diarrhea of Children or Adults ..... 25  
5. Dysentery, Griping, Lethargic Colic, ..... 25  
6. Cholera Morbus, ..... 25  
7. Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis, ..... 25  
8. Asthma, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, ..... 25  
9. Headaches, Sick Headaches, Vertigo, putting rags in the coat, was damp and cold and might extinguish the fire, so he called to his friend to empty his shell-box and hand it to him. This being done, he carefully gathered his shavings and rags into it. Though already suffering with the intense cold, Johnson and Bell took off their outer coats and stuffed them under the windward side of the boat, between the gunwale and the ground, to prevent the possibility of the wind putting out the match when ignited.  
This cautionary notice, telling the awful consequences of a failure, Johnson weakened and faltered and asked Bell to

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Length of the Spoons of the various sizes:  
INCHES, NOS. 1 1 1/4 1 1/2 1 3/4 1 7/8 2 1/4 2 1/2 2 3/4 3 1/2 4 1/2 5 1/2 6 1/2 7 1/2 8  
ABBEY & IMBRIE  
NEW YORK  
FLUTED BAIT PAT.  
U.S. & CANADA 1876  
(Above cut shows exact size of No. 6.)  
We make these baits either treble-plated silver or extra heavy gold plated. The gold plated at a small advance in price. They are to be had either way of any first-class dealer in fishing tackle. The great and deserved popularity of these baits has induced some dealers to offer poorly made imitations which sometimes deceive anglers, but never deceive fish.  
Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.  
**ABBEY & IMBRIE,**  
Manufacturers of every description of Fine Fishing Tackle. 48 Maiden Lane, New York City.

No Rubbers Needed. Leather Keep Dry. Applied without heat, cures the hardest leather, makes your boots waterproof, and adds one-half to their durability. A few hours after applying a polish can be made over it with shining. No sportsman should be without it. Price 35c per doz. 1/2 bottles. Sent on receipt of money order to any address. Liberal discount to buyers in large lots. Also fully endorsed by Forest and Stream and thousands who use it. G. L. BROWN, Sole Agent, 125 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

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With sixty illustrations, and a new map of the canoe routes of the State of Maine.  
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WITH PISTOL CRIP STOCK, TIP STOCK, AND SWISS BUTT PLATE.  
For Hunting and Target Practice at all ranges, the "MAYNARD" more completely supplies the wants of Hunters and Sportsmen. No other Rifle in the world, as many barrels can be used on one stock; and for accuracy, convenience, durability and safety, is not excelled. Send for Illustrated Catalogue describing the new attachment for using rim and centre-fire ammunition.  
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These shells are made of extra fine thin pliable metal, with reinforced base. Use either Winchester or Wesson primers. Can be reloaded as often as any of the thicker makes. Cost only about half as much. Weight less than paper shells, and in consideration of their reloading and other advantages, are really cheaper than the paper. They also shoot stronger and closer, and can be loaded heavier, as inside diameter is nearly two gauges larger. They possess a great advantage over all other brass shells, as owing to the thin metal they can be closed (or presented in cut) by simple use of the thumb wide and favorable reputation in Europe, and in the opinion of many prominent sportsmen, will soon supersede to a great extent the style of both brass and paper. Samples will, upon application, supercede to a great extent the style of both brass and paper. Samples will, upon application, be sent in any quantity by gun dealers generally, or in case lots only (\$3,000 shells) by  
**HERMANN BOKER & CO.,**  
SOLE AMERICAN AGENTS. 101 & 103 Duane Street, New York.  
WILLIAM READ & SONS, Boston, Mass., Agents for New England States.  
We also carry a large stock (at all seasons) of Kynoch's regular thickness brass shells, adapted to the Berdan Primer. Price materially lower than the American make of same quality.



# FOREST AND STREAM.

## A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.  
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, MARCH 22, 1883.

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### CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Two Sonnets.	

With its compact type and in its permanently enlarged form of twenty-eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.

BACK COPIES OF THE FOREST AND STREAM can be supplied.

### SAINT SALVELINUS.

ON the first day of April the brook trout season opens in California, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Mexico, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Washington Territory. Other States and Territories make the season open earlier or later. In parts of the State of New York no trout fishing is done until May, but in the city the anglers look forward to the opening day as the coming of an annual festival. Long Island trout are early, owing to the fact that the ice is usually out of the streams early in March, and on the first day of April there is an exodus of New York city anglers to the island.

This year the opening day comes on Sunday, and we know of a score of enthusiastic anglers who will go down on Saturday night in order to be on the ground early on Monday morning, and who will fish on that day, no matter what sort of weather may be dealt to them.

At the South Side Sportsman's Club the members are feeling of their rods, oiling their reels and looking after frayed gut and moth-eaten flies. The well-stocked preserves of this club promise much sport in the way of extra-sized trout. All along the island from Shinnecock Bay to Canarsie on the south side, and from Port Jefferson to Whitestone on the north shore, there is a bustle of preparation that denotes a vigorous opening of the campaign. For our own part we usually prefer to wait until the blustering March winds have blown themselves out and there is no danger of one's marrow being solidified by a blizzard from Manistoba, which goes through a spring overcoat like a black-fly through a patent fly-net.

In Fulton Market there will be a goodly display of trout from all parts of the country, and also from abroad. Mr. Blackford has been quietly arranging for his yearly display,

and no doubt it will be equal, if not superior, to his former efforts. Trout and flowers are the attractions at Fulton Market on "trout opening" day, and they harmonize well together; gems of the land and of the water, the condensed poetry of the earth and the streams which flow upon it. Anglers, who do not go down to the seashore to take the trout from the streams, should not miss the sight of the beauties in the market, where their differences, caused by food and water, are better studied in an hour than by a lifetime on the streams.

### THE NATIONAL PARK.

A FEW newspapers, whose proprietors were interested in the attempt to capture the Yellowstone Park, are whining about the Government's loss of rent on the lands leased for hotel purposes. To these splenetic grumblers Mr. Assistant Secretary Joslyn adds his voice, and the querulous moans of the defeated gang are laughable to listen to. They say that if the original forty-five hundred acres that the Improvement Company so longingly reached for had been leased to it, the annual revenue to the Government would have been \$9,000, whereas it is now only a pitiful \$80. This is very true, but whether the loss of the \$8,920 to the United States Treasury is as serious a matter as these sad-voiced scribes would have us believe is open to a little doubt. If the Interior Department had, as it seemed at one time likely to do, bartered away all the rights of the people for ten years to this lovely spot for \$9,000, would it not have been thought that these dollars had cost the nation dear? We think so. It is to be expected that the vanquished will continue for a while to lift up their voices in sorrowful ululations. They still feel the effects of their beating. But life is too short to be devoted to such dead issues as the Park grab. The Improvement Company may yet try to seize on portions of the reservation, but it is for the officers of the Government to look out for this matter. The law is on the side of the people.

The Secretary of the Interior has, we are happy to say, called on the War Department for a detail of troops to guard the Park and its game, and this detail Secretary Lincoln has promised to furnish. Things are, therefore, marching along in a very satisfactory shape.

A dispatch to the public press credits Superintendent Conger with the statement that the reports to the effect that game was being killed within the Park are untrue. It may be that just at present the slaughter has ceased, but we can assure Mr. Conger that a short time ago, and during the progress of the fight against the encroachments of the Improvement Company, game was being killed in the Park and in considerable quantities. All this sort of thing must now cease, and we look to Superintendent Conger to see that it is put an end to at once and forever.

With the opening of the next session of Congress we hope to see a bill introduced embodying the essential features of Senator Vest's bill of last session, and providing for the enlargement of the Park on the east and south, as suggested by us recently. All who are familiar with the region are agreed that such increase in area is most desirable, and we trust that within a year it may be made.

NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.—A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of New York forbidding any person who deals in fish to be a Commissioner of Fisheries. As there is no good reason for such a proscription it is evident that it is aimed at Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, who is both a fish dealer and a fish commissioner. The same bill was introduced last winter, and it is believed to be instigated by a man who was once in the employ of Mr. Blackford, but who was discharged for dishonest practices in connection with the capture of trout out of season, while pretending to do other work. The fact that Mr. Blackford is a large fish dealer and one who has paid much attention to fishculture and kindred subjects, fits him to be a commissioner of fisheries in a degree that no other man in the State is fitted, and the introduction of such a bill shows its animus. Last winter when the same bill came before the Legislature, the late George Dawson said to us, in a private conversation: "Why, you might as well pass a law that no man should be a professor in a college who is qualified to teach!" That such laws, framed to gratify a personal spite, will pass we have not the slightest idea, we only wonder why our legislators introduce them. The fish commissioners serve without pay, and none but those who have the best interest of the public at heart would burden themselves with the office. Mr. Blackford's well-known public spirit and his knowledge of the habits and values of fishes are of the greatest service to the New York Fish Commission.

### "AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."

THE necessity of a printed register of the breeding of fine stock is thoroughly appreciated, and for most kinds of stock, horses, cattle, sheep, etc., such records are regularly published. The demand for a similar promptly published registration of dogs is urgent and is becoming more imperative with the lapse of each succeeding month and the increase in the number of sporting and pet dogs. At the request of some of the prominent breeders of the day the Forest and Stream Publishing Company have undertaken the task of supplying such a record and will at once begin the publication of the *American Kennel Register*.

It is of the utmost importance for the convenience of all breeders, and owners and purchasers of sporting dogs, that there should be ready access to the pedigree and record of the stock in question; and this can be secured in no way more conveniently than that now proposed. The *American Kennel Register* will be published monthly in convenient shape for filing and binding in an annual volume. Its main feature will be the register of names and pedigrees and the supplying of a number to each dog entered. There will be also registers of "bred," deaths, sales, etc., all fully indexed under each breed at the end of the volume.

In addition to this registry, there will be given complete prize lists of all American dog shows and field trials, with summaries of such foreign shows and trials as may be deemed important; and a monthly compendium of all matters of interest in the canine world. The aim of the publication of the *American Kennel Register*, in short, will be to make it a *code meum* for breeders and owners.

The initial number will be published early in April. Fuller particulars will be given in our next issue.

### A BAD BILL.

TWO provisions of the O'Connor bill to amend the game laws of this State are most unwise. One opens summer shooting; the other extends the market time. The law is much better as it stands than it would be if tinkered as this bill proposes to "fix it." The bill bears very good evidence of having come through the same manipulation that not long ago produced the notorious "refrigerator amendment," in fact it comes from the same source. Section 24 provides that venison and grouse may be sold for two months after the lawful killing season has expired. Every man of ordinary intelligence knows what that means. It means that for two months game will be killed out of season and smuggled into market. This game will come from New York and from other States in which the markets have been closed. This State and others are expending money in salaries for game commissioners and wardens and detectives, and the originators of the O'Connor bill with their extended market hold out fresh inducements to the poachers.

The market ought to be closed when the killing season closes. The framers of the bill in question know this. The probable reason why they have not acted on the knowledge is that they are attempting to serve two masters. They want to make a "game law" that will answer the purposes of the market men. The market men want all the game there is, and they want it now. The O'Connor bill framers are perfectly willing they should have it; and if the bill passes, it will be just one advance in their favor. We do not believe that the O'Connor bill was framed in the true interests of sportsmen and game protection. It bears the signature of the men in this city who advertise for snared game birds, and of the hotel proprietors whose kitchen back doors are always ajar for the sneaking midsummer slayers of immature game.

### THE LONDON FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

THE American Commission will sail from Philadelphia on the 21st of this month on the steamer Lord Gough. It will consist of Prof. G. Brown Goode, Deputy U. S. Fish Commissioner; Mr. R. E. Earl, in charge of fishculture; Capt. J. W. Collins in charge of nets, boats and marine fisheries; Mr. Joseph Palmer, taxidermist; Mr. Reuben Wood, in care of the angling exhibit; a secretary, and perhaps others. Mr. Wood will remain in London until July 1, and then take a trip to the salmon rivers of Scotland. We hope that "Uncle" Reuben will remain over until the annual tournament of English anglers takes place so that he may be able to see how they conduct those things abroad, and if there are any points worth adopting our National Rod and Reel Association may have the benefit of his experience.

## THE ADIRONDACKS.

THE State of New York has been very remiss in not caring for the large tract of land, larger than the State of Connecticut, which is popularly known as the Adirondacks. It has sold land to lumbermen at a nominal sum in the vain hope that it would get into the hands of men who would pay taxes on it and so bring in a revenue to the State. This hope has not been realized. The lumbermen have bought large tracts, in some cases as low as five cents an acre, and after skinning it have allowed it to revert to the State for non-payment of taxes.

A bill has just been introduced into the Legislature authorizing Mr. Verplanck Colvin, Superintendent of the Adirondack Survey, to locate the detached portions of State lands with a view to the preservation of the forests, and the laying out of the boundary of the proposed State reservation in that region. It needs no argument at this time to show how these vast woods shelter the sources of the Hudson and give off the water gradually which, if the forests were removed, would come down in floods and sweep over the cities in the valley, as has lately been done in the West. We hope this bill may pass and protect the water supply of our rivers and canals before it is too late.

The forthcoming report of Mr. Colvin will be looked for with great interest. It will contain important maps, records of horizontal measurements of lines and the determination of the latitudes and longitudes, etc., of lakes, mountains, villages, and the corners of the great land patents. It will also give scientific papers on forestry, rainfall, water supply for New York and the cities of the Hudson valley, descriptions of the fish found in the region, and an historical and descriptive account of the Adirondacks, as well as an official list of the several pieces of State lands, amounting to 573,872 acres, with details of their location. This will make it a volume of exceptional interest, and one that the Legislature will do well to have widely distributed. The State cannot afford to treat the Adirondacks with the neglect that it has done. Already the Hudson River has hardly a steamboat channel in midsummer, where fifty years ago there was plenty of room for the sailing craft that carried the commerce of the upper Hudson.

## HORSES IN HOMER'S TIME.

THE ancient Greeks and the Trojans as well made great use of their horses in battle. Among these people the horse was as thoroughly domesticated in Homer's day as he is anywhere at present. Apollo looking down from Pergamos and urging the Trojans to fight calls them "the trainers of steeds." (II. IV., 506.) Elsewhere they are distinguished as those employing horses in battle. Diomed, a champion of the Greeks, is commonly addressed in a respectful way as a "tamer of horses." Horses were used in battle only when harnessed to the car. Thus Hector was driving to the field with his fleet steeds yoked to the chariot, when he reminded them of the wheat they had eaten from the gentle hand of his wife Andromache, and of the wine that had been mixed for them to drink as though they had been the favored guests of a luxurious house; and he called upon them by noon that day to prove themselves worthy of such favor.

Speaking after this way, he called to his steeds and addressed them; Xanthos and you, Podarge, and Aithon and Lampos divine one. Now repay me the cost of your keeping, which in abundance—Andrache, who was child of Ection, the crook-hearted, Put in your crime for your food as much as lighting the palate. Mixing wine for your drink whenever you should feel thirsty. Before bringing dinner to me who am proud of being her husband. Hastily make the pursuit to see if perchance we may capture Shield of Nestor, which now to the gods is familiar in story, S it is to be worthy of gold—the body and even the handles. And from the shoulders may strip of Diomed, tamer of horses. Breastsplate skillfully wrought—Hephaistos toiled at its making. If only these two we take, then—hope can I have the Achæans This very night for retreat will go on board their swift vessels. (II. VIII., 154-197.)

Hector calls his horses by their names which will be found expressive, and as appropriate as any pet names a modern jockey would find in English for his favorite steeds. There was Xanthos, the yellow-coated one, named after one of the horses given by Poseidon to Hera, and his yoke-fellow was Podarge, so called from the nimble movement of her feet. Next was Aithon, the fiery, named either for his bright color or for his impetuous spirit. This name had been borne by one of the horses of the sun. Last of all Hector calls on Lampos the divine, whose name is the same as that given to one of the horses of Aurora who brings the light of day to mortals. (Od. XXIII., 216.) These names of Hector's horses, and the many others which Homer makes famous by his verse, will remind the reader of Virgil of the name that poet gives the horse upon which Dido was mounted when she joined the hunting party. Its equivalent in English would be Foot-of-Sound. This is commonly taken as a mere epithet describing the horse by the heavy sound with which he strikes the pavement with his feet; that is, the horse of the sounding hoofs. But the queen's horse was a palfrey for gentle ride and of easy step, and it seems better to understand the poet as giving it a proper name, and calling it Foot-of-Sound to indicate the speed and ease with which it traveled.

The horses of Achilles were two, Xanthos and Balios, immortal steeds which Poseidon had given to Peleus. These were groomed and fed with a care no less assiduous than that bestowed by the gentle hand of Andromache. Often such care was shown by their master's comrade Patroklos,

and this we may suppose was the reason why at this hero's death these steeds so sensibly felt his loss. From his hand were they accustomed to receive their provender, and he used to wash their limbs with pure water, and pour the generous oil over their glossy manes. (II. XXIII., 281.)

Horses of Aiakides, aloof from the battle-field standing, Wept as soon as they had intelligence of their driver Having fallen in dust at the hands of man-slaying Hector. Surely Automedon, the stout-hearted son of Diores, Often with quickening whip used to urge them on with his lashing, Often with coaxing tones he spoke, and with threatenings often. Now no more to the ships on the shore where the Hellespont broadens, Longed the horses to go, nor to battle with the Achæans; But as a pillar remains firm fixed which has been erected Over the tomb of a man deceased, or that of a woman. So do the steeds wait and hold unmoved the beautiful carriage, Drooping their heads to the ground, more over tears that were wealding.

Fell from the horses' lids to the soil as they were lamenting Loss of the charioteer, and their flowing manes were polluted, Having escaped from the hand, and the yoke on both sides over-hanging; Seeing these two shedding tears, the son of Kronos felt pity. Nodding and shaking his head he talked with himself and he queried: Ah, me! why did we make you a present to Peleus the royal, Him who is mortal, while you are both free from age and undying? Was it that you among men most wretched should suffer misfortune? For there is not anywhere than man a more pitiful object. Of all, as many as breathe and crawl upon the earth's surface, Surely not by yourselves, and in chariots skillfully fashioned, Hector, of Priam the son, shall be drawn, for I will forbid this. (II. XVII., 439-462.)

The former of these two horses of Achilles was gifted by the favor of Hera with speech and with prophecy. The death of its master was foretold with confidence, and with too certain fulfillment. (II. XIX., 400.) This cannot fail to remind of the experience of Balaram as told in the Hebrew scriptures, the practice of the Persians to keep horses for purposes of divination; and what Tacitus says of the same practice being common among the Germans in his day.

The horses of Diomed had served to them for provender wheat which was sweet as honey. (II. X., 568.) This was fed them before going to battle. So, too, near by each of the eleven cars belonging to Lykoon stood a span of horses feeding upon white barley and rye. (II. V., 106.) When in camp and idle, the steeds of the heroes were kept on less expensive food. While Achilles was encamped apart from Agamemnon, indulging his resentment, the horses stood unyoked about the chariots munching the lotus plant and the meadow-nurtured parsley. (II. II., 775.)

It is worthy of notice that those portions of Greece abounding in meadow lands are such as were the favorite pasture grounds for horses. It was Argos abounding in springs, and Thessaly watered by mountain streams, that were famed for their steeds in Homer's day. This is a fact that should be taken into account by those who attempt to show that the intellectual and political deterioration of that country is due to the increased dryness of its climate. When Telemachos was about to leave Menelaos whom he visited at Sparta, his host presented him with three horses and a well-polished car, but the youth declined the present on the ground that Ithaka was fit only for the browsing of goats.

As to the gift you would make, pray let it remain as a keepsake. These horses I will not take into Ithaka, but in your keeping. Here will I leave them as pets, for you of a plain are the owner. One that is broad and in which grows lotus and hay from the marshes, Wheat and the kernels of maize; the white and the wide-spreading barley. Broad roads has Ithaka none, nor has it the least bit of meadow; Fit for the browsing of goats; too steep for the grazing of horses. None of the islands admit of tending, nor have they good pasture, As grazing as lie in the sea, Ithaka being first for its peacocks. This was the way he spoke; unmoved was loud-voiced Menelaos, Gave him a slap with his hand, and bluntness took up the discourse. (Od. IV., 600-610.)

Horses were always driven to the battle-field harnessed to the car; but that the ancient Greeks were familiar with feats of horsemanship that would excite wonder in our day appears evident from a comparison by which the poet tells how Ajax strode over the decks of the ships when he would urge the Greeks to battle:

But as for Ajax high-souled, not yet it suited his temper There to remain where the rest stood off—the sons of Achæans. Over the decks of the ships he strode and bunched his footstep: Sprung in his hands a spear that was long and fit for the sea-fight, Jointed with rings driven on—its length was twenty-two cubits. But as a man who well knows how to ride several horses, When from a numerous drove four horses he has selected Out from the pasture, he takes these steeds and drives to the city Over the public highway, and many, admiring, watch him, Men and matrons as well; not losing his balance, the rider, Springing he changes from one to another, while they are dying: So do Ajax upon the numerous decks of the swift ships Stride with a lordly step, and his voice rose up to the ether. (II. XV., 673-685.)

ISAAC BARRETT CHOATE.

DEATH OF S. H. TURRILL.—Mr. S. H. Turrill, Chicago, Ill., died at his home in that city, Wednesday morning, March 14. Mr. Turrill was widely known among the sportsmen of the country. Mr. Turrill was at one time a stockholder in the ROD AND GUN before the consolidation of that journal with the FOREST AND STREAM. He was for many years prominent as a trap shot, and took great interest in the Illinois Sportsmen's Association.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

## SKETCHES OF LABRADOR LIFE.

BY J. U. GREGORY, OF QUEBEC.

DURING the month of July, 1872, my official duties required me to visit the coast of Labrador below Point de Meuse.

The steamer *Druid*, upon which I made the journey safely, reached the snug little harbor near Egg Island and lay at anchor while workmen, taken down for the purpose, repaired the lighthouse and other buildings belonging to the station there.

Finding that the necessary work would detain us for two or three days, I organized a party to visit a small river some six miles off said to contain salmon. We started in the steamer's boat with the captain and four men, well provided with rods, flies, a tent, and provisions for a couple of days' camping.

On our way we kept near the shore, where we encountered quite a number of seals basking upon the rocks laid bare by the low condition of the tide. They would glide off their resting places at our approach and then come to the surface of the water, staring at us and often affording a fair rifle shot. We fired at them, but could not obtain possession of any, owing to their sinking as soon as hit. Next day, however, a resident fisherman passing picked up three which he found lying dead in the shallow water when the tide was at its lowest.

Near the mouth of the Little Trinity River, our destination, we found a fisherman's hut at the edge of the woods, with about an acre of cleared land in which was growing a patch of potatoes, a great luxury to the owner. We landed on the beach opposite the hut, and were met by a tall, powerfully built man, who bid us welcome in the language of his native country—French. We inquired about our chances of getting salmon, and were assured that about seven miles up the stream, at the foot of the rapids, we would find them. We went on this morning, and Mr. Gityon, to act as guide, and were soon en route for the fishing grounds. A tedious walk through a tangled foot-path brought us to the pool, where we toiled for two hours trying to get a "rise." We caught several fine trout, but salmon did not then show themselves, notwithstanding our changing flies, and employing all the art we were possessed of to make them do so. We therefore decided to return at once to our boat and row back to the river, but just as we had turned our faces toward the homeward path, each one shouldering his load of the supplies, we heard a splash, and a fine salmon disappeared under the water. This consoled our guide, who until then looked crestfallen at our want of success and apparent disbelief in his report that salmon would be found in the river. Feeling convinced, however, that the fish, although there, would take the bait, we had recourse to our faces toward the boat which we reached tired and hungry after our fourteen miles' walk. Fortunately we had hauled our boat well up on the shore, for a stiff breeze had sprung up, and the waves were rolling on the beach with such force as to render it impossible to launch her; we were therefore compelled to remain overnight, and accept the shelter of our guide's one-room dwelling, of which his wife and himself were the only other occupants, as they had no children.

Mrs. Gityon soon prepared a good meal out of our own supplies, and when this had been partaken of, pipes were dilled, and the men began to relate adventures of different kinds to while away the time. Our hostess not taking any part in the conversation, I looked around, and through the thick tobacco smoke could just distinguish her form sitting in a corner, and also the glow of a lighted pipe which she was quietly smoking. I asked her to come near and tell me how she enjoyed her Labrador life, at the same time placing a three-legged stool near me for her to sit upon. She complied with my request, and after some conversation I noticed that she was very intelligent, and rather well educated for a person of her position. This led me to inquire into her past life, as far as such a subject would be recalled.

She appeared to be quite communicative, and informed me that she was born in Quebec, of respectable and well-to-do parents, had been educated in a convent, and intending to become a nun, had studied with that object in view, but, owing to some illness which unfitted her for the calling, her doctor prescribed a sea voyage or residence near salt water, and she only came to the coast. Her uncle, who owned and sailed a trading schooner between Labrador and Quebec, afforded her the opportunity of making the desired sea-trip. They left Quebec late in the summer, bound for the Straits of Belle Isle, but were wrecked near Esquimaux Point, barely escaping with their lives. She was kindly treated by the inhabitants and thoroughly recovered her health. While there she met Gityon, a Frenchman and a cooper by trade, who had come to the shore with a small boat. She managed to build up a fortune making barrels for Canadian fishermen. This he did not succeed in accomplishing; but he wooed and won the would-be recluse, and they were duly married, when a life began for her such as she had never even dreamed of.

Not long after their marriage Gityon built a fishing barge and with his young wife, provisions and traps, crossed over to the Island of Anticosti, put up a small hut. She was one of the most isolated localities, and then led the life of a trapper; often leaving his wife for days and even weeks at home, her only companion being a large Newfoundland dog—not a neighbor within twenty miles of her. It would be difficult to imagine a more solitary, cheerless life for anyone, particularly a woman, and one whose early training was so calculated to enervate the system. Her uncle, however, was provided with a common single-barreled gun, and plenty of ammunition, and soon became an expert shot. During one winter she killed five black bears and a large number of geese and ducks. Her description of the utter solitude, her mental depression, and the vicissitudes through which she passed was most touching.

Once, during the severest winter weather, when entirely alone, the hut took fire and was burned down. She managed to save her gun, ammunition, some flour and clothing; everything else was destroyed. She made for herself a suit of men's clothing, with old boat sails, which she lined with her own warm female apparel, and thus she passed six weeks in a cabin made by her own hands from the trunks of trees which she cut near by, stuffing up the interstices with moss to keep out the bitter cold. Upon her husband's return they set to work and erected a new hut.

The following summer, her husband being away on the

other side of the island, she was again alone for several days. One fine calm day, an American fishing schooner, which had remained almost stationary for several hours opposite the hut, cast anchor, and made preparations to land part of the crew, with the evident intention of visiting the house. She, fearing that her unprotected state would expose her to insult and danger, hastily caught up a pair of scissors, cut her hair short to make it resemble that of a man, slipped on some of her husband's old fishing clothes, besmeared her face so as to give it the appearance of being covered with a young growing beard, and quietly awaited the arrival of the visitors who soon made their appearance, carrying with them a jar of whiskey, cards and provisions. Not being able to speak English, by signs she made them welcome, and all that afternoon until next night she was forced to drink, play cards, smoke, and take part in a perfect orgy with the unruly set. However, she acquitted herself so well as to excite no suspicion in the minds of the rough seamen, and parted with them the best of friends, but feeling thankful to have got rid of such unwelcome guests. For many years she spent such a life on Anticosti as few women have ever experienced anywhere.

At last Gityny decided to come over and live on the north shore, where I met her. She often begged her husband to come to Quebec, but he refused to do so. Once she managed to get away from home while he was absent, with the intention of sending him word to follow her on her arrival at Quebec, this being the only plan she could conceive of inducing him to leave such a desolate place, but he, reaching home earlier than she expected, followed her footsteps in the sand on the beach, and overtook her on the road to a locality where she hoped to find a schooner to bring her back to the civilization she longed for.

My presence appeared to give her new courage, and I strongly urged her husband to come up, promising to procure work for him. The next summer he did so and soon found employment at his trade, but after a few months' residence in town Mrs. Gityny's health broke down again, and I was surprised to learn that they had returned to Labrador once more.

A year afterward a woman dressed in black was shown into my office, and I again beheld Mrs. Gityny, this time a widow. She told me that upon their return to Labrador they had gone far back into the wilderness with the necessary supplies to spend the winter trapping. They had two dogs and a "commette," or sled to assist them in carrying their outfit; but they had hardly reached their destination when her husband was stricken with paralysis and died in her arms. Fancy her dreadful position! A hundred miles away from any habitation, the body of her dead husband lying on the ice, and her only means of support being the sled up all her courage she strapped the lifeless form on the sled and traveled the long, lonely journey back to a neighboring fisherman's, when she buried her husband and came up to Quebec, intending never to return to Labrador again.

Recently, however, I was astonished to learn that, although now past forty years of age, she has married another fisherman, and made it possible for him to that desolate coast, to resume the life that she once so dreaded, but she now evidently prefers to any other.

Some persons eventually become so fascinated with the wild, free life of a trapper or fisherman, that, notwithstanding its hardships and vicissitudes, starvation often staring them in the face, a few months' residence in a large city becomes so irksome to them that they long to return to their former occupation, and eventually do so.

I have known a well educated, born and brought up near Quebec, formerly a storekeeper, married to an educated woman, who accepted a situation as lighthouse keeper on the island of Anticosti, and afterward obtained, through family influence, a good government appointment with sufficient remuneration to enable him to bring up his family well and live comfortably, actually shed tears when he left his isolated island home, and a year afterward trying to get back to his former position. I have also known others to get out of their minds from the dreariness and monotony of their lives. These were invariably men. Women appear to bear up better, and frequently do the most of the work, keeping the station in order, while their husbands look the picture of unhappiness. Again, there are some stations, where husband, wife and children seem to be perfectly contented, the family well educated and even accomplished in music and other refinements. The station is well supplied with literature, and their conversation is free from slang so often noticeable in town-bred people.

Professor Linden, in his interesting and truthfully written papers published in your last volume, mentions one of such families, that of Mr. Edwin Pope, of Anticosti, whose amiable daughters, who have never till last year left the island, would do credit to any city family. His sons are well educated, and all but one appear to advantage anywhere, and Mrs. Pope was born and brought up on the island, and to the best of my knowledge has never left it.

There are others in my district on the coast of Labrador who are possessed of considerable education and even refinement.

At the solitary Bird Rock Station, where the lighthouse is perched on a square rock a few hundred feet in extent, where one can reach only by being hauled up in a box by means of a crane 120 feet from the water, the keepers have been sadly tried. The first keeper there, after two years' residence, became insane from the monotony of the life. He was replaced by a very respectable man who, after having filled the situation for nine years, was one day tempted to leave his station to hunt seals on the surrounding ice, but was overtaken by a storm and perished with his son, their bodies never being recovered. His successor, one of the most able and intelligent of our keepers, while firing the fog-bell, by some means ignited a barrel of gunpowder at hand, and with his young son and assistant was blown to atoms; yet notwithstanding these fatalities, no sooner does a vacancy occur than applications for it pour in, invariably from those possessed of all the necessary qualifications to earn a living elsewhere.

Two years ago I visited the coast in the steamer Druid, together with His Excellency the Governor-General and his suite. We stopped at many of the most interesting localities, among others Seven Islands, and anchored in the beautiful bay of that name. His Excellency and myself, taking guns, embarked in a canoe paddled by two men, hoping for a shot at something. We had been informed elsewhere that porcupines were plentiful, and were eager to shoot them. When nearing the shore we were hailed by a Canadian fisherman, who, coming up to us, and, having landed, I asked him if there was anything in the neighborhood worth shooting. He answered, "Yes, if you know what you want. As we did not know which direction to take we requested

him to procure us a guide, whereupon he said he knew a young Indian, an excellent sportsman, who, he thought, would answer our purpose. His Excellency whispered to me to try and get a full-blooded Indian, no sham, for some of those he had employed on similar occasions elsewhere bore Scotch names, such as McLeod, etc., and resembled too much the white man; he would like to see the real Indian, and expected to find him in such a good place as this. I told the fisherman to bring us a real Indian, and he said he would do so. Fancy our surprise when he brought a distance toward an encampment of some twenty wigwags, on hearing him shout at the top of his voice to a perfect looking Indian, whom he called by the name of McKintzie—Scotch again! However, since then His Excellency has not the "Simon pure" in the far West, without a Scotch name, and doubtless enjoyed the novelty.

## NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY LIEUT. FREDK SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

### V.—Nimrod with a Fish-rod.

TO the devotees ofzaak Walton, the sly old trout fishing himself with his line in the deep shadow of the overhanging willow or low brush, on a hot summer's day, winking and blinking at the feathered hook with a sort of I've-been-there-before expression; the grayling with his voracious endeavors to swallow hook, line, pole and fisherman; the bass, the pike, the pickerel and all the gamy gladiators of the genial climes are wanting in the frigid zones; yet there is some grand old sport, excitement spiced with danger—that sauce of man's noblest essays—in many of the fisheries of the frigid zones, from the huge whale cleaving the clipper-built boat of his pursuers into fragments with one stroke of his huge tail, to the tiniest little finny fellow that scratches his head on the under surface of the treacherous ice.

Ever since Captains Edge and Poole on the 12th of June, 1611, struck and captured the first whale, and the amphibious sailors of the Dutch, English and Scotch have developed this rude sport. It has been a wonder that so many sportsmen in search of gladiatorial games—games that could give as well as receive defeat—have never crossed waters with these tigers of the sea. Perhaps their pursuit proves to profit and loss; but so does the buffalo in the hands of hirelings. Perhaps his haunts are too remote to be invaded cheaply, but whoever heard the true sportsman stand on such ground when we consider the great expense of excursions to such lands as Africa and elsewhere to kill the lion, tiger or leopard? However may be the reason, the noblest "game" given to man is left to the hands of those who kill him for the coin he will bring in the markets. I can imagine nothing more exciting than a good whale chase, and I think it would send any sportsman's blood up to (buck) fever heat. I had been promised a royal old chance to participate in such a chase by the mate of the Eothien, the whaler that bore us to Hudson's Bay, should they ever "leave" for one before my little party was set ashore to prosecute its Arctic explorations, but no such chance ever came, although no one probably watched the mate in the crow's nest at the masthead for "there he blows" more than I, not even those to whom their pocket was more than their pride.

The Esquimaux catch considerable numbers of whale and trade their bone and oil to the whaling ships, and this fact creates considerable rivalry between the different vessels to reach the whaling grounds first in order to barter with these native fishermen, who have been plying their trade for a month before the ships can get in. The ancient Esquimaux, or purely native method of killing a whale was to pursue him with the harpoons and bladders we have described in the walrus and seal hunt, by a large number of natives in their *kiksks* or skin canoes and literally fill him so full of them that when exhausted after a long chase he was unable to sink beneath the ice and fell prey to their sharp lances. A mode of wood tipped with walrus ivory heads. Many of the old Iwlikik Esquimaux told me of their ancient whale hunts, the flesh of these monsters keeping a fair sized village in dog meat for the winter while the skin about an inch thick was used by them—elves; the whalebone cut into strips was used to lash their *kiksks* frames together, while the bone proper from the jaw was sawn into long batten-like strips twelve or fifteen feet long, three or four inches wide and an inch thick, with which the slender whaler was given them a broad running and bearing surface. This with the oil and blubber for light and food made the whale one of the most useful game they could pursue.

Now they hunt them like the whalers, oftentimes in boats supplied by them or obtained from wrecked whaling ships, and sell the proceeds for almost insignificant results, the fruitful results of the contact of civilization with savagery. The Esquimaux also form, wherever they can, for anywhere can be found more hardy harpooners, braver beatmen, than these natural fishermen in their seas of ice and storms.

The skin of the whale is considered the best part for eating. It is "as black as the ace of spades," and when boiled in the trying pots its taste is not unlike that of tripe. It is an excellent article of diet, in that it assists to keep away that bane of the sailor, the scurvy. Before their contact with white men they would die "in" out of the whale blubber in such a wholesale manner as now does for their benefit, as they believed, and probably with some truth, that the smell of the rendered oil would drive away the reinder and musk-oxen, especially if there be an insular wind. Game once frightened away in this manner is very slow to return.

If the natives are "whaling" from a station on the coast, the *ang-ah-ah* or medicine men on the shore, assisted by those who have remained behind, beseech their god of the seas to give the whalermen luck by their coifforous *ang-ah-ah* in the system of dynastic devotion more fatiguing than the chase of the whale.

One use of the whalebone to which the natives put it, and one case of which came under my personal observation, I must not allow to pass unnoticed. Whenever wolves have been unusually predatory, have destroyed a favorite dog or so, or have dug up a *cache* of reinder meat just when it was needed, or in any way have aroused the ire of the whaler hunter, he takes a strip of whalebone about the size of those used in corsets, wraps it up into a compact helical mass like a watch spring, having previously sharpened both ends, then ties it together with reinder sinew, and plasters it with a compound of blood and grease, which is allowed to freeze and forms a binding cement sufficiently strong to cut the sinew string at every second or third turn. This, with a lot of similar looking bands of meat and blubber, is scattered

over the snow or ground, and the hungry wolf devours it along with the others, and when it is thawed out by the warmth of his stomach, it elongates and has the well-known effect of whalebone on the system, but having the military advantage of interior lines its effects are more rapid, killing the poor wolf, with the most horrible agonies, in a couple of days.

The narval, narwal or marwal, or, as it is sometimes called, the sea unicorn, gives the natives of the North much sport in its capture, which, in general, is by the old stereotyped method of inflated bladder and harpoon, a method which has never been improved upon, even by the ingenious Yankee whalermen, for their whaleboat is nothing more than the float, and their harpoon looks wonderfully as if it had been borrowed from that of the Esquimaux, with civilized workmanship in its detail. The natives in Hudson's Strait brought me some to barter, but I have never been able to see any in the bay, and in fact the Esquimaux there know of no such fish at all. Its peculiar twisted ivory tusk of from about five to eight feet in length, is its weapon of defense, and it is not altogether a bad one if it can be once gotten through the frail covering of the native skin canoe, but accidents from it are rare; in fact the pursuit of the narwal is not a common sport even in waters where it is the most numerous. The flesh of the narwal is considered very fine by the Esquimaux, and as they are from fifteen to twenty feet in length, exclusive of the horn, it is not so singular that they are not pursued more when they obtain so much meat in one animal. Probably the tusk or rather its active use mostly influences their practical minds. The fish themselves use it to transfix fish which they pursue, to break the thin ice so they may breathe and blow, and as a weapon of defense. It has been known to bury it in the wood of ships, into the sides of whales, and even run it through the copper of ships; in truth it is the hardest ivory known, being worth double that of the best elephant ivory.

As we were entering the eastern entrance of Hudson's Strait we managed to while away a few hours pleasantly from time to time in shooting with our revolvers at the grampus whales that came sporting alongside of our ship, with a familiarity that seemed to take us to be one of their kind. It is needless to remark that we "bagged" none, for a pistol shot would have to more effect on their black, scaly backs that protruded from the water than upon a Creedmoor butt; in fact they really seemed to enjoy it, as their sportings became greater and their familiarity stronger in direct ratio to the amount of firing we would do at them, a sort of satire on our shooting. It is probably their penchant for seal meat that attracts them into the sub-Arctic regions, some of the sailors believing that they dislodge them with their tail or back fin from their frail abode on the edge of the ice or rocks, when they come out to back in the sun. When the Arctic sky is deeply overcast and the water of the sea by sympathy have taken on the same garb with the blackest lung swells, there is nothing more beautiful than a school of white whales passing by, their ivory white skins contrasting conspicuously with the dark green fluid in which they swim; or when the sun is shining brightly their backs, as they roll gracefully along, shine like so many mirrors so bright as to give their pursuers a headache.

It has been seen in Hudson's Bay early in the spring (traveling along the coast as soon as the shore ice breaks up, generally toward the east at Depot Island, and then again become numerous in the fall just before the new ice forms, traveling in the opposite direction. The natives are eager in their pursuit, as it gives them some variety from the summer walrus hunt, and nearly as much blubber and meat. One thing I could not help noticing in their movements, while they were occupied in their sport, and I then as they passed, and that was the almost simultaneous manner in which the whole school, however widely dispersed, would appear at the surface. It almost seemed as if they were figures joined by immovable rods and raised and lowered by machinery. Even when the island split them apart this synchronism was still observed, and on one occasion this happened when there were but two which were thus separated. These well-remembered incidents were viewed to be in their highest state of discipline in their fat maneuvers, when they appear to have more leisure; their spring actions being more the method of a mob scurrying along in a hurry to their feeding grounds. The porpoise is sometime seen and caught in the Arctic, but it is, in general, a very scarce game, not to be depended upon. I know that in a strict scientific sense all of the above are mammals, and therefore not strictly speaking fish, but are introduced, and their catch described in their most common names. They are really no more fishes than the seals and walruses already described.

Those old piscatorial pirates, the sharks, often invade the Arctic, no doubt tempted by the carcasses of the whales or seals and walruses left to rot by white men engaged in their pursuit. Natives angling from their skin canoes in deep water occasionally catch a sluggish shark who has engulged the bait, but there is no use pulling against such a mountain of flesh and relying upon their strength to bring him up; and this the Inuit, Izaak Walton fully knows, and overcomes his strength by sagacity. At every brisk pull by Mr. Shark, showing him to be irritated, the line is lowered to appease him, but cautiously hauled in again almost immediately, the shark slowly rising to this strategic manipulation, until "like a finny fool" he rests upon the surface of the water, well exhausted by his exertions. The weakest fishing-line, when with a long knite the fisherman extends and disengages him by a well directed thrust through the spinal cord. From their well-known voracity in warmer climes it seems singular indeed that they do not often attack the native fishermen in their little skin canoes, but there is not a recorded or known instance of such attacks even on the west shore of Greenland, where they are most numerous and the shores are visited by large numbers of them—from ten to twenty thousand a year, according to Dr. Riik, Danish inspector of this coast for a long number of years. The most useful method of catching these fish can hardly be said to be fishing at all. Near a hole in the ice a lighted torch is placed, and two natives stand on opposite sides of the hole with two sharp hand-hooks, like deck bands of a steamer at the end of a shute waiting for merchandise, until the shark sticks his nose out, when he is treated in about the same business-like manner as the Inuit. There are some shark carcasses often accumulated by hundreds, as this shark fishery when once commenced is generally carried on through the whole winter. The cartilaginous bones are the favorite parts for food, as the raw frozen flesh seems to have a depressing effect when long continued, and to it is attributed the dog disease of the North when fed to them, and which every few years carries off so many of these useful animals.





can't prove it by me. He was headed to the northwest, and I have always believed that he went straight to the Bad Lands, which was bad enough sure. But the serpent didn't go—not a bit of it. There is no record that he was driven out, and I have conclusive evidence that he stayed in this place a long time, boys, that serpent was a massauger! He stayed and multiplied and multiplied and multiplied.

"Massauger! What's that, Major?" shouted a little nrchin on the outer circle of the crowd with his shoe-brush and blacking-box slung over his shoulder, as he adjusted his tattered straw hat.

"There, now," shouted the Major. "What is this world a-coming to that a boy born and bred right here should ask what a massauger is! Where is the schoolmaster now, that says, 'I don't know'! What prevail in the rising generation? Yes, it is one who is growing up to make a voter, may I decide a Presidential election, it may be, and I dare say, my mamma thinks he will be President himself—most mamma thinks so in this country. But you tell her for me, sonny, that such ignorance looks bad for her hop-fol. Massauger! That is the little black prairie rattlesnake. He is the meanest little cuss that ever walked the earth. I just knowed it was the reason that presented that apple to Eve. The evidence is abundant. He is found in the most places. He is just mean enough to do it, and then he is just the size. When the record is silent we must look to probabilities. Now, if it had been a big snake it would have scared away the timid maiden, and he could never have accomplished her ruin. No, it was a little serpent that she was not afraid of that offered her the apple."

"Now, Major, a moment," howled Tom Slack, "and tell us how such a little snake could have held such a big apple in its mouth?"

"There it is again," cried the Major, "another presidential candidate going under very fast. Don't you know that a snake's mouth is a great deal bigger than he is himself? Don't you know that a snake can just unbinge his jaws when he pleases and open his mouth as wide as a quoncho if he can make anything by it; and you just bet that little fellow did his very best to handle a big apple, and I have no doubt it was a real feat at that."

"Mean, did I say, yes, indeed. Would you believe it, in the nesting season of the prairie chicken, they prow around and find all the nests and eggs, which they gulp down as if they were sugar-coated. One will swallow a whole nest full, till he is bloated out like a bologna sausage. But this is not all. If a nest escapes them they are always on the lookout for the little chicks, which they seem to like even better than the eggs, and I honestly believe they are mean enough and smart enough to do it. The nests, that they may thus profit by the patient industry of the old hen. On some prairies I have seen them so thick that not a prairie chicken could be raised there, and how they supported themselves I don't know, unless they eat each other, which I am sure they did, for they are just mean enough to be cannibals. Why, if I were to tell you of some of my experiences with the massauger, you would actually think me exaggerating, and I should lose your confidence in my veracity which I prize so highly."

"No! No!" they all cried. "Tell us about it, we know we can depend on every word you say."

"Well then," said the Major, as he smoothed down his long white beard and changed the position of his legs by swinging the right over the left, "I will venture this once to tell you how it was. When surveying in the prairie in winter, by these cold, I always wear heavy boots and a buckskin suit throughout."

"I was once running a line across a large prairie when I came up to the flagman on the top of a swell in the prairie, which overlooked a valley about a mile wide, and in the middle of the valley was a wide swale where the grass was very high. I told the flagman to go quite across the valley. I set the compass and sighted across, when I observed in the exact line a clump of the compass plant in full bloom, which stood a little by itself, though many others like it were near by on all sides. I thought if I could keep my eye fixed on the object till I could reach it, I could save some time, and I determined to try it. The compass under one arm and the tripod under the other made a pretty good load, but I was young and strong, and I fixed my eye on the object a mile away and started. The first half of the distance I got over very well, but after that I began to grow weary, and before I reached the object from which I ever once removed my eyes, it seemed almost impossible to drag one foot after the other, and I felt as if I must stop and rest. I however persevered to the end. So soon as I reached the object I looked down and saw that more than fifty of those cursed massaugers were fastened to my buckskin leggings. The pisen pests had been striking at me all the way across, whenever I came near one, and from the peculiar texture of buckskin, whenever one struck his teeth into it he could not let go, especially in a sudden motion. Well, boys, they just covered both legs nearly to the knees and they made it lively down there, I tell you. My legs then would have made a good match for the Medusa's head. To draw my hunting-knife was the work of an instant, and I struck off heads faster than you could count. That was the biggest massauger funeral I ever attended, and the ceremonies were the shortest."

"But massauger is not without its uses, and proves the truth of the saying that nothing is made in vain. The early settlers, before they had time to raise a crop of corn, used to fatten their hogs on massaugers, finishing off with acorns in the groves. Now the hog is an omnivorous animal, and—"

"Hello, Major, what is omnivorous? What breed of hogs is that?" cried a little nrchin, whose pants were rolled up to the knees and who was leaning over, listening as a suspender over the left shoulder and whose mamma had been paid time to repair his breeches torn on a picket fence, which he had climbed the day before to plunder a neighbor's garden.

The Major stroked his long beard as he looked at the inquirer with a benevolent rather than offended expression, and said:

"Come here, sonny, till I tell you. Here is another case where a candidate is likely to be elected by means of ignorance. What did your mamma design you for? Not the General of the Army, I am sure. You will make a man of peace, for I see you always carry a white flag. But let me advise you hereafter to carry it in front of you rather than behind, that your flag of truce may be seen before you are injured. Omnivorous, did you ask? You are an omnivorous yourself, and eat everything you can lay your hands on, and that is the way you get fat. You are not always over scrupulous how you get them. All creatures are divided into three classes—carnivorous, omnivorous and

herbivorous. Will you remember that, sonny? The carnivorous eat only the highest organized kind of food, namely flesh, and would starve to death in the midst of all the vegetable food in the world. Of this class is the massauger and the tiger, for instance. The omnivorous are those who eat anything that comes along, whether flesh, fish or vegetable food. You are of this class, as I said before, and so is the hog as well as the bear, the coon and the possum, for example. This class can live anywhere where anything can be got to eat, and so may be called lucky."

"The herbivorous is a class of animals that live on vegetable food alone, of which there is a much greater abundance than of animal food. Of this class the elephant, the camel and the horse and the rabbit are examples, so you see that these vegetarians embrace the largest of all our animals. Now you know what omnivorous means, there may be some hope for you."

"But why didn't the serpents bite the hogs?" inquired a bright-eyed, round-faced lad, who stood with gaping mouth listening to the Major's lecture on zoology.

"There, now," said the Major, "what a question for a boy born and bred in a prairie country. The hog is the only animal I know of that the rattlesnake can't hurt, and what's more I don't know of anything that would poison him. I once tried a pesky mean one with arsenic and he grew fat on it, and I reckon it was because they are so contrary. Why, he just goes for them like a terrier among a lot of rats in a pit. A hog will smell a rattlesnake as far as a pointer will a prairie chicken, and will go for him twice as fast, and the more there are of them the faster he goes. I once saw an old sow who had winned a big lot of these varmints run up wind so fast that it fairly took all of the kinks out of her tail, and when she broke in upon the silence of the meeting as they were basking in the sun on an old muskrat house, she dashed away right and left in a most astonishing way. One nip and one shake was enough for one, when she would drop it and go for another, and before you could say Jack Robinson, the ground was covered with the slaughtered reptiles, when she roared over the old muskrat house, where she found a few more. She then plied them all up heads and points, and went off with her litter of pigs that had come trailing and squalling after her. They had a choice family dinner that day, I tell you."

"Without that supply of hog fodder many an early settler would have run short of meat."

"What kind of bacon did those hogs make? you ask. I tell you it was first-rate. A little strong, it may be, but we had strong men in those days, and they needed strong meat. It's more than thirty years since I have tasted a bit of it—more's the pity."

"Massaugers hate civilization as much as civilization hates them; so soon as white men began to come in they began to leave, and I don't believe there has been one this side of the Mississippi River in the last twenty years. That is why I say if they hadn't cleared out Adam the first time they tried, they would all have left themselves, long before Cain was grown up so he could strike a hard lick."

"But was Adam a white man?" asked a strapping lad near the outside of the circle.

"There, now," said the Major, a little tartly. "There is another promising piece of timber spoiled for some great place. No amount of teaching can ever get him out of a log cabin or raise him above the plane of a rail-splitter, a tanner, or a canal driver. But never mind, for there are enough left to keep trying, and it may be some of them will grow up to be the schoolmaster. Was Adam a white man? To be sure he was. Wasn't Ham the first nigger? I say again, where is the schoolmaster, to let such nonsense find a place among the rising generation? What kind of rulers will he make of you?"

"You ask again what breed of hogs those were? I tell you they were the plowshare breed, or the 'prairie rooters,' as some called them. They had snouts as long as a tapir, and as stout as a crowbar, and the way they went for the wild artichokes was a caution. They would break up a ten acre piece quicker than you could with six yoke of oxen, and twice as well. And many a settler who was short of a team depended on them to break his land. But then they were always troublesome, for they would come back for the crop after it was raised. Fence them out! As well fence out the prairie chickens or the spotted gophers. I have seen one clear a ten rail fence without touching a hoof, and I once saw an old sow with a litter of pigs at her heels slip through a space in a paling fence not six inches wide, as slick as if both sides were greased, and the way she went into those flowerbeds was a caution. But a circus soon followed—the old woman and the stalwart girls rushed out of the cabin with shovel and tongs, mop and broom, and set up a yell that would have drowned Gabriel's horn, and you might have seen that old sow scoot back quicker than she came, and all you could see after that was a blue streak leading away to the prairie, and the pigs squealing along after. That was a remarkable instance, I admit, for a hog is the contrariest animal ever civilized by man, and if you want to get him out of a lot the surest plan is to try to keep him in."

"But," said Jack Tubbs, "didn't those hogs sometimes run off and the settlers lose them?"

"There now," said the Major, "there is some sense in that question, and the answer is not long in coming. It only licks him often enough."

"Yes, a good many of those hogs did run off and set up housekeeping on their own account. The hog is a strange animal after all. He is a direct descendant of the wild boar of Europe, which your story books tell you is so fierce and ugly. But he is easily domesticated, and in a few generations, if he is kept close, treated kindly and well fed, especially the latter, becomes the quietest porker you see at the country fair. But then he goes wild still easier. Turn out the fattest hog into the range and make him shift for himself and in a few years he becomes as wild as his grandfather was a thousand years ago. He gaunts up, becomes bow-backed and long-legged, and will run like a deer and will fight like a tiger, and even his children will become striped like the pigs of the wild state. This is what they call reverting to the wild state, and this he seems rather fond of doing."

"Yes, forty or fifty years ago there were a good many gangs of wild hogs in the great prairies of Illinois. They kept clear away from the timber if there were any settlements there, and took to the most secluded places they could find many miles away. Those plowshare brutes didn't want much change to make them wild, either. Once I was surveying on the Grand Prairie, not a hundred miles from here, and came across a lot of these wild hogs. An old bear challenged us at once, and I loaded up my gun and directly that I had lost no hogs in that neighborhood, and left. The flag-

man, who stumbled on them first, ran as he never ran before nor since, hotly pursued by the boar, who was clamping his teeth and frothing at the mouth, and pitched right in among us, as if he thought he was Samson, and wielded the jaw-bone of an ass, and only a ride bullet changed it from a man funeral to a hog funeral. We went a long way around the settlement, and I calculated the distance without chaining it. I tell you I would turn out a prairie wolf pack against the best in the old country and would ask no odds, either."

"But, boys, I only told you about half of that snake story. When the pesky massaugers handicapped me so, when crossing that valley, you know both hands were full, and I couldn't take my eyes off the bunch of pilot plant. When about half way across, a flock of gallinippers lit on me, like a cloud of pigeons on a grain field. They could not make much headway through the buckskin shoes or the buckskin clothes, though they did some; but the face was naked, and they soon found it out and fought for the chance. That fighting alone saved me, and not much, either, for when I got through and planted my foot at the object, my face was covered as thick with them as a squash patch. I laid down my tools and brushed them off by the handful. Before I could see to cut off those snakes' heads I told you about, a thousand of them, at least, had got their snouts in so far that they tore away when the owners went to grass, and it took one of the chain men an hour at least to pull them out with tweezers. He was a prudent and considerate youth, and when I saw him carefully laying them down on an old letter which he took from his pocket, heads and points alternately, and asked him what he saved them for, he said that Jane (she was his sweetheart and had written that letter) had told him she was nearly out of pins, and had asked him if he could, across any field, get a hundred or so, from the center of the cluster of leaves, on the top of which a burr grows, which contains seeds which will germinate and bear seeds again the third year and the two succeeding years, and then it dies. Near the top of this seed stalk a number of branches are thrown off, upon each of which a small seed burr is grown, but their seeds are generally blasted."

"Besides, such an affair for mosquito bites used to carry a piece of this root in their pocket, and when they reached the end of it a little and hold it on the bite for a short time, when the irritation almost instantly disappeared."

"Whether the sap of the leaves or the stalk is an antidote for poisonous bites I do not know, but the root certainly possesses properties worth examining by the doctors, and this is true of many other plants of the prairie which were used by the early settlers for medicinal purposes. One I had tried myself, which grows in a grassy field, and in place of quinine, and with similar effect to cure the fever. It grew up in a single stem from the root and bore a number of small white flowers with short, small leaves. The leaf of the plant grew out from the stem two and a half inches long and one and a half inches broad, and was very bitter [*Verbena stricta*].—Ed.] Of these leaves a strong tea was made, which was drunk freely, and produced a sensation almost intolerable. The tea was sometimes boiled down and made into pills, one of which is as big as a small pea, was as much as I cared to take at once."

"By the time Jim had finished collecting hairpins, I had the big head badly. But the poultice was ready, and applied all over the face. Almost instantly the burning pain ceased, and in an hour I was as well as ever."

"But what are gallinippers, Major?" cried out one of the boys who seemed to have an inquiring mind.

"Well, now, I don't blurt out for you," said the instructor in natural history. "For they, too, were all gone with the massauger long before you were born, and it is lucky for you that they were. They are a kind of mosquito, only a good deal more so. They are most as big as grass hoppers, with speckled or barred wings and legs, and they have bills long enough for hairpins, as was shown by what Jim did for his sweetheart. They are as sharp as a two-edged needle, and as strong as a wooden comb. I in a big smoke and agreed to divide it by each one taking one swallow—honest. Each swelled his cheeks out big and it disappeared fast, but before it got round there was more than half an inch of gallinippers on it, but the last fellow didn't mind it, and said he got more good out of it than any of the rest."

"Why? a half-dozen smart gallinippers would clear that bottom of the mosquitoes and lay in half an hour. Once, when I was surveying a government contract on Lake Superior we camped on a beautiful lake—Lake Gratio. It was a charming little lake of clear sweet water. 'Now, boys,' said I, 'we will have a nice dish of trout for supper. You, Bill, get some bait, for that lake I am sure is full of the speckled jacks.' 'What shall I get,' said Bill, 'for you know there are no anglers within all this country.' 'And I knew Bill was right—not an angle worm ever existed in the Lake Superior country, till they were taken up there, and planted by white men. I myself took a pair of them up there about twenty-five years ago and planted them along Eagle River, and in a few years they were as plenty as blackberries on Indian Creek. Angle worms are migratory and follow civilization, but they won't follow the Indians, they are too refined for that."

"I told Bill to tear an old log to pieces and get some grubs, and I said they would do better than any worms, since the trout were not used to these. An old Chippewa Indian had sauntered into camp and heard what I said spoke up: 'No trout in that lake.' I was too polite to tell him that I knew he lied, for I thought no trout could keep out of such water, but after fishing the lake all over in every nook and corner for three days, I found the old savage was right. So let no one fish for trout in Lake Gratio."

"When Bill had found any grubs in the crowd of gallinippers, which he had scattered all over the place, he came like a whirlwind and settled down on us. Then such a jumping for bear's grease

mixed with gunpowder you never saw before. We smeared ourselves all over a white flint, when the laugh was on our side again. I took care out of that threat, or we immediately baited our hooks with gallinippers, and although we caught no trout we caught a fine string of yellow perch, and some black bass.

"Now, boys, I think I have told you enough for one day. If you remember it all you will do well. It is of no use for me to tell you things if you turn away and think of them no more. Right now, when I have said to you, 'I have said and see how much you can remember of what I have told you, and the oftener you think it over and try to remember more and more of it, so much the better, and if you will talk it over among yourselves and see which can remember the most, so much the better still. If you try hard you may have it all well turned into you so you will never forget it. Those who do this will have good hopes for the future, but those who turn away and forget all had better keep to shining boots, for they will never be fit for anything else."

"One important difference between great men and little men is that the former think over and ponder and try to remember what they learn, while the latter immediately forget it. It leaves no more impression on their minds than a passing shadow. Those who want to remember what they may meet with hereafter, must, as I have said, at o'clock and I will tell you more about things as they were in the western country in the olden times of long ago, if only the day is pleasant."

As the Major closed his discourse and bade the boys a good morning in a kindly tone, I slipped my note book into my pocket and looked as innocent as a lamb when he gave me a nod of recognition as he passed me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## OUR WINTER BIRDS.

BY GEORGE E. EYRE.

VERY few of the many persons that are interested in birds in summer time ever think of studying their habits and habits during the winter months. Except the snowbirds and one or two others, all birds are supposed by the general public to go south at the approach of winter. And yet, if people only take the trouble to look around them a little, make an occasional tour of their park or some wood, go along some hedge or tramp through the brown fields, they would be surprised to find so many birds that were willing and able to defy the fiercest weather. The brave spirit shown by the birds that winter in our northern States and Canada excites our warmest admiration.

The snowbird (*Junco hyemalis*) is the most common of all our winter birds. Breeding in the British Provinces and the mountains and high wooded regions of the Northern States, it comes, in wonderful numbers, to pass the winter with us. They usually arrive during the first weeks of October, and tarry again for their homes in the woods about the middle of March or first of April. While here it is one of the most cheery of birds. When the snow has fallen enough to entirely cover the ground, then the snowbird is in his glory. How he swings from the tops of the brown ragweed! How he twitters! A flock of a hundred will be feeding thus, and their united voices make a harmony that it will pay us to go far to hear. In the evening, when the night threatens stormy and cold, we see them scurrying across our gardens, stopping long enough to glean a few scattered seeds, and then hurrying on to find some old barn or thick evergreen tree in which to pass the night.

In the country, when the snow has covered the ragweed and the catnip, from which they get a large part of their daily food, they fly along the rough rail fences that are everywhere to be seen, and pick the seeds out of the crevices where they have been deposited by the wind. How noticeable are these little birds. We swept away the snow and threw seeds and crumbs to a dozen snowbirds. The next morning there were more than a score of snowbirds and a few song sparrows enjoying their breakfast. In two days we had more than one hundred boards of the feathery order, all of whom came regularly, morning and evening, to pick up their food, making us and with their music a twittering. When nothing else can be had, stacks of hay and grain afford them a subsistence.

Next to the snowbird in point of numbers come the song sparrow (*Melospiza melodia*). It must have a strong love for home associations, for the patch of brambles, the grassy knoll, and the field of grass and stubble that it frequented in summer, are also its haunts during winter. Its deep, mellow chirp is heard in the same places, and it is often seen hid away under some grassy or bushy thicket; but when the sun shines clear and warm, he will even sing as a song, such as he delighted to sing last summer. When the warm days of March—fair promises of spring—come, then singing commences in earnest. Perched on the strong cane of a blackberry the song sparrow pours forth his varied songs. His bill of fire is much the same as the snowbirds, only he does not make so much ground in cold feeding, and he is usually frequent-flower and damper ground.

The fox-sparrow comes among us only when forced to do so by the severity of the weather, and the chirping sparrow remains with us so irregularly, that he is seldom seen in winter.

The goldfinches, those exquisite little songsters, resembling in color some varieties of canaries, always winter in our northern States. They are found in the fields and woods in flocks of forty or fifty, and move about the country in search of food. Sometimes they will not be seen for several weeks in a locality, and then they will come sailing around with their unmistakable undulating flight for several days. Occasionally a pair of birds, usually young, will leave the flock and take care of themselves for a day or two, and then, tiring of solitude, they seek the main body of flocks.

The soft feathered chickadees, when the snowflakes were falling fast, we heard the song of a *Chimarra tridactyla*, and upon going to clump of sumacs, saw a young male and female goldfinch. The male sat on a twig, a foot or two below the object of his affection, and sang most sweetly. Few old birds, in balmy June even, could equal this bird, on this gloomy day. We listened for half an hour, and went away wishing that we had it in a cage so that we could hear its thrilling song every day.

Bluebirds (*Sialia sialis*) and robins (*Turdus migratorius*) sometime brave winter's cold and snow, and stay in the land of the apple and pear. Rarely more than a half dozen of each species are observed in one neighborhood, and never in cities or towns. They are usually quite silent and cheerless during the time that their friends are sojourning in the Gulf countries. The robins feed on dogwood berries, buds,

green plants, and whatever of insect life can be obtained in cold weather. They are never seen near dwellings, but love solitary woods and points of hills, and are sometimes seen in hemlock or other evergreen woods. At this season he is ever silent, and seemingly sad. When seen he sits quietly away, not that he is afraid, but that he desires solitude. But in the spring, when the warm days do come, our hardy robin will be the first to triumph over fallen winter, and sing the praises of genial spring.

The bluebird has his habitation in the cavity made by a woodpecker in the usually seen in an open wood of large timber, or what in the New England or Middle States would be called a "woods field." They do not venture forth in very cold or rough weather often than every two or three days, and then they only make short excursions among the neighboring trees for the purpose of finding a few bearded flies and bugs to appease their appetites. Ah! how sad is their "Cherichy-cherichy-cherichy" as on a warm evening they fly to their hole in the dead oak, while the mercury in the thermometer is dropping to zero and the wind whistles a dirge through the leafless trees. But when the snow is melting on the eastern hill, and the ice upon the river is broken, their "Cherichy," now so sad, will be a gushing note of joy.

What a gay and dashing fellow is the blue jay, the *Quercus canadensis* omnithology. He is just as vicious and spirited in action as he is in dress. Then, too, he has the virtue of being a permanent citizen of whatever locality he deigns to honor with his presence.

The jay's mode of obtaining a livelihood in winter is, of all our hibernating birds, the most interesting. During the fall months he is ever industriously concealing chestnuts, acorns, corn and sometimes hickory nuts. Only one nut is buried in a certain place, and then they will have their winter's supply scattered over a mile or more of all sorts of rough ground. But how they find these nuts again is beyond our comprehension. And yet, we suppose, they find every buried treasure, for after having examined many hundreds of places where the jays had been scratching, we have never yet found one where a nut of some kind had not been unearthed. What a wonderful memory for locality must they have! No wonder, for they are independent, even if the snow does lie white and deep on the ground. For do not each one know just where to alight upon the smooth surface, to dig to find his dinner?

When the winter comes with too grim a visage our blue jays retreat to some hollow tree or thicket of white oak shrubs to shelter themselves from his fierce blasts. Then, too, to shorten operations, do our jays stoop to methods that are somewhat unbecoming to the noblest mammals. They will apply to the worthy granary for a breakfast of corn, and without waiting for consent, will help themselves. Perhaps they think that they have earned that much by destroying slugs and noxious insects during its cultivation. Most social bird! Come and see us, as you do, often, and fear us not. Ah, you saucy, inquisitive fellow! We wish you no harm.

The black-capped titmouse (*Parus atricapillus*) is one of our happiest winter birds. He is sung of by poets, and rightly, for no other bird shows a more brave and cheery spirit. The chickadee, as this bird is commonly known, really is not in his happiest element until winter time. Then he will swing from the peach trees that grow by our garden walls, and all the time talking so cheerily in bird language. And, we suppose, that if we could only understand bird language we really would hear him say—

"In picking the gum from the old peach tree,  
And the seed doesn't trouble me,  
Pee-dee-dee."

The country children have a beautiful habit of hanging bits of bread upon the posts or trees near their homes, for the birds to eat. The chickadees, with their near kinsfolk, the woodpeckers, will come every day to feast on the bounty so generously given. And while they are so happy, the children are more so, as from the windows or doorway they watch their protégés of the time being. This little bird is very sociable. It is usually seen in company with a half dozen of its fellows, and sometime, a couple of woodpeckers are present. It is all a lively crowd, and it is not infrequently butters. It is surprising the confidence that is shown by the titmouse. They will suffer you to approach within a few steps of them, and then will only cock their head on one side, look at you critically, and then go on about their ever busy task of searching for food.

Several varieties of woodpeckers are more or less familiar as winter residents. And wisely so, for these are the sap-eaters of winter, whom we could during the entire year in the vicinity of their nesting ground. They will make us "flying visits" at intervals of several days or weeks, according to the amount of food to be found and the sort of reception they receive. These birds are very fond of working on the locust tree, as beneath its rough bark many bugs and their larvae are found. They are not only pleasing to the eye, but are of much practical use to the horticulturist and fruit grower. The woodpecker and sapsucker both, like the bluebird, have a permanent home, even though they are rarely "in" excepting at night. Into some dead tree a hole is bored horizontally two or three inches, and then down five or six inches, and made large enough to contain the owner comfortably, lined with a nest of fine wood or grass, and it is completed.

And the most interesting of the Virginia quail (*Ortyx virginiana*) hibernates in the vicinity of their summer homes. Of the grouse, the ruffed is justly famed for his intrepid spirit and hardihood. No hills are too wild or craggy for him. No thicket is so brambly but that he will pierce it with crashing wings. Let the snow be ever so deep, and the winds ever so fierce and wild, he will only condescend to pluck the buds from our apple trees, and with his apology for a supper he will return to his cozy abode or to some hole in a dense thicket, and sleep as becomes the king of game birds. Sometime, however, a more domestic whim will seize him, and he will pick up the grains of oats and corn to be found along the roads, when he can do so without approaching too near to civilization. That he cares little for the average winter, is proved by the fact that we have frequently heard him drumming in midwinter.

We would not probably have the same of the quail. His "spirit, indeed, is willing, but the flesh is weak." He is such a happy, good fellow, that, for his sake, we wish 'twere always autumn. How proudly they strut among the brown chestnut leaves in balmy October! How swiftly courses the blood through our veins—

"When the sun's face is red,  
And the quail is piping loud  
In the blackhead where he fest."

But there comes an end to such days. Winter spreads his hoary mantle o'er field and wood, and then all this gay cheer and laughter is thrown to the winds. Now, your saucy or merry "Bob White," as the German is most correctly say, "Fear God," will be given for the plaintive "whe-e-e, w-e-e-e." Now, you no longer have the buckwheat fields to revel in; but struggling through the snow, a disheartened troop of little birds, you seek for food and shelter, and your cry of anguish is but the overflowing of your cup of bitterness. And he who will not give you an armful of brush or straw to nestle under, will not give you an armful of grain or crumbs to sustain life through the bitter night, is not worthy of the breath of life, or the protection of him who loves alike all the good and beautiful of his creation.

## BRUIN'S VARIED MOODS.

WILL a bear attack a human being? Yes, one bear will attack a strong and courageous man and another will flee from the presence of a child, though far in the woods and alone. How is this all true? There is as much difference in the courage, tempers and general dispositions of bears as there is in the human family, or the dog family, or the horse family. Who has not seen a litter of little dogs who, when raised upon the same food, and with the same varied dispositions, although of one age and under the same parents. One will meet you in the arena, one will scamper away under the bed yelping murder; a third sits down unconcerned and awaits the results and feels willing to stand his chance, and so on. Is not this true of nearly all animals?

Once I saw three cubs, all of one litter, one was tame and quick and loved to be petted, and when scratched would turn up his back like the pet pig. Another was shy, wild and cautious, but not angry, still when convenient, he would snuff a chance presented itself. The third was a demon, and was confined with a chain; he was untamable and showed no quarters, kept up a moaning howl and whine, and wanted no visitor, but would climb up and dig down, and when I tried to hit him with a stick, he would settle the question? These bears, I think, were by the same man, in the same room, and on exhibition together.

This is a bear country, and from personal observation and conversation with scores of men who have had to do with the animals, I feel justified in asserting that the foregoing is the only true theory. When a man meets a bear he is in a precarious company, and knows not what he is to encounter. Bruin's arrival is from the forest, and he may come in and sit down or stand up and look at him, or may pretend not to know he sees him, or may creep away easily for a while and then run wildly. I have lots of evidence of all these appearances without regard to age, size, time of year or sex. The mothers of all animals stand by their young and fight for them as a general rule, especially if the infant is in trouble and gives the alarm of distress by no means is broken an exception to this rule, neither is the untamable fox, and to go outside, we will add the partridge. All females will defend their young.

Some people think bears kill sheep naturally as the bee sips honey. This is not so, if it were we could not keep sheep in the border towns in Maine. Some bears learn to kill sheep the same as dogs, and some of these sheep killers arrives in a neighborhood his mark is made and sheep have to suffer. I will confine the foregoing to the State of Maine, as I am not so well posted in other places, but presume the statements will apply generally. P. E. B.

WATA, MAINE.

## EXPERIENCE WITH WATER WITCHES.

I WAS much interested in reading the several articles on water witches, as they have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, and, judging from your remarks, I infer you are disposed to doubt the fact of finding water in the ground by the aid of a green stick or twig.

Something over fifty years ago, being a lad of some ten years old, I was on a visit at an uncle's, who desired to procure water in a certain field on his farm in Hillsdale town, Columbia county, State of New York. He called on his sister, who, it seems, was a water witch, to go out into this field and find it. If there was water, she was to be rewarded. It is surprising the confidence that is shown by the titmouse. They will suffer you to approach within a few steps of them, and then will only cock their head on one side, look at you critically, and then go on about their ever busy task of searching for food.

I did not see nor think of water witches until many years afterward. In the mean time I had married, and afterward settled in the city of Detroit, about 1844 or '45. I bought a lot at the extreme southern limit of the city; one line of my lot was the city boundary. It was adjoining an orchard. Before we moved to the location, I was told by some of the water pipes had not been laid, so the citizens of that section depended on wells. I built, and residing on my lot, and not having put down a well, depended on my neighbor for water. We had long dry spells or drouths, when most of the wells were dry. I delayed putting down a well until the next season of drouth. Then the question to be decided was, how far to locate it, the lot being about a mile and one hundred feet. It happened that one of my young sisters, aged about ten years, was visiting us. She had never heard of finding water with a forced twig. One Sunday afternoon, at the very latter end of our periodical drouth, I was talking with my wife about digging a well, when all at once there rushed into my mind the remembrance of Anna finding water in "York State" for uncle on his farm. I told my wife and sister of this, and they told me some twigs, and let my wife and sister try them, and see if they would work in their hands.

The next trouble was to get the willow forked twigs, for, as I supposed at that time, nothing but willow would work, and as there was not a willow in the city or State that I knew of, my wife proposed that I should go into the orchard and cut down some apple tree forks, twigs. With no faith in them I prepared some, and placing one each in my wife's and sister's hands, in the position as nearly as I could remember having seen it held, and holding one myself, we sallied out into the yard, and went marching around pronouncing. All at once my wife cried out excitedly, "The twig works in my hands." Walking a little further on, down went the single upper end, and, as my wife was in the operation of pulling up the stick, she stumbled down it turned, frightening her so that she screamed and

dropped her twig. I was as much surprised as they were, and at first thought they were playing a joke; they declared they were not. However, I quickly marked the spot, and to remove all doubt I blindfolded both and led them all around the yard; whenever we came to where the stream of water ran underground the twigs would point down in both their hands. At one point, on one side, and nearly at the back end of the lot, the twigs worked so strongly that one of the branches would generally twist so much that it would be broken half in two, when a fresh one would be required. In leading them toward this one central point the twigs seemed to feel the influence of the water, commencing to turn in front of them toward the underground water, on approach to the nearer, down, down, further and further, until the crock or butt pointed directly plumb at the point designated in former trials. Passing on straight ahead (now going from the water) the twig would bend back toward them, coming up to nearly a horizontal position, or, in other words, making nearly three-quarters of a circle. Keeping on straight ahead the single ends will go back, the reverse to an upright position as at the first, when the distance traveled (say two or three rods) is beyond the influence of the water. We then reversed the order of approach by walking toward the point backward. In this case the crock will commence to lean toward the person carrying it, their back at the time being toward the water. Keeping on in that way the twig keeps bending in and down, until it strikes plumb at the time they arrive over the stream. So keeping on backward, now receding from the stream, the twig will gradually come up to nearly a level in front of the person. The tendency of the twig is always to point to the water, whether approaching or receding from the stream or spring, whichever it may be. After this thorough test I had full faith to dig a well around the point indicated, and to find abundance of water. Even in times of drouth, while my neighbors' wells gave out, mine had plenty; so much so that my well furnished our family and neighbors and their domestic animals during such periods.

**FOXES OF THE EAST.**—We receive frequent inquiries from fox-hunting riders of the Eastern States giving descriptions of foxes of unusual colors which they have seen, and requesting their identification. East of the Mississippi are found but two species of fox, the common red (*Vulpes vulpes pennsylvanicus*), and the gray fox (*Vulpes cinereus*). The former is distributed over the whole country, from the Mississippi to the Atlantic coast, and from the British line south to the northern tier of the Southern States, and even further southward. The gray fox is most abundant in the South, and is less so than its larger relative, north of Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri. Of course it must be understood that there is no fixed line beyond which neither species intrudes. The ranges of the two overlap each other, and the red fox is often killed in Virginia and North Carolina, while the gray has been killed in New England and is abundant in Ohio, but is not common so far north. While the common pelage of the red fox is, as its name implies, red, it varies considerably in color, and is thus into so-called varieties, such as the cross and the black or silver gray fox. The best authorities regard these colors as examples more or less perfect of the not very unusual phenomenon of melanism. A red fox may give birth to a litter of puppies, in which there will be red cross and black individuals, and the converse of this is true. An essential difference by which the red fox, whatever his color, may be distinguished from the gray is to be found in the tails of the two species. The tail of the red fox is covered with soft fur and long hair uniformly mingled with it, while the gray fox has a concealed ridge or mane of stiff hairs without any soft fur intermixed with them. The so-called melanism is a red fox with a peculiar crisp, woolly condition of the fur. Professor Allen is inclined to attribute this peculiarity of pelage to some disease.

**SPRING NOTES.**—Stanley, Morris Co., N. J., March 14, 1883. The birds are here with the very first indication of spring. On the morning of the 12th the air resounded with the songs of robins, bluebirds, sparrows and blackbirds. As I went from my window at sunrise this morning, a kinglet in the apple tree near the house was fairly red-dressed again by the score of robins, whose bright breasts reflected the earliest rays of the sun. The snowbirds, which have been closely occupied all winter in securing food, were chasing each other joyfully on eager wing in their love making. Great flocks of blackbirds were seen passing north. One flock lit in a tall acacia tree, arraying it in fluttering funeral garb. An immense cloud of house flies was nuzzling game of our poultry. Two hens took to the water, and the next day were killed and partly eaten. This evening I saw the first woodcock, within a stone's throw of the New Providence depot of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, a favorite place every spring. As I sat in my carriage expectantly waiting, one lit in the muddy road but twenty feet away; I heard several others in the adjoining fields. They are a week later than last year. —GEORGE SHEPARD PAGE.

The first robin arrived February 9, the earliest on record here. Bluebirds February 27; Killdeer March 4; crows, kingfishers and meadow larks have been here all the winter. —J. OTIS FELLOWS (Hornellsville, N. Y., March 15).

**THE GREAT CAROLINA WREN IN CONNECTICUT.**—While out collecting on Friday, March 2, 1883, a warm pleasant spring-like day, in passing by an old abandoned granite quarry, I heard a bird's song quite new to me. I found the bird perched on a low bush, among a pile of rocks, singing almost incessantly. I shot it, and on examination it was found to be a great Carolina wren. It now makes a valuable addition to my collection of birds, as noted in C. H. Merriam's "Review of the Birds of Connecticut," says it doubtless occurs as a rare summer resident from the South in the Connecticut Valley. I find no record of its being taken in this State previous to mine. —C. H. NEFF (Portland, Conn., March 10, 1883).

**THOSE MIGRATORY QUAIL.**—New Market, N. H., March 12.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have read with interest two notes in FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 22 and March 8, both from Dover, N. H., and referring to migratory quail. I think that "G. A. W." is correct in making his statement. I was in Dover the 10th of February, and while passing along Chapel street, about 200 yds. above the gas works, I saw what is now known as a migratory quail. I do not claim to be an ornithologist, but can tell a quail from a pine grosbeak. I think it probable that they were seen the 1st inst. —W.

**REDPOLE LINNETS IN CONFINEMENT.**—Seeing in FOREST AND STREAM of March 8, Mr. Cahoon's account of a linnet he has caged, reminds me to give him my experience with them. Early in February I was fortunate enough to capture a pair of the little fellows, male and female, and I have had them caged since that time. They show signs of nesting now, and I am in hopes to be able to report the fact before the end of the present month. They eat freely of all kinds of seeds, but seem to prefer canary seed to anything else. They eat sparingly of cracker, and not at all of bread crumbs. They drink a great deal of water, and are very uneasy if I do not give them a dish of fresh water every morning. I have never seen them offer to wash or bathe as canaries do, but I think they may do so in the summer time. I have not observed the habit of hanging downward from top of the cage, but my birds use the little swing hung in the cage, and will sometimes fight fierce battles for possession of it. They are very chatty and sociable, and the "guide wife" says are a deal of company. —J. E. M. (Deering, Maine, March 10, 1883).

**SPRING IN MONTANA.**—Helena, March 11, 1883.—Editor Forest and Stream: Spring has fairly opened with us yesterday the 10th. I had the pleasure of hearing for the first time this spring, the song of the bluebird, but unfortunately I was unable to see it. To-day I was more fortunate, as a pair, male and female, took possession of my bird house, seeming to make themselves perfectly at home. I would state that this is the earliest arrival noted for the past three years. Last year and the two preceding years the first arrivals were on the 20th of March. I think all of our migratory birds will arrive earlier this year than usual, as our spring has been exceptionally mild and clear. Some few mallards have been shot in the open ponds and creeks, but they are very wild, making for the river as soon as shot at. I recently had the largest sage cock brought in to me to be stuffed that I ever saw. It measured thirty-three inches. The party bringing it in stated that he saw at least fifty in one flock ten miles north of Helena. —R. W. D.

**A CAPTURED GOSHAWK.**—Charleston, Mo., March 12.—I have a goshawk which was captured one day last month under peculiar circumstances. He was observed flying round the house, each time bringing him nearer and nearer, until he suddenly dashed through a closed window, on the inside of which being a cage of canaries. The force with which he struck the window stunned him and he was secured. Is it a common occurrence for hawks to fly through windows? He has several flocks of grosbeaks wintering with us. Grouse and deer in this section, especially the latter, have become almost extinct, but owing to vigorous enforcement of our game laws are once more on the increase. We have several disciples of Izak Walton. Notwithstanding the severity of our weather the common crow has once more appeared on the field of action, and his melodious notes warn us that spring is near at hand. —BLAKE JAY.

**PLEW AGAINST THE HOUSE.**—Rockville, Conn., March 15, 1883.—An occurrence happened here to day worthy of note, being very strange. Yesterday was our first warm day, and last night the first one that ice has not made for ten weeks. This morning the janitor of the school building found a dead woodcock by the side of the building. His head was somewhat crushed, having struck the side of the brick wall. The bird was large and in very fine condition. —S. K. JR. [We have occasionally known of ruffed grouse flying against houses, as well as quail and the Virginia rail.]

**FOOD OF THE CHIPMUNK.**—Is it known to be a common thing for the chipmunk to ground squirrel, to feed on animal life? I once shot one which had just killed a small green snake, it then had two or three small sections of the snake in its cheek pouches. The chipmunk might be added to the list of "enemies of reptiles," brought forward some time ago in your columns. —C. B. H. (Attleboro, Mass., March 12, 1883). [The ground squirrel's fondness for animal food is well known.]

**LARGE WHITE OWL.**—Fort Covington, N. Y., March 8. —I have just stuffed a female white owl, shot in January, 1883, near Huntington, P. Q., which measured from tip to tip plump five feet, five inches. The spots on it are unusually dark, almost jet black, and head very large and broad. Pine grosbeaks have been abundant this winter, but are about all gone now. —GYRACON.

## Game Bag and Gun.

**GAME RESORTS.**—We are always glad to receive, for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

## NEW YORK GAME LAW.

[Special Dispatch to Forest and Stream.]

**THE TOWNSEND BILL** came up to-day in Committee of the Whole in the Assembly. The clause prohibiting the hunting of deer in St. Lawrence county was so amended that the clause applies to the whole State. Mr. Boynton, of Essex county, attempted to have this amendment stricken out, claiming that it was unjust to New York city sportsmen. He also put in a plea for the Adirondack hotel-keepers, and said that while the city sportsmen would not undergo the fatigue of still-hunting, they would be on hand in the autumn, when the guides would drive the deer to them. Their stay in the autumn would put money into the landlords' pockets. But it was the decided sentiment of the Assembly, however, that hunting ought to be prohibited; and the amendment stood.

An attempt was made by Mr. Rogers of Seneca to have a part of Cayuga Lake exempted from the provision forbidding the catching of fish through the ice. The proposition was defeated. When the clause offering a bounty of 50 cents on hawks and owls came up there was

a debate by Messrs. Irvn, Johnson and Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt stoutly defended the owl as a friend of the farmer and useful because it caught mice and other rodents. He thought that a fine ought to be imposed for killing owls. The Assembly voted to protect owls and fish-hawks.

The attempt to open the month of July for woodcock shooting failed. Mr. Roosevelt contended that no true sportsman would take pleasure in shooting half-grown woodcock in mid-summer.

The bill was ordered to a third reading.

## SUMMER SHOOTING.

"And he snote them lap and thigh with a great slaughter."

**Editor Forest and Stream:**

No matter is a law passed, or in active force, than a cry for repeal comes from some quarter, and it is as true of the game laws as of any other code. There are instances where this is proven necessary, and it seems to be the case with that which legalized summer shooting.

For one I cannot understand how any humane sportsman can advocate or practice the destruction of game in mid-summer. A shooter of this sort always calls to mind the "rail of Samson on the Philistines, and although he may make no "great slaughter," he is a butcher in will if not in deed.

The killing of game (even in a sportsman-like way) out of season is sheer butchery. "Is a cruelty to animals, in that it interferes with the breeding and the rearing of the young; 'tis a thoroughly selfish and ignoble pleasure or pursuit, in that it diminishes the chance of a legitimate sportsman to secure his quota of game in the "open" season, and 'tis hardly a violation of a wise and just enactment of the "powers that be."

Now, the making of laws to protect game is, first, in the interest of the natural procreation and sustentation of the game itself, and second, for the benefit of sportsmen who have respect for "the times and the seasons."

Should summer shooting be made legal (which God forbid it ever be), what a death-dealing gauntlet would bird and beast have to run! Not only those who appreciate and enjoy the use of a gun would be "to the fore" (some of these, at any rate), but the vast army of cockneys whose rank and file go forth into the sweet country-side when the reign of the star Sirius approaches. To be sure, these shooters might not make a "great slaughter," nor have plethora bags to hear to quarters, but the peace of the game would be gone, and the peace and quiet also of wood and field. Game has been treated like the Philistines were in far too many ways and places, and the time has fully come when every sportsman should protest against this "slaughter," and rise *en masse* to protect both game and himself.

And to the making of laws—of wise and just ones—let the enforcement of the same be supplemented. Is it not contrary to law that the sale of venison is now made? It is killed, it is shipped, it is sold! These three assertions are short, but they are suggestive and cannot be denied. Who is to fault such answers? They are not, but, like many others, it does not prove satisfactory.

Where, when and what to shoot are the three W's that are most significant to legislative bodies and to protective associations.

We cannot change, without dire result, the laws of nature, and the safest guide for lawmakers to follow is these same laws, especially as regards the protection and preservation of game, and giving reasonably wise laws and proper enlightenment of the people as to their need and worth, together with an impartial execution of them, and the whole body of honorable and intelligent sportsmen will be satisfied. These laws will not include summer shooting, however! For the sake of humane principles do let us give fur, fin and feather time to be born and to be hatched; time to be nourished and reared and in proper estate, both for the hunter and for man. Let us not allow to elude the doubt, "in season and out of season," for the pleasures and privileges of moor and mere, of rod and of gun. —O. W. R.

**Editor Forest and Stream:**

In your issue of March 8 I understand you to open the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM for a free discussion of "Clericus's" claims for summer shooting. I therefore take the liberty of giving my ideas of it.

The shooting of game birds, except for the purposes of game, is a wanton act of murder. Therefore to shoot a game bird when it is not fit for game is murder. Now, is a woodcock fit for eating in July or August? I say no, and my reasons are that the young birds in July are not fully grown, have no fat about them, and are weak, immature things, while the old birds, having just raised their young, are poor and scrawny—precisely in the condition of a hen which has just hatched her chickens, and which no one would think of eating. How then can it be that a woodcock in the same condition can be good to eat? And as woodcock raise but two or three young, one is just as liable to shoot an old as young bird, neither of which is fit to eat.

In August the birds, both old and young, moult, are weak, feeble, sick and feverish, from which they do not recover and become fat and too some at the earliest till late in September. No one will attempt to claim that the condition of the fowl is fit to eat when moulting. How, then, can a woodcock be? I say it cannot, according to my taste. Green quills and feathers no doubt help to thicken broth and give it a rich dark color, and "Clericus" may consider them a most savory addition, but I do not.

"Clericus" seems to think that the poor farmers are receding too much in consideration, etc. The fact is, the farmer, who has the land, they own it, and their own profit, for the purpose of cultivation and grazing, and not simply to raise birds for "Clericus" to shoot. And they know it; they know that every time he comes on their land without leave he is a trespasser, and they know from experience the trouble and loss it is to have pot-hunters, as most of the summer shooters are, tramping over their fields, sending their dogs through their cultivated and growing crops, picking them off their fences, leaving bars down, and gates open—for the pot-hunter acts on the theory "that farmers have no rights which he is in the least degree bound to respect." What is it to the pot-hunter if the farmer's cows follow him into the corn or potatoes? What cares he if an acre of corn is ruined? Nothing. Neither does he care how many pellets of shot the farmer finds in the side of a choice cow simply because she was in range when he was out to a trap. But the trigger is in his hand, and he can blame him when, as it frequently happens, that the dam-

age the summer shooter does him in a single day is more than the value of all the birds that are on his place in a whole year. Neither does he admire a charge of shot arriving among his cows when he is milking—a circumstance that has occurred in this town.

So great has the early shooting and fence-destroying nuisance become in some sections, that the farmers, to protect their own interests, have been obliged to post their lands and punish friends and foe alike from hunting on them.

When October has closed, and the first frost has laid on his crops, and he frequently turns his stock into the fields where the crops were grown, so that he suffers but little if a fence is left down, and as the birds are then in the swamps and pastures there is but little necessity for crossing his cultivated fields. He does not then feel the animosity toward a hunter he does in the summer.

Game birds of all kinds are rapidly disappearing; and unless great care is taken to preserve them, in a few years they will be entirely gone. It is a self-evident proposition that the longer the season for shooting the more birds will be shot; and as their numbers are decreasing so fast under the open season, restricted as it is now to the short late one, how much faster will they disappear if the season be lengthened by adding the summer!

In order, therefore, to keep the present scant number of birds good, it would seem the correct policy rather to shorten than extend the length of the present open season. W.

Would it not be well for such as "Clerics" to rent a trap and buy a lot of clay pigeons for use in the vacation season? They could then get their shooting "without sacrificing the game," and my opinion is it would be much more honorable than to kill any kind of game in the close season. It is good sport, and let me say here, he or anyone else will find it about as warm as warming the hands, and the "brain workers" will find no trouble in sleeping the sleep they just after a contested shot at glass balls or clay pigeons from rotary screened traps.

APPLINGTON, WIS.

#### WILD BOAR HUNT IN SANTO DOMINGO.

THE winter of 1870-71 found me with my companion Conroy and a guide (Monway) encamped on the upper waters of the Rio Mon, at the junction of Rio Cedra in the province of Selow, Isla Santo Domingo, enjoying existence in as fine a climate as the world affords. I cannot conceive of a more pleasant or more conducive to health and longevity. As I write a level of pleasant memories of the exquisite pleasure of existence in the mild soothing atmosphere of this favored clime, all my heart with longing for enjoying once again those happy hours. The location of our camp was in the foot-hills of the main range, small savannas, deep gulches, and high hills with almost perpendicular sides. The gulches were clothed with a dense growth of tropical timber, shrubs and at the plants, with their broad, rich colored foliage, and at the foot a stream of cool crystal water. The savanna was adorned with pitch-pines, tall and straight, from four to eight rods apart, with a carpet of a variety of grasses.

At the point where we were encamped there were some wild hogs. By crossing the river we set foot on wild land, and it was some time before the hunter's bag. I had not at this time had a single word of the word, but I had only known him by the representation of Sir Walter Scott and others, but I was anxious to become more familiar with his ways. Monway and myself, accompanied by a mongrel lot of the canine species to the number of eight, one day crossed the river, following slowly a path on the ridge of a spur for half an hour, when the pack gave tongue. Monway moved off at a gallop, giving him time to follow as best I might. When I came up to him he was standing by the side of a grizzly gray bear with a monstrous head and neck running off to almost a peak behind, the whole forming a striking contrast to the plump porkers of the Western States. I informed me this was the second one he had killed, there being one other a short distance from there. After partially dressing them we each shouldered one and started for camp, where they were skinned and the bones removed. The meat lying upon the skin was decorated with sour orange juice and sufficient salt, and hung over a pole to dry.

At this present moment I am debating in my mind if the stew made from this meat would offer their delicious flavor to a gameness derived from the pig's diet of palm nuts and roots of various plants, or to our sharpened appetites and roasting surroundings. I am not sure, but I would give much for the condiment that would make my meals once again so palatable.

Weeks passed by and although we were indebted to the wild hogs for our supply of meat I had so far failed to be in at the death. I felt somewhat chagrined, for I fancied myself something of a hunter, having hunted and killed deer and bear in Canada and in different States of the Union. Time that brings all things even to me, brought me my opportunity. We had clauged camp three times, and at the present time our camp was made high up on the Rio Cedra. Cassava, rice, sugar and coffee were getting at a low ebb. 'Twas decided that carna de puorko would not satisfy all our cravings; therefore Con would keep camp, and myself and Monway would go down to the nearest ranchos for a supply of the necessities. Two days' ride over a mountain trail, and I thought of the possibilities. Monway's horse, following day we purchased a jack ox (oxen are used very much for packing in the West Indies) and provisions consisting of plantains, rice, sugar, coffee and cassava.

Monway wished to stay at home for a few days, and Thursday I started for camp, driving the ox ahead loaded with a portion of provisions purchased. The Thursday night I camped, and Friday I traveled until afternoon, when the three dogs gave tongue. They passed in front of a large hog then I had yet seen, and I was once seized with a strange desire to add him to my cargo. Tying the animals I followed the sound of the baying dogs, armed with a sharp knife, fifteen-inch blade, and a navy revolver. On coming in sight of the quarry (which had taken his stand on a level piece of ground, not entirely clear from brush and plants) I was somewhat troubled to get a fair shot without fear of maiming some one of the dogs. I was within fifty feet of his port-hole, as I stood with pistol cocked watching their play, the bear occupying a circle the periphery of which was formed by the dogs and myself. Whether his formidable tusks, the foam dripping from his jaws, his tormentors keeping up a constant barking, with an interval of the one at his stern, as he slyly approached, and giving the bear a nip, then retreating with all his power of speed, pursued by the bear, he in turn pursued by the other dogs who were

very cautious not to make too intimate an acquaintance, just giving a nip and in their turn retreating. Forward and backward, advance and retire, went the fray. I enjoyed the sport, and in one of the critical moments, when he and he advanced with a speed I did not suppose could be kind to possess. In a moment's time he had received a bullet in the back of his neck, and had torn my pistol hand with his wicked tusk. The dogs had nipped him, and before I could give a second shot, away they went with the bear in hot pursuit. Then I began to realize that a wild boar is really formidable. He ran about twelve rods, and again stood for a few rods, with his eyes all the while directed toward his ears, writing his tail, which projected far above his snout, the froth dripping from his jaws and his head-like eyes throwing forth their malicious hate. He looked the embodiment of twenty devils instead of one. I approached within four rods, taking the precaution to stand under a tree, the lower limbs of which I could reach with my hands. The knife in my left hand and pistol in my right I opened fire. The chambers were emptied in quick succession without visible effect, when he seemed intent on coming to closer quarters, observing which I put myself above that line with an agility that would have done credit to a professional gymnast. He stopped under the tree and saluted me with some sonorous grunts, then disappeared in the woods with the dogs in hot pursuit. I then decided to hunt no more, but to take my rifle or double gun, which I never ever after religiously kept.

On arriving at camp and relating my adventure, Con complimented me by the information that he had not supposed me so great a coward; that if so good a chance had offered him, there would have been pork for supper. The next day, armed with a double gun, I secured three hogs.

Later we demonstrated the fact that a ball fired from a navy revolver three feet distant, would not enter the vitals of a full grown wild hog if directed toward any portion of the forward part of the body. Con did not often indulge in hunting, as he preferred keeping camp and letting Monway and myself look for pork. About six weeks after my first bag for a week. Taking a blanket and tin cup each, and a tin pail to hold rice and make coffee in, and some other things, we went into the heart of the main range, and probably went over ground that was never before gazed on by mortal man. We placed our reliance for pork on a breech-loading rifle and one dog, the others having become disabed.

Toward night of the first day the dog was set loose and soon gave tongue. Con followed with the rifle. In a few minutes a report, followed by distressed hallooing, impressed me that the shot had been a failure and Con was being badly dealt with. Armed only with my knife, I made haste to the spot from which the cries proceeded. There stood Con, in vain endeavoring to withdraw the empty cartridge, his excitement preventing success. Taking the rifle and reloading I fired a shot at the hog, about four rods distant, the ball breaking his spine and one shoulder. Con explained that the first he knew of the hog's whereabouts was making a charge, and that he fired a snap shot when the game was scarce eight feet from the muzzle of the gun. The dog immediately closed but was shaken violently off and pursued. Con's shot had broken one hip and the opposite gambrel. This young porker had pursued the dog four rods in this crippled condition. After my shot the dog again closed with her, and he thought at best she might until life ebbed in crimson flood from his side and he lay dead. There was a very good opportunity to return Con's compliment of cowardice, but I forebore, simply asking his opinion of wild hogs, and if he thought there was any fight in them. He replied that never again would he venture near one until he was sure it was dead. L. KEXT, M. D.

#### THE NEGRO AND THE GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps a few more words about the negro as a sportsman may not be uninteresting. Some days ago I was taking a little recreation with my gun not far from Palestine. I noticed two negro men beating about the bushes in company with a solitary stump-tailed "yaller dorg." As they had no dogs, I was very much surprised, and I can't imagine what they were about, but I have concluded that they were rabbit-hunting, and that their stump-tail dog was their sole dependence for catching the rabbit. This dog's peculiar build was such that it did not seem to be possible that he could be very swift. I therefore concluded that these two sportsmen would be quite sure to go home at night without any rabbit. At last it chanced that the two sportsmen and my dog came to have a good rabbit pie on Sunday. One of these gentlemen was a powerful man of at least 240 pounds weight; the other considerably less in size, but a full grown man. They had secured no game yet, but were in high spirits and enthusiasm. They were entirely confident that they would revel in all the luxury of rabbit pie at noon the next day. Now, it is my opinion that these negroes would have been a good deal more successful in securing rabbit pie, had they believed that they had an inestimable treasure in it, and that as they contemplated the formidable relic of antiquity, the ancestral instinct to go a-hunting broke out within them in an ungovernable manner and hurried them forth into the road and briar-patches. I was curious to know what they loaded their artillery with. They shot of the biggest sort, such as our white folks would use for turkeys. I noticed that the smaller of the two used a much bigger shot than our white folks do. They have nothing smaller than No. 4 in their vocabulary. Even if they would not turn out to shoot a wren or a tomcat, they would use a smaller shot than No. 4.

Shortly after separating from these two gentlemen I came upon another colored sportsman carrying an old army musket. Just before I reached him a flock of mallards passed within a few rods of him. He shot at them with his gun. With such a chance I would fire every time, but the colored sportsman merely looked at the ducks without putting his gun to his shoulder. I asked him why he did not fire upon them. Said he, "I never pulls trigger till I sees dat the thing I shoots at is gwine to be my meat. Ef I had shot dat ducks I might get one, but it wain't too reasonable dat I might not. Mebbe de ducks wain't too

fur, but I never had a bit o' luck on de whing, and I can't risk my ammeration on onsartainties. Afore I pulls de trigger I must see my meat shore."

Before the unpleasantness the only hunting enjoyed by the negroes was rabbit hunting on Sundays and "possum and 'coon-hunting" on nights. They had no firearms in those days, and had to depend exclusively on the dog for their rabbits, and on the dog and ax for their 'coons and 'possums. Great was the fun which they had on such occasions, as the writer heretofore can testify, he having often been with them both in their Sunday rabbit hunts and their night 'possum and 'coon hunts. To be with them on their Sunday hunts he had to go away from home, but the parental consent was generally readily obtained to go on the 'possum and 'coon hunts, they having the utmost confidence that "our black folks" would take good care of their boy. This was in North Carolina, a good many years ago.

The negroes pursued these sports, particularly 'possum and 'coon hunting, with a wonderful enthusiasm and enjoyment. 'Possum and 'coon hunting may be said to have been their race amusement, just as bullfighting is the race amusement of the Spaniards. And yet since they have become free they have totally abandoned the 'possum and the 'coon as far as I can learn. I cannot speak of the other Southern States now, but it certainly is a fact as regards Texas. The negro now seems to regard it as almost an insult to talk to him about a 'possum. He can stand reference to the 'coon yet, not, however, with a very good grace, but the 'possum is entirely too much for his pleasure. He seems to consider that he has entirely outgrown the 'possum, and looks above him in the social scale, and to look upon any reference to that animal in his presence as an intentional and heartless reminder of his previous condition of servitude. I have noticed this so frequently among our colored people that I am now very careful to abstain from all allusion to the 'possum when in their hearing. I have the negroes in the other Southern States grown so proud as this, I hear, that they have, but could not personally say so. If the negro then the poor 'possum has fallen from the proud position of a glorified monarch to that of a very humble individual, indeed, with a bare tail.

"Since he miscaled the morning star,

Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far."

The ducks and geese are now leaving us in immense swarms. I hear them during all hours of the day and night and their wild cries are very annoying. They go to the polar snows to do their love-making, but they always come south to live well and grow fat. You hyperborean people send them down to us in the fall dead-poor; we send them back to you in the spring seal-fat. This I suggest is no fair exchange. But is it not strange that these birds should go to the cheerless and barren hyperbores to do their love-making? Why not stay south and attend to that business under the full perfume of the orange blossoms? PALESTINE, TEX., March 13. N. A. T.

#### THE LONDON SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of the District Fish and Game Protective Society was held at the Revere House March 13, the president, Mr. Gill, in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary, Mr. Skirving, and adopted. The annual report, read by the president, was also unanimously adopted. The report was as follows:

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT. In presenting the annual report of the work of our society, we feel that there is ground for congratulation on the continued success which has followed the efforts made toward the protection of game and enforcing a proper respect for the game laws within the county of Middlesex. No violation of the game laws has been reported to the society since last year's report. Posters containing every information necessary for acquainting the public with the periods of the close seasons, and all persons in the county and to many points beyond our special limits, and we have felt satisfied that our past efforts have been successful to a very great extent in imparting to a large community a thorough knowledge of the advantages to be derived from a proper observance of the game laws. In accordance with a resolution passed at a meeting of our society held in November last, the House of Commons, the Legislative Assembly of Ontario for the passing of an Act to regulate the exportation of game from Ontario, were distributed at various points in Ontario for signature. These petitions, containing the signatures of 1,981 of the ratepayers of Ontario, were presented to the Assembly at its last session. That body, however, decided that though they had not the power to grant the desired relief. The papers have now been placed before the House of Commons. The members of the society have promised his best endeavors to get the much required law enacted. Other sister societies are also assisting with their influence in the same direction. Unless such relief is granted either by way of an Act of Parliament to prevent exportation of game, or by placing a heavy duty on game intended for exportation (either by residents or non-residents of Ontario), for purposes of sale in foreign markets, the game of Ontario will soon disappear from the country. The only exception in a law of this kind should be in the case of wild ducks and geese, as these are mostly shot on large preserves owned by small bodies of sportsmen, who shoot for their own use and pleasure and not for market purposes.

A bill was also brought before the Legislature to amend the present game laws, but as it did not in any way meet the views of the sportsmen, it was thrown out by the House. Our worthy vice-president, Dr. Niven, was delegated by the society to attend in our interests before the committee. Our game laws certainly require amendment on some points, and as it is proposed to hold a meeting of sportsmen at Ottawa shortly, to which our society has been asked to send a delegate, the matter will be fully discussed there and a bill agreed upon so as to obtain legislation at the first opportunity.

The standing of our society numerically and financially is satisfactory. We now number seventy-five members, and as our objects are solely to protect game, fish and insectivorous birds, and to assist in the rigid enforcement of the game laws which sometimes entails a good deal of expense and trouble, it is to be hoped that the public at large will so far encourage us in our efforts by giving the liberal support of becoming members of our society, so that our membership may be at least doubled during the year. The influence of our society is not, however, confined to the limits of the county of Middlesex. We are often called upon for advice and assistance from places where there is no game protection society, but which our large posters have reached. In all such cases the society, either through its individual members or officers, has always cheerfully afforded the ad-



vice or assistance required, and under their directions prosecutions for the illegal killing of game, followed by convictions, have been the inevitable consequence. Some parties have been tried and convicted in the neighborhood of Oil Springs for killing deer out of season through the intervention of one of our energetic members, and another of our members is now investigating a matter of a similar kind in the township of Down. Our society may safely congratulate itself upon its being the only game society in Western Ontario that has taken any interest or prominent part in game protection and the extension and observance of the game laws, and in the future as well as in the past will always be found to the fore. In conclusion, we would suggest, in the hope that it may be acted upon, the formation of really good and strong game and protective associations in West Elgin, Kent, Bothwell, Lambton and Essex, and that such societies keep up constant correspondence with each other, and act in unison in obtaining any further legislation that may at times appear necessary to protect our game and to further the interest of game protection generally. It is to the interests of every genuine sportsman to take the matter up and carry it through, and the assistance and experience of this society will be at his disposal.

The very energetic fishery inspector of the district, Mr. Peter McCann, one of the vice-presidents of this society, reports that there have been no prosecutions for the violation of the fishery regulations since our last annual report, which shows that he is attending faithfully to his duties.

W. C. L. GILL, President.

LONDON, MARCH 13, 1883.

The following were elected officers for 1883: President, Dr. Woodruff; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. W. C. L. Gill, and P. McCann; Secretary, D. Skirving; Executive Committee, George Kelly, Jno. Puddicombe, T. H. Smallman, R. Wallace, Dr. Niven, C. A. Stone, R. Mercer, A. Chisholm, John Cousins; Finance Committee, Messrs. Puddicombe, Stone and Kelly.

Dr. Niven reported that he had appeared before a committee of the Local Legislature in reference to legislation bearing on the protection of fish and game proposed to be passed at the last session, and had found the bill proposed by Mr. Monck somewhat unsuitable and inhospitable. It proposed a tax of \$25 upon any stranger shooting within the Province, which precluded the possibility of taking a visiting friend for a day's shooting and would permit American residents to send into the Province and shoot to any extent they choose on payment of the prescribed fee.

Mr. W. C. L. Gill was appointed a delegate to attend the meeting at Ottawa referred to in the president's report.

#### HINTS FOR NEXT SEASON.

THE other side of all enchanting tales would not come amiss, as sportsmen are now making preparations for future trips to unmolested game resorts.

1. Never locate camp near the feeding ground of large game, to enable you to get the best and first chances at what could be seen there. I will give the reasons after you return to your homes with bad luck pictured on your faces.

2. Do not go fishing or hunting before October 1 without a good fly mixture, in which the odor of tar can be detected.

3. My diary, date January 23, 1879, says: "Don't do down the Suwanee, River, Fla., without an antidote for the bite of water-moccasins and scorpions. Remain under shelter until the dew disappears, and do not drink the waters of the State until it has been boiled. Provide shelter for mosquitoes outside your tent before sunset."

4. After establishing headquarters remember that game and the sportsman in American forests will not be around to dine with you.

5. In Northern wilds rubber clothing is as necessary to your enjoyment as a good fly-rod.

6. If you think a gun with single grip to hold the barrels down as good as the best, put it in some other fellow's boat. If a \$5 gun shoots well, find the mark the striker made when it backed out of one shot a year ago. The gun has strayed since. No information worth!

7. If you fail to find a guide whose services are worth enough in summer and autumn to enable him to get a winter supply of meat without criss-hunting it, get along without one. NED NORTON.

COLERBROOK, New Hampshire.

#### PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

CAPT. A. H. CLAY has lately returned from his favorite ducking grounds near Chinesteque Island, bringing with him eleven wild geese and one hundred and fifty baldpates. These he and a friend killed in a few days' shooting. He tells me all the oystermen of the Chinesteque and Sinepuxent waters carry carbines or muskets in their boats and shoot into the flocks of geese and brant at long distances with ball as they sail by. This has the effect of frightening the fowl from the feeding grounds, and they leave the bays, make their way outside the beach, and sit beyond the breakers until evening, when they return to the bay to feed.

About Sinepuxent Sound there appears to have been a strange mortality among the little ruddy ducks. Many have been found dead on the mainland some distance from the water, and not a few have been picked up on the beach. During the past week it has blown so hard on the days allowed for box-shooting at Havre de Grace, that it has been too rough to comfortably lie out in a box, consequently there has been but little shooting, although redheads and blackheads were plentiful. A duck supposed to have been an English teal was brought into Kinder's for stuffing last week, it was killed at Havre de Grace. No snipe have arrived here yet, the first of the past week was warm enough to bring them, but it closed wintry and blustery, and we have given over looking for them until the next pleasant spell.

Brant are in great numbers in both Barnegat and Tucker-ton bays, but the fowl shot poorly.

In our own river springtails are very numerous and the marshes on the Delaware shore are now black with them. It is very hard to get shooting at these ducks on these marshes unless one sinks a box in the mud where they come to feed, puts a few decoys out and waits for the arrival of the fowl. The job is a dirty and hard one, and scarcely repays the trouble, for the ducks soon steer clear from the place where the hide is made after being shot at a few times and resort to other feeding grounds, of which there are hundreds of acres.

Last week a large flock of Canada geese was seen flying northward high above our city. HOMO.

EXPANSIVE BULLETS.—Pittsfield, Vt.,—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I called on our gunsmith and had him turn a bar of steel, about  $\frac{1}{16}$  in. in diameter at base,  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. at point,  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. long, filed like a twisted drill, for drilling a hole through bottom of moulds to receive pin which projects into the point of the mould  $\frac{1}{16}$  in., tapering from  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. at point of bullet to a blunt point  $\frac{1}{16}$  in. from base of ball. This I find just the thing to turn a Thomas cat or ground-log inside out. For deer make the point a little shorter, leaving more solid base to increase penetration. On the shank of bar, at the base of ball, force or clamp on projecting lips, with cutting edge to face the mould and make the ball perfect. To make it solid, use a pin that will just reach the point of the mould; the pin can be finished to make the point of the bullet flat or round, as desired. My mode of loading the Winchester rifle, model 1873, with this bullet is as follows: Into the rifle put a primed shell; then into the muzzle turn 70grs. of P. G. rifle powder; next over the muzzle place a fine linen patch 1 in. in diameter, using care to place the bullet in the center of the patch; then with the driving rod, the end of which is countersunk to fit the bullet) drive it home. Owners of Winchester, with this bullet cast solid, and loaded as described, will find the arm very accurate at long range. They will also find the flight of the expansive bullet up to 250 yds. (which is as far as I have tested it) very accurate, and with the magazine full of regular cartridges you are prepared for any game that breaks cover. The regular ammunition for the rifle made expansive in this way increases the killing power of that arm fourfold.—EDWARD SMITH.

THE BOX-HUNTER OF BASH-BISH.—From a letter sent to us by our occasional correspondent, Charles Lannan, we copy the following: While recently looking over some of my notes of summer recreation, I found a fragment which I think will interest your readers. I had been spending a few weeks with a relative who has a summer home in Berkshire, and where the ruling spirit was a boy—a wild and noble little hero—about thirteen years of age, who has the unspeakable pleasure of spending his school vacations among the mountains, and it was from one of his journals that I filched the following:

ANIMALS' CATCHES.  
June 23—1 small woodchuck.  
June 24—1 large woodchuck.  
June 25—1 medium woodchuck.  
June 27—2 large woodchucks.  
July 15—1 large woodchuck.  
All killed by my dog Major.  
Chipmunks and rats in cornfield—a good supply.

SNARKS.  
One rattie killed and brought home.  
Of common snakes—a big killed.  
TROUT.  
In eighteen days in June killed 284—one day 34.  
Sunfish, suckers and pickeral a big lot.  
Expenses for gear tackle in June, \$1.00.  
My Crampton-Lannan rod has been all smashed to fragments.

One night when all the family were in ecstasies over a magnificent aurora, this Nio-rod came rushing out of the house with this exclamation, "What a glorious night for 'coon hunting!'"

THE POUGHKEEPSIE CASES.—Poughkeepsie, March 6.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: G. A. Maas, the game dealer, was found guilty of having in his possession seventeen rabbits on the 2d day of February, which he offered for sale on that day. This man, in connection with others, were indicted for a violation of the game laws. It is only a small affair; you simply had a rabbit at the wrong time and although I know you have committed perjury, I will make the penalty more severe in your case and fine you ten dollars." This very judge has sentenced persons to the State prison for milder offenses than perjury. How very encouraging all this is to persons who are anxious to protect our game. Kaess was indicted for having in his possession 20 partridges and 10 quail; Smith Bros. for having in their possession 20 quail, and March 17 rabbits, of which were seen and examined by Brayton, the game constable, and in Kaess's case many more. The two first are let off with a fine of \$5 each, and the latter, with perjury thrown in, \$10. Is there any use in trying to uphold the game laws?—S.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NOTES.—New Market, March 12.—Partridges are scarce; there were some woodcock in their season. Within two or three years there have been a few quail around here, whistling Bob White almost always from an apple tree. We have never heard of any being shot around here. Gray squirrels were very plenty last fall; and a great many were killed. Foxes and white rabbits are abundant this winter, but it has been a bad time for the sportsmen, as after most every snow storm it would rain and form a crust, thus making it impossible to see a track. But on every favorable snow every man that owns a dog, (no matter what he is as long as they can call him bound) is out either foxing or rabbiting. Quite a number of both kinds of game have been killed. A party of nine, with three dogs, went out the other day and got fourteen rabbits. The handsomest fox we have seen this winter was shot by a young man at Parkers Falls. It was a cross between the red and gray and weighed over eleven pounds.—W.

THE SHONGUM COMPANY.—At the annual meeting of the Shongum Company, of Morris-town, N. J., held March 13, the following officers were elected: President, Henry W. Miller; Vice-President, Charles H. Raymond; Secretary, J. Frank Lindsey; Treasurer, Henry T. Hull; Counsel, Mahlon Pitney. Directors—H. W. Miller, E. M. Quimby, H. T. Hull. Committee on Membership—Francis Child, J. Frank Lindsey, Geo. B. Raymond, Henry M. Smith, Mahlon Pitney.

AMERICAN WOOD POWDER.—In reply to several queries in regard to the American wood powder, we would state that the Forest and Stream sent at some time ago submitted a quantity of the material to a chemist for an exhaustive test which is now in progress. The result will be published in due time.

SOUTH AMINGTON, MESS., March 19.—As the season for hunting foxes in this part of the country expires by mutual consent about the first of March, I will give the number of foxes, minks, coons, etc., captured by members of the South Amington Sportsman's Club during the last five months: Wm. B. Lincoln, 19 foxes, 4 minks, 4 coons; M. Hall, 13 foxes; Seth P. Gurney, 1 fox, 4 minks; C. B. Smith, 1 fox; D. B. Howe, 1 fox; E. E. Bates, 1 fox. Total, 36 foxes, 8 minks, 4 coons. At our annual meeting, March 1, Mr. Wm. B. Lincoln had his entire collection of fur on exhibition. David, who has been very unfortunate considering the number of days, and promises to show a better record next season. Mr. P. H. Smith wishes to inform his numerous friends throughout the country that his total score for the season was one squirrel.—SASACTS.

MUSKOKA DEER.—Draiford, Ont., March 12.—A friend of mine who has just come from Muskoka says: "I never saw such a slaughter among the deer by wolves. The snow was deep with a heavy crust, so that a man or a wolf could go with safety on any place, but the deer would break through at every step. He said their legs were skinned to the bone, and some were found with their throats bitten through, and others partly eaten, in places where they had yarded up for the winter. He thinks not one has escaped. Then, in some localities where there are no four-legged wolves, two-legged ones are, if any thing, worse. Muskoka was a good hunting ground for deer. I was there last fall and found deer in plenty; in five days I got five deer. But I am afraid it is all up now.—G. A.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 17.—The ducks have captured the local sportsmen, and every house about the city is covered with them. At English Lake there were plenty of ducks sported. The Kilmannans are at Lake Saucashine hunting, and have sent in plenty of the feathered animals for the boys. Reports from Putnam, on the Illinois, are that ducks are now plentiful and the feeding fine. The overflow of water is fast passing away, and in a day or so the boys will be taking a turn down on Illinois Bottoms. The Kankakee is full of mallards, redheads, and all sorts of ducks. Messrs. Howe, Taylor, Gillespie, Cronin and others are out.

TENNESSEE.—Savannah, March 3, 1883.—The season just past has been the most discouraging I have ever known here. Warm weather and consequently dense cover made the bird shooting a failure, and notwithstanding the excessive crops of mast and corn the ducks go in the go-by. Since January 1 the weather has been unfavorable to all kinds of sport, nothing but rain and mud repeated ad nauseam. There is this consolation, that if few quail were shot there are all the more left to breed for next season, and I trust that next November Bob White and relatives will "bob up serenely" and in great numbers.—W.H.

MICHIGAN.—Detroit, March 17.—The market hunters are sending in large numbers of redhead ducks of excellent quality. In fact, the market is glutted with them, but as the weather is still cold the dealers hold them at seventy-five cents per pair. Although the winter has been one of much severity, and many sportsmen have come to hand, I estimate that grouse and quail have had plenty of food and fuel and are promisingly numerous in number.—B. F. W.

#### THE FUR MARKET.

THE following prices are for prime skins only, according to size, color and quality, as realized by the New York commission merchants. Ship in bags or boxes add to freight, Mark bales, etc., with your initials:

Antelope—North America, raw, 7 lb.	\$ 3.00	35
Dressed, as to quality, 7 lb.	1.25	1.50
Beaver—Labrador, 7 lb.	2.75	3.00
Rocky Mountain, raw, 7 lb.	2.25	2.50
Elk—Pacific States, raw, 7 lb.	2.75	3.00
Elk—Pacific States, dressed, 7 lb.	1.75	2.00
Western skins, 7 lb.	2.00	2.25
Dressed, as to quality, 7 lb.	8.00	10.00
Mountain Deer—Western, 7 lb.	9.00	10.00
Reindeer—American, raw, 7 lb.	2.25	2.50
Dressed, as to quality, 7 lb.	1.00	1.25
Deer—Labrador, 7 lb.	2.75	3.00
Lake Superior and Canada, 7 lb.	3.00	3.25
Upper Missouri, raw, 7 lb.	1.75	2.00
Lower Missouri, raw, 7 lb.	1.50	1.75
Badger—American, large and full turred, each	8.00	10.00
Bear—Hudson's Bay, black, large, each	15.00	20.00
Bear—Hudson's Bay, brown, large, each	10.00	15.00
Southern U. S., black, large, each	7.00	10.00
Cuts from 25 to 35 of the above.	8.00	10.00
Bulls' robes, in bales	1.25	1.50
Buckskin—Western, 7 lb.	1.25	1.50
Pacific Coast, 7 lb.	1.00	1.25
House, each	1.00	1.25
Ermine and white weasel	5.00	6.00
Fur—Dark, each	4.00	5.00
Pale	9.00	10.00
Reddish	5.00	6.00
Fox—Red, United States, each	1.00	1.25
Red, Territories	1.00	1.25
Cross, ordinary	3.00	4.00
Gray, United States	1.00	1.25
Kill, North America	2.00	3.00
Silver, North America	2.00	3.00
Minnesota	2.00	3.00
Marion Dark	2.00	3.00
Pale	1.00	1.25
Mink—Pale, Southern U. S.	1.00	1.25
Pale, Western United States	1.00	1.25
Dark	1.00	1.25
Dark New England	1.00	1.25
Dark, Quebec and Halifax	1.00	1.25
Muskrat—Canada and Eastern	1.00	1.25
Spruce, Western United States	1.00	1.25
Spruce, Southern United States	1.00	1.25
Fall, Canada and Eastern	1.00	1.25
Fall, Western United States	1.00	1.25
Fall, Southern United States	1.00	1.25
Opuscula—Ohio, Canada and common	1.00	1.25
Other—Labrador, casual	1.00	1.25
Northern United States	1.00	1.25
Western United States	1.00	1.25
Southern United States	1.00	1.25
Raccoon—Michigan	1.00	1.25
Upper Missouri	1.00	1.25
Southern United States	1.00	1.25
Black—Raw, America	1.00	1.25
Skunk—Black used, America	1.00	1.25
Short stripe, America	1.00	1.25
Long stripe, America	1.00	1.25
White, America	1.00	1.25
Territory, long stripe	1.00	1.25
Wolf—Large, each	5.00	6.00
Timber	1.00	1.25
Prairie	1.00	1.25
Wolverine—North America	1.00	1.25
Green skins are worth less than clean, dry, well-handled skins		



respected hermit, was born in Enfield, N. J., October 4, 1816. He worked on a farm until he came to Lawrence in 1846, when he went to work on the dam, and drove team. He established himself as a fisherman at his present location, paying the Essex company as high as two hundred dollars a year for the privilege of fishing between the falls bridge and the dam. He followed the business here for many years, employing about eight men during the season, and it was not unusual to see thirty to forty teams call at his market daily to purchase fish. He has sold his many as 3,000 eels in a single load to Lowell parties, for two cents a piece. He has been fish warden for twelve years, and is paid by the city forty-five dollars annually. Fishing within 400 yards of the dam is not allowed. Beyond these limits fish can be taken with hook and line at all times, and with net and seine only three days of each week from March to June; a fine of fifty dollars is imposed on each fish taken inside the prohibitory limit, but this high reward does not stimulate Mr. Noyes to any unnecessary arrests. Thirty years since this March, he resolved to live in solitude during the years allotted him, in a one-room cottage beside the Essex Company's dam. The entrance to his retreat is from No. 3 South Broadway. From this barren ledge he has reclaimed about one-eighth of an acre for his vineyard, yielding about fifty gallons of wine annually, for which he finds a ready market, at four dollars per gallon. This little cot and vineyard he has laid out for the Essex Company for many years, but to retain the title of the property the company was obliged to charge a nominal rent. He has been married twice, and has been a widower over forty years. He had one child, who died in infancy, and has no living relatives. He is the only survivor of a family of seven sons and six daughters. He has voted the Democratic ticket from Jackson to Hancock with one exception, when he voted for Abraham Lincoln. For a man of eighty years, his appearance, physically, is very good. His sight and hearing are well preserved; he reads without spectacles, and does his own house-keeping, cooking, washing, and mending. He smokes and uses tobacco in other forms, and is not averse to the use of liquor. He has not been sick nor had a doctor in twenty-five years.

**FISH AND FLOWERS.**—That there is a vein of poetry in the rough fishermen of the coast is shown by the following testimony taken by Prof. Baird, from a fisherman of Narragansett Pier, and published in "The Professor's report. It shows that under a rough exterior there was not only observation and memory of the sequence of events but also a poetic feeling that is charming." Question.—"Did they [the squeteague] come much earlier than used to Point Judith this year?" Answer.—"About the same. They expected them in February and got the seines ready. They had them in the water in March. I always judge by the dandelions; when I see the first dandelion the sea come in. I catch the herring, and when the buds are swollen fall then our traps go in. When the dandelion goes out of bloom and run to seed the seeps are gone. That is true one year with another, though they vary every season. I am guided by the blossoms of other kinds of plants for other fish. When high blackberries are in bloom we catch striped bass that weigh from twelve to twenty pounds; when the blue violets are in blossom—they come early—you can catch the small eels. This struck me as very singular, but I thought it was in blossom—my own forefathers."

**BOMOSEEN LAKE.**—(Chesham, Vt., March 16.)—At last Vermont has awakened to the necessity of preserving the fish in her waters. For several years we have had a law protecting trout. Last fall a law was enacted for the preservation of fish in the lakes of the State, and a special law for Lake Bomoseen in this place, the largest body of water in the State. The fish have been caught by nets and gear in the spawning season, and this was impossible to stop them from doing so. The fish were sold for a low price. Legitimate angling will now be free. The lake is some nine miles in length, and from one-half to three miles wide; clear, deep and cold water with bold slate shores and fine feeding grounds. It is stocked with rock bass, pickerel and Oswego bass that weigh as high as eight pounds. The pickerel attain twenty-eight pounds. A beautiful island is in the lake whose shores are dotted with resorts. The village, five miles from the lake, is a pleasant place. In August and September about the color of betahabara wood, there is another feature in the wood that is somewhat unique and singular. I mean its cleansing and softening qualities. I have noticed when I have been rod-making—amateur rod-making—and I have sometimes had dirty and oily hands, if I take the dust and scraping from the betahabara wood and rub into the hands thoroughly with the soap, it removes every particle of oil mark, keeps the hands soft and clean, the finger-nails especially so. This struck me as very singular, but I thought it was possible that anyone working this wood all the time might get used to it and not have the same effect.—W. DAVIN TOMLIN.

## Fishculture.

### THE COLD SPRING HARBOR HATCHERY.

ON Wednesday, the 14th, a party of about two dozen gentlemen and four ladies visited the hatchery station of the New York State Commission at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, by invitation of Mr. E. G. Blackford, the commissioner in charge of it. The party consisted of relatives of Mr. John D. Jones, who so kindly gave the use of this station to the commission, and representatives of the city press. A special train was placed at their disposal by courtesy of the Long Island Railroad, and the party arrived at the hatchery about 11 A. M., where they were received by the superintendent, Mr. Fred Jones, and Mr. E. G. Blackford. The hatchery is a part of the water could be seen in old ponds below the dam which at high tide are covered with salt water up to the edge of the ponds, the old wooden mill which lies almost below the reservoir, the harbor stretching out into the Sound, and the Connecticut shore and bay.

and used in two series of troughs, numbering ten altogether, out of doors, making it practically a three-story hatchery. From the door of the building a stone can be thrown into salt water at high tide. The station has been supplied with eggs this year by Prof. Baird, of the University of California. The present station has the following: 350,000 Peabody salmon from Mr. H. H. Buck, Bucksport, Me.; 100,000 land-locked salmon from Mr. Charles G. Atkins, Grand Lake Stream, Me.; 100,000 brook trout and 1,000,000 whitefish from Mr. Frank N. Clark, Northfield, Vt.; 50,000 German brook trout from Herr von Herr von Behr, president, Deutsche Fischerei Verein, Berlin. The salmon and trout are all in the usual wooden troughs, and were nearly all hatched. The whitefish were in the McDonald glass jars, and in the glass aquaria in which they lay, were the longest and best of the golden side and carp, three to five inches long, and some eggs of the tomcod, the first salt water fish attempted at this station.

Prof. Rice accompanied the party and with the microscopes of Messrs. Blackford and Martin viewed the visitors the circulation of the blood and the formation of the embryo salmon. Prof. Rice, it will be remembered, experimented with the hatching of oysters at Fulton Market last season, and intends to try it at Cold Spring Harbor again this year. The New York Times of March 15 gave the longest and best report of the formal opening of this station, and we make the following extracts from it:

"The position of Cold Spring is admirably adapted for the purpose of fish-culture, and the number of natural advantages, and in the experience of those having some acquaintance with fish-culture it was declared by them to be the best in the country. In the first place, water can be supplied from springs that never fail; in fact, the whole tract seems to be leading up with water derived from natural sources. Then, again, the water is at just such a height as to give the necessary fall, so that no pumping is required, while its close proximity to the salt water of the Sound will permit of the hatching and rearing of the fish to maturity, and the water is of the highest quality of John D. Jones, Esq., a lease of 10 years has been given, without any cost, of a piece of land of at least 20 acres for the use of the State."

Last year, when the general appropriation was made by the State, it was estimated that at least some \$5,000 would have been allowed to the Cold Spring fish hatchery, the remainder, \$12,000, to go to the Caledonia Works, but only \$1,000 were allotted to Cold Spring. This year, so far, no special appropriation has been made, but the State has been very generous in the amount of the work and the excellent beginning made, it is quite desirable that an additional sum shall be granted for Cold Spring—some \$1,000—or that a larger portion of the appropriation thus was allowed it last year shall be placed at the disposal of Mr. E. G. Blackford, who has devoted so much of his time and energy to the development of this special hatchery."

"The reasons why there should be more than one State hatchery are quite obvious. Though the work done at Caledonia has been very successful, and the hatchery at the southern portion of the State have found it both difficult and expensive to procure fish from a distant point. Not counting risk of loss, there was always a large item of expense. When trout had to be forwarded from Caledonia to points near New York City the fish had to be sent under the charge of an experienced person, whose fare and time had to be paid. It was hardly just that one portion of the State should receive the larger part of the fish, while another could derive but few. But the advantage of having the hatchery at the southern end of the State, though at first little understood, are to-day beginning to be better appreciated. Means of communication between distant points are more rapid and continuous in our large city like New York than in the interior. But the strongest reason why a hatchery should be established at Cold Spring is that advantage for a hatchery is that material of all kinds, even the eggs themselves, can be more readily obtained, and the fish, when produced, can be more readily and safely distributed. The position of Cold Spring has advantages of an idea that the State had no business to make any experiments. Now, it is quite well known that there is no place in the whole country where trout can be reared as advantageously or with as little expense as at Cold Spring. It is owing to the undulating surface of the land, the water to the abundance of food that trout are more plentiful among Long Island trout-risers than elsewhere can not be stated, but it is quite certain that the trout establishments of the South end of Long Island will be able to supply the market with a quantity. It is a mistake to find fault with any commissioner who is desirous of experimenting with the sole desire of increasing the stock of fish. Trout alone can never meet the demand of the market, and the State must have other species of fish to become the common food of the people. At best it is an exotic. It requires a peculiar kind of water and of a certain temperature, two conditions which are not always to be found. It is all well enough to stock particular streams with trout, but it is not wise to make such experiments to our anglers, but poor people do not have time to catch these fish. The stock of trout which is sent to market is always limited, and commands a price which persons of moderate means cannot afford. In fact, trout is food for the rich and not for the poor."

"The Cold Spring Hatchery will, of course, hatch out trout, but it is believed that, when the season comes, it will devote its attention to shad. As to the experimental part of the work, with the advantages of Cold Spring, it is right at its door, it ought to try and propagate the striped bass, the Spanish mackerel, the cod and the sheepshead. With improved apparatus and a better acquaintance with the habits of the Connecticut River salmon, with the wide geographical distribution of trout eggs, of shad eggs, and the rearing of the fish present no possible difficulties. It would be wise, then, on the part of those having the Cold Spring hatchery in charge to extend their labors, for there can be little doubt that in time the State can be restocked with those fish which were once so abundant."

"The experiment will be tried with the whitefish of placing some of them in the larger fresh-water lakes of Long Island. Mr. E. G. Blackford and Mr. Fred Jones have been very successful in their distribution, it is not impossible that it might adapt itself to its new surroundings."

"With the fall of water, which was rightly described by those who prospected Cold Spring as 'inexhaustible,' advantage should be taken to make a dam to serve the purpose of running a small turbine wheel, so that a continuous source of salt water from the Sound could be had. The expense for this, and for the construction of a few salt-water ponds would be very slight. If such inclosures were built, the eggs of the cod, obtained by the million at Fulton Market slip, could be fertilized, hatched, and carried out into the Sound. Should any sole be sent in the future, instead of wasting them by throwing them away, they could be kept, made to propagate, and from the parent stock millions of young fish could be procured. Striped bass, Spanish mackerel, sheepshead, might all be experimented with at a very trifling cost, while the actual routine work of Cold Spring would be done by the hatchery of March 15, said."

"All present on this pleasant visit, to many of whom fish-culture was a novelty, expressed themselves delighted with the progress made at Cold Spring, and the work done by Mr. E. G. Blackford and Mr. Fred Jones. The hatchery was well equipped. After a couple of hours spent in inspecting the hatchery the whole party partook of a luncheon at the house of Townsend Jones, Esq., a brother of the gentleman to whose liberality, in great part, the hatchery at Cold Spring is due. The New York Times of March 15, said: 'Both Commissioner Blackford and Mr. Matter were very proud of the hatchery, and have great hopes of it, particularly because of the salt water facilities. They intend to a short time to make a constant supply of sea water, and the experiments that are

to follow will, doubtless, be extremely interesting. Striped bass, fresh mackerel and oysters will be experimented on, and from the unusual facilities great things are hoped for." The Times of Sunday, March 18, again refers to the station and the pleasure of visiting the Cold Spring Hatchery, on Long Island, the new work of the New York State Commissioners, was the presence of several young girls, in the company of the superintendent, who were busily engaged in curing for the young fish. As there is nothing infamous about such modesty and modesty of handling, with some common sense, being all that is necessary, women would be well adapted for this special work. Some of these days we may have a regular trained corps of 'fish nurses.'"

### SALMON IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

**Editor Forest and Stream:**  
I enclose you a letter which I have just written for the Manchester Mirror, which you may find of interest.

I have just returned from a visit to the State hatchery house at Plymouth, which is in excellent condition and order under the careful management of Superintendent E. B. Hodge, who proves to be the "right man in the right place."

He has now in the trays 400,000 Atlantic salmon eggs, 125,000 of which were taken at the hatchery from salmon which went up the Merrimack last year, and the remainder came from a large spawning party of Massachusetts, and was kindly presented by Prof. Baird, of the U. S. Fish Commission. In addition to these he has 125,000 land-locked salmon eggs, 15,000 trout eggs, and 200,000 whitefish eggs, the latter also presented by Prof. Baird.

These are all in prime order. Mr. Hodge has introduced an improvement over previous practice by placing a large block of ice at the head of each trough, thereby cooling down the spring water to about the normal temperature of the water in the rivers and ponds, keeping the hatching fully a month longer than it would be likely to come out of the shell. This will keep them all back till into May, when the waters in the brooks and rivers are in suitable condition to receive them.

Mr. Hodge also tells me that many salmon found suitable spawning beds below Plymouth last season, in the towns of Bridgewater and New Hampton, and confirms my statement that the Merrimack was literally swarming with the young fry of the fish. Two or three salmon were seen in the ponds at the breeding trout in the ponds are looking well, and the young *Salmo trutta* are perfect beauties, and there is a vacant space saved in the hatching boxes for another lot of eggs, which are daily expected from California.

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the common perch, which the front of the first season have also, disappear, as do the red spots, and at the end of the second summer they once again assume the salmon coloring and is ready to seek salt water, or at least the majority of them; for from what we have noticed I am inclined to the opinion that some of the "stools," as they are called in Great Britain, do not go down to the sea, till the third season. Two years, if the best, may be taken as a "fixed fact," as John Tyler said.

Now let us review briefly the history of fish-culture on the Merrimack River for the last few years. Penobscot eggs were landed by the Commissioners of New Hampshire and Massachusetts and planted in the Penobscot river in 1872 and 1873. In 1873 the whole plant was made in the Connecticut. In 1875 and 1876 some young trout were placed in the head waters of the Merrimack, and here the labors of the penobscot commissioners began, and I say the present board, as two out of three are still in office. In 1877 and 1878, no Penobscot eggs could be procured, and the commissioners were indebted to Professor Baird of the U. S. Fish Commission, for a supply of California eggs. These I hatched out, much earlier in the season, and were planted through the ice and probably froze to death or starved to death, as nothing has ever been heard of them since.

In 1878 the hatching house had been built at Plymouth and a few eggs were procured from salmon which had found their way up through the new fishways, and these were hatched at Plymouth in the spring of 1879, together with a fresh lot of California eggs, and slightly a few from the Penobscot. Since then, in 1880-1882, there have been large and increasing plants of Penobscot and native Merrimack salmon.

From and after this coming spring we have every reason to expect the return of salmon in large numbers, and it is the duty of every citizen of New Hampshire, as well as of every true sportsman, to protest most earnestly against any such turning loose of the "robbers of the river" again.

Merriamists, through the Legislature and commissioners, has acted most honorably in this whole matter. She has helped stock the river, she has built fishways, and she has passed laws against netting and seining, and her commissioners have endeavored most faithfully to carry them out, and she now fights those petitioners in the Legislature, and it is impossible on New Hampshire, through her press, to come to her aid.

This is a long letter, but it is impossible to make it shorter, and I have omitted much that I should have liked to say.

The fishways might, perhaps, be somewhat improved, but they are all right when there is an average amount of water in the river, and as all the salmon except one, which has been seen at Plymouth, taken at night, it shows that the fish run at that time, when there is usually plenty of water over the dams and in the fishways.

Yours truly,  
SAMUEL WEBBER.

BLACK BASS IN GERMANY.—A postal card from Mr. Eckardt, dropped at Southampton, England, February 24, announced his safe arrival there with all his fish. A private letter from Mr. Max von dem Borne, dated March 3, acknowledges the receipt of seven small-mouth and forty-four large-mouth black bass.

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

#### BENCH SHOWS.

March 25, 27 and 28, 1883.—Domination of Canada Kennel Club Bench Show, at Ottawa, Canada. Entries close March 12. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

APRIL 4, and 5, 1883.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Eleventh Annual Show, at Erie, Pa. Entries close March 19. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

MAY 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1883.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, at Westminster, England. New York City. Entries close April 13. Chas. Lincoln, Sup't.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1882.—Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the Stakes, close Oct. 15. For the All-England, close Nov. 1. W. A. Croser, Secretary, Flatfish, Long Island, N. Y.

December, 1882.—National American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

### NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB DERBY.

THE following entries for the National Derby have been received since I last published this list:

96. HAM IV.—Edward Armstrong, Gnosmont, England, liver and white English setter dog, Jan. 7, 1882, Diamond—Slut II.

97. FAN.—Edward Armstrong, Gnosmont, England, liver and white English setter bitch, Jan. 7, 1882, Diamond—Slut II.

98. DRAB.—Edward Armstrong, Gnosmont, England, liver and white pointer bitch, Feb. 3, 1882, Bang II.—Jane.

D. BRYSON, Secretary.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

### A CLEVER RETRIEVER.

THE dog always has been a curious subject. He is petted by one and hated by another. Those who love won't hear anything but about his faults, and those who hate won't hear anything but about his virtues. I have known a dog who was called "Dixie" dearly loved a good dog, and the following story is told of a retriever in his own graphic way in his handbook on the "Dog Dog."

In the winter of 1871, after the season was over, I saw two excellent young retrievers, Mr. Gorse's son, and his son, were broken by an old servant of mine—merry, light-hearted and full of spirits at the kennel, or when first loosed from it; chasing their own tails, with arched backs, and hark knocking over the pretty daughter of the keeper, who might have been the model for Frith and Ansell's famous picture, but subdued and sensible, and full of what Oxford tutors call "application" when sixteen-stone-five took down the gun, and accompanied me to see how much they knew of the rudiments of the game.

"They can both go, sir," he said, "if you be minded; I can send which I like, and 'Other will wait her turn." I did not quite expect this, and yet, very seldom see it—once in a while, yes, perhaps, and when such a thing occurs, I take care to make a note of it, or, as collectors say, I "stick a pin through it."

A busy little spaniel went with us to push out the rabbits from some rough, level of about ten acres, with wide ridges, cut in it, for the pretty keeper is rather slow upon a rabbit running "for the bare life," and he can't, he says, "get on 'em at less than nine yards"—or couldn't until he found out that a dog "has a right to take a ridge, and stop one on the east or scampers; so he said, 'I shoot at the place, and there they are, white side upturned, nine times in ten.'"

Well, we went on, and this time a couple of boys in light livery in the old water, all three dogs behind, and when we got to the gorse he sent in Daisy, the little

cocker, a white one with a liver head, and flecked body, legs, and nose. But that her tail was barbarously shortened to about three inches. It might have passed for one of Mr. Phineas Bullock's, though she was no bull, was bought—as many a good one has been and will be—of tramps in the road just by, who, no doubt, "borrowed" her ("hustled" is, I believe, the rogues' pleasant phrase), while her owner was "dramming."

She divel under the thorns and gorse as though she liked it, and the keeper hit the rabbit as he spurted from his concealment, but he dragged his hind legs along for shelter, and Daisy dropped and began wailing her apology for a tail, and rubbing her head upon the green hawthorn to clear them for the next encounter. "Which is it to be, sir?" said the breaker, touching his low-crowned hat, which tilted so tight and was so hard that he seldom took it off, except, as he said, to lady folks, or when he drank my poor health, and I then saw that the two young gorse puppies—were about nine months old—were both down-charging.

"Get," I said, "for choice."

The old man flipped his finger as he looked at her, and in she went.

"Call her back," I said, as I saw her feathering across the trail, "and send the other."

"Almost too much that," he said, but he croaked his little finger, and put the edge of it to his mouth, and gave a shrill whistle—an achievement I could never learn—and back she came, but rather mortified. "Come behind, Jet," he cried, and stung the other, and she went in, the other dropping steadily and obediently.

Presently there was a shrill squeak, and a rush in the bushes, and Rose vaulted over the gorse with the crippled rabbit alive in her mouth, and brought it to the keeper's hands.

"Think that 'ullo do, sir?" said the feather-weight.

"Yes, my man," I said, "very well. Go on and prosper." And we parted, mutually satisfied.

### THE NEW COCKER CLUB.—Ann Arbor, Mich., Feb. 27.

*Editor Forest and Stream.*—Scarcely a week passes by that I do not receive from your columns letters in regard to the new cocker organization, as well as earnest inquiries about what I consider the "true standard of the genuine cocker spaniel." In the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM I have read letters from Mr. C. B. Elton, Mr. J. H. C. Worcester, and throughout the works of "Stonechange" does he attempt to describe, with any degree of accuracy, as to points and standard, the "genuine cocker," but on the contrary everywhere refers to the common "spaniel cocker," which he says is "a kind of field spaniel, except the Sussex and clumber." Now if this is true, it follows that the cocker is nothing else than a wongrel. All spaniels ("except the Sussex and clumber") are, he says, tinged with the cocker, and he says, "I am of opinion that I am one of many who do profess to have an intelligent knowledge of what the true cocker is, and there are many who do believe that the cocker of the A. C. S. Club is not in accordance with that authority, which is the only authority that I know of."

And the true cocker. Therefore, it is both our determination and duty to restore the cocker to his true position, and to disassociate him from the mongrel classes referred to. In doing this, we need not be unjust to the cocker, as the "modern field spaniel," which breeders are advancing to a distinct and useful family, nor to the other varieties of the spaniel that have to a great extent preserved their family identity. Our aim, if I understand the sentiments of all who have corresponded with me, is to restore to the cocker his true type, and isolate him from the other varieties to which he has given both character and prestige. This should bring all true lovers of the cocker together, and can have no deleterious effect upon the celebrated "Blossie." Now, if I am one of many, on the contrary, it will tend to purify and improve all classes of spaniels, and break up the confusion that exists at present out of this chaos of spaniels. All the types will become more pure, and the cocker will be interested in the preservation of his own strain.—SEXES.

### ESSEX COUNTY HUNT—SPRING MEETS.—Wednesday,

March 21, 7 A. M., at the kennels; Saturday, March 24, 4 P. M., Mansion House, Montclair; Wednesday, March 28, 7:30 A. M., Glenridge (late Ridgewood Station); Saturday, March 31, 7:30 A. M., Glenridge. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the Stakes, close Oct. 15. For the All-England, close Nov. 1. W. A. Croser, Secretary, Flatfish, Long Island, N. Y.

Water Works, East Orange; Saturday, April 7, 1:30 P. M., residence A. F. Brown, Esq., Gates avenue, Montclair; Wednesday, April 11, 7:30 A. M., main entrance, Glenridge Park; Saturday, April 14, 7:30 A. M., Glenridge. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the Stakes, close Oct. 15. For the All-England, close Nov. 1. W. A. Croser, Secretary, Flatfish, Long Island, N. Y.

For the accommodation of parties coming out from the city, arrangements have been made with the N. Y. & G. L. R. R. (Orange branch), to provide loungers for transporting luggage on regular passenger trains on meet days. CHAS. A. HECKSCHER, Master.

### MERIDEN BENCH SHOW OF 1884.—Meriden, Conn., March 27.

*Editor Forest and Stream.*—The annual meeting of the Meriden Poultry Association held last evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, L. E. Coe; First Vice-President, Chas. S. Slater; Second Vice-President, F. Stevenson; Cor. Corresponding Secretary, Joshua Slater; Recording Secretary, W. H. Sargent; Treasurer, Wm. B. H. Bates; Executive Committee, D. S. Marchant, A. G. Birdsey, J. F. Ives, P. J. Quigley; Superintendent of dogs, W. E. Miller. It was voted to hold our next annual exhibition of poultry and dogs in this city January 1, 2, 3, and 4, 1884.—JOSHUA SLATER, Cor. Secretary.

VALUABLE DOGS FOR SALE.—Major G. R. Watkins, who will soon visit New York upon business, offers his valuable setters Tom, Crook and Captain Dorset for sale. They will be exhibited at the Pittsburgh Show in care of Mr. E. S. Wamaker, who trained them. Tom and Crook have appeared so often in the columns of the Forest and Stream, that I shall not describe them. Captain Dorset is a very handsome blue belton nearly two years old. He is pronounced by Mr. Wamaker to be a capital finder and thoroughly trained. All are well bred and should readily find purchasers.

BEEF FLOUR FOR DOGS.—Having received a number of inquiries regarding the value of "beef flour" as food for dogs, we have consulted with many who have used it, and find that all speak of it highly of it. We were favorably impressed with it when we first saw it, and are pleased to learn that it has stood the test, as it supplies a want long felt among sportsmen for something of the kind that would enable us to properly care for our dogs when out on their shooting excursions. Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold inform us that it is meeting with a good sale.

DOMINION OF CANADA KENNEL CLUB.—The second annual general meeting of the shareholders will be held in the city of Ottawa, on Tuesday, the 27th day of March, 1883, for the election of officers and directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of other business.—B. H. G. VICARS, Secretary-Treasurer.

### "VETERAN FOX-HUNTERS."—Charlottetown, P. E. I.,

March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—From childhood I have regarded Sauson as the champion fox-hunter. His daily departs for the hills, and he has been to Uncle George of Connecticut, who saw Sauson's 200 foxes and went 600 better.—D. L.

A NOTABLE CANINE VISITOR.—We received a call on Monday from the pure Laverack setter bitch Meg Merillies, owned by Mr. H. F. Grant, Newport, Isle of Wight, England, who sends her regards to this issue of the Forest and Stream, and her to Mr. Jas. H. Goodsell's Prince. Meg is litter sick to Mr. Goodsell's Don Juan. She is a racy-looking, handsome animal and is exceedingly well put together. The progeny from this union should be very fine.

THE PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB.—We understand that there is a movement upon the part of a number of the sportsmen of Philadelphia to reinvigorate the Philadelphia Kennel Club. We trust that the effort will prove successful, and that we shall soon see the association assert its rightful place and again become a "power in the land."

THE HORNELL SPANIEL CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* I have purchased the interest of the associate members of the Hornell Spaniel Club, and am now sole proprietor. I propose to devote my time to breeding, and shall only exhibit occasionally.—J. OTIS FELLOWS (Hornellville, N. Y., March 15).

SAN FRANCISCO is to have a bench show next month.

### KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

287 No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

SCREIBER, Boston, Mass.—This is not a rare occurrence; we know of no remedy.

C. H. B.—Your description not full enough; may be the result of distemper. Show him to some medical friend.

G. E. M., Charleston, S. C.—Give three grains iodine of potassium in four times daily for three or four days.

J. H. C., Worcester, Mass.—Your description is vague. The color of the eye may be due to cataract, in which case a cure can only be effected by an operation. Show him to an experienced oculist.

J. L. Pale, Nien.—Your description of symptoms is rather indistinct. He may have rheumatism, or a cold, or a fever, or a salivary gland of some of the three glands for three days, and write us if no improvement takes place.

C. H. B., Brighton, Ill.—Your dog is undoubtedly troubled with epilepsy, which may be caused by debility, nervousness, or by over-exercising just after feeding. Remove the cause and you will probably find the epilepsy disappear from the other troubles.

H. S. Jordan, N. Y.—Your account is not clear; for you say that the howls are all right and regular, yet state that the passages are very hard and small. Clear the bowels with a dose of rhubarb in a teaspoonful of water. Feed him on good quality of Hebra's white dicalcium oatmeal daily, and report again to us.

Inquirer, Baltimore.—My setter puppy had a touch of the distemper about four months ago. Since then he has had a slobbering nose, and is very nervous, and he has been very nervous and sounds. What treatment would be best to cure him? He is eight months old and very well grown. Ans.—Look to the condition of his teeth. If he is otherwise well, let him outgrow the slobbering tendency.

C. H. B., Bogota, Canada.—I, my hound dog, seven years old, is paralyzed in the hind quarters, and cannot walk, and he is very nervous. What is a sleuth-hound? Ans. 1. It is impossible for us to say what caused this paralysis, or to prescribe for it without a minute description of the symptoms and condition of the animal. 2. It is a hound that follows the track of game by the scent. The term is generally understood to refer to the bloodhound.

F. B., Falls Village.—I have a young English dog that about eight months ago was taken with the distemper, and it left him twitching his legs. Some say he has the St. Anthony dance, and will never get over it. Can he be cured or not? Ans. A chorea following distemper is rarely cured. See article on Chorea in CHRONIC DISTEMPER AND STREAM Oct. 29, 1878, where treatment, etc., is given. Chorea and St. Anthony's or St. Vitus's dance are the same.

Patience, Pa.—The teeth of a dog are affected by some kind of caries, the enamel of almost all the front teeth being destroyed in circles, extending round them. The teeth are yellow, and the gums are inflamed, and he is in a good condition otherwise, excepting constipation. His food consists of meat, beef, and milk sometimes warm. Ans. The condition of the teeth is probably the cause of the trouble. It is best to be done except good feeding. Keep bowls free by diet of cornmeal mush, or a meal of raw liver when necessary.

Dick, Honeoye Falls, N. Y.—About four weeks ago a small cocker spaniel puppy was taken with the distemper, and it left him twitching his legs. Some say he has the St. Anthony dance, and will never get over it. Can he be cured or not? Ans. A chorea following distemper is rarely cured. See article on Chorea in CHRONIC DISTEMPER AND STREAM Oct. 29, 1878, where treatment, etc., is given. Chorea and St. Anthony's or St. Vitus's dance are the same.

### KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Name and residence of owner.
3. Sex.
4. Buyer or seller.
5. Age.
6. Sire, with his sire and dam.
7. Date of birth, of breeding or of sale.
8. Date of death.
9. Owner of dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be fully written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

### NAMES CLAIMED.

287 See instructions at head of this column.

Cashie M. Chace, By Mr. Herbert Smith, Philadelphia, Pa., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Feb. 15, 1882, by champion Berkley out of Nora (Elcho—Firefly).

### BRED.

287 See instructions at head of this column.

Verdupe—Fauvel. Dr. M. McCollum's lemon and white pointer bitch (Cretet) (Snaphop)—Rif to Missouri Kennel's champion Fauvel, March 1882.

Canless—Cretet. Mr. T. Donoghue's lemon and white pointer bitch Canless to Mr. A. E. Godfrey's (Cretet) (Bang—Jane), March 1882.

Donchess—Banford. Mr. Garrett Roach's (New York) champion pointer bitch Duchess (Sensation)—Whisker to Mr. G. H. Nixon's Banford (Bang—Jane), March 1882.

Clue—Dunshole. Mr. H. W. Huntington's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) black English setter bitch Clue (Bang—Jane) to his imported Donchess (Bang—Jane), March 1882.

Diele Dole—Fureman. Mr. R. M. Brown's (Auburn Court House, Va.) black, white and tan English setter bitch Diele Dole (Prince Royal—Bang—Jane), March 1882.

Cretet—Fauvel. Mr. Thomas D. Simpson's (Philadelphia, Pa.) black and tan Gordon setter bitch Cretet to Mr. Samuel G. Dixon's Pilot (Bang—Jane), March 1882.

Dolly—Cretet. Mr. M. L. Lindsey's (Scranton, Pa.) lemon and white pointer bitch Dolly (Bang—Jane) to Mr. A. E. Godfrey's Banford (Bang—Jane), March 1882.

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14. Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions.....	25
15. Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.....	25
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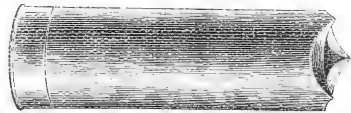
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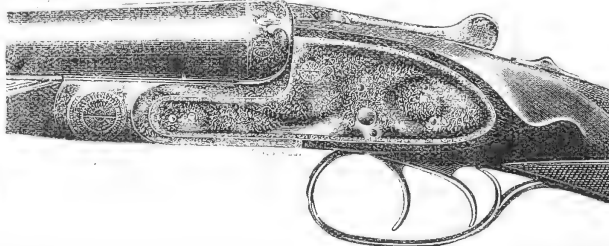
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# FOREST AND STREAM.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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## THE NEED OF RANGE DATA.

TO revert to a subject on which the FOREST AND STREAM has before thought it necessary to speak, we would ask why it is not possible for our rifle associations to take more definite and active steps toward making more valuable reports upon the work accomplished on the several ranges.

It is not enough to have a mere clerk who can present an accurate copy of the score-sheets. That may be necessary enough for the determination of the prize lists. But that after all is but a small part of the field that should be covered by an association which pretends to be organized for "the encouragement of rifle practice." There is not that steady progress in the development of small arms which there should be met with when so many men give so much of their time to practice before the butts. Every shot fired is an atom of experience which it should be the endeavor of the controlling body to gather up for the use and guidance of succeeding riflemen.

It is not enough to say that this work of experiment and carefully noted trial will be carried on by private individuals or by rifle-making firms interested in securing good results. The best results cannot be reached in this way, and the trial of a decade shows that they are not. What are needed most just now are carefully conducted series of shooting trials, so that the rifleman going out to practice may know at least in what direction he may expect fruitful returns for his effort, and what he may not expect to find in other directions. The association will be able to make impartial trials, and the conclusions, whatever they may be, will be accepted on all sides as conclusive at least for the time being. By exploding many old and antiquated notions which still cling about the theory and art of gun and rifle shooting, the way will be cleared for progress in the right direction toward simplicity of mechanism and accuracy of result.

For example the amount of shooting which during

the past ten years has been done in different parts of this State by the members of the National Guard. Have any general conclusions been drawn from that practice? Has there been any compilation of results in such form that succeeding officials may find a fund of information awaiting them, drawn from the rich mine which the annual practice of nearly twenty thousand men opens? There are an abundance of figures, but they are useless records of what was accomplished by the hap-hazard system in vogue.

A small club devoting itself to this line of original research and test can do more for the advancement of the art of rifle-shooting than the richest and most extensive organization which aims only at merely gathering a number of shooters together to compete for prizes. The work now done is an important one. There must be grand field days, when in open matches opportunity is given for a careful and keen comparison of results. In this way different experimenters are enabled to air their theories and get the knock-down quietus of defeat or the encouraging indorsement of victory. But there are dozens of needed tests—of charges, of shells, of rifling, of holding, of powders, of wads, of bullets, of all the hundred et ceteras which enter into that most complex of results—a well-delivered bulleseye. Such a series of tests should run over an entire season in order to gain the advantages of varying weather conditions; and when carried out by different individuals they include that personal equation without which factor tests are apt to become mere bench trials, and correspondingly misleading.

## THE MAINE INDICTMENTS.

IN our issue of August 10, 1882, we called attention to the summer killing of moose in Maine by three parties who we stated were residents of Worcester. One of the three who were thus named, subsequently called at this office and explained—that the other two did not live in Worcester—which was certainly much to the credit of the sportsmen of that city. We do not know just how much more he had intended to explain, but we convinced him that we "had the papers" for our statements; which did away with the necessity of further explanation. By reference to our "Game Bag and Gun" columns, it will be learned that indictments have been found by the Grand Jury of Somerset county, Me., against the other two of the party named, as well as against their guide, for the very offense reported by us. Many other individuals have been indicted on similar charges, and the public is now given to understand that Messrs. Stilwell and Stanley, the Maine Game Commissioners, "mean business."

In addition to the parties against whom indictments have been presented, were many other offenders against the Maine game laws, who eagerly accepted the Commissioners' offer to allow a private settlement, and paid up their fines. We are glad that the detectives failed to discover evidence that the Hon. George F. Hoar, of Worcester, Mass., was present at the moose killing which has been somewhat freely coupled with his name during the past months. The publication of the names, given elsewhere, of which we have been in possession some time, will also relieve from worry several other gentlemen who have been quite oppressed by the thought that their good name might be tarnished by unfounded suspicions.

It is a pleasure to know that there is a gradual change of sentiment among sportsmen tourists, and this change is very largely due to the influence exerted by right-thinking men who annually carry their home principles with them into the woods. Among the Maine summer visitors are many individuals who have by persistent preaching and consistent living exerted an influence in behalf of respect for the game laws. Wholesale condemnation of Maine tourists is, therefore, most unjust.

THE GAME PROTECTORS.—We understand that the bill to increase the force of game protectors in this State to sixteen has been passed. The new law will put the wardens under the control of the Fish Commission, and there may be some possibility of making them do their duty. We have been unable to learn that any of the eight wardens, always excepting Mr. Dodge, have earned their salary, or a tithe of it. They have been unprofitable servants, and ought to be cast out of office. We hope to see Mr. Dodge reappointed, for he has proved himself to be an admirable man for the place, and if the fifteen others were like him game protection would mean something in this State. Special care should be taken in the appointment of these game wardens to supply officers at points where they are most needed. Long Island should not be neglected, nor the New York markets.

## TROUT DAY.

THE legal opening of the trout season in the State of New York is the first day of April, which this year falls on Sunday. While many of the northern lakes and streams are still ice-bound, the streams of Long Island have been free of ice for a month, and the trout are feeding to make up for lost time. How many anglers from the city will visit the island it would be hard to say. The new penal code makes it an offense to fish on Sunday, and we hope that all our readers will strictly observe the law and wait until Monday morning.

Those who are fortunate enough to have friends who own preserved streams and are in possession of invitations to fish them are mortals to be envied. We have several such invitations but cannot accept them for a week or two yet, and it is this fact that disturbs our sleep and makes us thin of flesh. Long Island is the greatest trout country in the State. Its waters have always been filled with trout by reason of their coolness and their plentiful supply of food. To-day there are nearly two hundred private ponds and streams which afford excellent fishing, and also a few streams which have been open to the public for years, and are not yet fished out. The famous South Side Club has been adding to its preserves several new streams, which will be stocked from the abundant supply in ponds and lakes belonging to the club. Its members comprise some of the most prominent citizens of New York. Near Yaphank, the Suffolk Club has its grounds and its excellent fishing. Mr. Austin Corbin's, near Babylon, are well known, and here and at the ponds of Mr. W. Floyd Jones, at South Oyster Bay, President Arthur occasionally wets his fly. At Green River, near Sayville, are the preserves of Messrs. E. R. Wilbur and Charles F. Imbrie, which afford some wild trout fishing.

Beside these places where only invited guests may fish, there are other preserved waters where the angler may cast by paying for the privilege, usually about a dollar a pound for fish taken. There are Thompson's pond, at Noyac, near Sag Harbor; Chapman's pond, at Roslyn; Seaman's, near Ridgewood; Carman's, at Amityville; Furman's, at Maspeth; Douglass's, at Huntington, and others.

The charge of a dollar a pound is certainly very reasonable and is less expensive than to go miles by railroad where the fishing is free. Of free fishing on the island there is little or none that is good. A few trout may be taken from Cedar Brook, near Baldwinville, the *Brookline* at Smithtown, and in the streams at *Brookline* and *Brookline* Cove, but they do not yield in quantity and quality the number of rods and the ease with which they are taken in streams before the opening of the season.

## CAVIAR.

THERE are many people who pretend to like caviar, and it is possible that a few may have forced themselves to relish the intensely salt or rancid preparation of sturgeon eggs called by this name. We believe the "delicacy" first came from Russia, and we can imagine that a native of Siberia, half Indian and half Esquimaux, might find caviar a delightful change from whale's blubber and decayed seal. We have tasted caviar, and think that old rusty mackerel brine is nectar beside it.

The Germans pretend to love caviar, and Americans who have been abroad at it before their friends to show their acquired taste contracted in foreign lands. We read in the *Deutsche Fischerzeitung* that some Germans have been making caviar from the eggs of the pike, and we wish them success in their search after a new source of supply of delicacies. Shakespeare speaks of something which the general public cannot relish as being "caviar to the general." The bard is correct, as usual. Caviar is caviar, whether made of triple-salted rancid sturgeon eggs or of the ova of the pike flavored with seal blubber and stale mackerel brine.

To our friends who have not yet met this luxury we will say that at dinner, after the pudding, ice cream, cheese, nuts, figs and raisins have passed, you take a piece of toast about three inches square and cover it with a quarter-inch layer of something that looks like broken rice stewed in coal tar. On this you put a thick layer of finely-chopped raw onion and squeeze lemon over it. You raise it to your lips; you bite into it and roll your eyes heavenward and declare that you never tasted anything half so delicious before. At the first opportunity you slip down-stairs and take a quiet drink out of the kerosene can to get up a proper after-taste in your mouth.

Yes, the Germans have discovered a new source of caviar

in the pike, and don't we wish we had some of it. The memory of the caviar we have eaten comes over us like the recollections of an Arctic explorer when he thinks of the train oil he has swallowed.

#### THE MINNESOTA MOVEMENT.

THE sportsmen of Minnesota have become thoroughly aroused on the important subject of a more efficient conservation of their game supply, and have set about securing a better order of things. After a protracted struggle in the State Legislature they have succeeded in securing several amendments to the game laws, among the most important of which is a non-export clause, so worded that it is thought to be capable of standing the severest test in the courts. This law will provide a much-needed remedy for the traffic in game illegally killed out of season and shipped to Chicago markets, where the dealers are always willing to receive it, however unlawful may have been its capture. The sportsmen of Minnesota have expressed their determination to secure a stringent enforcement of the non-export law, and it is stated that the principal game dealers of the State will second their efforts.

The work of the game protectors will not, however, be confined to suppression of the illicit traffic in game. The Minnesota Sportsmen's Association, through its active and efficient secretary, Mr. W. S. Timberlake, has given notice that its members and agents throughout the State will report all violations of the game law, and the association's officers and counsel will prosecute the offenders in every instance.

We sincerely trust that the zeal of the gentlemen now interested may not abate; the need of well directed and persistent effort is great. All right-minded sportsmen, whether residents or non-residents, will indorse the present movement.

There has been in certain quarters a tendency to decry non-export game laws as wholly unconstitutional, but this criticism has come from a source which is not altogether above suspicion of being hampered by entangling alliances with the game dealers, and such opinions must consequently be taken for what they are worth, and no more.

**FISHING AND SHOOTING ON SUNDAY.**—The new Penal Code of New York, Section 265, prohibits "shooting, fishing, playing, horse-racing, gaming," etc., on Sunday. This was amended in the State Senate last week so that fishing is exempted from the forbidden pleasures; but an effort to also permit shooting and hunting failed. We have not at hand a record of the votes cast on this occasion, but it is probable that the city members of the Senate voted in favor of Sunday fishing, for the bait and hand-line fishermen of this city are numerous enough to be a power at the ballot-box; and a queer lot they are, too, but quiet and inoffensive. There is a very good reason why shooting should be prohibited on the Sabbath; for if it were not, there would be no peace for the dwellers in the vicinity of our large cities. The Sunday shooters would inaugurate a reign of terror, and the familiar feathered denizen of the Long Island bayward would become a *rara avis* in the land. Some of the other States need laws prohibiting Sunday shooting.

**SOME PICTURES.**—Mr. Charles Lauman, of Washington, the well-known traveler, author and artist, has completed a series of paintings of scenes on famous Canadian salmon rivers. Mr. Lauman's work is of a very high order of merit; his pictures are admirable, and fortunate will be the man who secures them. Mr. Charles Zimmerman, of St. Paul, Minn., who some years ago made a happy hit with his pictures, "The Tight Shell" and "Trying for a Double," has added to the series of duck-shooting scenes three other water-colors, "A Lost Opportunity," "Stopping an Incoming," and "A Side Shot." The pictures are well conceived and most happily executed; they will appeal at once to the duck-shooter, and cannot fail to add very greatly to Mr. Zimmerman's already pleasant reputation as a sportsman-artist.

**ALASKA.**—We are in receipt of the report of Captain L. A. Beardslee, U. S. Navy, relative to Alaskan affairs during his command of that Territory, on board the U. S. S. Jamestown. Capt. Beardslee justly won great credit for the admirable way in which he governed the Territory; and we are pleased to know that the wisdom of his course was appreciated at Washington. Our readers, who will recall the delightful letters from Alaska, contributed by Capt. Beardslee to the *FOREST AND STREAM*, will be interested in a perusal of the present report.

**"AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."**—The announcement in our last issue has already brought in numerous responses, which signify the welcome to be accorded to the *American Kennel Register*. The initial number will be issued April 10, and all entries for it must be in hand by next Friday at the latest. We give details of the *Register* in our Kennel columns.

**BIRDS OF MAINE.**—The publication of Mr. Smith's notes, which has been interrupted by Judge Caton's very entertaining "Salmagundi," will be resumed in our next issue.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

### NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY LIEUT. FREDK. SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

**V.—Nimrod with a Fish-rod.—Concluded.**  
CODFISH of several varieties swarm over the various parts of the Arctic shores, no less than a quarter of a million being caught annually in Greenland alone. There is the larger variety similar to those on the "banks" of Newfoundland and elsewhere, but are only caught on the banks of the Arctic seas during the summer with hook and line. The smaller cod, the *qoqark* of the Esquimaux, seems to be a more Arctic fish. My first personal contact with this variety was when I first encountered the Nestsahlluk of King William's Land in a little cove on the Adelaide Peninsula. A short distance out on the ice of this cove were a number of holes dug through the ice, some fifteen or twenty, and at nearly every hole was a woman or child hauling out these herring-like cod as fast as they could put in their lines and pull them out. Their lines were made of the sinew stripped from the superficial dorsal muscles of the reindeer, their hooks being simply twisted bits of metal, barbs, and depending upon the rapid hauling in of the line to retain the fish, a dexterity which they acquire to such a degree that they lose but few. Still, our barbed hooks excited their curiosity and desire so that they were fain to give us almost anything for them, but we were glad enough to exchange them for their rough ones of copper that had been crudely hammered from the sheeting stripped from the bottoms of Sir John Franklin's ships, and keep these as mementoes of that deplorable disaster. Whenever the wind would blow with a disagreeable strength the fishers would build a high snow wall on that side to protect them, and this could be varied in a minute or so to suit every varying gust of wind. Even the many dogs in sneaking around would make out to steal a good meal of fish in the course of the day.

One thought could not help impress itself upon me very forcibly. Right near this place was the spot where the last survivors of Sir John Franklin's ill-fated expedition perished from cold, hunger and scurvy, the terrible tripod of death that determined their destruction. Here they landed, some ten or fifteen in number, in the summer months, when the first cause was at its minimum, with the means of appeasing the constant gnawing of the frost, swimming in countless numbers under the very keel of their boat, and using the same being the means of curing the last in the near future. Man's life hangs on a thread, as the old proverb says, for it certainly hung on a fish-line in this case. The old women of the village pressed around us with their hands full of curious little pearl buttons that came from the head of the *qoqark*, wishing to trade them for needles and such material. There is also a small and snail-like fish, called *halibut* in the Arctic seas, caught by whites and natives. The large halibut often weigh a hundred pounds, and a few years ago some American ships went into the business of catching them on a commercial speculation, but I think it has failed. The little halibut is much fatter and sweeter, and is angled for in the ice-floors of Greenland, at depths of about 200 to 250 fathoms of water. In somewhat shallower water of the same places, as from 150 to 200 fathoms, the anglers will often obtain the "red fish," whose flesh is likewise rich in oil and good to the taste. The *nepiok*, a fat little finny fellow, runs inshore during the spring to spawn, and then those natives lucky enough to be in the course of their "run" can live off of them for a couple of weeks or more.

The northern capelin is a fish that warms the unsportsmanlike soul of the native from its great abundance, when it does come, "and may in a dried state in winter time," says Dr. Rink, frequently be said to have constituted the daily bread of the natives. They are actually shoveled on shore for a month during the running season in the spring by the help of nets and seines and strewn over the rocks of the beach like manure over a field. The natives of Greenland do not catch much less than a thousand tons per year, especially if the season be successful.

There is one tribe of Esquimaux, and only one tribe, that my journeys brought me in contact with, who may be said to live upon fish, or, at least, it is their principal diet. I refer to the *Qoo-que-sik* Saalik Esquimaux, who live on the largest branch of Back's Great Fish River, the *Aqoo-ni-gook*, about forty miles from its mouth, and at the Dangerous Rapids at the mouth of Back's River. At the former place, on the *Aqoo-ni-gook*, there is a long series of rapids in the river, and when the ice breaks up and is clear of the river, about July the salmon commence to ascend, and they are speared by the hundreds by the fishermen, who boldly wade through the rushing torrent until a good standing place is found.

Their fishing spears are about ten to twelve feet long, in the inch and a half shaft, and at the lower end is placed a sharpened spike about four inches in length, generally made of copper. Two flaring pieces of horn are bound to the shaft, and at each one of the free extremities of these pieces is a metal spike bent back like a barb, the points of the three spikes nearly touching and at about equal angular distances from each other. When thrust over a salmon in the water the central spike pierces his back, the two outer ones flaring over his sides until they are pulled up, when the elasticity of the snail-ox horns springs drive them over his sides, and the "trammel" on the two pits that hold him with deadly certainty until he is thrown upon the land. The women and children then clean them, and they are placed to dry on double rows of reindeer sinew strings, drawn from one rock to another and back. When dried it is packed in sealskin bags for winter use, and even as late as May, when we visited them, they had a tolerable supply of *pipsce*, as they call it, among them.

Those at the Dangerous Rapids, beside the salmon, catch a herring-like fish which they call *coe-re-sit-luk*, and as it comes later in the year they have no time to dry it, and pile or *cuhe* it away in pens of rocks looking like huge granite beehives often as high as they can reach. Late as they are caught, they have plenty of time to acquire that taint so characteristic of stale fish, and so much is this killed by freezing, and is so generous as to liberate by thawing that the rot is even less decidedly a luxury as a delicacy compared with those that are cooked. This is true of all tainted meats, vast quantities of which are devoured by the natives throughout these regions. Taken in large quantities sickness supervenes, accompanied by a practical nausea, and cases often occur of death from this cause when driven to it by necessity, or indulging in it too freely under other circumstances. Out of 4,770 deaths among the Esquimaux of Greenland, 36 were poisoned by putrid meat, 16 of putrid

fever, probably brought on by this cause, and 73 of complaints of the stomach, 33 of vomiting, of which over half could be of this cause, if my experience among them should hold good in that country.

Colonel Gilder was fain to compare tainted walrus meat to Limburger cheese, and certainly when meats so perfectly marbled with interstitial fat as that of the walrus are tainted it is more that of the rancidity of old cheese than a true putrefaction; but no such claims rest with any of the true Eskimo, even in the cold zones of the Arctic, although we must be careful to have due to this diet in homeopathic doses. In small shallow streams these natives select a large stone, lay the ripple and build an oblique dam across, open for about a yard on either end and inclining to the axis of the stream at an acute angle as the length of the ripples will allow so as to keep the dam within them. After the *coe-re-sit-luk* have passed up the stream the upper opening is closed and a shoal of fish frighten them on the up stream side of the dam, where they must pass through the lower opening of the stream. This dam is continued along the bank for some distance, if there be one, or the water is directed out into a basin if there is none and in either case the fish are penned into a place so thick they are raked out with a large wooden rake on the bank and from thence deposited in the large cauldrons being drawn through the winter.

But the prince of the polar fish out of him here as in the temperate zones, owing to the ice, which bars such sport for the greater portion of the year. They are caught by means of holes cut through the ice, and the amount of satisfaction derived is about equal to that of pike or pickerel fishing under the same circumstances. Whenever the native traveler goes "into camp," and the water-hole in the bog, he always makes allowance for fishing by making the hole large enough to draw through this icy avenue the largest salmon that may perchance be swimming in that lake. He sometimes gets deceived in this calculation. I was once on the upper surface of seven or eight feet of ice, with a twelve-inch salmon on the under, separated by a ten-inch hole and connected by the strongest kind of sinew line and stout Limerick fish-hook. Our efforts to get together were finally crowned with success by one of the natives, who enlarged the hole in the ice with the chisel. These holes are dug with two instruments, the ice chisel consisting of a bayonet, a mortising chisel, a sword point or such like instrument fastened on the end of a ten or twelve-foot pole about two inches in diameter, and an ice scoop, consisting of a ladle holding about a pint, made of the splayed base of a musk ox's horn fastened on a similar pole. The hole is dug about a foot or eighteen inches in diameter, and about as deep, with the chisel, and its contents removed with the scoop, and this alternating process kept up until the water is reached, which wells up to nearly a level with the upper surface of the ice.

#### A REMINISCENCE OF UTAH.

HAVING seen but very little in the *FOREST AND STREAM* in regard to the game of Utah, it is the purpose of the writer to mention some of the small game that can be found in certain portions of the Territory. While from a strictly scientific standpoint, the matter presented may not be very instructive, the perusal of this article may be the means of obtaining some information regarding the section of the country referred to.

In the northwestern corner of Utah, about thirty-five miles from the Nevada line and twenty-five from the Idaho line, is the Rosebud Mining District, and it was the good fortune (or otherwise) of the writer to spend nearly a year in this camp. It is right on the borders of the "Great American Desert," and close by the old emigrant trail, over which so many poor pilgrims traced their weary way during the great excitement of the Pacific coast, and about as proper is situated in the foot hills of the Goose Creek range of mountains, and the district extends to the Raft River Range.

During the year the writer sojourned in the land of the Mormon, he had plenty of spare time to ramble over the hills and mountains, and so was enabled to gain a very good insight into the ways of the inhabitants, their habits and quadruped. Many very laughable affairs happened in the West, and many strange sights and scenes are always in the memory of those who have dwelt in the mountains. A person meets strange characters, in fact all those one meets are strange, for it is not the common kind that emigrates West. They stay at home and do as their fathers did before the time of the Mormon war, and they are different from his brothers (it may be more utterly worthless), but in camp matter, he is different who strikes out for himself, and wanders forth into the world seeking his fortune by land and sea. And among these men you will find characters that it only needs the hands and brain of a Dickens to make as immortal as the characters to which the great novelist has given life. We of "Rosebud Camp" had our characters, and the course of my rambling notes will tell a few incidents which occurred during my residing in the camp. I will not attempt to enter into any description of the mines or mining of the region, suffice it to say, that as far as the writer knows the camp is at this time deserted, for though there seemed to be plenty of good indications and great quantities of rich float, no one has been able to strike the mother lode or loca, etc., of it was in the fall of the year, when the writer "struck" the "camp," and the morning of what proved to be a very rainy day. After having ridden twenty-five miles on horseback, getting thoroughly damp, to say the least, he spent the night on the floor of an empty building, vainly trying to keep warm with one pair of blankets. It was cold enough to snow, too, so one can imagine that his introduction to the Rosebud was not so pleasant. The next morning the disagreeable things have an ending, and after a month or so I was quite comfortable in a little house of my own, where I had two bed rooms and an office.

My first experience in the way of shooting was the pursuit of what we called "mountain hare." I am at a loss to classify the animal. Baird gives a number of hares that seemingly are identical, and I imagine to any but the naturalist that the same thing. The hare resembles the hare has to do Baird describes as the prairie hare (*Lepus yesteri*) is its taking a white fur in the winter. You will be out in the hills to-day, and a hare will jump up from beneath a little bush with its suit of gray and dirty white, and at night the snow falls; the next day you start the same hare—and lo and behold! he is white. No doubt the *Alaskan* is not so sudden, but it really seems so; and the transition back to the summer garb is done as quickly. The



are very large, and I have seen some of them whose backs appeared as broad as that of a lamb as they went hopping up the hillside. They frequent the high foothills, and I never found them below the last hills, where the real plain commenced. When started from their form they hop off very awkwardly, as though one leg was in very bad shape; and if not shot at, or but slightly startled, they will stop after going a little way and sit up. By keeping quiet and watching slowly, it is possible to follow them around and to get near enough to shoot. They seem to skulk and dodge, especially when among the low mountain cedars. But start them by shooting at them, or scare them in some way, and then see them go! Their great long ears will flatten out on their backs, and nothing but a streak of white can be seen lying along the ground—and such jumps! I have started them down a hillside, where the snow lay so that their tracks could be seen, and the distance they would cover with one leap was prodigious. For fear, however, that some may say, "That's another Western yarn," I will not venture to name any exact distance.

The hares are not very hard to kill, excepting in the winter, when their coat is very thick, and then it will stop short in certain ways. But one or two shots in the right place will do the work, and I have killed them at quite long distances with No. 5 and No. 6 shot. They are good eaters, and I have seen most rare lard I could take my mind, sally forth and bring in a hare, three, which a Chinaman could stuff and roast, and serve hot. Charley D., the party who boarded the men, would help himself liberally and then remark: "Rabbit is pretty good chuck, if you hear me." I used to think sometime that the men did not agree with him, especially when the price of table board was \$7.50 per week. They probably thought it was too dear eating.

Poor Charley, he needed money badly, and I for my part did not begrudge him what he could make. He had been in the army and came out crippled with rheumatism. He spent a year in bed and got up with his body four inches shorter than when he lay down. His shoulders were all hunched up and his internal organs crowded together. It was with difficulty that he could walk in the rarified air of the camp, and he would have to stop and rest every few feet when climbing the hill near his house. We were only about 7,000 feet up, but Charley was unable to do any hard work and had drifted West to Oregon, then back to Utah. Here he started a little store and boarding house. While the camp lasted he did well, and would have "made his pile" if the thing had not "pettered." From Utah he went to Idaho, and was one of the few who ever made any money on the placer claims on Snake River. He sold out there and went to the Wood River country, and this winter wrote that he had "made his pile" and now was going to make and take care of himself. The next mail brought the news of his death. This is only one of many sad cases—the best years of a man's life thrown away searching for that which he never lives to enjoy. Charley was a good, whole-souled fellow, and many a pleasant trip we have had together. He would mount my pony with his shotgun while I would tramp alongside, and off we would go for the "jacks" on the plain.

Though Charley was nearly a cripple, he was a good shot with rifle, shotgun or pistol, especially with the latter. When he first started camp he was possessed of a little .22-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver, which in that country, as anywhere in the West for that matter, is laughed at as "no good." So the boys used to "devil" Charley about his "pop." One day one of the boys had just purchased a fine black slouch hat of the best quality, and extra large and with a wide brim and seven doings. He was laughing about Charley's pistol and said that he would just as soon let him shoot at him twenty-five yards off. Charley said that "he did not want to shoot at him, but he would bet he could hit his hat." So the fellow put up the hat, thinking at the worst it would only be a hole the size of a pea if it was hit. Charley took aim and fired away. The hat was inspected, and it was found that by chance the ball had just struck the crown along the top where it was creased, cutting a slit as if a knife had ripped it. The hat was then placed on the ground. "The laugh that followed can be imagined, and the poor chap had to buy a new hat and 'set 'em up' for the boys, while Charley afterward was allowed a little peace about his "pop."

The "jacks" that we used to hunt were "jackrabbits"—that is we also called them—whether they were the genuine "Texas hare" (*Lepus collumbus*) I am at a loss to state. Still I think from Baird's description that they are the same, but they were not as large as the mountain hare, nor so good eating, as they lived principally on the white sage, and their flesh tasted at times very strongly. There was a species of sage which was known locally as "rabbit brush," which seemed to be a favorite food; and wherever it was found there the "jacks" would be in abundance. Near Kelton, Utah, on the stage road into Idaho, there is a patch of this brush, and here the ground seemed to be alive with rabbits. I had heard wonderful stories of the number to be seen, but I was inclined to be skeptical. At last I visited the locality and I saw more rabbits in one day than I ever saw before in my life. They would jump up from beneath your feet, in front, to the right, to the left, and all around you, until it seemed as if the whole plain were nothing but jumping, hopping rabbits. No doubt that there are other sections of the West where they are as plenty, but I never saw such a sight before nor since.

It was quite the thing to get up rabbit-shooting parties in Kelton and to go out and kill a wagonload. It was no trick to shoot them there, but where they are less plenty it is good sport, for if a little excited the jack rabbit is anything but slow. The coyote will pick them up, it is said, but I won't touch for it. I know that nothing in the shape of a dog that I ever saw, excepting the greyhound, has any business at all with them. One of the best hunting dogs I ever saw was evidently a cross of several breeds, but he was a great runner for a cur. This dog rejoiced in the name of Quartz, like Mark Twain's "cat," and was a great character. Quartz would follow his master when he went to work, and if the work happened to be near the surface, he would sit and watch the men put in a blast. When the fuse was set on fire, he would retire with the men and wait eagerly for the shot to go off. As the first sound of the blast was heard, he would get right among the falling rocks and dirt, and if the shaft happened to be where the rocks would roll down hill, he would start after them and try to pick them up. Many a narrow escape did Quartz have from falling rocks, but he seemed to bear a charmed life and always just escaped. He would sometimes follow the wagon to town, and on the way would tackle every "jack" that started along the roadside. Sometime the "jack" would take the road,

and then we were treated to as pretty a sight of a "stern chase" as one would care to see. Quartz would just about hold his own for the first hundred yards, then in spite of his most strenuous efforts would begin to "get left." When the rabbit had increased his lead a little more, Quartz would come back, wag his tail, and look at us as if saying, "Didn't I make him run; just wait till next time and then see me catch him." Then he would trot along quietly until the next "jack" got up, when the performance would be repeated. Quartz was ambitious, but he never "got there."

Sometime when I did not care to ramble far with my gun, I would go just back of my cabin into a deep gulch or cañon, and walk slowly up through it, watching sharply for the little cotton-tail rabbit, which inhabited the cracks and crevices in the rocks. These rabbits were evidently the same specified as the gray rabbit (*Lepus sylvaticus*) by Baird, and resembled the rabbit I used to shoot and trap at home in New Jersey when a boy. Though they average smaller, they are better eating than the larger rabbits and hares of the mountains, probably because they feed on other things beside sage. They inhabit rocky places, and though I have seen them on the plains, it was always near rocks or among stones of some kind.

There was still another kind of rabbit that I used to bag occasionally. This was known locally as the "brush rabbit," but I cannot find anything mentioned among the rabbits in the books. I have seen it only once, and I am inclined to think it is not a genuine rabbit. I always found them in the larger sage brush, near water. They lived in burrows. Hair was dark brown, ears short; general appearance that of a small cotton-tail, excepting color and ears. However, I used to shoot them and then help them, so if they are not rabbits, they are at least not a poisonous article, as I live to tell the tale.

Among other kinds of game that frequented the locality was the sage owl (*Nyctaleus arizonensis*). This bird during the fall and winter would come in quite large flocks, and alight on the bare hillsides where nothing but a very small stunted sage brush grew. The leaves of this plant, however, seem to be the chief food of the sage hen. They are not a hard bird to approach, except in very windy weather; still as a general thing a person can not walk right up to them. By keeping out of sight most of the time, so as not to attract their attention, a person can get very close to a flock. I have stood in my cabin door and heard the whistling of the wings of a flock as they flew to some hill a half mile or so away. Taking my gun, which always hung in my room ready for use, I would start for the hill. If the birds were on top of it I would go up some gulch where I could keep partially hidden; but if they were on the side I would go up the opposite side and circle round until I came out to the flock. This was generally easy work, as the hills were all steep and ran up to sharp peaks. The birds would seldom rise until I was within shooting distance. Once in a while, however, I would "get left," and before I got in sight would hear the roaring of their wings as they went off for another hill. A little patience and a good deal of "leg work" would generally get the birds, however. After they were secured they did not amount to much for the table, especially if they were old and the winter nearly gone. They tasted rather good, but I never saw a bird killed early in the fall they were not so good. They will not keep very long, as I learned to my cost. I shipped two East to have them mounted for a scientific society. It was winter and I thought they would go through all right, but they arrived "too ripe" for use.

Up in the pines, some distance back of camp, one could find the blue grouse (*Tetrao obscurus*), but they were not plenty. Over the "cotton-tail creek" side the birds were more than thickly timbered and not as many as there were more plenty. I did not get over the range, therefore my acquaintance with this bird was limited—for I saw very few of them on our side of the mountains.

About four miles from camp at the foot of the main range was the head of a small stream called Rosebud Creek. In the high grass and weeds near the wet ground was quite a resort of the sharp-tailed grouse (*Pedicula phasianus*) or one of their kind. I have seen them in the high grass, where I found away from springs or streams, that is at any distance. They will lie in the grass quietly until kicked up, and at times a person will walk nearly over them. They are not hard to kill, and it is good sport shooting them. Their size compares favorably with that of the partridge of Michigan, though I do not think they will average as large. I used to go over to the creek after grouse, and while there would call on a character who lived in a cabin on its banks. This party was known as "Whisky Bill," "Cock-eyed Bill" or "Preacher Bill." The first two names I could account for, for whisky was a "strong hold" with Bill, and one of his eyes was a little crooked; but the "Preacher" part I cannot explain. This party was a little short man, seemingly shorter than he was, as his head sat right on his shoulders without any neck to speak of. He had been all over the West; was a trapper, stage-driver, pony express rider, miner and I don't know what else. He would come to camp after food and supplies, borrow all the books, papers, etc., he could find, shoulder his gunny sack and tramp back to his lonely cabin, where he would stay all alone for days and sometimes weeks. He was a great reader. One winter when trapping in the Rocky Mountains, he ran out of everything readable excepting an old Bible, which by some strange chance happened to be in the cabin. This he read through twice, and then he was gone. He was a great reader, and was the last man I ever to pick a quarrel or have any trouble with anyone; but he was not afraid of being shot, as was proved by a rather laughable incident that occurred in "town."

One day Bill borrowed a mule and went to town (a railroad station), and there, in due course became gloriously drunk. When it became time for him to go home, he sought the mule and was trying to mount the beast. Just as he called there, "muddled enough," he put his foot on him twice with a revolver, the balls singing very near Bill's ear, but he did not seem to notice the shooting. One of the crowd helped him to board his mule, and he sailed off, colors flying. Whether it took a long time for an idea to work itself through his muddled brain, or whether the ride home sharpened his faculties, no one knows, but the next day Bill appeared in town, still "full," as he had taken a supply of the creature to the point where he had put his foot on him, he hunted for the man who had done the shooting. Rolling up to him in an unsteady way, he began in his peculiar nasal tone with, "Say, look'er Gassy, I want to know who in h—l—er was shootin' at, and yer want to be keeful. If yer want to shoot at me, why all right; ain't any objections. But don't shoot towards that mule agin, for you might hit the mule, and he ain't mine; so mind,

don't do it agin," and off he went, satisfied that if there was any more shooting the borrowed mule would be respected.

Of all the mean, contemptible animals that roam the Western plains and mountains, the coyote (*Canis latrans*) is the meanest. We had a fair supply near and around our camp. Some quiet, "stilly" evening after all had retired and were "sleeping the sleep of the just," a sound would be heard like the wall of a lost spirit, then another like the yell of a maniac, then a succession of hoarse sounds, until it would seem as if pandemonium had broken loose and all the devils, great and small, were holding high carnival over the happy event. A person not acquainted with the character of the beasts would imagine that at least fifty of them were in camp, when three, or at most four, would be the extent of the gang. It was not often that we got a shot at Mr. Coyote. He would always "hob up serenely" when we did not have our guns handy. Charley had a few chickens for a short time, but coyotes love chickens, and Charley's died young. Scraps of meat and anything in the line of eatables were cleaned up nicely by these scavengers, and many other things, which a person would not imagine they would touch would likewise be gobbled.

On clear bright mornings, when the wagon would start for "town," it would not go more than a half a mile from camp, when away off to the right or left would be heard a yell, and in a moment another in reply from some other place. Then the yell would be heard by the right or left, or two away two or more coyotes would be following it to pick up the excrement dropped by the horses. We had a good joke on my brother while he was with us. One day he went to "town," with Charley after a load of supplies; and they did not start to return to camp until nearly night. It was dark before they were home, and as they had a load J. was walking to lighten the pull over a bad place. He felt behind a little way and presently looked behind him. "There, right at my heels, were, as he supposed, two dogs. Charley had stopped to allow J. to catch up, and as the latter reached the wagon, he said: "Whose dogs are these, Charley?" Charley glanced back and burst out: "Dogs! hang it man, those are coyotes." J. climbed on the wagon and rode the rest of the way. Not that he was afraid, but then the roads were good. The wolves had been attracted by the smell of meat, and were following the scent. There was not the same kind of pack as the larger animals, and even now, I suppose that these accounts are true, at least I have no good reason to doubt them; but I personally never saw more than three or four coyotes together at one time, and they were anything but bold. Dogs and coyotes will interbreed and some of the dogs that follow the Shoshone Indians around can hardly be distinguished from coyotes. They are a hungry, sneaking, mean-looking lot.

There were a few more of these creatures near camp, but it was not until we had caught sight of one; and I only succeeded in getting a shot once, and then the distance was too great for the fine shot used. They were the prairie foxes (*Vulpes intermontis*), and they are a beautiful animal. A description of the game of our camp would be incomplete did I fail to mention the animal known as the mule. Many may think a mule queer game, but I can assure them there is much game in a mule; and though plenty of game is made out of the festive mule, there is much more to be made. It is a subject without limit, for "y'en, verily," no man can comprehend the vagaries of the mule's character, especially of the Western mule. I believe that the further West one travels the more muleish he finds the mule. Here is a little incident to illustrate this point: We had hired a man to haul some lumber, etc., from the C. P. R. R. to camp. His team consisted of six animals—three horses and three mules. The freighter, a patiently straightened thing, and hit Moll a cut with his backspoke. Then he stepped back, and yelled this time directly at the obstinate one, "Stand up, Moll." But Moll shook her head as if to say "couldn't think of it," and stood still. P.—the freighter—then walked up, and with the butt of his whip gave Moll a fine training, but it was of no use, so he would not, I stood watching the proceedings, wondering what would come next. I unhooked the harness (Moll meantime standing like a lamb and looking as innocent as a baby), and getting a large lash rope from the wagon fastened it to Moll's neck; and after leading her quietly to the rear of the heavy wagon, he tied her head down as near the wheel as he could. Then he took off his coat and vest, laid down his hat and threw his braces back. Walking to the woodpile he picked out a club about five feet long, and with the head as a mallet, he walked up to his head that mule for fully five minutes. Then he took her back, and put her in the harness; and she—pulled—no, sir, not much! Out she came again, and once more back to the wheel. Some more medicine. To vary the dose this time, the butt of the heavy backspoke was applied over her head; this seemed to have some effect, as she began to hang her head and shake it. Putting the harness to her once more, P. stepped back, put on the braces, a yellowed vest, and then, after a short wait, started off with wagon, team and brakes set, too. P. stopped the team after driving around a little and came and put on his clothes. "There," said he, "that mule has been aching for that for six months, and I have drenched the job, now she is all right for six months more." Well, thought I, that beats me, as it did the mule.

The mule is tough. It lives on stuff that would kill a horse. There was one old mule that would eat anything on the prairie, and he lived in the kitchen. He would stand in the lee of the building in a raging snow storm and chew a ham bone as a dog; and in the spring that mule came out in good shape. Some may think that the yarn is as tough as the mule, but I can assure them that I myself saw the beast.

One more strange thing, strange at least to the "fender-foot," is the language of the Pacific coast. All west of the



trout, if we do, and beside, families get so scattered there that no one knows who his father is, and so vice versa, and who knows but that it is such delicate food that makes them so toothsome a dish for us. If Patti can improve her voice by singing on the mountainsides, why may not a trout improve his flavor by eating on the rocks, and vice versa?

"Well, the fond mammas, knowing the danger, keep the youngsters down the stream, where there are so many good hiding places, till they get large enough to take care of themselves, or it may be, to help themselves to a younger brother, when they go off on voyages of discovery in large schools of the same age, and bring up in the little lakes. Sometime, no doubt, a little fellow swims trout and messengers off to the lake, but he is soon gobbled up, before he has time to practice on a fly or a baited hook. Now if this explanation don't suit you, then find a better one for yourselves."

But I slid away from the gallinippers onto the brook trout without knowing it. Well, I am glad of it. We had been so long among those horrid massagers, and slab-sided hogs, and the pesky gallinippers, that it made me sick, and I had to go to something beautiful and charming just to settle my stomach. But I don't like those repulsive things, no doubt, though I never could find it out, and it was necessary you should know something of them to qualify you for the greatness before you, if you answer the hopes of your dear mammas, and I'll try to do my share in the discouraging job, even if it does make me sick."

"But, Major," called out a tall gaunt, stripling, who had seemed particularly interested in the trout question, "you started out all right with the prairie chickens and the deer, which I don't call repulsive things, but directly you switched off onto another track, which run you into a nest of vipers, where you floundered along till it made us all shudder with their ugliness. Now, can't you top off where you began and make us feel a little more jolly at the end?"

"Good for you, my darling," responded the Major. "There is some hope for a lad that loves the beautiful in nature and dislikes the ugly, if God did make them all; but I will say this, I always had my doubts about the serpents."

"Yes, yes, let's go back to the prairie chickens and the deer, where we began; and I only wish I had time to tell you about the wild turkey, too, whose plumage is the gayest, glitters with the softest and the most charming colors, exquisitely blended, of all American birds, not even excepting the humming bird. I have seen hundreds of them in a flock within a few miles of where we are now. In the spring the old birds start about, and raise their feathers till they looked as big as a barrel, and you would think they must burst with pride and self-importance, and you could hear them gobble in a continual chorus full a mile away; and then they would fight. O my! it was the battle of the Wilderness over again, where the Grants and the Lees fought for the mastery. But we must leave them for another time."

The prairie chicken is not a very beautiful bird, but he is good all the same. He is not a smart bird."

I was much troubled with a disease which often afflicts boys, called 'the fowls.' They haven't sense enough to go south to warmer countries in cold winters, but hang around here and freeze and starve to death, when they could fly in a single day to where they could make themselves comfortable. Although they generally make short flights, they can fly for miles at a time if they choose, as I have seen them do."

In cold weather they express themselves by sitting around on fences and trees where the wind can get a fair rake at them, while in warm weather they always sleep on the ground under some big leaf on the prairie where they can't get a breath of fresh air, and where all the varmints in the country can easily find them. They always make their nests on the ground, where the snakes and such are hunting for them, and if a nest escapes them it may be drowned out by the floods, for they are to select a dry ground for their nesting places. In very wet seasons the species of birds expect a short crop of chickens. If they would only select safe nesting places, like the crow or the blue jay they would multiply faster than rabbits, for they are good layers and good setters, and I never found an addled egg in a nest after the brood had left it. The eggs are small, and the average number set upon may be from twelve to sixteen, but they are exposed to many casualties when very young, but when a pair are ten days old they can fly pretty smartly, and can take some care of themselves."

"These prairie birds are, however, funny fellows, sometime. The spring of the year is the season of courtship with them, and it doesn't last all the year round as it does with humans, and they do it in rather a loud way, too. And instead of taking the evening for it as many people are inclined to do, they take the early morning for it. Early in the morning as soon as it is light you may see them assemble in parties, from a dozen to fifty, together on some high knolls, where the grass is short, and their goings on would make you laugh, it would. The cock birds have a loose patch of naked, yellow skin on each side of the neck just below the head, and above these on either side just where the head joins the neck are a few long black feathers, which ordinarily lay backward on the neck, but which when excited they can pitch straight forward. Those yellow naked patches on either side of the neck cover scales, which they can blow up like a bladder whenever they choose. These are their ornaments, which they display to the best advantage before the gentleman at these love feasts. This they do by blowing up these air sacks till they look like two ripe oranges on each side of the neck, projecting their long black ears right forward, ruffling up all the feathers of the body, till they stand out straight, and dropping their wings to the ground like a turkey cock. Now they look just lovely, as the coy and timid maidens seem to say, as they cast side glances at them, full of admiration and of love."

"Then it is that the proud cock, in order to complete his triumph, will rush forward at his best speed for two or three rods through the midst of the love-sick damsels, pouring out as he goes a booming noise, almost a hoarse roar, only more subdued, which may be heard for at least two miles 'a he still morning air. This heavy booming sound is by no means harsh or unpleasant to the ear, it is soft and even harmonious. When standing in the open prairie at early dawn listening to hundreds of different voices, pitched on different keys, coming from every direction, and from various distances, the listener is rather soothed than excited. If this sound is heavier than the deep key notes of a large organ it is much softer, though vastly more powerful, and may be heard at much greater distance. One who has heard such a concert can never mistake or forget it."

"Every few minutes this display is repeated. It is not only one, but more than twenty cocks going through

this funny operation at once, but then they seem careful not to run against each other, for they have not yet got to the fighting point. After a little while the lady birds begin to show an interest in the proceedings by moving about quickly a few yards at a time, and then standing still a short time. When they see a cock contented with a large number of birds at a time, it presents a funny sight, and you can easily think they are moving to the measure of music."

"The party breaks up when the sun is half an hour high, to be repeated the next morning and every morning for a week or two before all make satisfactory matches. It is toward the latter part of the love season that the fighting takes place among the cocks, probably by two who have fallen in love with the same sweetheart, whose modesty prevents her from selecting between them."

"These birds can't smell enough to tell a roscod from a polecat. I guess their eyesight is pretty fair, and they know just enough to fly when they are badly scared—sometimes. When they do get up they fly straight away with a very rapid motion of the wings and a whirring noise, which will raise every individual hair on your head if they get up near you and you are not expecting it. They are an easy mark for the sportsman and are very welcome to the table."

"They have contrived well. The cock snuffers are used to catch them in box traps and confine them in loose pens made of poles, where they would eat and fatten well, and the hens would lay their eggs in the spring, but were not inclined to set upon and hatch them. I believe they could be easily domesticated with proper management."

"The winter of 1832 was the hardest winter ever known in this country within the memory or tradition of the oldest Indians. The snow was four feet deep all over the north half of this State, and it was the greatest valley. This was very bad for both deer and prairie birds. Not one in a thousand lived to see the naked ground again. In 1833 I marched with my regiment across the Grand Prairie, and we did not start a single head of either. Before the big snow, hundreds, or more of them, would have been started. By 1835 on the same route, many were met with, and in 1838 they were as abundant as ever, and the deer were even more so, for the winter was not so severe. The white settlers only had been here three years, and the Indians were still in the country. In 1839 I counted over sixty in one drove, only sixteen miles from Chicago, and you could cross a prairie nowhere without jumping a deer. The Indians were never hard on the prairie chickens. Not but that they wanted them, but they could not get them in paying quantities. They could not smell them out like a pointer dog, and they never tried to shoot them on the wing, so the birds had it pretty much their own way."

"But the deer! The deer, the most beautiful of all living things—barring the ladies, which I only do for politeness' sake. His graceful form, his light and elastic step, his bounding leaps as he rushes through the forest or over the plain, his mild, bright eye and majestic mien as he stands in the running stream, form a combination of fascinating charms in no other animal brought together. If that aesthetic fellow who has lately been roaming through this country milking the gentle goats, could see one wild deer in his unchecked freedom, he would surely expire with delight or say, 'I will look no further for the beautiful.' How I ever had the heart to kill one of these I cannot tell, and yet I never felt a self-reproach, while I never ceased to admire. Surely we are strange combinations of inconsistencies."

"The deer has some peculiarities which I may mention: In the first place they have no gall sack on the liver. This is true of all the deer family, and so one wild deer is still more remarkable, is that vegetable poisons have no effect upon them. For instance, the deer will grow fat on the evergreen laurel, while a single mouthful will kill a sheep."

"A deer will eat tobacco whenever he can get it, and probably he would grow fat if he could get enough of it. Offer the first tame deer you meet with some tobacco, and you will surely make him your friend. Whether this is so, I cannot tell, but I know, and so you can reckon it is not. I feel very confident that he knows he is not so much afraid of venomous bites, like the hog. He has as great an antipathy against the massager as any good Christian. Any man worthy of the name, even if he is going for a doctor, will stop to kill a massager, and so will a deer. I once saw a grand old buck looping over the prairie, as if he was in a pretty smart hurry, when he stopped suddenly and turned his head to windward. Presently he began stepping along, as carefully as if he was looking out for the tracks where he was careful as if he was looking intently over every foot of ground before him when he stepped."

"I say, Major," cried out a freckled-faced, shock-headed and sandy-haired graceless-looking stripling who had stood for an hour, one bare foot resting on the other, where he had balanced himself with great precision, "did that old buck tell you what doctor he was going for, or what member of his family was sick?"

"The major looked and looked at the impertinent youth for an instant, and said:

"Boys, take that sickly-looking youth home at once and put him to bed with hot bricks to his feet, and ice to his head. He is in great danger and prompt remedies should be applied." It was evident the sympathy of the crowd was with the Major, who had so often interested and instructed them. The boy was hustled out of the ring in a trice, and when all became quiet again the instructor proceeded:

"As I was saying, that deer stopped short in his tracks, turned his head to windward and sniffed the air for half a minute, and then turned in that direction and stepped along very lightly and cautiously, looking intently before him. Now you must know that the deer has not a very sharp eyesight, though his eyes look as if he could look right through a board fence, but his senses of hearing and smelling are sharp enough to make it up, and more too. He can smell an enemy further than he can see him, and he can hear a chicken, and tell what it is, and where it is, and he can hear the breaking of a twig or the rustle of a leaf, at an astonishing distance, and tell by the sound what caused it."

"Presently that buck stopped stock still, and looked into at some object a little way before him, with his neck curved down for a few seconds, and then jumped high in the air and lit about six feet away upon all four feet bunched together, and he looked as if he had run a half mile at least ten feet, and then turned his head to look at the tracks where he had struck. After a short survey he pursued his way as if nothing had happened. I might have shot that deer, but I wouldn't—no, not much, though I was in want of meat bad. I well knew the Christian work he had been doing and felt like shaking hands with him as a brother. I would have starved before hurting a hair of his hide."

"After he had gone on (for the doctor it may be) I went up to see the tracks he had made, and sure enough there lay

the mashed remains of a big massager, which looked as if he had been run through a sausage mill. Those four double hofs, almost as sharp as hay knives, loaded with about 180 pounds of venison, had just cut the thing all to pieces. There wasn't a piece left big enough to wiggle."

"Now, who shall say that a deer hasn't got sense and courage as well as beauty or could spend a whole day in telling you of incidents that would prove it, and if his meat wasn't so toothsome and nourishing I just know it would be a sin to kill him. I never killed one unless I needed the meat, or somebody else did, and when I killed him I loved him still."

"I must write a book book some day just to tell how many ways venison can be cooked, each one better than another. I will only speak of one now which is not mentioned in the latest authorities. Take the spare-rib of a deer, impale it on one end of a sharpened stick, and stick the other end of the stick in the ground, leaning it toward the fire, sprinkling it with a little salt and red pepper, or, in want of these, use clean hickory or maple ashes lightly. Half a dozen of these at the back side of your camp-fire will be ornamental, and in the morning you will find them useful. Go to your cedar or hemlock bows and sleep till an hour before daylight. Then get up and you will just hanker to pick those bones. The deer has a good deal of the first streak of light, listen to the concert of the squirrels and the birds as they awaken to greet the morning light, and if you keep still and look sharp you may see a big-horned buck, or a doe and her fawn, on their morning walk, and now, boys, I think we have said enough for one day, so let's go home and get our dinners and tell your mammas you have been to school."

"Say, Major," called out an intelligent-looking lad, who had been attentively listening in silence the whole time. "Tell about that pilot plant that you sighted to across that valley."

"Well, I will," said the Major, "for it won't take long. There are two plants that grow abundantly on the wild prairies which indicate to the observing traveler the cardinal points, or the points of the compass, unless, indeed, he is completely turned round, when he may take north for south and east for west. Hence these are indifferently called the compass plants or pilot plants. Both are of the sunflower family, and have flowers like it, only smaller. One is also called the rosin or turpentine weed [*Silphium laciniatum*—Ed.], and is the most abundant. While it is met with in the high rolling prairies, it grows most luxuriantly on low ground, where it sometimes occupies the ground to the exclusion of all other plants. It only seeds once in four or five years, when a stout seed stalk shoots up, from four to eight feet high, with a fuzzy coat, with small leaves shooting all around it, except along its course. This stalk is saturated with a gummy fluid strongly resembling the sap of the pine tree in smell and taste. Wherever a stalk is broken or the bark fractured this substance exudes, and as it dries it crystallizes in drops from the size of a shot to that of a half-ounce bullet. It is as clear as amber. The children of the period used to gather it in considerable quantities and used it for chewing gum, for which it is the best known substance. It cleans the teeth and gums, and all impurities and the substance has a pleasant breath and promotes general health. That explains why it was that all the log cabin girls of former days had such beautiful pearly teeth, as white as the snow and as sound as a rootabaga. You can tell one of those log cabin girls by her teeth yet whenever you meet her, and it is all owing to the prairie gum, but remember they could only gather much of it once in four or five years, so they had to lay in a good stock when it did come, when it did come, it was, to say the least, a treasure, it would have commanded a very high price, for what wouldn't a girl give for beautiful teeth, provided she is of any account herself."

"Horses eating prairie hay never have the heaves, and the leaves of the pilot plant, more or less of which is found in all wild upland hay, have the credit of this. The leaves of this plant grow out in a bunch of from five to twenty, close to the ground. They are from an inch to two inches long, with a strong center rib and deeply serrated edges. One is called the fingered-leaf pilot plant. The fingers in the middle of this leaf may be six inches or more long and two inches wide, and the indentations between them reach to within an inch of the center stem. These leaves spring from the roots, which are large and of a soft, woody, fibrous structure. They are readily cut off by the breaking plow, and die at once."

"The other pilot plant [*Silphium terribilitatum*—Ed.] is of the same family, but differs from the first in several particulars. It has a large palmate leaf with finely notched edges. It may be from ten to fourteen inches long and half as wide. It widens gradually from the bottom to one-third its length, and then gradually diminishes in width to a point at the end. It, too, springs from the root, which is smaller than the other. It, too, secretes a resinous substance, but is much less rich than the first. It has the resinous odor, and so no gum is gathered from it. Its bearing years occur more frequently than those of the other resin weeds—a very few of both will be found in fruit every year. Its fruit stem is longer and more slender, and is as smooth and glassy as if finely polished. It is much more tenacious of life and will bear transplanting. It grows on drier ground and not in such dense bodies, but is scattered over the high rolling prairies. Of the first number of the resin weeds, I found clustered together, especially on the higher grounds, sending up a dozen or twenty seed stalks in a cluster, which when in bloom may be seen at a great distance."

"I once took a friend, who had just arrived from the East and was supposed to be far gone with the consumption, out riding. The road passed through a large field of the resin weed in full bloom, and almost as dense as a field of hollyhocks. For some distance the air was loaded with a delightful resinous perfume. Directly after we rode the field, covered all over with a golden mantle above our heads, he drew a long breath, and requested me to stop, saying that he could now breathe freer and fuller than he had for a long time. He seemed to be in positive delight as he freely inhaled that healing atmosphere. Every pleasant day after, I took him to the same place, with the same results. He began to improve immediately, and in a month's time felt so well that he began to look about for business. That was thirty-five years ago, and he has never complained of his lungs since that healing, and is a well man now. That the fragrance of the rosin weed is soothing and healing to weak lungs I am certain, and I have no doubt the same is true of chewing the gum."

"But how about the compass plant of it, Major?" cried out a lad who was evidently becoming impatient at so much detail.



"Yes, and that is the last," said the Major. "It is these clusters of large leaves, springing right from the ground as described, which point the course. Their edges point to the north and south, and their sides face to the east and west. This is not so with all of them, and perhaps not with any of them exactly; so that if you depend upon any single leaf you would surely be misled. This is their condition approximately, and all nearly all varying somewhat to the right or left of the course. But if you error correct, another and take the average, and the true north and south are pointed out exactly. I speak of what I know, for I have often set my compass and studied carefully cluster after cluster of these leaves, and of both kinds, and always with the same result. It is not necessary to study minutely every leaf in order to determine the right course. The moment the eye rests upon a cluster of leaves it almost intuitively calculates the average and determines the course."

"I could tell you some marvellous stories of the results from observing these plants, but I have told enough for one day, and so we will declare school dismissed."

As the Major arose from his seat and turned away he saw me writing on a barn-head just behind him, where I had taken down every word he had said.

"A child's game you rate my notes," said the Major. "It was too good to lose. It was throwing pearls before swine."

"Not so, my friend," rejoined the Major. "There is sure to be some one or more among those boys that has it in him to make his mark in the world, and what I say may whet his appetite to seek for more knowledge. You ask my leave and then do as you like. You are a posy-set after all. If a man has a little wake at night, and then talks in his sleep you will have every word of it in the paper the next morning. At any rate leave out those big things I said in the fore part of my talk. I had to put them in to get the boys' attention."

"No, no, Major," said the reporter, "that would spoil it. These were exaggerations, and so understood by everybody; as when we said a million, we are simply understood to mean a great many." "As high as the sky," we simply mean very high. When you told how you were handicapped by the massagers, you only told that they are very plenty and ugly, and strike at everything that comes within their reach, and either from the form of their fangs or viciousness they are apt to hang on when they do bite. Now this I well know to be true. I once had a pointer dog, who was ranging through the prairie at a good pace, when he suddenly reared up and threw up his head violently, and up went a massager more than four feet into the air. He had bitten the dog in the cheek when he was on the run, and it took a violent jerk to throw him off. And then, too, was proved the efficacy of that rattle-nake weed which did you such good service on that trying occasion. I took in the dog and drove to a cabin about half a mile away, where some of that root which grew within a few feet of the house, bruised it in milk, and drenched the dog with a pint of it, and bound the rest onto the wound as poultice. By this time the head was swollen large enough for two heads, and very soon the dog was in a comatose state, and so continued for ten hours, when I went to bed never expecting to see that dog again alive. When I looked out of the window the next morning I was rejoiced to see the dog making his way to the door, and he never after showed any evil effects from that bite. So you see you were only telling simple truths, though in strong language, no doubt. But, Major, I do think it was rather hard on the boys to have to chew the roots for that big poultice. Certainly if there were any dormlocks about there with which they could have bruised them."

"Not so," said the Major. "By mixing the root with human saliva a deadly virus is added to the bite. You yet to learn that human saliva has wonderful remedial effects in certain conditions, while it is actually poisonous in others. It may be taken into the stomach not only with impunity, but is absolutely essential to the healthy action of that organ, while it is poisonous if taken into the circulation; such is the case also with the virus of a rattlesnake. You may suck the poison from the wound made by the rattlesnake with perfect impunity, if it is taken into the mouth, and indeed that is the best thing to do, if it can be done quickly. Human saliva counteracts or neutralizes other poisons similar to itself. Hence it is that it so quickly relieves the pain of a mosquito bite or even a bee sting. It is an excellent remedy for all cutaneous irritation, and still it is hurtful if it gets into the circulation. I have heard of several cases where most serious consequences have resulted from human bites, and of a virulent pest which is produced by the bite of the Indian microscopists lately tell us that blood globules undergo precisely the same change when brought in contact with human saliva that they do when touched by the virus of the viper. I expect it will not be long before the scientists will prove us all to be only an improved breed of vipers, and that our bites should be equally avoided. I think I have seen people who are not much improved in the breeding either."

"Thank you, Major," I said, "I now see why you made the boys chew that root poultice. As to the gallinipper hairpins, if that was an exaggeration it only amounted to the statement that they have fearful long and stout bills, which is undeniably true. You made them pretty large, to be sure, when you made fish bait of them, but—"

"Stop there," said the Major, "that was true in fact. For Jim Boal did catch a fine yellow perch in Gratiot Lake with one for bait, and we could really have caught a whole mess of them only we would have had to bait the hook every time, which made it too slow for them when they were ready to almost jump out of water at any thing."

"As for that old sow, I admit I made her rather thin when I forced her through a three-inch space, but all that breed were mighty thin and slab-sided. I know I made her a better snipe hunter than they would average, but everybody knows they went for them as if they both hated and loved them."

"I don't know of anything else that I have said that needs any explanation or qualification, so I will bid you a good day, hoping that you may live long and prosper."

**SNOW BENTINGS IN A TREE.**—Not to be outdone by "Taxidermist," in your issue of March 8, I want to report what I have just evened out. I saw a fallow deer in a field of snow, and since then snow bentings have been more plenty than at any time during the winter. Wanting some specimens, I went out on Wednesday, but succeeded in getting only two good ones. After business hours yesterday I went over the same ground and did not see a bird until I

had got inside the city limits, when I saw a flock of fifteen birds, and on getting near them I saw they were horned larks. Not wanting any more, I thought I would see how near I could get to them and watch them. When within about four rods, on looking beyond them I saw a flock of 200 or 300 birds, and as they seemed to be more restless than the larks, I concluded they were buntings. I passed the larks without disturbing them, and when within good gunshot they took wing, and I fired one charge of No. 12 shot among them, killing one and wounding another. After securing them, I saw that the larks had flown about fifteen or twenty rods and alighted again. I retraced my steps to take another look at them, when to my surprise I saw the buntings retook and alighted among them. I shot among them as they got up, killing one lark, one bunting and winging another. The larks flew from me, while the buntings passed by me, crossing the street, and to my great surprise, all alighting in a large elm tree about four rods from the street. After securing the two dead birds, I took after the winged bunting, and before I had overtaken it, it had reached the fence, passing under it into the street. While I was getting over the fence I saw one of the larks alight by the side of the wounded bunting (probably taking it for its mate that I had killed) and then on the rail of the fence, and remained there until I had secured and picked away the bunting. A team passing, it then took wing, and after four rods from me, and I turned away, thinking that I had unnecessarily severed a pair that had come to stay and rear a family; but as there were fifteen in the flock, there must have been one without a mate, and I tried to console myself by thinking that in some respects birds are like human beings. As I passed to the opposite side of the street, and near the tree where the buntings had alighted, two meadow larks flew out of it and over the street, and I shot one, which was the first of the season. I do not know that it is uncommon for snow buntings to alight in trees, but I have never seen or heard of their doing so before. I was much surprised when "Taxidermist" reported the horned lark doing so, but now I do not doubt it.—J. L. D. Lockport, N. Y., March 23).

**MEADOW LARK AS WINTER RESIDENT.**—I read with great pleasure Mr. Enly's chapter on "Our Winter Birds," in your last number, and through your columns would like to ask that gentleman who has been so well noticed the lark as a winter resident. My attention was first attracted to this bird during the winter of '76 and '77, at which time I was teaching school in the Blue Ridge Mountains (Adams county, Pa.). On Christmas-day of that year I went rabbit shooting, and while crossing a rather marshy spot of land flushed a meadow lark, which I killed; and as the report sounded, a woodcock flushed, which I killed with my other barrel. The lark, and likewise the cock, were the heaviest and largest birds of the two species that I ever saw, and oh, we good! such delicate and juicy morsels never crossed any man's palate. While narrating this fact to the stage driver from Gettysburg, I made the remark that though I had read of winter woodcock, I had never seen or heard of a winter meadow lark. This gentleman told me that he knew of several large flocks living the year around in the meadows around Gettysburg. The following winter I was at the Pennsylvania College, teaching school for feeble-minded children at Media, Pa., and here on our own grounds, I saw proof of this fact in two large flocks which remained all that winter with us, becoming very tame during the cold weather; we fed them the whole winter. Just about a month ago, while crossing the fields, in our county and near the city, my young sister flushed a lark, which I have since seen several times in the same field. If my memory serves me, she was the author of the first shot which I have had access, being the lark as a migrating bird, and from the facts stated above I should think differently. Another point, the bird I shot in '76 was a male, which I proved by dissection, and two which I shot from the flocks at Media were also males; this would seem to give strength to the theory I once heard, that it is only the females which migrate. Mind you, Mr. Editor, I am doing no more than write what I have seen or heard, and cannot make a dogmatic assertion one way or the other. I can only hope others will give some observations on the bird which, if not hunted as game, is at least interesting as an ornithological study, and the bird which I have no doubt others beside myself used as a target when taking their first lessons in wing-shooting.—MEDICUS (Baltimore, March 23).

**THE PTARMIGAN WINTER.**—Last autumn (1882) we had published in the Quebec *Chronicle* a letter relative to the probable recurrence of the willow grouse or ptarmigan (*L. albus* Aud.) this winter. The prediction or surmise has proved correct as the following clipping from the Ottawa *Citizen* of March 2 will show: "It was reported to-day by a farmer from the neighborhood of Penbrooke that ptarmigan had been seen in the vicinity of the town. It is curious that if such be the case, none have been observed at other localities generally visited by this polar bird during the severe winter south of the Arctic latitudes." Some weeks ago another notice of the recurrence of the ptarmigan appeared in one of the Manitoba papers and was copied in the Montreal *Witness*. Of late years this bird has been very scarce and reports have been received at some of the Hudson Bay outposts, stating that Indian hunters, who sometimes accompanied almost entirely on their birds, were in a starving condition. When the snowfall is very heavy in the north the birds appear to perish in large numbers—not from cold, but owing to the willow brush being covered up. During such winters there is a large migration southward of the ptarmigans, and numbers are killed by hunters and lumbermen to the northward of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers. Some twenty years ago it was said that the birds brought in our markets at Montreal and Quebec in large numbers, but since then they have almost completely disappeared. This, then, has been a "ptarmigan winter," and a cold and severe one too it has been.—H. G. V. (Montreal, March 3).

**FEW AGAINST THE HOUSE.**—No less than four woodcock have met death in the same manner, i. e., flying against the house; and the last fellow tried it while we were all sitting on the piazza one fine summer evening, "twixt daylight and dark"—Zip bang! and poor little longbill was straggling his life away on the gravel walk at our feet. I gathered him in, and I have him mounted; and a fine bird he is. The bill was uninjured, but the top of his head was literally smashed to pieces. The house stands on an elevation, and is painted a buff color, which may account for these frequent casualties. It is also located at Bay Ridge, L. I., on the line of flight of the migration, which would seem to have something to do with it, as three of the victims were found late in autumn.—DICK.

## Game Bag and Gun.

**GAME RESORTS.**—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to our readers. FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

### SMOKE MEMORIES.

FIVE TIME SECOND—A POT SHOT SPOILED.

"A peaceful pipe the shepherd plays."

**THREE** "clock on the morning of July 4 each year always found the "royal four" at the "Water Hole" on the Sag Harbor turnpike. First, a cat was made by the dogs on the east side and then we commenced the real work on the west side of the pipe toward the brick kills (gone for more than forty years). I have shot through almost every kind of cover for summer birds, but save a small swamp at Moutauk nothing could compare with this cover. We had to crawl through and beneath the densest tangle of bull brier and wild rose, getting our shots not through skill, but by intuition, luck, or whatever you might call it, for it was impossible to put the gun to shoulder for a sight. Birds were plenty, but rarely left this dense cover. However, we usually got a dozen birds and thought ourselves paid for all trouble.

One time we had a New York chap with us who could outshoot Daniel Boone (let him tell it). We worked the bull brier gully, as well called it, but our new friend had not made a shot. This was nothing against him, for we old chaps, who knew the whole racket, saw him there in the same plight when we had got through the thicket, or at least we hadn't a bird and perhaps had made several shots.

After picking up a few birds at several places further ahead, the party divided for a short time to meet at a very likely place, which would require the four to work in a thorough manner. The New York gentleman and the writer were to follow a drain through a short meadow to where it met a creek, and then wait and watch for our friends, who took both dogs for some different ground close by.

The trysting place was lovely. Some large willow trees grew a short distance from the bank of the brook and the cattle had made a wallow or resting place under their cool shade. The other side of the brook was a thicket of wild rose and a few alders. Where we halted a little knoll topped with a clump of bushes gave us cool shade with a delightful view through this vision of willows, brook and rose bushes. We both enjoyed it, and while awaiting our friends we our pipes and chafed of the sport so far and prospects for the remainder of the day.

As we talked we spied two woodcock under the shade of the willows, and motionless silently watched them. I never before had such an opportunity to study their natural movements, and I know my companion never had, for he asked me what kind of birds they were. They could not have been thirty feet from us, and we, lying upon the bank as we did, were not perceived so long as we remained motionless. For a full quarter of an hour we watched these birds bore, eat, plume themselves and meditate. How pretty they were—graceful, stately, moderate in their meal! It seemed to me that they heard the worm, ere they thrust their beaks into it, and that faintly, faintly, they would pick his or her head on one side, quite near the ground, as he or she moved along, and suddenly turn and thrust the long beak into the soft earth, but I noticed not always successfully.

A sound from my companion caused me to look toward him, and none too soon—the pot-hunter had quietly raised his gun and was drawing sight upon our pretty neighbors, motionless as pot-then where they stood, he threw up his gun as he fired; of course, our birds were not so slow. There was nothing too bad for me to be called for spoiling his shot. I had to threaten to pot him, and while our wordy war was in progress our companions came up, and after hearing the story, were so indignant that Mr. New Yorker was then and there invited to leave our company, as we considered ourselves gentlemen, and not pot-hunters. We always considered, in our little club, that a man who shot a game bird sitting was not fit company for us, and we did not hesitate to say so.

A true sportsman does not go out for meat; that is of secondary importance with him. I had rather spend a day in the woods and fields, coming home with an empty bag, happy if I have been able, as on that day, to come face to face with nature. I have been into a nut forest for squirrels, finding them plentiful, and come away with a score, for I was well paid to sit still and watch them *as nature*. I didn't want meat. Whether I should carry this feeling so far as to sit still and watch a grizzly who was watching me, I can't say. Perhaps he might want meat. RETONDS.

HOSKINS, MASS.

### WINTER AT INDIAN LAKE.

**IT** is March 19 and no more sign of spring than January 20. It is cold and the snow is fully four feet deep on the level. It has been the longest and hardest winter among my many years past. I have not seen a single grouse since the first of November, and I have not seen a single ptarmigan since the first of December. I have been killed to some extent in some parts of the Adirondacks. In this part of Hamilton county, I think, they have not been killed to any amount; I have heard of only two within fifteen or twenty miles from my place of business. As I do business with all the lumber camps in this section, I have had good opportunity to get information. I have heard of several being killed in Essex county and some in the Raquette Lake region.

Ruffed grouse must have perished to some extent this winter; the great body of snow has crusted over several times, and you know their habits in the winter, and as they were not very plenty last fall owing to the cold rains of last spring, the next year's crop will be small. I never knew this noble bird to be more plenty than in early last spring. In coming through the woods I noticed a cover after every thinking at the same time what spot I would have, five months later in season, but I was very much disappointed when in September I wrote to some friends in the city to come and join me in the sport to find that the many flocks of ten and fifteen birds in the spring were reduced to the old birds and from one to three half-grown chickens in each flock. Of the two hundred that I shot during the season, not more than thirty-five were young birds. My usual number of these birds for the season is from three hundred to three hundred and fifty, and about fifty woodcock.

Woodcock are getting more plenty every year in this section. I shot about twice as many last season as the season



previous. No one cares for woodcock here but myself; not one in ten of the inhabitants know what they are. Many an old farmer has told me that they had seen some in the dry trees about their farms, after my inquiring of them if they knew of any—their meaning of course the red-headed woodpecker.

Spring I can hear the drumming of the cock grouse not over three hundred yards away from my dooiepit. It is very tempting to the small boy with the old musket, and once in a while to a big boy, too. It is a great pleasure to the lover of the gun to be able to stand an hour or two from his business on a bright October day and return with two to six birds. I have done this time and again and without going more than half a mile from home. Once, two years ago, I stood on my dooiepit looking across the valley at a small patch of woods that I wish you would try to catch four full-grown grouse playing in the sand. It did not take long for me to step inside and get my gun from its case, and secure the whole four after flushing them two or three times. You cannot do the same from your office, but you can enjoy your short mild winter better than we can four feet of snow for six months.

O. ST. M.

### CAPTURING A GROUSE ALIVE.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bag.—*Old French proverb.*

THERE are many peculiar incidents happening in the life of every sportsman when afield which never appear in print, and so fail to add either to our knowledge or pleasure. I do not mean great events; not escapes from fire or flood, but those which may be very simple and yet peculiar as well as interesting.

Every time I see the words "ruffed grouse" in the articles appearing almost weekly in FOREST AND STREAM, I am reminded of a number of just such incidents in which I have figured when in pursuit of that noble bird. I was born and brought up within hearing of his drum beat, and the habits, haunts and tricks of this king of the woods are as familiar to me as my mother's tongue. The incident of which I write occurred some ten years ago.

At that time my "right-hand man" was Duke, honest, earnest old Duke, whose grandfathers, straying from his baronial estate in times gone by, was gobbled up by a Jersey farmer and put to the menial task of furnishing the motive power to a dog churn, until one day, "Squire" Smith, in search of fun and feathers, happened that day, and thenceforth the dog occupied his legitimate station among the canine nobility, and from his loins came Duke—peace to his ashes! he sleeps now under the Norway spruce in the garden there.

It was late in November. A thin coating of snow lay in patches upon the ground, and it was almost too cold for agreeable field work, but the air was bracing and so we hurried away on this particular afternoon to a famous ground known as the Deep Hollow, and a favorite haunt with me when time was limited. Following an old road for our right, an impassable foundered road, we crossed our left a gently sloping hillside, with here and there a towering beech or maple tree, and now and then a hemlock. So open in fact was the ground at this point that I was musing as I walked upon the time when this hillside was in its primeval glory—with its giant pines and oaks, and all this slope was dim and obscure and weird—when like a flash a full-grown grouse appeared seemingly from nowhere, passing within twenty yards of my left, and moving with incredible celerity. As I swung my gun from my shoulder my gaze was arrested and my aim changed from the swiftly flying grouse to that of an immense hawk in close and deadly pursuit. The situation was explained. So close was the pursuer that his eyes and beak were plainly visible, and as I pulled he doubled up like a pocket knife and fell dead; then as an encoeur I gave him the other barrel. I can never forget the contrast presented in these few seconds—the pursued preceding innocence and helpless ness, the pursuer with outstretched beak, ugly talons and glaring eye, strength and ferocity.

Even in this short space of time I had found leisure to mark down the grouse, for instead of taking to the swamp for cover, the bird dropped on the open hillside at the base of a large rock. Duke by this time was laboring under strong excitement, and from his actions I knew had marked the bird as well as myself; so moving up to within fifteen yards I had the pleasure of seeing Duke assume one of his characteristic poses.

Expecting each moment to see the bird flush with the customary rush and whirl, and scattering of dead leaves, I was in no haste; but as no such thing happened, I slowly moved step by step toward the rock, until at last I laid my hand upon it, reaching as it did about breast-high on the lower side and sloping into the hillside above. Then I carefully made the circuit, then I boisterously repented the journey, kicking up the leaves with my feet as I moved, and still Duke drooled and trembled. Then I laid my gun upon the rock, and "hunted without a gun," but I did it on my knees, pawing away the leaves and feeling into every nook; still no bird.

By this time thoughts began to seem queer and uncanny, and to give vent to my pent-up feelings I picked up a pretty good row about there for one lone hunter. So long as the ground indicated I determined not to give up the search; so, seating myself upon the rock, I critically surveyed the scene and noted all places and objects. The nearest tree was a chestnut, ten yards to the left; between it and the rock, I now discovered three or four chestnut sprouts projecting above the bed of leaves. On these sprouts were a few scattering leaves fluttering in the wind, the whole forming a kind of net. As the tree stood from a small two-inch stub, I supposed the mound was not over three or four inches in depth, not deep enough to cover a full-grown bird. Moving from my position I carefully parted the sprouts, when to my surprise I found a bed of leaves a foot deep, and snugly hidden away within their depths a full-grown uninjured female grouse.

Now I was truly in a quandary, and with my gun out of reach and the bird under my nose, I secretly stared at it; but I did the best thing possible under the circumstances, stooped quickly down, grasping her with both hands, and removed her from her hiding place.

Having no cord with me and desiring to take her home alive, I got down upon my knees, placing her upon her back between them; this relieved both hands, which I employed to unfasten my suspenders, and then tied her as best I could and placed her in one of my game pockets. I found I could do no more hunting that afternoon, and the fortunate fact that I had no imaginary birds at all points of the compass, and would stiffen out every time he got my wind; then I would break

his point by moving up and showing him the live bird, at which times his antics were laughable.

From the time I caught the bird until I reached home, my captive made no attempt to escape. After showing her to the family I carried her out free from the trees, and tossing her high in the air, I had the satisfaction of seeing her wing her way on strong and even pinion to her native hills.

Now the question arises, Was this a case of hypnotism, or was it not? Was it a suspension of will power and so muscular power through fright, or did my act of laying her on her back and gently pressing her with my knuckles while lying produce this strange passive state in this wild thing?

I have experimented with the common barnyard fowl, laying them upon their side or back upon the floor and gently pressing them, and I have found that a suspension of will power was produced, the time depending in each case upon the conditions under which the experiment was conducted. Under very quiet conditions I have had them remain in this position for ten minutes. I think it can be done by anyone who chooses to try the experiment.

If there is anyone among your readers who has had the pleasure of catching a full-grown and uninjured ruffed grouse with his bare hands, I would like very much to see his experience in print.

WHITE MILLS, PA.

### RABBIT SHOOTING.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

IN the winter time, when our Northern woods are deep with snow and all our game birds, save the heavily and unapproachable grouse, have been driven to warmer climes, little feather-footed puss affords the true sportsman some glorious sport.

There is a charm about rabbit shooting, in the deep, still, white woods, that rightly endears it to the gun lover. Planted comfortably in the vicinity of some zig-zag runway, knee deep in his snowy shooting pit, the sportsman stands alert and listens to the music of the hounds. The flushed woodcock with the eager-baying of the dogs, now far away and growing fainter, and now approaching a warm, quick cry, that causes him to tighten his grasp on the trusty barrels and peer sharply down the white aisles and spaces of the trees, expectant every moment of the bounding, noiseless form of frightened puss. It will need a quick eye and a steady hand to stop her in her bounding flight. I know of nothing which stirs the sportsman's blood more quickly and thrills all his nerves more keenly than this waiting for the little white fugitive on the wide whiteness of the snow.

There are sportsmen who pretend to think that rabbit shooting is tame, and do not care to take part in it. I cannot help but think that they are lacking in something which goes to make up the complete and perfect sportsman. No sport surely could have more of the fascinating charm of anticipation in it than rabbit shooting, and as for skill and difficulty—which form the spice of the sportsman's pursuit—fail to see any remedy who has ever tried it can claim that puss is dull and easy shooting. I have known crack shots in the field and on the wing to miss the bounding rabbit again and again. She comes up so noiselessly and unheralded, white as the snow and only to be distinguished by her motious and long fawn-colored and pink ears. Likely as not that it is in a thick, brushy place that you see her, or between the close-standing stems of young saplings. Now let the contumacious wing-shot talker, with his sublime conceit, his gun comes up in quite a staid fashion after all, for a man who is to shoot tamely and for the pot. His eye glances along the barrels with an anxious alacrity; the muzzle of his gun swings through a swift half-arc, his fingers nervously contracting and then relaxing on the trigger, as he alternately trusts and doubts his aim; and finally, with a sheepish look, he lowers his breech-loader and puss disappears in the thicket, wing-shot talker, "got the hang of it." "Wait till the rabbit comes round again." "The rabbit comes, but not in the same path. She darts across the open space in front of him. He fires—and there is a great sputtering of snow about a foot behind frightened puss. She survives, comes directly across him on the right, plunges into the brush, and is out of sight before he recovers sufficiently to use his other barrel. Old rabbit-shooters like to see a concerted young dead-shot and trap-shooters like to "bush" in winter. They have loads of fun with him, and he learns a thing or two. After he has once got the knack of it, however, he doesn't despise rabbit shooting, and he enjoys the sport all the more, from having found out by experience that it is sport.

I think our best sportsmen are getting over their foolish prejudice against the "hairs." They are coming to learn that it takes as much skill to hit a rapidly moving object on the ground as in the air, and, some think it even difficult, for there are apt to be more embarrassing obstacles in the way in brush shooting, and in the fields the range is usually greater than in bird shooting. I have always enjoyed my winter rabbit shooting as keenly as the pursuit of any other game, and I do not find that the sport clogs upon me by reason of too easily earned success. I miss a rabbit as often as I miss a bird, and with as good an excuse. And then, where in birds are reasonably plenty, the sport is light lively and wears the hood. It is not like waiting drearily all day behind the expected runway of a fox, and then, after sky reynald, has made his long circuit, and the excited baying of the hounds proclaims his return, seeing him suddenly swoop aside and go over the top of an adjacent hill and disappear for the night.

It affords run nearly in a circle and take a brief course, if well followed by the hounds. They do not often return exactly to the place where they were started, but somewhere within a few rods of it they are sure to pass. If several dogs are running the sportsman must keep his eyes open for "scarred" rabbits; they may come up at any time from any direction.

A rabbit should never be shot except when it is in motion. It is almost brutal to mow the poor little creatures down when they stop to listen for the dog, or to catch the direction of some unexpected sound. Take them fairly as they start, and stop shooting when you have as many as you need for the table, or for a friend, and I warrant you, brother sportsman, you will agree with me in saying that rabbit shooting is one of the most exhilarating and delightful sports with dog and gun.

As for the proper dog to use, I think the best, taken all in all, is the ordinary foxhound, trained, as much as possible, to run rabbits alone. Beagles are too lazy and clumsy, and pointers and setters are too fond of foxhunting. The foxhound is large, strong of limb and deep of chest, and possessed of a perinacity and endurance which is of great value in this

kind of sport. He will sometime leave a rabbit trail if he strikes the fresh track of a fox, but can generally be recalled or recaptured, if the sportsman is provided with a team. I have very often found it necessary, however, to resort to this expedient. Foxes venture into thick cover far less than would be supposed; and when the rabbits are once fairly started and the dogs in full cry, there is little danger of their seeking a fox track on the outskirts.

The season with us is so late this year, that we are enjoying the rabbit shooting close up to the first of April, and may yet be able to make an "April fool" of the sportsman who thinks "rabbit shooting is as easy as turning over your hand."

### THAT SCREAM AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had done with "secreds," but it seems that criticisms and answers are still in order. The last comes from a gentleman who signs himself "Picket" (FOREST AND STREAM March 15).

The article savors strongly of "sarkasm," ridicule, burlesque; loose rather than logical; rather superficial than solid. It commences with: First, "Nessmuk" is "well right." "But he does not go far enough." "There never was a horse worth \$500," etc. Second, Again: "There have never been gun worth over \$40." "Nessmuk" had better sell those Damascus barrels and buy a Zulu gun at \$5," etc. Third, "There never was a diamond worth \$100. I will bet my choicest cyoodle," etc. Fourth, "When you come to talk about pictures, language is inadequate." (I should say so.) Fifth, "Land is another thing that people are great tools about. I own a lot on which you could raise as much garden stuff, or build as fine a house, as on a lot," etc. Dear "Picket," what does all this amount to? Wherein is the point? Sixth, "Look at gold for another thing." Just so. "But for this we could make coins that would look just like gold, and not one man in ten could tell the difference. Wherein is its value?" Just so. As to the concluding remarks of "Picket" about "Nessmukian philosophy," they may be relegated to the "Regions of Gimli" (or boredom).

I have tried to be brief. I wish to be honest; to be square. Let us resume.

First, The \$500 horse (make it \$5,000 if you like). Foot up all the expenses of the winners, also the losses. Give us the list of English peers, of *idignis omne*, who have won and lost; who have squandered and lost large estates in a single year. Make a business thing of it. Do not count the suicides, the ruined. Only give us the square business proceeds of profits and losses. When you get down to this, divide the remainder by the number of first-class racers who have assisted at the rascality of race-tracks, and give us the result in round numbers. If there is any remaining balance, place it to the winners. And report.

Second, "There never was a gun worth over \$40." Who said that? I did not. I have said, time and again, that I admire a thing of beauty; that I admire a poem; a painting—

"But not through thick and thin,  
Nor think it such a thing as ne'er hath been."

If the Zulu, or the army musket, were just as good as my Damascus barrels, I would take them. But they are not. They are ugly. They are unwieldy. They are unsafe. They are noisy. The "Picket" like an army mule. Who shall dictate that I take such an unwieldy weapon into the field? Where does "Picket" pick-it up in this style? I expressed plainly my love of the beautiful in flies, rods, Damascus barrels, paintings, fine chromos, etc. And "Picket" calmly relegates me to the Zulu gun and army musket. I take in no 3-cent chromos. I do take in Prang's best chromos. I take in no \$5 Zulu gun, nor army muskets, a plain, business shotgun at a sensible price. Much ink has been shed in abusing the "Zoo" and musket, mostly by men who can afford more costly outfits, and whose ire is aroused at being crossed in the field by a grinning darkey or "low-down" white, with one of these guns. I have witnessed this thing often, and it tickles me hugely. It is true that the gentleman sportsman, with his costly gun and high-priced secret kills four birds to that darkey's two, but what of that? What business has the darkey there, anyhow? Or the poor, shiftless white? They ought to be on their way, laying up a stake to flank the poorhouse in old age. That is about the argument. The insolence of wealth. The vulgarity of money without culture. The arrogance of dollars, gotten honestly or otherwise—but gotten. And it is one of the most humorous things I know, to see one of these high-goned sportsmen cut off on a heap of quail or grouse by a splay-footed darkey with a "Zoo." I always think of Byron's "Deformed Transformed."

"The rascals have as much right as he."

After more than fifty years' experience I can safely say that the most brutal trick I know of is the fact that three deer were shot down in a lick at one time and left there to rot, without even having their throats cut, one of them being a doe with a full breast of milk. The deed was done by a noted "Clericus," not unknown to fame as a preacher and hunter. Any old North Woods guide can give the name, which I withhold on account of his family.

"If I have any fault it is digression."—Byron.

Let us return. "Picket" drags in gold versus bogus, pure diamonds versus paste, with city versus country lots, etc.

"And such a lot of skin-like-skinable stuff as puts me from my faith."

These similes and comparisons seem to me irrelevant. But as most readers read without reflection it may need that I reply. Firstly, the pure diamond is a thing of and within itself. Its paste imitation does not contain one grain of the material which makes up the pure article. The imitation is a fraud, likely a crime. The pure diamond is only a bit of crystallized charcoal, and the man who gives up a life competence for a glittering piece of nonsense that can neither give him food or shelter may well be called a fool. But a pure diamond is very beautiful, and the fortunate fool who has more money than brains may do worse than pay it out for a thing of beauty that will last forever. In these times it will sell, and the paste imitation will not.

The same holds true of gold. There is no metal like it, or having the same qualities. If the civilized world chooses to take it at a certain value, can "Picket" or "Nessmuk" reverse the decision? And is a bogus imitation pure gold? As to the last question, it seems to me so far-fetched and so absurd that it may well be left to the dealers in corner lots, agents, etc.

The assumption that I would value a painting according

to the cost of the property it represents is a trifle flippant, but hardly requires an answer. It may be suggested, however, that if two pictures are equally well executed, equally true to nature, so that the best judges cannot agree as to which is the original, why not copy the real value of the pictures cannot be so very different. A fine painting is not a bank note. The value is dependent on execution and fidelity to nature in the one case, on the genuineness of signature in the other. The material, colors, canvas, etc., is the same on both pictures, the artistic skill not distinguishable. One may be a copy, but both being alike true to nature, neither is a counterfeit.

And this simile is fair and apt, only that the \$25. plebeian liver and white is not a copy. It may have a longer and better line of ancestry than his \$1,000 cousin, only it is unwritten. His blood, bone, muscle, and entire make-up are essentially the same as the pedigreed Laverack or Drovers. In the field he is tougher, harder and less liable to nervousness and gun-shyness. If he works just as well as the field-workers, why is he less valuable? As for the blood, nonsense of doggedness, "pedigrees are like potatoes—the best part underground."

N. L. M. S. K.

WELLSBORO, Pa., March 21.

## THE MAINE DEER QUESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After an absence of some over two months I am home once more. It looks a little different from what it does in the summer about here. Cleft Rock Hall (the dining-room) is buried in a snow drift; and while wondering just where Camp Averens was I stuck the heel of my snow-shoe square into the top of the chimney. I have given the editor of the *Forest and Stream* my views on the matter, and have found my way through the cracks, have had my supper, turned the plate, cup and saucer bottom side up all ready for breakfast, and as I stretch out before a blazing fire and pull the wrapper off from the last FOREST AND STREAM, I realize that "you never feel so much at home as when in your own shanghae." And what better can-pire companion can a man ask for than a FOREST AND STREAM right out of the wrapper? I have carefully read all that has been said, and after reading it carefully I am glad to know that there is one man left in the world who has courage and fairness enough to stand up and say: Give the other side of the question a chance, let it be decided on its merits, and not by prejudice and misrepresentation. And while I do not by any means claim to be the looked-for advocate, there is an explanation that I beg leave to make in the eyes of myself and the rest of the "other side," namely, in the eyes of my Maine friends, brought disgrace on ourselves by asking for summer shooting of moose, deer and caribou in the three counties embracing and in the vicinity of the Rangeley lakes. We did not by any means ask for the whole State of Maine, as has been represented. The slaughter of deer that has been going on in our State the past season is nearly a hundred miles from us. I believe that the whole number of deer killed in these three counties from October 1 to January 1 would not exceed ten. Would it not have been much fairer in our worthy critic, the Boston Herald, that got so well posted upon the Maine deer question, to have allowed this instead of trying to make us shoulder the eighteen hundred deer claimed to have been killed and marketed from the eastern portion of this State? There they are, professional market-hunters, and want to make their deer in the State. Here we want to market ours in the woods to the sportsman, as well as our trout. That petition asking for summer shooting was signed by every man, I believe, in our region that it was presented to who is interested in our sporting travel. Is it likely that we who have been brought up here and spent much of our time in the woods, have worked and invested our money in this business, know nothing about it that we would ask for, as we claimed, the privilege of "killing the coose that is laying the golden egg" for us? Will some one who would really know what a deer was if he saw one, please tell us where the value in the Rangeley region deer is if summer shooting is not to be allowed?

I'll admit still-hunting on the fall snows is much the fairest and most proper way to hunt them, but owing to the hardships and uncertainties in our region, we are practiced to any other way by city sportsmen in the winter. Jack-shooting, in my estimation, comes next. In either of these ways the deer are not taken advantage of by dogs or deep snows; they are not driven to the pond, and if there is anything in the looks or smell of their favorite watering place that they don't like they make their stay short. If everything works well, the wind, the weather, the boat, the jack, the gun, the guide, and the hunter, all the deer are plenty of game, and he may be successful. If any man is so thick that there is anything lazy about sitting perfectly still in a boat six or eight hours, let him try it.

The fawn question, I am aware, is a very important one, and by the mother does being shot as early as July, in many cases they would die. But very few of them would be deprived of their mothers, I think, for I believe that when the mother is dependent on her milk, she leaves it in the night; if she goes to the pond at all it is in the evening and early morning. She then leaves her fawn hidden back in the bushes. Watch her as she feeds, and every few seconds you will see her raise her head and look and listen in the direction of her fawn. Is a State law needed to protect the deer in this condition? I think not.

As long as there are deer in our forests they will be hunted in some way or other by people of one class or another. Good feeding and public sentiment go much further in the woods than the fear of the law. There is such a thing as fashion even among woodsmen. As long as summer shooting is not practiced, there will be crust hunters in the winter. Allow summer shooting, and I honestly believe that no law can be made that will better protect the deer. Then the cruster sees more money in leaving them for the sportsman than in killing them, and the first opportunity the deep snow and torn to pieces by the dogs, is it not the deer they do not and does not the killing of the deer at this season of the year mean death to just as many others as if she was killed the day her young was born?

The deer are very plenty in our region, much more plenty than they were five years ago. And as long as dogs and crusters are kept down they will remain abundant. They will never be increased by jacking, for the reason that the places where they can be jacked is but a peck compared with the territory of good feeding ground where they cannot be. It was with the best intentions that we asked our Maine Legislature to grant summer shooting, but not even September was opened for us. More law was what was wanted to keep down the "restless poacher" and the "game thief."

Under the many obligations that we are (in the Rangeley region at least) to the visiting sportsman, and as dependent as we are on their patronage, I think we cannot do better than to offer them the best we have, and try to please all classes. Who can say that game shooting is not a blooded sportsman that enjoy jack-shooting as there are that enjoy trout-fishing? My only reward for the trouble I took to do what I could for what I sincerely believe would be much to the advantage of the State of Maine, the visiting sportsmen and the game, was unjust censure from a leading newspaper which at least might have been expected to give a fair deal. And if whoever encouraged the Boston Herald to mark up the forest and game question was really interested for the public good, they should have cautioned it to not be too extravagant with its censure, then I think that the article last fall on fish propagation and the two articles this winter on the game question would have had a much better effect, especially with the people who know and look on both sides of the question. If it may have been better if "Clericus's" suggestion had not started me aging, or if I could not have found pen and paper to-night, but I feel that I have been unjustly accused and have a right to say so; and when the Boston Herald publishes the statement that "the Maine game commissioners say that" a certain person "has done more prospective and actual harm to the deer of Maine than the best of Legislatures can repair in many years," and the commissioners say that they did not say so, it looks as though the advocates of summer shooting were not the only ones in disgrace.

CAMP BEVIS, Rangeley Lakes, Me., March 17.

CAPT. F. C. BARKER.

## SUMMER SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In several recent numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM have appeared articles in which the subject of "Summer shooting" has been discussed pro and con, and we now beg leave to add our mite to the "con" side of the question. While we acknowledge that we are at present in the minority, we are glad to know, nevertheless, that the FOREST AND STREAM is on our side, and we believe in the right on this question, as it always is on others, and we are confident that we are in the majority with regard to this important question they are in the majority; even as the reformers of old found that at last the cause of the few became the cause of the many.

Although we have read, yet we cannot hearken unto the plea for deer shooting in July, even though that is the only month when our friend can satisfy his ambition to be called the "Deer Slayer," nor are we able to follow in the wake of "Clericus" and men of his "cloth" who advocate the killing of woodcock in July, for they too closely resemble the renowned "Rev. Adirondack Murray," who openly boasted of killing dogs in the early summer months.

Who are the advocates of summer shooting? Men who keep summer boarding houses and hotels, and wish to advertise "good hunting and fishing within a stone's throw of the house;" and hotel-keepers, who supply their tables with game, and would as soon shoot a young rule grouse, which the law protects until the first of September, as they would a woodcock; and "Clericus," who advocates it from purely selfish motives, and has no regard for the laws of God or Nature.

This same "Clericus" says that "something must be trusted to the honor of men. As a knight of the trigger, I would not run to conceal my public conduct as a summer shooter if a half-grown grouse should suddenly rise up before him, for I believe he would, if possible, bring it to bag as soon as would an unprincipled market-shooter."

If "Clericus" needs exercise we would suggest that he borrow a "Rosinante" of some friend, and with his "Don-Quixote" ideas he can undoubtedly find enough "imaginary foe" to keep him busily engaged during his vacation. Better this than to come before the public as a market-shooter and inwardly as a roaring lion, seeking what half-fledged birds he may bring to bag.

If "Clericus" has the "strange fascination for the trigger" that he says he has, let him go forth on a bright October day when nature has had time to fully mature the birds, and we think he will then feel, as he probably never has before, what it is to have a common sense of the game, and know that he has not trespassed the laws of nature.

We heartily endorse every word written over the signature of "W." in your issue of March 22. As he says, to shoot a game bird when it is not fit for game is murder, and in July the woodcock are not fully grown, have no fat about them, are weak, immature things, and can be easily shot by any man who knows how to hold a gun and pull a trigger. In August the birds, young and old alike, are moulting, and are therefore weak and sick, and not fit to serve on the table until September.

His defense of the farmers is also well timed, and we trust that ere long "Clericus" and other advocates of summer shooting may see the folly of their ways and become possessed of a little of that charity that "thinketh no evil."

HUNSON, N. Y., March 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is, among sportsmen, at least among those who put their views in print, one subject which seems to induce acrimony. Need I mention it? It is, of course, spring and summer shooting. The latest impetus and newest line given to the controversy has been the good-natured and rather fanciful challenge of "Clericus," the bright and pert reply of "Others," a sedate rejoinder by the former, and a large number of sober remonstrances from everywhere against "Clericus's" heretical views.

I have some reluctance in entering the arena, and do not propose to become a combatant further than to state an inference from my own limited experience. It has been said—of course, it is true—that the reasoning from data supplied by one section of the country may fail in another, where the same conditions are lacking. So, arguments which are unanswerable on one statement of facts, may sustain the reverse of the proposition where circumstances entirely different exist.

Recreation, I take it, is the indulgence in an occupation which is at the same time innocent and agreeable. It is distinguished from sport, which is a contest from which occupation, by the addition of the element of activity, mental or bodily. It implies a change from our ordinary pursuits or business, although they may be in themselves both innocent and agreeable, and it may be far more arduous and exhausting than they.

All animals are benefited by recreation, whether they be

wholly, or half, or quarter, or not at all "brain-workers," from "Clericus" himself down to the horse in the cider press "turned suddenly out to grass."

I assume that the form of recreation most agreeable to all your readers of FOREST AND STREAM is the pursuit of game, be it clothed in fin, fur or feather, which was the business of our ancestors (post-Simian), and which is our pleasure. We should, therefore, have the widest opportunities to pursue all forms of game consistent with its preservation in reasonable abundance.

We should not destroy game except within reasonable seasons. We should not kill the parents when rearing their young, nor the immature offspring, and the seasons should be arranged to prevent the possibility of such an occurrence. But the seasons should be arranged to suit the habits of the game, and so arranged, too, as, if possible, to give the pursuer—be he brain-worker or what you will—an opportunity for an outing at any time in the year.

Let us look at the matter of shooting woodcock in July. I can only speak for my own section of the country. I am not a naturalist, but I know the habits of woodcock here. The birds arrive in Southern New Jersey in February in large numbers. They immediately begin to nest, and by the middle of June all are full grown, and they are abundant. By that time the swamps and meadows have become dry, and by the opening of the season in July all but a few birds have disappeared. In August these, too, have gone, and no more are seen until October, when the fall flight of scattered and rare birds yields an occasional trophy to the quail-shooter. The spring birds are abundant; they rear their young with us; there are but few birds in summer, and the fall birds are purely migratory, and yield but one or two days' good shooting, immediately after the first severe frost. There are none of these numerous birds shot in the spring by the inhabitants, as I believe. Few are they in summer, one who knows their haunts can, in the cool of the evening, secure a half dozen, giving him recreation and furnishing a delicacy appreciated at his own table or by his invalid neighbor. Not fit for the table? Far more welcome is he than later in the more mature autumn traveler, lean from his long flight, and contesting supremacy with snipe and quail, and rail and canvas-back.

The old protest, that if there is no summer woodcock shooting we should have no summer shooting at all, carries no weight as applied here. If we have no summer shooting we shall have no woodcock. We ought not to shoot them in spring, for they are breeding; we cannot in autumn, because they are not with us.

We are told, too, that we should give up spring shooting of snipe and bay birds. I have never seen any valid reason as applied to this locality. The birds do not mude or breed here, they are yielded as returning to their summer residences. Why should the death of a snipe or curlew in spring diminish the game supply more than if it had occurred the previous summer? He has raised no young in the interim, nor has he begun housekeeping.

One word in regard to the "persecuted farmer." We are told that he is damaged by summer shooting. One man, I think the "Others," says that fields (sic) have been posted because of game, and that from the standpoint of my location, this seems extraordinary.

The State claims dominion over the game; it undoubtedly has it; it is one of the *jura regalia*. The State can ordain when game may be killed, and by whom. But the State can give the right to no man to go on another's land to slaughter the game, although it can prevent the owner. Therefore the "persecuted farmer" is really a granger. In certain seasons kill game on his own land, that is, he is on a footing with the other citizens of his State in this respect. But he can prevent its appropriation by any other person, at any time, in season or out.

What has this to do with summer shooting? My observation is that many farmer's wish to protect their quail. They like to see the birds about their farms. Occasionally they are told to permit a friend to shoot a few, but they don't want these birds exterminated, or anything like it. But I have yet to see the man who objected to shooting woodcock.

The summer shooter is an object of wonder to them, not unmixed with good-natured contempt. The idea of a man who can live in an office, in cool linen, facing a South Jersey swamp, in the uniform of a game-riding, see deep local mud, permit a friend to shoot a few, and then fight uncountable mosquitoes, for the sake of a few "mud snipes," not half so good as chicken, gives them material for plenty of uncomplimentary gibes. I never heard of any farmer objecting to summer shooting. Of course, if, as suggested by the "other crust," and others following of his ilk, this or any other "sportsman" should break fences, wound cattle, or do any other thing which is in the way of his work, the farmer would have cause for complaint, and could redress his injuries under the laws.

But why the more occasion for offense in summer than in fall?

PITTSBURGH.

## NOTES FROM CHICAGO.

[From our own Correspondent.]

YOUR correspondent at this point has had little to chronicle lately, as the season is just betwixt and between—neither the proper hunting, and assuredly not the proper trap-shooting season. Pigeons for the latter are scarce, and the ducks have only recently arrived on our waters. The hunting for the past ten days, however, has been very fair. The game has been in the hands of all kinds of ducks, such as redheads, spiketails, pintails, mallards, greennings, blue-bills, teal, butterball, widgeons, and in fact nearly every kind known to northern lakes and rivers. The late cold snap has sent them south again, that is, nearly all of them. The lakes are partially frozen up, and only running waters remain open. Still the boys bring in good bags every trip. John Gillespie, John Higgins, and several other sportsmen, such as redheads, spiketails, pintails, mallards, greennings, blue-bills, teal, butterball, widgeons, and in fact nearly every kind known to northern lakes and rivers. 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the bottom of the river. His huge hunting dog sprang in from the overturned boat and seized him by the coat. A farmer near by put out in a flat boat and pulled over to where Schutz had gone down, succeeded in getting him safely into his boat. It was a narrow escape from a watery grave.

The death of S. H. Torril has been profoundly felt through this section of the country, and letters from sportsmen all over the State expressing regret and condolence for his family have been daily received by his friends. The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association met Monday, March 26, at the Palmer House, to draw up suitable resolutions of respect for his memory.

At the time of the heavy floods and rain storms this year about January there seemed reason for thinking that most of the quail in Illinois, Northern Indiana, Iowa and Nebraska had been killed off in the open fields. Now more encouraging reports are being received by local sportsmen from everywhere. A letter to the FOREST AND STREAM correspondent from Jerseyville, Ill., says that the informant has heard from all through Central Illinois, and that about two-thirds of the quail survived, and that the shooting will be better than last year. From Iowa come very encouraging news. With a good breeding season and a let up on the breaking of game laws there will be fine quail shooting next fall.

## ANOTHER HETERODOX SCREED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have seen a great many articles in your paper on the subject called "The Protection of Game," and most of the writers blame the "market-shooters" and "pot-hunters" for being the excuse for the scarcity of game, so as to need protection. But if there were no "market shooters" nor "pot-hunters," the so-called "gentlemen sportsmen" would kill more game, and they would soon find that the game still needed protection. The only way to protect game is to stop killing it entirely, which, for a term of years, and to hunt only where it is plenty if one hunt at all.

As far as the "market-shooter" is concerned, I think it is a great deal better for a man who kills large quantities of game to sell it (so that many folks who are not able to spend the time and money to hunt themselves, can have a taste of game once in a while), than it is for a "gentleman sportsman" to go on a shooting trip and kill to throw away. I read an article in a paper a while ago, where a sportsman started after woodcock the day the law was off, and the conductor told him it would be no use to go to the place, as a gentleman had been there two or three days before and shot sixteen. This made my gentleman sportsman mad, but he thought he would go there anyway, thinking there might be a few birds left, but he found none; so he said he would see if the game could not be protected, and the game laws hived up to, and he would put that "law breaker" through if he could find out who he was. Now I ask the question: Would the game laws be better protected if he had found the sixteen woodcock instead of the man that broke the law? I say no. He would have shot all he could. The fact of it is, the rich "gentlemen sportsmen" want to have all the shooting themselves, and only go in for "protection" so that they can slaughter more themselves when they go out.

Now, I can see no fun in shooting from forty to a hundred yards across a grove, one day for a month at a time, unless you sell them. If I wanted real sport, I had rather work hard all day for ten good fat ducks or grouse, than to murder a hundred or so. There is no skill about it where they are so thick that all you have to do is to take out and put in shells and fire away. There is no sense in a man—even if he is worth millions—shooting more game, or catching more fish than he can use when he is off on his annual shooting or fishing trip. I have read your paper from No. 1 up to date, and I must say I am sick of seeing in every paper a howl from a so-called "gentleman sportsman" saying, "Death to the market-shooter!" "Down with the pot-hunter!" "We must protect the game!" "So we kid-gloved hogs" will have more to shoot and more to brag about! Of course I do not mean to say that all "gentlemen sportsmen," rich or poor, are hogs, but I am afraid a great many of the rich ones are. I think those "sportsmen" who hire guides to shoot out and hunt out the game, ought to be placed in the same category with the "skin-hunters," who leave hundreds of buffaloes to rot on the plains.

I think the "gun and rod clubs" organized all over the United States for the protection of game, ought to have a pro once in a while to brace them up to their work; they claim to be in favor of protecting the game, but as soon as the law is off, each member seems to vie with the rest as to which will kill the most game, and I believe there are a hundred birds killed now to what there were once before there were any "rod and gun clubs." As soon as a club is formed in any town, a number of the merchants, ministers, lawyers, doctors, clerks, etc., who make up almost wholly the great crowd called "gentlemen sportsmen," join the club, a great many of whom never fired a gun in their lives, except when boys, nor caught fish either. But after they have been a few times to the wilderness of "York State" or Maine, or the Western plains, have the same tales to call themselves "true sportsmen," and tell of their experiences, and set themselves up as men able to give good advice on all subjects relating to gun and rod, when they do not know the first thing about the subjects mentioned, but rely on their guides to place them on the best runways for deer, or the best holes in the ponds and streams for trout, and with their help kill and catch more than they can use, and they leave a few of the former and large quantities of the latter to spoil, just for the reason that their vacation comes only once a year, and that they must bring to bag all they can in the two or four weeks they have to spare for the purpose, so that they can brag when they get home as to what great sportsmen they are, and what large quantities of game they got. If this is being a "true gentleman sportsman," I do not wish to join the band.

My idea of a true sportsman ought to be is: a man who has used the rod and gun most of his life, who understands the nature and instinct of all the objects of his pursuit, who when in the woods or on the plain, and by the lake or stream, can by his own skill fill his bag, can paddle his own canoe, row his own boat, build his own camp, tie his own flies, and find his way home with no need for a guide, who enjoys being out in the open, free from care or trouble, who does not kill just for the sake of killing or bragging; who is willing every morning to start out with a gun and rod, whether red or black, gentleman sportsman or market-shooter, shall have just as good a time as himself, so long as they are not hogs, and do not kill everything they can find on their

tramps, but after killing enough for a meal, and perhaps for a friend, are ready to quit and go home, and leave what is left for some one else or for another year; and finally, one who lives up to the game laws, no matter what anyone else does, as long as the laws protect the game.

Now as far as the "market-shooter" and so called "true sportsman" are concerned, there is but little difference, one kills for profit, and the other for pleasure, and both kill the same quantity of game. The "market-shooter" is the best one of the two, for his game is sold to the market men, and then bought by people who have no time nor money to shoot themselves, while the "gentleman or true sportsman," after he has shot enough for himself, and a few friends, keeps on shooting to throw away. It is just as Frank Forester says in his "Manual for Sportsmen," page 283, viz.: "The fat of wanton destruction has gone forth against all the wild inhabitants of the woods, the fields, the marshes, and the waters, as irrevocable as that against the red Indians, for profit, for pleasure, for mere recklessness and the love of useless slaughter, the work of extermination is going on eastward, and westward, from the salmon rivers and trout streams of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, to the prairies and plains at the foot of the Rocky Mountains." And again: "Many years will not elapse before no species of game, whether bird, beast, or fish, perhaps no wild animal, not so much even as a thrush, or a bluebird, will be left to enliven the fields, or the forest, and then too late, when the healthful toil of the sportsman has no longer an object, and the table of the luxurious epicure is deprived of its choicest dainties, America will bewail its shortsightedness, neither more nor less than that of the clown who slew the goose with the eggs of gold."

In a very few years more, and his prophecy will come true. How can it be prevented? I say it will help a great deal toward it, if the gun and rod clubs all over the country would protect the game the whole year through, and for a term of years where the game is scarce, instead of only protecting it through the close season, and then beginning to slaughter it the minute the law is off. It is a great deal better to "hunt without a law" where the game is scarce, than it is to lay the whole cause on the head of the "market-shooter," when the fault-finders are so much to blame themselves.

I ask all the so-called "true sportsmen" why they call a market-shooter or anyone else that knows enough, and is able to kill more game, or catch more fish than they can, a pot-hunter. Now I think there is a good deal of honor in being a first-class pot-hunter, far as being able to put out a good tender piece of meat for a pot not, at any market, is concerned.

A POOR OLD MARKET-SHOOTER.

ST. ALBANS, VT., Feb. 23.

## HINTS ABOUT LOADING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to call the attention of your readers to an accident that happened recently to a friend of mine. Although such an accident might be avoided by the exercise of no other degree of intelligence than a well-bred collie dog is supposed to possess, yet I am convinced from inquiry and observation, that very many of those who have occasion to use and load shot shells (and especially those living in the country) are guilty of the same act that caused this accident, viz., decapping and recapping loaded shells held in the hand. The young man had been out shooting and one shell missed fire. After his return he loaded the cap at the butt of the shell (a Draper) and removed the primer, placed a new one on the nipple, and holding the shell in his hand with the butt down, attempted to force the primer home by light blows or taps on the stone hearth. Result—an explosion. The shell burst and his hand was shattered and maimed for life. If he had placed his hand over the muzzle of a loaded muzzle-loading gun, and held it there while forcing a cap on to the nipple by repeated blows of the cap or hammer until an explosion took place, he would not have been more careless. Further comment unnecessary.

I learn by your issue of the 15th, that Dr. Pitford, of New York, has invented a new shell, in which he claims to have the advantages of both paper and metal shells, with the defects of neither. It seems to be his opinion that by using metal shells as heretofore constructed the shooting qualities of a gun are impaired by the use of wads too large for the bore of the gun, etc., and I think this is true as such shells are usually loaded.

After much experimenting I have adopted the following method of loading metal shells when I desire extra hard shooting with a light gun: I use a 12-gauge; powder, 23 drs. Dupont's "choke-bore" No. 7, to which I add 1 dr. best fine powder (putting the powder into shell on top of course). I then put on to the powder a heavy cardboard 11-gauge wad, and place a 10-gauge pink-edge wad on top of the cardboard of harness leather (of about same thickness as felt wad), with from 1 to 14 ozs. chilled shot (if coarse shot, use not to exceed 12 ozs.), with 10-gauge pink-edge wad on shot. By placing the 10-gauge pink-edge felt wad between the cardboard and leather wads I succeed in expanding the felt wad so that escape of gas is impossible, more so than with two pink-edge wads alone on powder; and beside, all of the wad passes from the gun undisturbed by powder gas shot, the leather wad reaching the muzzle perfectly flat and true with bore of barrel. This gives a pattern remarkably free from bunches or open spaces. By using powder as stated, I obtain better penetration than any amount of coarse powder will give in my 12-gauge, 28-inch barrel, 7-lb. Fox gun. In fact, I have yet to see the gun of any gauge that will give better penetration, or that is more certain to kill a duck or grouse at any distance.

I have experimented for the purpose of ascertaining how much powder of size grain No. 3 Orange "ducking" can be burned up clean in a full 12-gauge breech-loading gun. I placed a board target, with the surface smeared with lard, two rods away from the muzzle of my gun; I aimed and shot, both with and without shot in shell. This I repeated many times, with more or less powder, cleaning target when necessary and putting on more lard. With 24 drams powder and one ounce shot I could not get any unburned powder either in greased surface of target or along the hard snow path leading to it. With 3 drams without shot I found some unburned powder both on target and along path, and continued to find increased amount of unburned powder as charges were increased up to 4 drams. But I found less when the shot was used in the shell. With 24 drams coarse and one dram fine powder, I could not find any unburned powder, and the pattern of the shot was much better than with 4 drams coarse with a trifle better pattern and with less fouling of the gun.

Any one who will take the trouble to fire, with a large

rod, one or more 10-gauge felt wads through a full 12-gauge gun from breech to muzzle will at once see why a uniform pattern cannot be obtained. When only 10-gauge wads are used the center of the uppermost wad will be raised in a convex form, causing dispersion of shot from center of pattern. Now place a leather wad 11-gauge on top of a 10-gauge felt wad and force through same barrel. The leather wad will reach the muzzle perfectly flat and true with the bore of the gun, and will give an even distribution. Some guns using 12-gauge metal shells are only 13 or 14 gauge at muzzle. In such guns use on top of felt wads and next to shot a leather wad that will just fill bore at muzzle, and an improved pattern will be the result. The principle applies to any gauge bore. I am well convinced from my experiments that using two pink-edge wads alone on powder will not give as good penetration as a single pink-edge placed between cardboard and leather wads of proper size. This is due, in my opinion, to the fact that the single felt wad thus placed expands laterally to a greater degree, thereby more effectively preventing the escape of gas with less friction.

Perhaps some other correspondents may add to my notes a description of their own experiments in loading.

WILLET, N. Y., March 20, 1883.

M. E. B.

## NEW JERSEY GUNNING GROUNDS.

THE following list of the names and addresses of equipped gunners of the New Jersey coast, with the shooting points at their command and their rates, is taken from a late issue of the Coast Pilot:

### CAPE MAY COUNTY.

CAPE MAY CITY—80 miles from Philadelphia, by West Jersey Railroad, via Market street wharf. Enoch Schellinger, Aaron Schellinger, Jerry B. Schellinger, Charles Schellinger, Reck Hand, Joseph Hand, D. W. Pearson, James Clark, A. P. Hildreth, E. C. Taylor, F. Sidney Townsend, Col. J. L. Lansing, Clark Brothers. Rates, \$2.50 per day and board.

CAPE MAY COURT HOUSE—60 miles from Philadelphia, via West Jersey Railroad. Charles E. Foster, William H. Foster, E. C. Wheaton, S. P. Hewitt. Rates, \$2 per day and board.

MATLIE—One mile from Cape May Court House. Lewis Ludlam, Benjamin Hawkins. Rates, \$2 per day and board.

DENNISVILLE—Four miles from Seaville on West Jersey Railroad. Edwin W. James, Joseph Blizard. (Upland and Sound shooting.) Rates, \$2 per day and board.

SEAVILLE—61 miles from Philadelphia, via West Jersey Railroad. F. Shute. (Upland and Sound shooting.) Rates, \$2 per day and board.

TOWNSHIP'S LEX—Via Seaville. William Sutton, Howard Rice. Rates, \$2.50 per day and board.

TUCKAHOE—Six miles off Woodbine Station on West Jersey Railroad—total distance, 62 miles. Major W. B. Brown, Thomas S. Clark. (Inland and Rivers.) Rates, \$2.50 per day and board.

BEESELY'S POINT—Reached via Pleasantville, West Jersey and Atlantic Railroad—total distance, 67 miles. Thomas Clark, Aaron Clark, William Sites. Rates, \$2.50 per day and board.

Gunning resorts in Cape May county are in and about the various sounds and thoroughfares, as Cape Island Sounds, Grassy Sounds, Jarvey Sounds, Cresce's Thoroughfare, Great Sounds, are well-known and available points in this county.

### BURLINGTON COUNTY.

TUCKERTON—Capt. Wm. Gaskill, Capt. Joseph P. Shourds, Hazleton Jones, Samuel K. Shourds, J. G. Downs, James Marshall, Lewis Parker, Samuel Shourds, Jr., Wm. A. Mathis, John Sprague, Henry Shourds, Wm. Horner, Wm. R. McDaniel, Noah Marshall, Charles Horner, Abram Price, Edward Parker, Mason Price, Peter Parker, James Horner. Rates—\$2.50 per day and board.

Available gunning points in Little Egg Harbor Bay accessible from Tuckerton: Gaunt's Point, Gaunt's Cove, Jermy's Point, Jermy's Cove, Rose's Point, Rose's Cove, Hester Sedge, East Sedge, West Sedge, Johnsey Sedge, Good Sedge, Shelter Island, Parker's Island, Middle Island, Bunches's Island, Hester Island, Bunches Island, Big Bunches, Barrel Island, Goose Bar, Buntion Sedge, Little Island.

### OCEAN COUNTY.

TOMS RIVER—Vincent W. Applegate, Lane Applegate, George Irons, Samuel V. Pierson, James Robinson, Fred. Grant, Israel Hoffmire, John Grant. (Bay gunning.) Equipped sportsmen with yachts. Rates—\$5 per day and board, boats and equipments.

John A. Applegate, Charles Seaman, William H. Gaunt, William Yarnote, James Loveblad, Gilbert Chadwick, Maxon Chadwick.

WEST CREEK—69 miles from Philadelphia on Tuckerton Railroad, via Pennsylvania Railroad by Market street wharf—123 miles from New York City. James Horner, Samuel Parker, Abram Price, Edward Rulon, Richard Cramer, Job Parker, William Horner, Abram Flaro, Aaron Flaro, Lewis Parker. Rates—\$2 per day and board. Well-known available gunning points in Little Egg Harbor Bay accessible from West Creek: Ham's Island, Sheep's Head Island, High Island, Little Island, Beach Meadow Point, Egg Island, Marshelder Island, Parker Island, Sand Point.

MANAHAWITT—65 miles from Philadelphia on Tuckerton Railroad; 118 miles from New York City. Frank Martin, Humphrey Martin, Dell Crane, Lewis Luman, Joseph Cramer, Josiah Fox, Cramer, William Letts, F. B. Oliphant. Rates—\$2.50 per day and board.

Well-known available gunning points in Little Egg Harbor and Barnegat bays accessible to Manahawitt: Egg Island, Thoroughfare Island, Lazy Point, Gulf Island, Bear Island, Parker's Point, Oyster Point, North Point, Reed's Fishing Point, Main Point.

BARNEGAT—80 miles from Philadelphia via Tuckerton Railroad; 133 miles from New York City via Central New Jersey Railroad. Henry Grant, John Horner, Stacy Burr, Jefferson Woodmanise, Charles Sprague, James Cox, Jesse Birdsall, Augustus E. Cramer, Charles Ridgway, Geo. H. Vannote, Jarvis Ridgway, Alphonso Eayres. Rates—\$2.50 per day and board.

Well-known available gunning points in Barnegat Bay, accessible from Barnegat, Harvey Cedars, Barnegat Inlet and Bay: Bear Island, Carver's Island, Little Sandy Island, Lovelady's Island, Voll Sedge, Gulf Island, Big Sandy Island, Marshelder Island, Sloop Sedge, High Bar, Clam Islands, South Point of Gunning River.



**FORKED RIVER**—50 miles from Philadelphia via Philadelphia and Long Branch Railroad; 40 miles from New York City via Central New Jersey Railroad. Furnish facilities for the accommodation of several parties, having yachts, boxes, and a gunning house on Great Sedge, Barnegat Bay. Rates—\$3 per day. Anthony Parker, Capt. Tom Potter, Theodore Predmore. Rates—\$2.50 per day and board.

Great Sedge and other available points in Barnegat Bay are resorted to from this place.

**PAVILLON**—Philadelphia via Philadelphia and Long Branch Railroad—change cars at Tom's River; 40 miles from New York City via Central New Jersey Railroad. John J. Potter, Wm. Potter, Ephraim Potter, Howard Potter (hay gunning); George R. North, Lewis J. North, John R. North (inland gunning). Rates—\$2 per day; with yacht \$4 per day and board.

Well-known available gunning points in Barnegat Bay, accessible from a Pavillon, are Cedar Creek Point, Great Sedge, Good Luck Point, and points north of Seaside Park.

## AN ADIRONDACK DEER COUNTRY.

HAVING taken much interest in the columns of your widely circulated and able journal, I am led to believe that perhaps some of your readers would take pleasure in a short account of this comparatively unknown and therefore unvisited portion of the world-famed Adirondack region.

Within ten miles of Paul Smith's fashionable quarters, it is seldom visited by his guests, although for the purposes of sport and health it is at least the equal of that region. A belt of thick forest separates the Upper St. Regis waters from the Lower St. Regis Falls—the last post-office on the north side of this belt, and Paul Smith's the last post-office on the south side. The distance between the two post offices is about thirty miles, and no roadway connects them. The landscape on the Lower St. Regis—strange to say—is more picturesque than upon the Upper and higher portions, the soil more fertile, the geological formation being different. The air is softer and still equally bracing, and fogs are rarer. There are no chilly winds at any time; balsam and other firs prevail.

But what will most interest your readers is the abundance of deer, bear and fur-bearing animals. Fishing is good. In regard to deer, it has been through the Adirondack Park a dark region every year or so since 1864, that I never saw deer so plenty anywhere as here, except in 1878, at Windfall Pond and that neighborhood.

I have just passed more than two months in this region and have not killed any deer as a matter of course, owing to the law, nor have I taken any pains to meet them, my pleasures consisting in trapping small animals. Yet in my walks for some thousands of miles I have never been able to go a mile without seeing runways which resembled the cow paths from barns to water troughs in depth and frequent use. I have seen *in propria persona* no less than twenty-seven deer walking or running during the last three weeks. One was so bold as to run at me attempting to buck and strike me with his fore legs. He was seized behind by A. M. McLean, a hunter, after which he was killed. He did not fear but chased our dog and would not run away although we beat him with sticks and even kicked him. This was even miles from any house and the deer was untamed. At length we set the dog upon him and he was persuaded to move off. There were six deer with this remarkable buck at first, most of them dead. They all ran off except the buck described so soon as they desisted us, but not with great speed.

I do not think I exaggerate in saying that between this place and Paul Smith's there are two thousand deer.

The law is enforced apparently, although, of course, there are infractions.

ELIE MO STAIN, near St. Regis Falls, Franklin Co., N. Y., March 11.

## A TEXAS SCAMPER.

THE morning of the 14th of March being favorable, we mounted our Texas ponies, saddled the horns, and with three staunch hounds, four pups and one cur, all eager for the fray, started for a chase. We struck out through scattering timber and brush, and had not come far before the hounds struck a trail, and right merrily they ran, in full cry for something over a mile, when they came to bay. The hog (musk or Mexican) had sought refuge under some roots in the head of a ravine. We arrived just in time to see him cut out, and cut a venturesome wedge for himself. Ever on the alert, flew to the rescue, and having relieved the puppy, was quick to get out of the way herself. At this juncture a well-directed charge of duckshot from a No. 12 bore rolled the hog over on the spot. When we examined our dogs we found two of the puppies and the cur badly cut. The wagon being near at hand we took the wounded dogs to it and started them back to the ranch.

By the time we had disposed of our wounded dogs, Flora had hunted up a wildcat trail. It was but the work of a few minutes to get the rest of the pack with her. They had it around through the brush or chaparral for a time, when they treed, but when we came up we found that the cat had tricked them. I scolded them soundly, and after circling around they struck him off. Through brush, over hill and across hollow we had it, the hounds sometimes nipping at the heels, and sometimes howling with delight. We were having good sport, but alas! we now found that our cat had quit our grounds and was making for some brushy hills in a neighbor's country, which was separated from our own by a wire fence, with no gate for several miles. Not to be outdone, we dismounted, threw off coat, leggings, etc., and started in pursuit. Our hunt was now reduced to three hounds, two pups and my cat, the last individual being none too active or light for such a chase.

By the time we reached the hills the hounds had got him up to a certainty, and were rattling him around at a lively rate. He finally concluded he would be safer up a tree; so up he went; but as we were approaching to the delight of the boys, he leaped out and off he bounded, with fanger and Flora at his heels. (We thought strange our other dog was not there.) He went into the brush, and after some time another tree. We approached cautiously, and, seeing him standing on a limb, let fly at his head. He sprang into the air and came down among the dogs, but getting away from them, made another tree a few rods off, and there, under that same tree, stood our other dog, Old Cap. On looking up there was our cat with bloodshot eyes, panting and bleeding, and to our surprise another one also, one of the largest of the species. Two hunters up to the necks in mud rather a rarity for even our country. We gave cat number

two a broadside and he fell dead. We then tumbled out number one, the boys having taken the scalp of each, we journeyed back to our horses, feeling that we had been paid for our walk.

BEVILLE, TEXAS, March 19.

SMALL SHOT.

**A NEW GUN-WAD.**—Mr. Edmund Redmond, of Rochester, New York, has added to his "diving decoy" another invention, for which he has just been granted a patent. This is a gun-wad, which may be made of shell metal or wire cloth, the two forms being shown in the illustrations. In his patent specification Mr. Redmond says: "The object of my invention is to provide a gun-wad that will reduce recoil, prevent leading in a gun barrel, prevent the bulging of a cartridge shell, and, when paper shells are used, obviate crimping or grooving the loaded shell and allow them to be crimped in the cartridge. Herebefore the shot in cartridges has been retained in position by a wad, which was held in the cartridge shell by friction with the wall of the shell or by having the cartridge shell pressed in against the external side of the wad. My invention consists of a disk, the edge of which is serrated and its shortest diameter perforated. The disk or wad is preferably cut out



of sheet metal or wire-cloth. When the wad is to be employed over the shot it should be a little larger in greatest diameter than the interior of the shell, so that it will hold in the shell and the shot will not fall out when fired. If found desirable, the wad for use on the shot could be made concavo-convex, so that when pressed flat against the shot in the shell its edge would be extended laterally and penetrate the shell-wall deeper than an originally flat wad would. In making the wad it should be finished with a sharp edge on one side and a blunt one on the other, and in loading the cartridge the rounded edge or convex side of the wad should be toward the shot and the sharp edge toward the shell. The sharp edge of the projections on the wad will then catch in the shell-wall when pressed home against the shot." The inventor also claims that the wire wad will act as a concentrator, the top layers of shot sinking into the interstices of the wire and keeping together several of the layers after leaving the gun.

**HOUNDING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.**—Editor *Forest and Stream*: A. R. Fuller's note in February 15 number is to the point. He met one of their best still-hunters, who acknowledged "that he had in five days last fall killed nine deer." He does not state, however, how many other deer he hunted and did not kill any. Or were those five days all the good hunting days for still-hunting, in which he succeeded in killing a couple to take back home, just sufficient to take off the curse. But on my way into the woods I met a couple of hunters returning. They had been out for a week with hounds and had succeeded in capturing nine deer, six of them bucks. That was better luck than Mr. Fuller had, in one sense, and worse in another. I would not have given a dollar for the whole lot, the weather being too warm for them to keep, even had I expressed them home. The law as it now stands is against the still-hunter, as there are but few days usually in the month of November when a man can hunt successfully. Secondly, he wants cold weather so as to keep the few he does kill. But the party that goes to hound can operate at any and all times, rain or shine, wet or dry. Now the still-hunter is the best game constable the woods would be the wiser to have. He is the best hounding at any season of the year. Mark that.—CAP LOCK (Frewsburg, N. Y.). [The publication of the foregoing note has been unintentionally delayed. As has been announced in these columns, the present bill at Albany will, if passed prohibit hounding entirely throughout the State.]

**THAT TUGH WOODCOCK.**—Worcester, Mass., March 24.—There has been a deal of discussion among the local hunters during the week, and various opinions expressed as to the cause of the remarkable vitality exhibited in the woodcock referred to by "Philohela Minor" in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of the 15th inst. One member of the Sportsman's Club thought the bird had been shot at so often by members of the Woodland Club that it could not realize that it had come to bay. (Of course the gentleman was not one of the team that shot a pair of Springfield on the 10th of August last, as per report *Springfield Republican*.) Another gentleman essayed the opinion that the bird was born with an "air-space" in the brain, so that when the wire entered the skull this safety valve proved efficacious as a life preserver. We have not given the matter much thought, but possibly it was one of those instances where life is prolonged by a fault. The bird, after being shot, lay in the snow where it had fallen, it hated to give up, lost it might be consigned to the Boston market, and the proceeds of sale of its little body invested in ammunition to be used in the extermination of its species; but then we don't know anything about it. It certainly was a—RARA AVIS.

**THE GAME IN THE PARK.**—We have received a letter from Mr. F. H. Conger, Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, written from the Mammoth Hot Springs, under date of March 15. We extract the following in reference to the game: "In the early part of the winter, and before the Secretary issued his order of entire prohibition, there were some few elk and some other game killed within the borders of the park; but since the receipt of said order by these headquarters all hunting has, so far as I am able to find out, been suspended entirely. The winter here has been comparatively mild, although the snow has fallen to a great depth on the mountains, and all of the large game has been driven to a lower altitude, far below this Park; yet every newspaper scribbler in the whole country charges all the game that he may hear of being captured anywhere to having been killed in the Park. The birds here are abundant for the season, the thermometer often marking 70° above at midday, and the snows are fast disappearing."

**CALIFORNIA GAME LAWS.**—The following synopsis of the new California game law is given by the Sacramento Bee: Section 1. It is a misdemeanor to kill quails, grouse and rail, or have them in possession between March 1 and October 1. It is a misdemeanor to kill doves between January 1 and June 1. It is a misdemeanor to kill male deer, mountain sheep, or elk between November 1 and July 1 following; and female deer and fawns shall not be killed at any season. No deer shall be killed for any purpose other than food. Sec. 2. Netting or trapping of quails and grouse is made a misdemeanor. Sec. 3. The taking of trout by any means other than hook and line is a misdemeanor, as is also the use of explosives to capture fish of any kind. Sec. 4. It shall be unlawful to take salmon during the month of August and at all times between sunrise on Saturday and noon of the day following. The meshes of all nets used must be seven and one-half inches longwise. Sec. 5. It is made a misdemeanor to set or use pound, weir, ed-net, trap, or other fixed device in the waters of the State for taking fishes. No salmon net must extend more than one-third way across a stream or slough. All young fishes of any species taken from the water must be returned thereto. The punishment for a violation of the provisions of the law shall be a fine of not less than \$50, nor more than \$300, or imprisonment for not more than thirty days or six months, or both, at the discretion of the court. Sec. 6. Any person who is imprisoned, one-half to go to the informer and one-half to the District Attorney; the act to take effect July 1, 1883.

**THE MACHIAS RIVER HOUNDING.**—Machias, Me., March 19.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: "Penobscot," in his article of March 15, says: "I am afraid that the claim of our honorable commissioners, that the law against hounding cannot be enforced, will be held water, from the fact that the Game Association of Machias utterly upped out hounding on the waters of the Machias River in a single season. \* \* \* I am satisfied 'Penobscot' will be pleased to have me correct him in this matter. During the season when the association determined to stop hounding on the waters of the Machias River, we asked help from the State, and Mr. Stillwell responded at once, and from thirty days to six months, or both, at the discretion of the court. I think—horse-hire and per diem for game police were obliged to send into the woods. We gave our time and helped the commissioners enforce the law to the best of our ability with the result of stopping nearly all the hounding in the county as well as on the waters of the Machias River. At this time we are having a nice frolic with the crust hunters, but we are the instrument in the hands of the commissioners. When we formed our association we agreed that our object was to assist in the propagation and protection of fish and game, and that we would work with and under the direction of the commissioners. Hounding and dogging can be stopped, with the aid of resident protectors, by the commissioners, but unless you can have their aid, it is uphill business. Where the laws are not enforced it is the fault of the residents, not the commissioners. Try it. I will have something to say on game protection in a few weeks.—OLD TIG.

**MAINE INDICTMENTS.**—Bangor, Me., March 22.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Following are parties indicted for game offenses in Bangor, Me., March 22, 1893: The Oldtown, of Bangor, Me., indicted March term, 1883, Sylvester, of Eustis, as guides, all indicted March term, 1883, for killing one moose at Chain of Ponds, Franklin county, Smith, of Worcester, indicted for killing a deer at Tim Ponds in Franklin county. Lemuel Eames and George Emery, of Newry, Oxford county, indicted March term, 1883, for killing three deer on Bear River, in Newry, Me. John, guide, Dr. C. B. Porter, Albert E. Porter, Boston, indicted March term, 1883, for killing one caribou on Baker Pond, King and Bartlett Lake, Somerset county. Dr. Clifton E. Wing and David Hunt, of Boston, with John Phillips as guide, indicted March term, 1883, for killing one moose on Spencer Stream, King and Bartlett Lake, Somerset county. Ami Davidson, of Gardiner, indicted December term, 1882, for killing two moose on King and Bartlett Lake, Somerset county. Me.—LEX TALONIS.

**MAINE INDIANS AND DEER.**—Editor *Forest and Stream*: In talking to-day with an old deer hunter, he says there are hundreds of deer killed every year in Maine for their skins. The Oldtown Indians are the guilty parties. They use the skins for snow-shoes and moccasins. The hunter says that he has found several deer in a pile after being left by these pests. The skins are cured by the Indians at their camps, and the game wardens do not have a chance to lay violent hands on them. There are several parties of white men who have slaughtered forty deer each the last fall in Maine. We should like to induce some of them to commit suicide before the coming fall.—FLICK FLICK (Hartford, Conn.).

**RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y., March 22.**—Seeing a notice in your valuable paper requesting names of good places to hunt and fish, allow me to recommend Richfield Springs, N. Y. It is a charming place, with plenty of partridge and woodcock shooting. Good accommodations can be had at Lewis', on Canadiana road, near Lewisburg, where there are twelve miles in extent, abounding with bass and pike.—H. F. WELCH.

**WILD PIGEONS.**—Suspension Bridge, N. Y., March 20.—Wild pigeons are reported to have made their appearance in very large quantities in the cedar swamps near, just twenty miles from Niagara Falls, Canada.—O. E. L.

**PHILADELPHIA, March 23.**—A pair of two English snipe have been seen on the Schuylkill River meadows near the Cross Keys, before the present cold snap set in.—HOMO.

On Saturday, a large deer, chased by dogs, was discovered along the western border of Fort Pano, facing the town. Walking and sometimes trotting, he attracted general attention, and excited men, women and children, who gazed up at the kindly forester, then seemed confused and undecided whether to take the corporation by storm or retrace its course. A black canine came round the point and saw the buck about the same time that his deerishness recognized the dog. The dog made a dash at the deer and cut a snarl, and the deer, in turn, ploughed up the rocks, the buck skimming the undergrowth, and the dog ripping through on a double tongue, close in his rear, making the descent in full view of a hundred spectators. Just east of the creek, on a hillside for the Potomac, several dwellings, gardens, etc., confronted the frightened and hotly-pursued animal, but he paused not nor avoided any obstruction; and bounding gardens, over a wall, and into the Potomac, swam across, and, reaching the river, he turned and, looking back at the starting crowd, Point, while a host applauded in his wake.—*Keeper Tribune*.



## NEW MAINE LAWS.

## INSECTIVOROUS BIRDS.

An act to amend section fourteen of chapter fifty of the public laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, relating to insectivorous birds. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Section fourteen of chapter fifty of the public laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, is hereby amended by adding thereto the following words, viz:

"Under a penalty of not less than one dollar nor more than five dollars for each said bird killed, or in possession except alive," so that as amended said section will read as follows, viz:

Sec. 14. No person shall kill or have in his possession, except alive, any and several birds commonly known as larks, robins, swallows, sparrows or orioles, or other insectivorous birds, crows and hawks excepted, under a penalty of not less than one dollar nor more than five dollars for each of said birds killed, or in possession except alive.

An act to confer upon sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, police officers and constables, the powers of game wardens and their deputies. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, police officers and constables are hereby vested with all the powers conferred by law upon game wardens and their deputies, and shall be allowed for their services the same fees as are now prescribed for sheriffs and their deputies.

## MOOSE, CARIBOU AND DEER.

An act to amend chapter fifty of the public laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight relating to the protection of moose, caribou or deer. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Section 1. Section three of chapter fifty of the public laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight is hereby amended by inserting the word "hunted" before word "killed" and by substituting the word "September" for the word "October," so that as amended said section shall read as follows:

Sec. 3. No person shall hunt, kill or destroy with dogs any moose within this State, under a penalty of one hundred dollars for every moose so hunted, killed or destroyed; and no person shall between the first day of January and the first day of September in each year, in any manner hunt, kill or destroy any moose under the same penalty.

Sec. 2. Section four of said chapter fifty is hereby amended by inserting the word "hunted" before the word "killed" and by substituting the word "September" for the word "October," so that as amended said section shall read as follows:

Sec. 4. No person shall hunt, kill or destroy with dogs any deer or caribou within this State, under a penalty of forty dollars for every such deer or caribou so hunted, killed or destroyed; and no person shall between the first day of January and the first day of September in each year, in any manner hunt, kill or destroy any deer or caribou, under the same penalty as above provided. Any person may lawfully kill any dog found hunting moose, deer or caribou.

Sec. 4. Section five of said chapter fifty is hereby amended by substituting the word "September" for the word "October," so that as amended said section shall read as follows:

Sec. 5. If any person has in his possession the carcass or hide, or any part thereof, of any such animal, between the first day of January and the first day of September, he shall be deemed to have hunted and killed the same contrary to law, and be liable to the penalties aforesaid; but he shall not be precluded from producing proof in defense. In case of his conviction, such carcass or hide, or any part thereof, so found in his possession, shall be decreed by the court forfeited to the use of the person prosecuting. And the warden, or either of his deputies as named in section sixteen of this chapter, shall have power to search for such carcass or hide, or any part thereof, subject to the provisions of section twenty, thirteen and fourteen of chapter one hundred and thirty-two, but the warrant may be issued on complaint of said warden or either of his deputies.

## MOOSE, CARIBOU AND DEER.

An act for the protection of moose, caribou and deer. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Section 1. No person shall kill, destroy, or have in possession from the first day of September to the first day of January in each year, more than one moose, two caribou or three deer, under a penalty one hundred dollars for every moose and forty dollars for every caribou or deer killed, destroyed or in possession in excess of the said number, and in case of conviction all such moose, caribou or deer or the carcasses or parts thereof shall be decreed by the court forfeited to the use of the party prosecuting. Any person having in possession more than the aforesaid number of moose, caribou or deer, or the carcasses or parts thereof, shall be deemed to have killed or destroyed them in violation of this act.

Sec. 2. Any person owning or having in possession dogs for the purpose of hunting moose, caribou or deer, or that are used for such hunting, shall be liable to a penalty of not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars.

Sec. 3. The penalties prescribed in this act may be recovered in the manner provided by sections twenty-five of chapter fifty of the public laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight.

## SALMON AND TROUT.

An act for the protection of salmon, land-locked salmon and trout. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Section 1. No person shall fish for, take, catch, kill or destroy any fish in any waters, except tide waters, with any net, seine, weir or trap, under a penalty of fifty dollars for the offense and ten dollars for each salmon or land-locked salmon, and one dollar for each and every other fish so taken, caught, killed or destroyed.

Sec. 2. No person shall kill or destroy any land-locked salmon less than nine inches in length, or any trout less than five inches in length, under a penalty of five dollars for each and fifty cents for each and every land-locked salmon or trout so killed or destroyed. Any person having in possession any land-locked salmon or trout of less than the above dimensions shall be deemed to have killed or destroyed them in violation of the provisions of this section.

Sec. 3. No person shall take, catch, kill or have in possession at any one time for the purpose of transportation more than fifty pounds in weight of land-locked salmon or trout, or of both together, under a penalty of five dollars for each and every pound of land-locked salmon or trout, or both together, so taken, caught, killed, in possession or being transported in excess of fifty pounds in weight; and all such fish transported in violation of the provisions of this section shall be liable to seizure, on complaint, and shall be decreed by the court forfeited to the use of the party prosecuting. Any person having in possession more than fifty pounds in weight of the fish aforesaid, shall be deemed to have taken them in violation of this section.

Sec. 4. All penalties imposed by any of the sections of this act may be recovered in the manner provided by section twenty-six, chapter seventy-five of the public laws of 1878.

## OTHER LAWS.

The following acts were also passed and have become laws: An act to prevent the taking of trout from Tappan Pond and Oriskany Pond in the town of Kingfield for the term of three years.

An act for the better preservation of black bass in Penesse-wassee and Hobbs's ponds in Norway.

An act to regulate the taking of fish in Mouson, Elliottsville, and Williamsville.

An act relating to fines and penalties recovered for violation of the fish and game laws. (This act provides that all fines and penalties recovered for violation of the fish and game laws shall be paid one-half to the complainant and one-half to any game and fish protective society or any other sportsman's association organized under the laws of the State and located in the county where said fines were recovered, provided that they spend the same in the propagation and cultivation of trout and salmon for the fresh-water ponds and lakes of Maine, to be done under the direction of the fish commissioners. The fish commissioners shall designate to which it shall be paid in case of there being more than one society in the same county.)

An act to prohibit the taking of fish from Messabie Pond and its outlet in the town of Alfred.

An act to prevent the taking of trout from Bryant's Brook and Beaver Brook in the town of Scarborough.

An act to prohibit the taking of fish from Bungeawant Pond in the towns of Alfred and Lyman.

An act to repeal Chapter 193 of the Public Laws of 1874, and of Section 17 of Chapter 50 of the Public Laws of 1875, relating to taxidermists, and all laws authorizing their appointments.

An act making Sunday a close time for game and birds of all kinds.

SAMPSON.

## Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication lists of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

## BROOK TROUT.

This fish is in season on April 1st, as follows: California, Connecticut, Iowa, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Virginia, Washington Territory, and Wisconsin.

If thou vouchsafest to read this treatise, it shall seem no otherwise to thee than the way of an ordinary traveler—sometimes fair, sometimes foul; here champagne, there enclosed; barren in one place, better style in another; by woods, groves, hills, dales, plains, I shall lead thee.—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

## TOT'S TROUT.

BY MRS. FRED MATHER.

O BEAUTIFUL trout with the crimson dot:

My grasshopper waits for you:

[know that you're hiding below that root,

And to reach you I'll wet my shoe.

I've borrowed a line from brother Ben,

A hook from Cousin True,

And I've hurried away from my kitchen and doll,

To pay a visit to you.

I saw you yesterday under the boat

With the polka dots on your side.

Your olive green mantle shaded with black,

And your fins spread out so wide.

You were real mean to go away so soon

When I just put in my hooks:

I only want to smooth your back,

And tell you about the land.

We've got the loveliest violets here.

Faunsies and Jacobins.

See how the mosses are shaded with white,

That will exactly match your fins;

And just the dearest golden bugs,

Some of them dusted with blue:

So, now, little troutie, just bite my hook,

And then I'll show them to you.

I'll show you the nest that the wren has made

In a hole in the hidden tree,

With two of the cunningest little eggs,

And nobody knows it but me.

I'll show you my doll and all of her clothes,

My kitten and Bessie's big dog,

The place where the bumble bees go in the barn,

And the moss on the old hollow log;

Come, beautiful trout with the peary side.

My grasshopper's getting all wet,

Bessie is calling and I must go home.

Or dolly will worry and fret.

Now, come, little troutie, do not so hard!

You are pulling me into the stream;

And you've taken the grasshopper off from my hook;

I just think you are real mean.

## BOYHOOD REMINISCENCES—II.

## THE SWAMP TROUT—BAGGING SUCKERS.

OLD Hunter had two places, perhaps more, where he was home large trout. He was a shrewd character, and produced only a few at a time, just enough to fill an order for a trout breakfast or to dispose of without attracting too much attention.

One of these places was discovered by that famous woodchuck shooter and pickerel fisher, Scott, who while skittering for his favorite fish, discovered a trout in a boat out in the middle of the reservoir, where he knew the water was at least ten fathoms deep. Now, he reasoned, the old man would not be there for his kind of fish, for pickerel don't lie in deep water, but nearer shore where there is feed. He tried to get nearer to find out what he was after, but the old fellow immediately rowed away. The next day Scott heard that Judge Mason had bought two trout of Old Hunter of nearly two pounds a piece in weight. Now, this reservoir was built to supply water through feeders to the Chenango Canal. There were two of these reservoirs, and on high ground, letting water into the summit of the canal. They were made from springs and brooks that passed through them. We all knew there were trout in the brooks, both above and below the reservoirs, for we had

caught many a one, but none over a pound. And we knew, too, that there were cold, terribly cold springs in the middle of the big waters, for we had swum across them and been chilled to our very bones. In fact one of the most promising young men—a student at the university—lost his life, having been seized with cramps while in bathing there. He was an excellent swimmer, but the extreme cold on a warm summer's day doubled him up, and before assistance could reach him he sank. Yes, we knew about the cold springs, but none of us dreamed of their being full of tremendous big trout.

Scott was on hand the next day, and he was a very fortunate fisherman on big trout for some time. He was boys' good hold of it I have forgotten, but Old Hunter was disgusted.

The second secret of his I discovered. I was picking strawberries on a side hill that sloped down toward a dense swamp, some two miles out from the village. I saw Old Hunter with his tin pail on his arm; his red tippet betraying him a quarter of a mile away, for he always wore it in summer as in winter. Old Hunter I now discovered stealing into the swamp. What is he after there, I wonder. "Yarbs," I suppose. For the old fellow had more or less knowledge of the healing powers of certain plants, at least he had the credit of this; and was often commissioned to gather certain kinds from time to time. "Yarbs," I guess. But why does he sneak in that careful way, and look around as if he didn't want it known that it was he and he there? I guess I will investigate.

I crawled on my hands and knees down to the fence, across the road, and through another fence, and was in the swamp ahead of him when the old man went in. It was a wet and boggy place fed by springs from the hills on both sides, and from which ran a small brook. Tradition said there used to be trout in the brook, but there were none, or but a few little ones, in our day. By careful dodging I did not betray myself, but kept within seeing distance of my object. When near the middle of the swamp he stopped and laid down his pail. With his hatchet he cut open a rhubarb or stinkweed, and thence took out five white grubs. Then from some inner pocket he brought out a fish line, and baited the hook with one of the grubs. Well, I had to laugh quietly to myself; going to fish in some hollow stump or hole for a woodchuck, I guess—when, behold! The ground where he stood was boggy and lumpy, with here and there small spaces of water, none of the surfaces of water being larger than a good-sized fish-belly. He walked across the swamp, the water rising when he stepped upon it. The old man stepped on a bog and dropped his baited hook over into what I supposed was water not more than a few inches deep, but to my utter amazement the line ran under and off at one side at least ten or twelve feet. A subterranean region of unknown proportions was there. It was not a minute before out came a trout of not less than a pound and a half; then another, until he had five not less than six pounds of the most superb trout I had ever seen. Best fish in the world, for no country nor climate can or does furnish anything so good as a wild speckled trout out of a cold spring. These were placed in his pail and carefully covered up with leaves, and the cover secretly tied down; and then the old fraud stole out on the other side of the swamp, to go away around the village, two miles or more, and come in from a different direction. Oh, he was a cunning 'coon!

It was no long before I had gathered up a good lot, and I caught six splendid fellows. How black they were, how fat, how short, and broad across the back, but genuine speckled trout. How cold and hard and, ye gods, how delicious. How the folks opened their eyes when I brought them home; and what a breakfast—words cannot do it justice. The memory of their sweetness, their plumpness and flavor takes me back nearly forty years. Alas! the swamp is long gone, cleared off and drained, making way for the farmer's grass. I wonder how many of those magnificent beauties perished thus, of no benefit to anybody. I don't think we caught them all, for they grew shy; and—sometimes wouldn't bite at all—but they were there.

Old Hunter found the ground trodden down the way very careful himself (in that respect) and he knew his secret was in somebody else's keeping. He caught me there one day, and his wrath was vehement. He caught me as much right as he. But he had a wife and a child to give it away, first by catching so many and by not being more cautious in my approaches, etc. Well, he was right, but I was a boy.

Bob Upham was the famous trouter of that region in later years, and I, am told, even yet. He used to have some sacred spots to which he would slip off and bring home big strings, but he never had the *Bonanza fontinalis* (how is that for early classics?) I had for awhile.

Talking about the old man, I bring up one of another favorite way of fishing. Did you ever hook suckers through the ice? Ah! that was fun. The canal and the different feeders furnished good feeding grounds for certain kinds of fish of the coarser varieties, especially suckers; and suckers in the winter were not bad eating, especially when you were so far from the coast, with no railroad near. Fresh fish, instead of salt cod or mackerel, were at a premium.

The way we caught suckers, and sometime pickerel and perch, was to go about five together, three to hook, and two to drive and change about. Our implements were three large hooks, fastened together in triangular shape; or better, a tool in the shape of a bay rake, only that the teeth were parallel with the rake's tail. Having cut three holes in the ice, thrown in a few white beans or some corn to light up the surroundings, we lay down over the hole, our hooks near the bottom, the heads of the baited hooks in the fish line, and the teeth sharp, of course, and pointing upward. The others of the party having gone above some ways on shore, then approached us on the ice with big clubs or a big chain, thumping the ice between them, thus driving the fish by us. And they came in schools, sometime big ones. As they passed over our hooks we jerked up, landing them on the ice, then thrust the hook into the hole with celerity to repeat the operation until the school drove off all by us. We would then move some distance ahead and cut fresh holes and then again others, until we thought we had sufficient of the fish for the day. On our way back we picked up our spoils at the various holes. Generally, we had a large hand-sleigh to draw them home on the ice. Sometime when we struck a big school, two expert lookers—for it was no slow business, I tell you—would land on the ice from one to two bushels of cod fish, this to be repeated in less quantity until the school is used up.

One of our biggest times, I remember, was a bitter cold day, but the excitement kept us warm. We drove the Lebanon feeder for several miles. We bagged (bagging suckers, think of it!) sixteen bushels, a one-horse lumber-wagon load. There were five of us, and we had suckers

enough each to give away to our friends and the poor of the village. Doc Havens was a famous hooker, as well as trout fisher. He was along that big day. I don't believe he has forgotten it. It took a quick man to snatch a pickerel, for they went by like a flash, but the Doctor could do it. When there was a chance for pickerel in the streams or rivers, they used to make a drive (which I didn't like), until I got older and could handle the hook like a veteran.

Well, those were great days.  
"If our foresight was only as good as our hindsight?" Yes, that is so. But it does an old fellow good to go back to them. Yes, I am getting gormless again. Good-night.  
JACOBSTAFF.

### TROUT OPENING IN FULTON MARKET.

THE annual display of trout on the opening of the season will take place in Fulton Market, New York, on Monday and Tuesday, April 2 and 3. Mr. Blackford sent out the following circular to trout breeders and others some weeks ago:

DEAR SIR: In addition to my usual trout display, I desire to give an exhibition of as many specimens of the various kinds of fish as have been hatched out or raised by fish-culturists of this country.

I should esteem it a great favor if you would send me a few specimens from the hatchery under your charge, accompanied by a label giving name, age, and all particulars necessary for the instruction of the public. All specimens should be shipped so as to arrive here early on April 1 or 2.

The object of this exhibition is to create a greater public interest in fish-culture. Trusting I am not troubling you too much I remain,  
E. G. BLACKFORD.

We are informed that in answer to this he will have both the rare and beautiful "Dolly Varden" trout and the rainbow trout from the United States salmon ranch at Santa, Shasta county, Cal.; the handsome "Clark's trout," *Salmo clarki*, from Nevada, as well as specimens from our Eastern troutmen from all parts of the East. The New York Fish Commission will send specimens of different fishes from its hatchery at Colden and Cold Spring Harbor. Mr. Jas. Annin and other private breeders will send their contributions, and the South Side Sportsman's Club of Long Island and the Suffolk Club will be well represented. The whole of the new market will be thrown open on that day; the dealers in meats, fish and game will endeavor to make a display for the public which will be attracted by the "trout opening" of Mr. Blackford. This gentleman has, by his enterprise and free expenditures, earned the thanks of the public for the establishment of trout day and its opportunities to compare the fish from different localities, and so to educate anglers to the observance of the different species and varieties. We will give our readers at a distance a good report of the exhibition, which will be one that many will regret their inability to see.

The invitation to the opening this year is in the style of Mr. Blackford's former ones, and while it may be more artistic, we hardly think it as beautiful as former ones. The cover contains a fair mermaid, without her traditional comb and glass, holding a ship which winds about and is inscribed "Opening of the Trout Season of 1893." Below is the verse:

"And whoso'er thenceforth trout I wait  
To take, and he devoirs my bait,  
My pleasure 'tis to then invite  
My friends to share in my delight."

On the inside is a rainbow and a Dolly Varden trout, side by side, while above and looking down through the water the brook trout is gazing at the strangers. A little non-descript in the middle seems contented to stay in the background. On the opposite page is the invitation and a water scene with rods and reel in the foreground.

### THE WALL-EYED PIKE.

(*Stizostichion*, Raf.; *Lucoperca*, Cuv.)

THE following communications on this neglected fish will prove of interest:

I was much interested in the report in your columns of the 15th regarding wall-eyed pike. As you express a wish for further notes on this subject, I will give you some facts that are largely within my own knowledge.

I have seen large numbers of wall-eyed pike caught at the St. Clair flats and on the St. Clair River, above the flats. The wall-eyed pike is a game fish, nearly, if not equally as game as the black bass. It is a bold biter, especially during the months of April and May, they are then leaving the lakes, going into the rivers before their spawning season. During these months it will give the angler ample opportunity to exercise his skill. I have never seen them taken with the artificial fly, but I have seen numbers of wall-eyed pike taken with minnows, which is the usual bait at the St. Clair flats.

In April and May they are trolled for with a spoon in the St. Clair River, and I have seen as many as eight large pike, weighing from ten to pounds each, taken in less than two hours. At such times it is a bold biter, and fights well for life and freedom. In the latter part of June and July they are spawning; then it seems they cannot be induced to take any kind of bait, and it is as well, for at such times they are not fit for food, and ought not to be caught. I have seen the wall-eyed pike taken with an apparatus called a "bobbing line," a piece of coarse line from eighty to one hundred feet long, with four large hooks fastened together in the middle, and with a grape of lead weighing about six ounces attached to the end below the hooks. They take this fishing tackle with a small skiff and row out in the stream and cast the line; the lead sinks to the bottom, and as the boats drift slowly down with the stream, the hooks are dragged or jerked along the bottom, as the angler keeps his aim continually in motion, which jerks the hooks along the bottom in this way. The bait is hooked in any and all places of the body, and if it is struck, the hook is landed in hand over hand, and the fish is taken apparently without a struggle.

The wall-eyed pike can only be taken in this way during the months of June and July, when they are spawning, then they seem to have no life in them, and nothing to do but float around the bottom of the river. Of course such fishing is a sport, and one who is not a sportsman would have but little chance to "hook" fish in this manner. At any other season except June and July the angler who attempts to take the wall-eyed pike either with the rod or the trolling line and spoon, will find plenty of sport and

ample opportunity to test their skill. The wall-eyed pike is strictly a game fish, and as a food fish he is second to none.  
WISCONSIN, March 19,  
MARTIN E. O'BRIEN.

My experience with the wall-eyed pike may throw some light on their game qualities. I have taken them in Block River with ordinary tackle, live minnows for bait, and found them hard fighters and free biters. I have also taken them in the Upper Onondaga. This river is clear, swift, and has a rocky bottom. My mode of fishing there was to use a light float, live minnow, a yard long leader, and seventy-five yards of line. I would then find a rapid and let the bait drop down with the current. The river abounds in bass and I caught them often than the pike, but I never could see any difference in game qualities between the two. I never tried them with a fly. I never fished for any of our fish with a fly, nor did I ever take them on a troll. My experience is that they differ very much from a chunk of wood, as your first correspondent thinks. Let him try them in cold, swift water and he will change his opinion at once. If living in sluggish water they might lose their game qualities. Bass caught in the lagoons near here are not so game as the same fish caught in mountain streams.  
PISCATOR.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., March 19.

Presuming that your "wall-eyed pike," or "pike-perch," is what we in Canada call pickerel, or in the Province of Quebec "doré," I beg to add my humble quota of information regarding their habits, etc. One moonlight night some years ago, I caught one on a red bass fly when proceeding to shore after fishing near the St. Lambert's end of the Victoria Bridge, Montreal. Since then I have heard of several cases where they have been taken on a troll. My experience is that they differ very much from a chunk of wood, as your first correspondent thinks. Let him try them in cold, swift water and he will change his opinion at once. If living in sluggish water they might lose their game qualities. Bass caught in the lagoons near here are not so game as the same fish caught in mountain streams.  
PISCATOR.

OTTAWA, Province of Ontario.

I see in your issue of the 15th inst. that you invite contributions on the subject of the pike-perch. This fish is known in this locality as the salmon, and is comparatively rare. As a food fish it is fully equal to bass, but it does not afford as much sport to the angler as either the small or large-mouthed variety of the latter. In taking the bait he strikes very tamely, and when hooked keeps close to the bottom, never, in my experience, leaping out as the bass does. This fish is much scarcer now than formerly. I have been told by competent authorities that ten or twelve years ago they were as numerous as bass. At present, if the number of each caught in a season be any indication, our streams do not contain one pike-perch to a hundred bass. I am at a loss to account for this diminution in numbers, as they are only caught by anglers who are fishing for bass, never, so far as I know, being caught in nets or seines, or taken on trot lines. They bite best in early spring and late fall, and very early in the morning and late in the afternoon. The largest specimen I have seen weighed eleven pounds, and was caught in a trap on the "Muskeg Shoals." A friend of mine caught one in Cypress Creek, near Florence, Ala., that weighed nine pounds and some ounces. This fish was killed with very light tackle. The largest fish of this kind I have ever heard of was caught in a stream near this place, and is said to have weighed over seven hundred pounds.  
WILL.

SAVANNAH, TENN., March 21.

### A GROWL FROM GRIZZLY GULCH.

AFEW miles north of this place (our present camp) and about one hundred and twenty miles northwest of Denver, at an elevation of 8,500 feet in the Rocky Mountains is situated a body of water called the Lost Lake. Any person in this vicinity can testify that there is not another body of water of the same size in Colorado that is inhabited by trout of all sizes in such numbers as is said lake. Nor is this lake unknown to the money-making guide. In the fall of 1892 (under the leadership of one of these guides) came a party of five Eastern tourists to the Lost Lake. Game was plenty, mountain air was abundant, and trout was to be had by the hundreds within two hundred yards of their tent. Here for some four weeks this party of tourists remained living like kings and enjoying themselves only as the lover of rod and gun can enjoy themselves in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. They had all the game they could eat, and ten times more trout than they could make any use of.

The time came when they deemed it necessary to again turn their steps toward the rising sun. This party of tourists came here for recreation and sport with the rod and gun, and you may learn from what I have already written, that their desires were fulfilled to the utmost. Now would not any ordinary Eastern man be satisfied with such results? I sincerely hope so. But these hogish desires were not contented with the trout. The next morning on which they started on their homeward journey they obtained a quantity of giant powder, then taking a quantity of brown soap they made waterproof casings, inserted the powder therein, ignited the fuse and tossed them into the lake. These bombshells exploded with terrific force, killing the trout by the hundreds, and on the next morning the surface of the lake and its shores were one mass of dead trout of all sizes. But the tenderfoot were gone, and they might well thank their lucky bides that the party of miners and ranchmen did not know their whereabouts, for nine out of ten chances there would have been news of another necktie party had the infuriated inhabitants overtaken them. The writer would like to know if these five are what you call trout hogs. I should say that this includes the old man and the three boys. If it were possible for me to find out the names of this party I would cheerfully give them to you in full; but as it is I cannot add any clew to their names, nor do I know where they were from. All I do know is that they came here from the East.

In December last an old hunter and myself started on a two-weeks' hunt. We turned our steps toward a favorite deer locality in the Rocky Mountains. We were very successful. On our arrival there we found deer signs fresh and plenty. Now it happened that a party from New York city who claimed to be sportsmen (under the leadership of a guide), arrived at said grounds on the same day, and pitched their

tent within a mile of our cabin. The first thing that greeted our ears on the following morning before daylight was the crack of a rifle, then another and another and another, and this was kept up all that day and for the six days following. They were armed with repeating rifles, and it seemed to be their object to see who could shoot away the most ammunition.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that that party of New York did not see a deer the whole week they were there. Nor did we, for I do not believe that there was a deer within ten miles of either camp as long as that party remained. But greatly to our relief they took their departure on the eighth day, cursing the luck and the Rocky Mountains. My friend and I remained a few days later and got five deer.

Now the writer would like to know if this is the kind of sport that the majority of Eastern sportsmen, tourists, etc., are made. If so, for our sake and their own good they had better stay at home, and be contented with reading the FOREST AND STREAM and with what sport their native State affords them, for such vagabonds as the above will never make friends in the Rockies, nor will they ever be satisfied with their hunting here. But let the sportsman who is a sportsman come out here and he will be welcomed by a man, and will find friends at every camp-fire; and he can make up his mind that he will have a general good time.  
SILVERTIP.

GRIZZLY GULCH, Colorado.

### EARLY FLY-FISHING.

ELIAN, A. D. 291, a native of Macedonia, says: "I have received information of the following mode of catching fish in Macedonia. In the river Astrakos, which runs between Berana and Thessalonica, there are fish which are ornamented with spots of different colors, but the names they bear are best learnt from the people of Macedonia. Their food is the flies which frequent that river; and these flies differ from any that are found elsewhere; for they are small, of a white head and wings, but they unite in themselves the likeness of all these insects. The people of that country call them hippuri—horseflies; and as they fly near the surface of the water they are easily discerned by the fish, which therefore glides gently to the place where their shadows fall, and, just as a wolf snatches a sheep from the flock, with a gulp it seizes the fly and instantly plunges with it into the stream. The fish has been noted and copied by the fishermen, but with some variation, for they employ the natural fly which will scarcely bear the handling, but they imitate it by art. A small quantity of purple wool is wrapped around the hook and a couple of wings are added from yellow neck feathers of a cock. The rod and line are each four cubits long, and this contrivance when skillfully cast on the stream is found eminently successful."—From *History of the Fishes of the British Islands*, by Jonathan Couch, Vol. IV., page 228.

### NORTHERN MICHIGAN ONCE MORE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When a boy I remember of reading that two knights armed "cap-a-pie" met one time at the junction of two roads, before the sun which stood in the largest of the clouds saluted one another, one knight remarked "on the black of his shield." "Not so," quoth the other, "his white;" which the first knight contradicted; and so one word led to another, until they agreed to fight it out. Coughing their lances, each charger was spurred forward with his greatest speed, and when the shock came knights and horses rolled in the dust. As the two warriors lay groaning on the ground a third traveler came up and stepped forth to him to settle the dispute. He, wiser than they, looked at the shield on all sides before giving his decision. Then chiding them for their hastiness, he informed them they were both right, as the shield was black on one side and white on the other.

It may be that your correspondent, "W. D. T.," and myself are looking at opposite sides of "the shield." However, before I am challenged to a larger fight, I will again by any doubtful champion, I want to finish this point and then retire. "Prairie Dog" does not expect to find trout on a mud flat, nor "under waving rushes," but he not only expects to, but has found them in streams where, though the country is much more rugged than Northern Michigan, it is more easily traversed, and where a person will not lose as much blood. Mayhap if "W. D. T." had found such streams he might have written some "of it." It may be pleasant to think that "enjoy to fish in the rain, camp in the rain, and live in a beddified state of dampness. I can and have stood considerable wet myself, but must confess I have a hankering after the dry spots, other things being equal.

It may be my "feet are tender," though I imagine if "W. D. T." had followed me in some of my wanderings his would have been caloused. If "W. D. T." had been careful to read just what I said in regard to the fish of Northern Michigan he would not have attacked the article in quite the style he did. Your correspondent, "G. H. W.," in issue of March 8, at least shows a willingness to admit that all might not think alike.

"W. D. T.'s" axiom must be of the kind of old saws Mark Twain calls frauds, for I will vouch for trout not always being scarce in the Rocky Mountains.

Discussion is a fine thing, and it is also a fine thing that we all do not think alike or all want to always visit the same section of the country. And also that each person sees certain sections of the country in a different light from his neighbor. I do not for one moment contradict "W. D. T.," but I would like to ask him to reply to a question. First, if he has visited a country where trout were numerous, flies and other "living" do all claim nearly perfect (of course not perfect; I don't claim that for any), scenery grand and everything harmonious; second, he then visits a place he has heard much in favor of, finds it greatly overestimated, finds a great many things conspiring to make it unpleasant, does not find the fish he expected to and knows he could have done better elsewhere; third, however, he finds other "living" do all claim nearly perfect (of course not perfect; I don't claim that for any), scenery grand and everything harmonious; second, he then visits a place he has heard much in favor of, finds it greatly overestimated, finds a great many things conspiring to make it unpleasant, does not find the fish he expected to and knows he could have done better elsewhere; third, however, he finds other "living" do all claim nearly perfect (of course not perfect; I don't claim that for any), scenery grand and everything harmonious; 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# Rifle and Trap Shooting.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

## MUZZLE VS. BREECH.

*Editor Forest and Stream.*—Your issue of March 22, W. Merrill takes me severely to task for the errors into which I had fallen in my reply to his article of February 22.

After having pointed out my errors the Major expresses a hope that I will "make a suitable apology to your readers." I am perfectly willing to make an ample apology to your readers if after having heard my defense, they think themselves entitled to one.

First, for the errors into which I have fallen, I claim that important omissions in the Major's first article are mainly responsible. Had he (as he should have done) described the breech-loader in his first issue as he did in his second, I should not have made the mistakes I did.

Second, the Brown military gun, weight 43 lbs., loaded with fixed ammunition, did make a string of six, in 10 shots at 300 yds. I think that that fact, which this coincidence was sufficiently striking to have misled me.

The gun was shot without cleaning in accordance with match regulations. I have these "facts" from Mr. Henry Blinn.

To sum it all up, though freely admitting that I have made a mistake in assuming that Maj. Merrill's breech-loader and mine were the same, I claim that I will not allow myself to be misled by the circumstances, but was unjustified. Unimportant because, although I confused two separate things, my facts still remain. A bona fide breech-loader and muzzle-loader, applied quite hot, less of being used, was beaten last a small fraction of an inch (less than 1/16 in.) by a muzzle-loader weighing 40 lbs.

Third, this as a complete and final victory for the light breech-loader, and if your readers do not endorse this claim, I am ready with the apology demanded.

In this second article the Major insists "that the breech-loader should shoot the fixed hunting ammunition proper, and the same that we have to buy at the store; that the bullets conical, so-called, shall be shot naked from the muzzle."

Now, if we admit that the store ammunition is inferior to that we load for ourselves, is it fair to compel us to use it? And if the muzzle-loader is allowed a fair-paced bullet, why should the breech-loader be denied one?

While admitting the desirability of extreme accuracy, I do not see that it is essential in a hunting rifle, shot at ordinary hunting ranges, to use a rifle with such exacting accuracy as 1000, circle at 300 yds. answer all the purposes of a reliable hunting arm.

If this question is answered in the affirmative, the following comparison will fill the bill. A Snider rifle, 45-caliber, chambered either for 45 or 70 grains of Hazard F. G. powder, as may be preferred. Shells to be carefully filled, and a lead carbide wad placed squarely on top of the powder. A naked grooved bullet, 45 grains, 1.200 ball put to be inserted on top of the wad, equal to 1/16 in. in depth in the shell. The grooves of bullet to be filled, with a lubricant, vasoline and sperm oil, applied quite hot, less of being used in summer than in winter.

A more skillful marksman than I am, can do far better work than this rifle possibly do, but I will not.

In his concluding paragraph the Major censures me—I fear justly—for having shown discourtesy toward him. For this I hasten to apologize without making any defense.

JAS. PRATT.

## RANGE AND GALLERY.

**CREEDMOOR AND MASSACHUSETTS TARGETS.**—The Creedmoor targets are as follows: Third Class, to be used at all distances up to and including 300 yds.—Target, 45x60. Bulseye, circular, 1 in. in diameter, circular, 1 in. in diameter, 1/16 in. in diameter; outer, square, 45x60. Second Class, to be used at all distances over 300, and including 600 yds.—Target, 45x60. Bulseye, circular, 1 in. in diameter, circular, 1 in. in diameter, 1/16 in. in diameter; outer, square, 45x60. First Class, to be used at all distances over 600 yds.—Target, 45x60. Bulseye, circular, 1 in. in diameter, circular, 1 in. in diameter, 1/16 in. in diameter; outer, square, 45x60. The Massachusetts targets bear the same rings, marking diameters of 3/16, 1/4, 5/16, 3/8, 1/2, 5/8, 3/4, 7/8, 1, 1 1/8, 1 1/4, 1 1/2, 1 3/4, 1 7/8, 2, 2 1/4, 2 1/2, 2 3/4, 3, 3 1/4, 3 1/2, 3 3/4, 4, 4 1/4, 4 1/2, 4 3/4, 5, 5 1/4, 5 1/2, 5 3/4, 6, 6 1/4, 6 1/2, 6 3/4, 7, 7 1/4, 7 1/2, 7 3/4, 8, 8 1/4, 8 1/2, 8 3/4, 9, 9 1/4, 9 1/2, 9 3/4, 10, 10 1/4, 10 1/2, 10 3/4, 11, 11 1/4, 11 1/2, 11 3/4, 12, 12 1/4, 12 1/2, 12 3/4, 13, 13 1/4, 13 1/2, 13 3/4, 14, 14 1/4, 14 1/2, 14 3/4, 15, 15 1/4, 15 1/2, 15 3/4, 16, 16 1/4, 16 1/2, 16 3/4, 17, 17 1/4, 17 1/2, 17 3/4, 18, 18 1/4, 18 1/2, 18 3/4, 19, 19 1/4, 19 1/2, 19 3/4, 20, 20 1/4, 20 1/2, 20 3/4, 21, 21 1/4, 21 1/2, 21 3/4, 22, 22 1/4, 22 1/2, 22 3/4, 23, 23 1/4, 23 1/2, 23 3/4, 24, 24 1/4, 24 1/2, 24 3/4, 25, 25 1/4, 25 1/2, 25 3/4, 26, 26 1/4, 26 1/2, 26 3/4, 27, 27 1/4, 27 1/2, 27 3/4, 28, 28 1/4, 28 1/2, 28 3/4, 29, 29 1/4, 29 1/2, 29 3/4, 30, 30 1/4, 30 1/2, 30 3/4, 31, 31 1/4, 31 1/2, 31 3/4, 32, 32 1/4, 32 1/2, 32 3/4, 33, 33 1/4, 33 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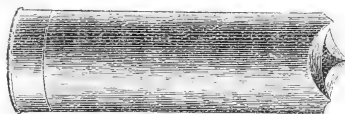
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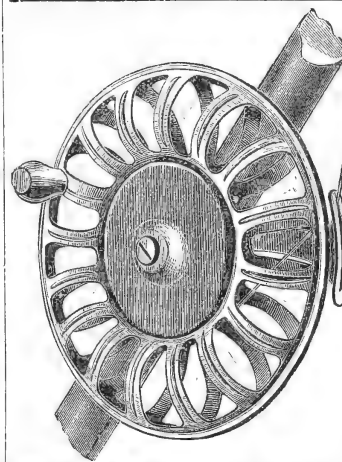
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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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## THE OPENING RIFLE SEASON.

THE Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association at its regular meeting on Tuesday last elected Gen. U. S. Grant as the president of the association. The post has been vacant since the annual meeting in January last, and after some persuasion the old war general has been coaxed into giving his consent to an election. He is not to do much, apparently, beyond allowing the use of his name, for nobody, of course, supposes that he will bring much knowledge of shooting matters to that already possessed by the workers on the range.

The association needs just now a strong popular backing. It needs a liberal fund available at once for the heavy expenses connected with the getting up of the team for Wimbledon and the sending of it over to the English battleground. The match was made in a plucky and commendable spirit by the directors as the representatives of the American people. It has been thus far a truly international affair. The Americans were defeated last September because with all the talk which has been current here about the native skill with the rifle, we have neglected an important chapter of the art. We have gallery shots so good that the proposed match with foreign riflemen was allowed to fall through by them. In off-hand work and in the finest of long-range shooting we have shown our ability to pile up victory on victory, but a very valuable style of military shooting had not been touched, and this vulnerable point was hit upon by the British riflemen as a fair one to attack. After the acceptance of the challenge time was so wasted and opportunities so neglected that we suffered a wholesome drubbing. It showed many things, but particularly that we could not win with the rifles then in existence.

Now we stand on the eve of the preparation for a renewal of the battle. Much has been done during the winter, as our readers have been informed from time to time. Now we have guns from which excellent results are confidently expected, and with energetic work on the part of a few men a winning may more than offset the whipping of September last. It will be a point of advantage to have the team composed of new men, at any rate of men who have not frequented the ranges and tried experiments of various sort in a desultory fashion, until they are so stuffed with prejudices and notions that they are most unmanageable as team

material. Fresh blood for the fresh battle is one of the first demands.

The Board have determined upon a programme of matches intended as preparatory drills, but in the meantime much work can be done. The spring is now fairly upon us, and already the crack of the rifle is heard every day. Some of the intending competitors for places on the team are settling down very finely to work, making big scores with rifles in every respect fully within the conditions of the match. The modification of the conditions which held for the last match has done much to encourage systematic practice, and we shall be disappointed if encouraging scores are not met with from the very start.

SPORTSMEN AND FARMERS.—This is an old and much vexed subject, but as yet by no means settled. In another column we publish a pertinent communication, which is written in a temperate tone and contains many admirable suggestions. There is in reality, as we have reiterated, no cause for quarrels between respectable sportsmen and respectable land-owners. When a farmer is churlish and refuses to admit a sportsman to his land, the very strong probabilities are that the farmer has at some time been imposed upon by a man with a gun or rod. There is nothing in the pursuit of agriculture to create an extraordinarily long suffering disposition; and without such a spirit a farmer cannot be expected to forgive this rowdiness from which he may have suffered, and to welcome with open arms the next gunning stranger. But if the sportsman be a gentleman, and disposed to employ tact, he can generally succeed in convincing the land-owner of this, and so enjoy the coveted privileges. Our correspondent's story of his personal experiences is instructive; we hope that others will supplement it by contributing a relation of their own.

FOR THE LONDON EXHIBITION.—On Thursday, the 5th, two of the American staff sailed in the steamer Grecian Monarch for London. They were Lieut. McClellan, of the U. S. Coast Survey, and Mr. Reuben Wood. Mr. Wood goes out, as our readers are already aware, to arrange and exhibit the angling display of America in the care of the U. S. Fish Commission. He bears letters to prominent anglers on the other side, and will sample the game qualities of the trout and the salmon before he returns. He will be back about August 1, and we then hope to hear that he has had a good trial of fishing in foreign waters, and also that he has had an opportunity to witness a casting tournament in England, and perhaps taken part in it.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.—Mr. Roosevelt has returned from his Florida trip in rugged health. We met him in Fulton Market looking over Mr. Blackford's trout display, and he spoke of the trip as a pleasant one. Mr. Green returned some weeks earlier and was at the point of death from pneumonia last week, but has now passed the point of danger. On the 24th of last month his death was announced on the bulletin board of the New York Evening Telegram, but the report was contradicted the next day and we refrained from alluding to it at that critical time. We hope by the time he reads this that he will be on his feet again.

THE SUNDAY FISHING CLAUSE of the New York Penal Code came up in the Assembly last week and afforded occasion for a vast flow of bosh from the sapient Solons who debated it. It is not at all surprising, but certainly very humiliating, that the members at Albany should fritter away their time over such trivial things to the neglect of many other matters of real importance. The amendment to allow fishing as a recreation on Sunday was lost by a vote of 50 to 42.

ENGLISH PIGEON SHOOTING.—The farcical Sunday fishing debate in the New York Assembly last week has a counterpart in the absurdities of the speeches in the English House of Commons about the proposed abolition of pigeon shooting. We have a special letter from a London correspondent, which will be printed next week.

THE FOX RIVER FISHWAY CASE.—In this case are involved some of the important principles of riparian rights. We give in full the able and lucid argument of the counsel for the People.

"AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."—The first number of the Register will be issued next Tuesday. Its success is already assured.

## HUNTING WITHOUT A GUN.—IV.

WHEREVER civilization and improvement have, for a hundred years or so, laid hands upon the country which God made and man for the most part spoils, there is but little woodland left but that of second growth, and this is yearly dwindling as some new industry arises and calls for trees of size and kind before of little value. Such woodlands, if they have not the grandeur and solemnity and mystery of the primeval forest, have beauty and their seasons of silence and some secrets of their own to keep from the world at large.

The trees were set in their disorderly order by the oldest and best of landscape gardeners, who plied her art before Adam dived or Eve span, and whose severe but kindly hand thins, prunes and trains them. She gives them beauty, and in the hush of noon and eventide and night, and in the deadness of winter, such silence that one, being in the midst thereof, may believe himself as far as he would wish from his fellows. She gives them also plants and their flowers, birds and beasts and their nests and lairs and ways of life to hide cunningly.

For what is left us, let us be thankful—for the trees that since the pioneer's axe laid low the giants of the old days have grown to fair estate, and shade a soil that no plow has rumpled, where the unstirred leaves may lie and molder where they fall and nurture moss and ferns and the shyest wild flowers; where a hare may yet crouch, a grouse drum, a woodcock bore the mold, and where some trees have grown old enough to take squirrels and woodlice, and raccoons and swarms of wild bees to their hearts.

Into such saved places it is good for one to go, weaponed or weaponless. If he leaves his gun at home, he may see more but have less to show for his outing; yet what one has to show for his hunting not always counts highest in the long run.

One cannot go far in such woods before he will be reminded that he is not very much apart from his kind though out of sight and hearing of them. He will come upon traces of the ruthless axe, stumps, chips and wasted wood, and among the sprouts, the brands and ashes of the choppers' fires, or a rank wisp of herds' grass grown up from the chance-sown seed of a team's baiting.

He may find an apple tree in the midst of the woods, which he shall know more by its blossoms or fruits than by its manner of growth, for it has taken on the wild natural ways of its companions, and strives upward toward the sky, mingling its like slender branches with those of the birches and maples. One is first aware of it when, in blossom time, he scents an orchard fragrance in the woods and sees out-of-place flowers aloft with all the wild bees about them, or when in autumn he finds the forest leaves strewn with farm fruits. It is like coming upon a stray astray in the woods, only this strayed one seems quite at home here. However it was planted, by bird or squirrel or wood-rauling cow, or by hunter or chopper who tossed aside the close-gnawed core of his dessert, it is a godsend to present generations of bees, birds and rodents, and its racy fruit would sting delightfully with its "bow-arrow tang" the palate of him who wrote the history of the wild apple as only one who loved it could.

But one will find traces to lead him back far on the trail of time. Rocks as old as the world with the same kinds of mosses and lichens that grew on them centuries ago. The stump of an ancient pine, barkless, moss-covered and outwardly gray, but with the terebinthine odor and flavor of its prime well preserved in its hollow heart. When its tiny needles first pricked the daylight, perhaps no adventurer had sailed across seas to these shores. When it was in its lusty youth what a new old world was this! Did the great tree go where in colonial times all good pines were supposed to go, namely, "in the masting of his Majesty's navy?" Likelier it went to the first sawmill built on the nearest stream, and then to the boarding of the thrifty settler's barn, where the broad boards, now as gray as the parent stump, shelter to-day the grandson's herds and crops. Many generations of a departed race have trod this undisturbed soil, beneath whose surface the old roots lie just as they writhed their way so long ago, and they are sound yet though dead, good for kindling or a torch. No hunter can look at nor touch them without veneration when he remembers that they have outlived a race of hunters, for every hunter has fellowship with all peoples and generations of hunters. That is a "touch of nature that makes all the world akin."

The descendants of the old tree are growing all about here and the ground is covered thickly with their fallen leaves, a

carpet of rich color, soft and noiseless to the tread, and on this hillside so slippery that one may go down it much easier than climb it. If one were hunting only for game that he might kill, he would likely enough overlook the rare pine drops that grow here, so like the tawny mat of needles out of which they rise.

Here are gently trees, yet they do not reach for the untamable sky as their ancestor did. Their topmost shoots scarcely overlook the surrounding growth, and they stretch their long limbs out into the twilight of the woods so low that the green leaves on the netter branches brush the fallen dead ones, but they all sing the old pine's old song of the far-away sea, and they brood such silence and solemnity of shades and sepulchral coolness, that one feels a kind of dread creeping over him. The atmosphere is pantheistic. This quality is inherited, for just below where the last pines blotch the pasture with their dark shade, the Catamount Spring bubbles out at the foot of a great rock, and there, eighty years ago, a girl bleaching her web of house-pinen, was beset by a pouter, and only saved by her faithful dog.

Why should not a pouter come here now? The woods are dark and wild enough, and not a sound of civilization to be heard. As the daylight dies the shadows creep up like panthers stealing on their prey, and no more silently than the great cat might tread this soft footing. A twig snaps mysteriously, the pines heave a mournful sigh, and as the shadows deepen, a bit of phosphorescent wood glances at you like eyes aflame with baleful light.

As now you almost hold your breath to hear a devilish yell tear the heavy stillness, if your hand could but feel the comfortable chill of the good brown barrels of your helpful gun, your back would not suffer that uncomfortable and unaccountable chill which reminds you that it is not always pleasant to go hunting without a gun. R. E. R.

## The Sportsman's Trarist.

A SONNET.

SUGGESTED BY A DRIVE IN EARLY SPRING.

'TIS sweet to have a quiet mind,  
Upon a genial April day,  
To see the wood-paths emerald-flooded—  
Forerunners of the flowers of May.

To see the buds confidently  
Unfold their treasures to the sun,  
And purring brooks unobtrusively  
In their old channels run.

To watch the clouds still far above  
This waking earth, like peaceful dreams  
Of our lost youth, of youth's lost love.  
Until our better being soons

Rising, like ether, from frosts or fume  
Into a life of summer prime. O. W. R.

## HAUNTS OF THE SALMON

In Canada and New Brunswick.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

THE writer of this paper claims to have been the first citizen of the United States who ever visited Canada to take salmon with the fly. That event took place thirty-five years ago, and his experiences since then would fill an ample volume; but in the foregoing paragraphs he proposes to give merely a running account of the favorite rivers of the Dominion, together with some of their personal associations.

With very few exceptions the haunts of the salmon are so far removed from the settled portions of the country that the sport of fly-fishing cannot be enjoyed without camping out or living in the rudest of cabins. Indeed, the only stream that I have visited where this was unnecessary was the Jacques Cartier. This stream empties into the St. Lawrence about thirty miles west of Quebec. On the score of mere beauty it is certainly unsurpassed. Forty years ago it abounded in salmon; then came a time when, because of nets and flau-beau-fishing, it was a barren stream; but it subsequently reaped some benefit from the protective laws, and the best localities for sport having passed into the possession of private parties, it was again blessed with the presence of the royal salmon. Of late years the central locality for sport has been at a place called Dery's Bridge, about six miles from the mouth of the river. At this point, and within the space of two miles, I once took twenty sketches, and these were so entirely unlike each other in character that a stranger could hardly believe them to have been taken on one river. Here there were only two houses where anglers could be accommodated; they were owned by Frenchmen named Dery and Trepanier, the latter a farmer and a splendid fisherman, and the former the keeper of a regular little inn; very much such an affair as would have made Wauld happy—so quiet, so picturesque, so comfortable, and frequented by such a charming brotherhood of men—English army officers and French gentlemen.

Dery's inn occupied a spot immediately on the bank of the stream, at the western end of the bridge, and while there was a splendid waterfall just above the bridge, there was a gorge below, and directly under the bridge a very large and deep pool, where hundreds of salmon could be often seen leaping themselves and resting in their amber element prior to resuming their journey from the St. Lawrence to their spawning pools, a hundred miles in the wilderness. At the foot of the gorge just mentioned there is a pool called the "Hospital," which was the very perfection of a spot for fly-fishing. An Englishman once caught a salmon there, between the hours of four and eight in the morning; but he was not the individual who fought with a salmon at the same spot for nearly two hours, and then had to mourn over the untimely departure of his game. Although the landlord Dery was not himself very much of a fisherman, he had a son who excelled all of the tribe. When the

fish would not rise to his fly, the visiting anglers knew there was no use in trying; and when that was the case, and a fish was really needed for the pot, he was wont to descend a rope ladder, suspended over the pool under the bridge, and take out with his gaff a few salmon. Trepanier, however, was the only man, moreover, who had the hardihood or courage to throw the fly directly under Dery's bridge, for where he secured one after hooking him, he lost a dozen that rushed down the gorge to the Hospital pool, carrying all before them. That the excitement of salmon fishing—to quote from myself—is sometimes contagious, the following incident will prove: I had hooked a large salmon at a spot called the "Blackout," when Trepanier, who had been fishing some distance above, came down the river to the other side of the river to run down and witness the fun. After my salmon had made his third magnificent leap, and I was keeping him away from a dangerous rock, my spectator became quite frantic, and, to my astonishment, plunged into the stream, and, just as Trepanier had gaffed my fish, up came the stranger to my side out of the water—panting like a spent swimmer, "as he was." He had crossed the river—kicking a few fish under the chin, perhaps, as he passed along—simply for the purpose of having a look at my prize.

Although Trepanier's exploits were not as daring as those of young Dery, he used to kill quite as many fish in a season, and upon the whole was better acquainted with the river. I once saw him hook a salmon at a famous place called the "Schute," he followed it to the foot of an island, played it half an hour in a pool below the island, when the fish started up stream again, soon seeming ready to give up the battle, when it broke away, and Trepanier, making a rush, caught the salmon in his arms.

At the present time the fishing pools on this river are owned and protected by gentlemen residing in Montreal and Quebec, from which places it is now reached by railway. Not so long ago, when it was in its prime; for then it had to be reached by private conveyances, and the luxurious anglers often took their servants as well as private stores.

But the most productive salmon rivers of Canada all lie eastward of Quebec, and on the northern shores of the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence. Of these the total number of satisfactory streams is twelve, viz.: the Musquarrie, Trinity, Nipmewassee, St. Lawrence, Saguenay, Mingan, Rivière du Natashquan, St. Margaret, Escoumami, Goodbott, and Moisie; but in the present paper I shall speak only of the four last named. The starting place for visiting all these streams is Quebec, and the most approved method is to charter an appropriate three-masted French smack, supplying her with all the tent equipment and the good things of life, suitable for camping in the wilderness. The time for starting, after having arranged with the Dominion authorities for the necessary privileges, is in the early part of June. That storms will occasionally retard the impatient anglers and cause them to seek shelter at some of the ports on the great river is more than probable, but as these are generally charming habitation villages the detentions are not irksome.

There are many funny people to be seen in these French villages, situated with the caps, and the Romish priests promulating along the streets, as ambrosia and food to the old Harry as a flock of crows. But let the time be now far and we must continue down the Lower St. Lawrence.

Before us is a panorama of superb mountains, among we reach the mouth of the Saguenay; we enter, and pass up that magnificent river, which this pen first described for American readers, in 1843; and reaching the St. Margaret tributary, get our camp and our men and our furniture, and passing upward soon begin to throw the fly. The fishing pools on this river are few in number, but the fish are large and the scenery very wild and interesting. But its fame has been especially enhanced by the fact that it was here the Prince of Wales caught his first salmon in Canadian waters in 1860, having been escorted to the river by Mr. David Price, of Quebec. My own success in the Saint Margaret was never very good, but I once attended a foundation in the cabin on this river, which I remember with rare pleasure. The guests were French Canadians and educated Indians; and while the solitary fiddle did not eclipse that of Ole Bull, the dancing of two or three of the French girls, while one of them was playing on a banjo, was simply rich and rare. As to the Saguenay, into which the Saint Margaret enters, it is indeed a grand, gloomy and picturesque. When a man has seen this border-land of the Lower St. John (the St. Lawrence) the cataraict of Niagara, the great cave of Kentucky, the chasm of Fallulab, and the Mississippi River, he has enjoyed the five great natural wonders of the Atlantic slope of North America.

And now for a glimpse of the Escoumami, which empties into the St. Lawrence about twenty miles from the Saguenay. It is a smallish stream, but picturesque, and is the ancestral home of all the musquitos and black flies in the world. Its best pool for salmon is only about half a mile from its mouth, but this one is superb. It was here that the deponent captured his first salmon, and to which river he was introduced by Mr. David Price, twelve years before the latter threw the fly with the Prince of Wales at the St. Margaret. Prior to that time the said deponent had chiefly devoted himself to the bludge and trout. On the memorable day in question, and just before marching up to the pool, his nerves were as calm as a summer's day. The fish were very abundant and hungry, and the first cast he made was responded to by a savage tug, and away went the fly. Five more flies in succession were added to the line, the whole of them sharing the fate of their predecessor. By this time the gentleman was somewhat excited, and he was disgusted. It had not been long, however, before the salmon weighed from ten to fifteen pounds could not be jerked out of the water like half-pound trout. Turning aside to select a new fly his feet slipped and away went his hat upon the laughing waters.

Another cast and there seemed a prospect of success; but when he fancied that his fish was on the opposite side of the river, great was his amazement to find that the fish had jumped into the air under his nose. After while the salmon made a plunge and started for the St. Lawrence, when common sense told the angler that he must follow on. In his first effort to pass a rock his coat was caught by the limb of a tree, and partly separated from his body. He was then compelled to cross a pool, and the moment his heavy boots were filled with water, one of them came off his foot and was floating away. He was obliged to wade, and while resting about two hundred feet from the fisherman, and probably wondering as to the meaning of all this commotion; but in process of time he was finally captured about five hundred yards from the spot where he had been deceived, and, although very happy, the angler presented the appearance of a man who had reached the end of a mispent life.

That particular salmon weighed thirteen pounds, and the thirty-five years which have since passed away have not been able to banish him from the angler's memory. Whatever it may be now, it is certain that in former years the Escoumami was one of the most prolific salmon rivers in Canada, and it is a fact, moreover, but a doubtful one, that Sir John Macdonald once killed four hundred salmon there in a single week.

And now for the Goodbott. According to the late Harrison Stephens of Montreal (of whom more anon) this is the finest river for salmon in Canada. It is sixty miles long, but the fly-fishing pools, of which there are fourteen, are but a few miles apart. The river is so narrow that the anglers are obliged to fish in their canoes, although there are a few places where the fly can be cast from the shore or from big boulders. During the ten years preceding 1874, there were taken here with the fly alone not less than 3,687 salmon, weighing 42,000 pounds; and in that year the keeper of the river, one Nicholas Comeau, between the 8th and 17th of July, took 365 fish, weighing 3,873 pounds, which undoubtedly the most successful fishing ever recorded. This river belongs to the Hudson's Bay Company, and it is leased by them to the anglers, five of whom alone can be accommodated on the river. Those who visit it should supply themselves with everything that they may need, for during their sojourn on the river they must expect to be entirely excluded from the world until their return to Quebec.

But after removal from civilization to the Goodbott is the much more extensive stream called the Moisie. Here there are only two good localities for fly-fishing, but these are both first-rate and within twelve miles of the mouth. It is at this point that the mountain lands begin, and where the river has a fall of about sixty feet within a space of five or six miles. These rapids cannot be ascended in canoes, and those who would travel up the river have to make a portage of miles from the river to the falls, and then, it is supposed, to have its rise more than two thousand feet above high water, but as the river has never been fully explored the knowledge of its character is limited. It has been, however, for several centuries a route of travel for the Labrador Indians residing in the interior, who annually visit the Gulf coast for the purpose of getting glimpses of civilization and such necessaries as they can afford to purchase. The angler who have come to the river for the purpose of killing salmon in the Moisie will have to travel about a thousand miles before reaching his home again, and there are not many who care to make that pilgrimage for any purpose more than once or twice in his day and generation. For the best account extant descriptive of this river and of other parts of this wild region the reader is referred to a very interesting work, which promises to be, if not ruined by Henry Youle Hind, published in 1888. As for the men who have fished the Moisie most frequently and with the greatest success, his name is James Strachan, formerly of Toronto.

Passing by with reluctance the York and Dartmouth rivers, at the eastern extremity of Gaspé, we now come to the Cascadepia, which empties into the Bay of Chaleur. It rises in a small lake bearing the same name, which is about twenty miles from the mouth of the river, and is the vicinity of Chichee mountains. There are no falls of sufficient height to prevent the passage of birch canoes, by which alone it is navigated. Its shores are lined with forests of pine, cedar, tamarack, spruce and birch; it abounds also in beautiful islands; and the scenery is altogether very charming. Not only salmon, but large trout are found in this river, which promises to be, if not ruined for the purpose of the best stream on the coast, for the enjoyment of the angler. The hamlet from which it is most easily visited is New Richmond. The fishing with the rod begins about fourteen miles from the sea, at the foot of a mountain called Picapaco, and so continues for about thirty miles to a tributary called the Salmon Branch. Among the visitors to this river in 1874 was Mr. Chester A. Arthur. While ascending the river, which promises to be, if not ruined for the purpose of the best stream on the coast, for the enjoyment of the angler. The hamlet from which it is most easily visited is New Richmond. The fishing with the rod begins about fourteen miles from the sea, at the foot of a mountain called Picapaco, and so continues for about thirty miles to a tributary called the Salmon Branch. Among the visitors to this river in 1874 was Mr. Chester A. Arthur. While ascending the river, which promises to be, if not ruined for the purpose of the best stream on the coast, for the enjoyment of the angler. The hamlet from which it is most easily visited is New Richmond. 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Cooper used to come over every year from England for the sole purpose of catching salmon, and as to what he made of the fish, he frequently had his fish prepared and smoked on the fishing grounds for the purpose of taking them home for distribution among his friends. He once caught three hundred and twenty salmon in sixty days. He fished all along the river, but his favorite pools were at the foot of the falls, where he had a permanent camp—the only other camps on the river, which were really regular log cabins, and both at the Papipeau Falls belonged to the depoué and a curious character named Gillmore, of whom more anon.

It was on the Nepisquit, moreover, where a number of New Yorkers were in the habit of enjoying rare sport, when the average anglers of Yankee land did not know a salmon from a codfish—the names of those pioneers being Lillie and Emmett. They preceded the writer on the Nepisquit, but not as fly-fishermen for salmon on other waters. The lessee of this river for many years was Mr. John A. Nicholson, of St. John, and the number of Yankees indebted to him for all sorts of kindness might be measured by the score. Sir Edmund Head, when Governor of New Brunswick, was a frequent visitor to the Nepisquit, and he once lost a fly and a whole line there, which were recovered a week afterward, fastened to the upper lip of the very impolite salmon. On all the rivers hitherto mentioned poaching for salmon is extensively practiced.

And now for the Miramichi, another glorious river, long, very beautiful, without any high falls, and where most of the fly-fishing is confined to its head waters. Here the canoe traveling, to obtain sport, is more extensive than on any other that I know. The most convenient place whence to embark for sport is Boiestown, where the angler can obtain all the necessary equipment in the way of canoes, tents and provisions. The first settler upon this river, in 1764, was a Scotchman named William Davidson, and he used to take and export every year from fourteen hundred to two thousand barrels of salmon, but in later years the yield of the whole river has not reached a thousand barrels. The practice of spearing and netting salmon out of season has long been more universal on this river than any other in New Brunswick, which is a great misfortune. The upper portions of the river, for about eighty miles, are shallow, clear and frequented by the salmon; and it may be mentioned in this connection, that while the striped bass were once abundant in this stream, they are now scarce.

The last river that we can now mention is the St. John, in every way a magnificent stream. The salmon never ascends beyond the Grand Falls, which are, however, two hundred miles from the Bay of Fundy. In former times all its tributaries below the falls were visited by the salmon, but of late years the fishing has been goodish in only two, the Tobique and Aroostook. The facilities for visiting the main river have for many years become quite convenient, but the two branches just mentioned cannot be explored without resorting to the canoe, and the lover of beautiful scenery as well as the anglers can never fail of being repaid for any hardships they may be called upon to endure. The Grand Falls are a special attraction, and those who may reach that place in their wanderings, ought not to omit a visit to the Madawaska River and Lake Temiscouata further north, which are tributaries of the St. John.

It is now as we recall the countless scenes of beauty and the glorious sport associated with the great rivers that I have mentioned, there seems to be no end to the pleasures of the wilderness to a man who loves nature but is obliged to spend his days in a pent-up city. To such an one the parlor car on our great railroads cannot be compared with the birch canoe as it glides over the crystal waters in the shadow of overhanging trees, nor the athletic games of the day with the excitement of a hill in winter, nor the peaches salmon; nor fashionable music with the sounds of the night on the banks of a lonely lake; nor a bed of down saturated with sewer gas in a great city palace, with a bed of cedar boughs under the light of the stars; nor a great dinner with incomprehensible dishes, with a bit of broiled salmon cooked by your canoe man on the margin of a stream, where the voice of a hunting politician was never heard.

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In 1852, as well as before and after that date, the government of New Brunswick published a number of reports on the forest and fisheries under the name of "A Resident," alias Rev. William Agar Adamson, and edited by Sir James Edward Alexander. The crowning feature of this volume is a series of funny head and tail pictures, which have nothing to do with the "subject matter" nor with anything all to wit or humor. Its second characteristic is an attempt to question the integrity of the present writer on the subject of salmon fishing, and then the author indorsed his own position by copying nearly all the passages from the official writer. The book, however, is worth having, because of the fact that nearly all its information is borrowed from other writers.

In speaking of the more noted anglers of Canada and New Brunswick, I begin with Harrison Stephens, of Montreal. He was a native of Vermont, but became a citi-

zen of Canada, while yet a young man, and was so successful in business that he was at one time reported to be the wealthiest man in Canada. He was also without a peer as a salmon fisherman, nor was he excelled as a hunter. The Goodbourn was his favorite stream, and his captures there amounted to a great many hundred fish, but he did much execution on other rivers. It was my privilege to fish with him on the Jacques Cartier, and I was also a witness to his skill in catching black bass at the mouth of the Ottawa, and in the St. Lawrence under the great bridge. The last time that I saw Mr. Stephens was at his own house, the year preceding his death. He was then a very old man, but his sporting talk was as delightful as in the olden times, and having told me of a wonderful little lake for trout, which he had recently purchased with a thousand acres of land, invited me to join him there in the coming summer, but he never saw his pet lake, nor did we ever meet again.

A very different man, with a very different history from the one just named, was William Gillmore, whose acquaintance I formed on the Nepisquit. He was a native of Dublin, and of good family, had been an army officer and the possessor of property; but when reverses overtook him, he came to New Brunswick and taught a school on Heron Island, in the Bay of Chaleur, with a salary of £20 per annum. How he became a fisherman and when he made himself a log cabin on the Nepisquit I cannot tell; but he was the best fly-fisherman who ever killed salmon there and a maker of beautiful flies; as he died in his cabin during one of my visits to his favorite river. He was somewhat intemperate, and had much trouble with the people of Bathurst, but because I had taken his part and treated him with kindness, the bulk of his property was willed to me, which consisted of a book of artificial flies of his own manufacture.

Another of my more noted piscatorial friends was Robert Egger, the Hermit of the Aroostook, the story of whose life I published in 1848. He was a grand old Englishman, brother-in-law of William Jarvis, the famous angler of the old London *Literary Gazette*, and several nights that I spent in his cabin on the Aroostook are among my most delightful recollections. I fished with him both on that river and on the Tobique, and I found him to be not only a capital angler, but a true gentleman and the most sensible hermit I ever knew. He also has passed over that great river from which there is no return.

Another of my angling friends, whom I must not omit to mention is John W. Nicholson. He was born in Ireland, but has for many years been a merchant in the city of St. John. He has caught salmon in Ireland, Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and in his skill for throwing the fly as well as making them I have never known his equal. And it may also be said of him that he has done more to facilitate the desires of anglers, when going north from Yankee land, than any other man. By his kindness in every way, and especially by his warm-hearted hospitality and a wonderful fund of fish stories, he has won devoted friends almost without number. His favorite river has always been the Nepisquit, of which he has for many years had the exclusive control.

Parting company with the Atlantic salmon, I desire to put upon record the list of streams within the limits of the New England States, in which they were formerly found, as follows: Aroostook, Saint Croix, Denny's River, East Machias, and Pleasant Point, in Maine; Connecticut River, Merrimack, Union, Penobscot, Saint George, Medford, Sheepscot, Kennebec, Androscoggin, Royals River, Presumpscot, Saco, Mousam, Piscataqua, Merrimack, Pawtuxet, Thames, Quinnipiac, Shetucket, Connecticut, Quinipiac and Housatonic. With perhaps some half dozen exceptions the salmon is to-day almost unknown in all these streams, and so long as their names are remembered will there remain a noble relic of the scientific language which simply overwhelms the ordinary intellect, we may say that there is really only one species of salmon on the Pacific coast, but there are many varieties. The most important of all the Western fishes is called the California salmon, or *Salmo gairdneri*; they are found in all the important rivers, but particularly numerous in the Columbia, which they ascend in April, and where, ever since they were noticed by Lewis and Clark in 1807, they have been highly valued by the white people and Indians as well. That they were the fly under favorable circumstances, has been fully substantiated; and they generally attain much greater size than is common with the Atlantic salmon.

In the preceding pages my comments have had sole reference to my personal acquaintance and friend, the common salmon or *Salmo salar* of the North Atlantic Ocean; but as our scientific explorers have recently brought to light much new information bearing upon the salmon of the Pacific Ocean, I shall now briefly synopses of their revelations. Leaving out of view altogether the scientific language which simply overwhelms the ordinary intellect, we may say that there is really only one species of salmon on the Pacific coast, but there are many varieties. The most important of all the Western fishes is called the California salmon, or *Salmo gairdneri*; they are found in all the important rivers, but particularly numerous in the Columbia, which they ascend in April, and where, ever since they were noticed by Lewis and Clark in 1807, they have been highly valued by the white people and Indians as well. That they were the fly under favorable circumstances, has been fully substantiated; and they generally attain much greater size than is common with the Atlantic salmon.

Another variety is known as the hooked-nose salmon, which is smaller than the preceding, and numerous in the streams of Puget Sound and the more northern streams, where east winds are taken by the Indians and prepared for winter use. They ascend the rivers in the autumn; their flesh, when in season, is yellowish, but highly esteemed, and their apparent deformity of snout is peculiar to the male fish. Then comes the hump-backed salmon; the deformity in this variety being caused by a thick layer of adipose matter, and here again the male has the honor of giving his race their name. They ascend the rivers in August; average only about six pounds in weight, and the flesh is white, and only rarely is noticed along the coast. Another variety, of no great importance, is called the red salmon, or by the Indians *tehu-nin*. It is generally less than two feet in length, and ascends the Columbia in September.

There is a large salmon peculiar to Behring's Sea, the skins of which are used by the Indians for making their garments; also a variety taken in Puget's Sound in the autumn and called the chinook salmon, or *Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*; a large variety in Puget's Sound called the towhee, with a perfectly white flesh; and then follow what are called unsalted salmon, weak-tailed salmon, a white salmon, a short-tailed salmon, a square-tailed salmon, and the *suk-kegh* salmon, which is the best summer fish in Fraser River, and which has the eccentric habit of dying immediately after reaching a certain lake out of which the river runs. In view of the fact that the varieties of salmon are found in the waters of the North Pacific, we must conclude that there is no scarcity of trout in that region, which is indeed true; and I may chronicle the fact right here, that I have seen the portrait of an eight-pound lake trout, whose mother was a native of the Sacramento River, but who first saw the light in one of the rivers of Japan.

## Natural History.

### HABITS OF THE BEAVER.

(*Castor americanus*.)

IT may seem at first thought a waste of time to add pages to what has been already written in regard to this animal; and yet a gleaner may sometime pick a head loaded with grain, and he may sometime find stinging shooks where grass is slightly predominant. How little, from the one, and incurring all hazards of the other, I desire to "offer a few remarks" on the American beaver. With past experiences and omissions before us, and with the philosophic scrutiny the naturalist now brings to bear upon the phenomena of animal life, this can be better done than ever before; and we owe that much to the public, particularly the young, who are and will be looking more with each day to these pages for reliable facts.

Thus far the character and habits of the beaver have been studied mostly from "aniquities." Looking at an old dam and speculating as to how this or that work was done is guess work at best, and liable to be overturned or set aside by the next gusher, while to look on as the work progresses and to see how all parts are accomplished is another thing entirely, and true for all time. The unity of purpose, the union and harmony of effort, the silent communication and thought, the perfect intelligence of every movement, make together an exhibition of skill wherein human intelligence is strangely overlapped if not overmastered. My object is to enforce those great underlying truths in organized life broader and deeper than pure, cold science has yet reached, or in its present aspects is ever likely to possess.

When I read Mr. Collins's story of beaver life in Nova Scotia during the last shooting season, I was pleased beyond expression. Here was something new, neither old hash nor guess work; here was a picture of industry, life, and home, worth all that had been previously written of the animal. I could almost see him come out in the twilight, look over his ruined house, and then set to work to restore it. I could see him lay and relay the sticks of which it was composed, working full back and shoulders ached, and then sitting up a moment to rest. Ah, Brother Collins, you could not draw trigger on that "little old man" working to build up his ruined house, and he would have been done. I should have done the same thing for the same purpose once, but I should have felt like fording the stream and putting back with my own hands every stick and every handful of earth I had removed.

But the larger work on the dam just below was missed, a blank in natural history it is our luck to fill out, "acknowledging in, etc." that the whole merit belongs to a sportsman naturalist who seems, as you will see, under the circumstances of the natural history, became imperative, demanding verification. Here was an opportunity to reach the inner life of an animal whose works had been repeatedly described as exhibiting human intelligence, but whose method and manner of accomplishment no one had seen.

With two assistants the dam of an undisturbed family was broken down to the bottom, displacing a large log which formed its base. Then with jeers at his "dam foolishness" his companions returned to camp while he, secreted in the bushes close by, awaited the result.

He says: "At early twilight five beavers came out from holes in the bank and looked the devastation all over. Their capacity could not reach the cause, they only saw effects." The first effort was to get back to its place the bed log. It was wet, heavy and slippery, their united strength could hardly move it, so that after tugging a quarter of an hour it was abandoned. They then went down the stream, gathering up the sticks of the dam, the smaller ones were held above the water, the larger ones towed up, the beaver holding by the teeth and swimming by its side.

"There was standing on the bank directly above the dam, a willow tree some twenty inches in diameter. They all gathered about this tree, one on the upper side, all the others on the lower side next the dam. Those below them applied their teeth to the trunk. The great gorges, all in turn as one became tired, so that in less than ten minutes with an axe would have done it, the tree tottered to its fall. All at once withdrew from the lower side while the 'master mechanic' began cutting to cut away the remaining support, this was done, cutting a little here, and a little there, often looking upward, so that the tree fell with a crash squarely upon and across the crevice in the old dam. The tree was several feet above the water by its branches, and the beavers all disappeared in the water. I was not sure what they were doing, but the tree began to settle and soon rested on the dam. They had cut off the branches which held it up.

"Then commenced the process of closing the breach. A beaver would draw up a fair 'cordwood' stick upon the dam, raise it on end, hugging it against his shoulder and neck, letting it slide down diagonally up stream, leaning against the fallen tree. In the meantime a beaver at the bottom was digging a 'post hole' and guiding the post to its place. When this was done the digger would come to the surface to breathe, while the one on the log would cut off the stick if too long for fair work. When the sticks of the old dam were all used they would go into the bushes and soon return, backing out and dragging along a stick, which was placed in the same manner. This was repeated until the whole gap was filled. The process of covering this gap with the earth, leaves, and branches, however, was to hand was done precisely as Mr. Collins described, hugging a mass against chin and neck and swimming with hind feet and tail. And thus, forgetful of time, I watched with absorbing and often with almost breathless interest, the progress of the work, so that when darkness faded into daylight the dam was completed, the tired workers had retired, and I left for camp repeating the resolution, 'I have killed the last beaver, the very last, and I have done it!'

This is the point where the sportsman and naturalist rose from savage to civilized life.

There occurs here a question for the philosophic naturalist to settle as he may. What was the medium of communi-

cation that made such unity of purpose and such union of effort in the accomplishment? The position of the old beaver above the tree indicated leadership, but no order, by word or sign, was given; all seemed to know what to do, and just how and when to do it.

The felling of a tree across a stream and building a dam against it, is one thing; felling a tree so it should not vary a foot from a given line, the old dam, showed an engineering skill you may possess, but which I should hesitate to assume. We must define instead as directing a few things without forethought or previous knowledge, and repeating the same methods ever afterward. The bee builds the same cells, of the same material forever. The first and the last nest of the bird are precisely alike, and animals who dig holes in the earth have each a fashion peculiar to itself, which does not vary; even the acquisitiveness of the ground squirrel is no thought for the morrow, since he hoards in the spring with all the industry of the industrious bee.

But the beaver goes far beyond this. Instinct is over lapped by reason until separation is impossible, and all division lines are obliterated. He selects with engineering skill the site for a dam, then builds of such material as at hand and of such shape as the exigencies require, varying both as circumstances indicate; and conducting all with a degree of intelligence that trends closer upon the heels of humanity than that of other animals ever living. Why, an animal so gentle, so harmless, should be left outside the pale of civilized life, debarred human association by clumsy form and unseemly personal habits, is one of the mysteries in nature not yet solved, but such is the fact. To him the step of civilization is simply and inevitably annihilation.

What we need is more of this wild native animal. An animal in captivity with, perhaps, every condition of free life violated; say a bear chained, or one with a halter about his neck and leashes in his submission, and both be poor subjects for the study of natural history to say the least; an ox drawing a plow would be better. And now that men of high intellectual taste and culture fly more and more to the wilds of nature for summer recreation, may we not hope and expect more of that inner life in nature found just in proportion as the tracks of men are less frequent.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

B. HORSFORD.

### SNAKE NOTES.

I noticed in your recent issues, a letter on the breeding and habits of snakes. I can give some light on the subject from personal observation. One day last August my brother and I were fishing along the rocky bank of Big Flatrock Creek, the southeast fork of White River. We heard a little rustling in the leaves and weeds in front and at our right, and I got up what was the matter, and there we saw a large black snake doing his best to swallow a water snake half as long as himself, and had it half way down when we first saw him. My brother and I got some rocks, and before long he disgorged his prey in a rather dilapidated condition, but not dead. No doubt the latter was thankful to us for our timely interference, for he was going down a long black tunnel to another country. We measured the black snake and found him to be seven feet in length and the water snake three feet six inches; and the latter was larger in the largest place than the black snake was around his neck or throat, and when first seen was swallowed down past the largest part of his body, head downward. On another occasion, earlier in the year, I killed a black snake, and, thinking it large, I opened it and found nine young snakes in it, some twelve or thirteen inches long and about as large as a penknife when alive, and I considered I did good work in killing ten snakes in a day.

GREENSBORO, IND., March 12, 1888.

In your issue of March 1, under the heading, "Breeding of the Rattlesnake," "E. S." says: "He knows that the rattlesnake is propagated from the egg." Another writer writes aside the egg theory by saying: "His brother and others saw a female rattlesnake delivered of nine small snakes—eight alive, one dead."

I have had some experience with rattlesnakes, or "canebrake" as we call them, during some fifteen summer vacations in Pike county, Penn. Last August, in returning from a trip after berries, and nearing home, on the track of the Erie branch, I stepped from the "road" making an afternoon meal on the grease from the car axles. As his head was in fine position near the rail, a well-directed stone killed him. I carefully carried him home, having only to cross the Lackawanna, and as he was such a beauty, and wishing to preserve the skin as well as secure the oil, I carefully skinned it, after cutting off the head and consigning it to the fire, when, to my surprise, on opening the snake I found fifteen eggs, resembling a pecan nut in size and shape. About two weeks previous to this a snake was opened at this same yard containing nine full-sized eggs. Now if snakes are not propagated from the egg, what were these fifteen eggs for? I have three fine skins and rattles from Pike county in my cabinet, and will take pleasure in showing them to any one interested in "rattles." C. H. STYLES.

1,419 LEXINGTON AVE., N. Y.

[These snakes can swallow animals much larger than they themselves are, is a well-known fact. As for the eggs of the rattlesnake, we would suggest to our correspondents that there is nothing necessarily inconsistent in the differing views expressed by them, for many snakes are known to be ovoviviparous, i. e., the eggs are hatched within the mother. Let them remember the ancient truth, *Omnis vivum ex ovo*.]

NEW JERSEY WINTER BIRDS.—Noticing that this week's FOREST AND STREAM has observations on our winter birds, I will send you a list of those I have observed and procured (with a few exceptions) during the past three winter months: Red-shouldered hawk, marsh hawk, sparrow hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, barred owl, mottled red and gray owl, downy woodpecker, yellow-bellied woodpecker, hairy woodpecker, common crow, blue jay, "Bob" white, robin, meadow lark, bluebird, white-bellied nuthatch, tufted titmouse, black-capped chickadee, ruby-crowned kinglet, pine grosbeak, purple finch, song sparrow, snowbird, tree sparrow, goldfinch (yellow bird), English sparrow, white-throated sparrow, redpoll linnet. The robin made his first appearance during the last few days of February. Bluebirds are with us all winter. The pine grosbeaks were seen the latter part of December; banded two females.—OLD TURKEY, (Long Hill, N. J., March 15, 1888).

### THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH

241. Great Scaup Duck—*Fuligula marila* Aud., Cs. 720; *Fuligula marila* Ridg. 614.—Common during migrations. Sometime abundant in autumn.

242. Little Scaup Duck—*Fuligula mariloides* Aud.; *Fuligula affinis* Ridg. 615; *Fuligula affinis* Cs. 721.—Found here during migrations, but not very common.

243. Ring-necked Duck—*Fuligula ring-necked* Aud.; *Fuligula collaris* Ridg. 616; *Fuligula collaris* Cs. 722.—Uncommon. Mr. Boardman reports this species as having been known to breed near Princeton, Me., where "adults with young were seen, and eggs have been taken near St. Stephen, New Brunswick." But these cases may have been exceptional ones. The species is the most common and irregular occurrence elsewhere throughout the State. There was one shot at Scarborough, Me., May 1, 1878. A number were shot in Cumberland county in the spring of 1882, an unusual occurrence. Of this number two males were shot at the mouth of the Presumpscot River, March 31, 1882. Three of this species were shot at Great Pond, Cape Elizabeth, in April; one was brought to market from Gray, April 14, and several others were shot near Portland in April.

244. Ruddy Duck—*Fuligula rubra* Aud.; *Erimophora rubra* Ridg. 634, Cs. 741.—Not uncommon during autumn migrations. This singular little duck, with its broad bill and large feet, seemingly out of proportion to a body scarcely larger than that of a teal duck, and a stiff tail which appears as if the feathers had been scraped with a knife, is of an exceedingly unsuspicious nature, and easily shot wherever found.

245. Redhead Duck—*Fuligula ferina* Aud.; *Aythya americana* Ridg. 618; *Fuligula ferina americana* Cs. 723.—Uncommon; an irregular visitant.

246. Canvas-back Duck—*Fuligula collinsiana* Aud.; *Aythya collinsiana* Ridg. 617; *Fuligula collinsiana* Cs. 724.—Uncommon; an irregular visitant. In October, 1874, there were procured two ducks by a shot into a flock of fowl in Casco Bay, near Portland. One of these proved to be a canvas-back duck, and the other a redhead. The latter shot the latter species at Scarborough, and have seen at various times a number of canvas-back ducks which were shot in Maine. A pair, male and female, were shot at Great Pond, Cape Elizabeth, Nov. 1, 1880.

247. Golden-eyed Duck—*Fuligula clangula* Aud.; *Clangula glaucion americana* Ridg. 620; *Clangula glaucion* Cs. 725.—Abundant. A few breed in the interior and northern part of the State. Abundant in the estuaries and bays along the coast throughout the winter. Locally termed "whistler," on account of the loud whistling produced by the wings of this species when in rapid flight.

248. Iceland Golden-eyed Duck—*Clangula islandica* Ridg. 619, Cs. 726.—Uncommon, except on the eastern portion of the coast, where it is commonly found in winter, and is probably there a regular visitor. Adults may be easily distinguished from the preceding named species, by the form of the bill and the white patch on the cheek of males differing from that of the common golden-eyed ducks or "whistlers."

249. Buffle-head Duck—*Fuligula albicollis* Aud.; *Clangula albicollis* Ridg. 621, Cs. 727; Common. Arrives early in April. Autumn migrations in November and extending into December. Occasionally a few remain on the coast throughout the winter.

250. Long-tailed Duck—*Fuligula glacialis* Aud.; *Harelda glacialis* Ridg. 623, Cs. 728.—Very abundant along the coast. None breed here. Locally termed "old squaw." Its cry is well expressed by *Quacco*, the name applied to the bird by the Micmac Indians of Canada. Many ducks of this species remain along our coast throughout the entire winter; but the greater portion of the vast numbers of migrants pass to the south. During the fall and early May thousands arrive at Saco Bay, where they are detained by the superior attractions of an abundance of their favorite food, the little crustaceans, commonly known as "sand-fleas," which are easily obtained by the ducks in this broad shoal bay with its smooth sand bottom. Here the old squaws remain until the third week of May, when they have acquired the perfect plumage of spring and have become very fat. Unlike others of our sea ducks they appear to be polygamous. At the time of their departure for their nesting places in the far northern region there occurs a great assembly of all the birds of the species in the bay, and during the latter part of each day, flock after flock will rise from the water and circle about, frequently ascending so high that a flock of a thousand or more is nearly lost to view, appearing to the unaided vision as a faint cloud of moving dust. These evolutions are sometimes prolonged for several days, as the birds were training themselves for their intended long flight in the upper air. Occasionally a flock of many hundreds will make a trial trip inland of a half hour's duration, or even for a longer time, and return again to the bay. At such times the birds are especially active during the dusk of evening. It is then that a flock returning high in the air from an inland trip will set their wings upon approaching the shore, and descend at an angle of forty-five degrees with such velocity as to produce a roaring sound to be heard at long distance, especially when the flock is a very large one, and the descent is commenced from an altitude of many hundred yards.

The final departure is almost invariably made late in the day, or after sunset, and the birds take a course nearly north over the land. But few are to be seen the third day after the departure of the foremost flocks of this great assembly, excepting the usual number of birds which are barren or incapable of the long journey. Such of these as are not captured by fish or seals remain here throughout the summer, and moult in July.

No other species of ducks mingle with the long-tailed ducks in their migration. Indeed none of their associates upon the bay would be capable of sustaining the speed of this species, the flight of which exceeds in rapidity that of any other duck known here. On account of their rapid flight, small size, and great tenacity of life, they are the most difficult to kill of all our ducks, and hence afford excellent sport to all who are fond of fowl shooting. They readily come to decoys in May, and no means of shorting in vogue will drive them away, except that of sailing to them on their feeding places; a method effectual in causing them to abandon the vicinity where practised.

251. Labrador Duck—*Fuligula labradorica* Aud.; *Comptolobus labradoricus* Ridg. 624, Cs. 729.—Extremely rare. Mr. Boardman has obtained several specimens in the course of many years. The species was not uncommon on the New England coast in winter fifty years ago, and probably is not yet extinct. A single specimen, a female, was shot in the Bay of Fundy, near Grand Menan Island, in April, 1871, by Mr. S. F. Chagnon, who is well known as an Eastern bird collector. Since that date, a specimen has been killed in Michigan, at Delhi Mill, April 17, 1872, and its skin preserved in the collection of Mr. A. B. Covert, of Ann Arbor, Mich., the fact having been reported in FOREST AND STREAM.

It is quite probable that a very few ducks of this species yet remain on the coast in winter. Should any be shot here, they would be likely to fall into the hands of fishermen or others, and be unrecognized and unreported. This species might be confounded with the "old squaws" by gunners who are not observant of the differences of the birds they shoot.

252. Harlequin Duck—*Fuligula hibernica* Aud.; *Hir. tricoloris marila* Ridg. 622, Cs. 736.—Not very common, but of regular occurrence along the coast in winter, frequenting the outermost islands and ledges. Locally termed by the fishermen and others "lords and ladies," to designate the sexes, which are unlike in plumage. That of the male is rich and variegated, and the term "lord" is not inappropriate as regards the costume of this bird, but the female is a very plainly dressed "lady."

These ducks are very active, expert divers, and generally wary; and as their haunts are not easily accessible but few of the birds are shot.

253. Eider Duck—*Fuligula mollissima* Aud.; *Somatrida mollissima dresseri* Ridg. 637a; Cs. 739.—Abundant throughout the winter along the coast. A few yet breed in Maine. Locally termed "sea-ducks," or "sea-ducks and drakes" by gunners and fishermen. Although some of the closely allied species of scoters are frequently found on our lakes, the eider ducks confine themselves exclusively to the coast.

These are the largest ducks known on the Atlantic coast of America, the adult males averaging a weight of more than five pounds each, the females weighing about a pound less.

Their food here consists of shellfish, usually procured from ledges, and sometime in ten fathoms of water. They arrive from the North late in October and in November, and depart early in April for their breeding places. They are generally mated before this departure, and while migrating in the spring many are seen in long lines, the drakes and ducks in regular alternation, a variety of more than fifty distinguished from the uniformly dark-colored females by their white backs and fore parts, conspicuous at a long distance.

In the autumn migration, however, the flocks present a different appearance, and the sexes are not then generally mixed in flocks composed of adult birds. When migrating they usually fly low over the water, and are enough from the shore to clear all headlands without much altering their course. Vast numbers, however, fly across the land at the head of the Bay of Fundy. When thus passing over the land, if frightened by a great noise, they will swoop down close to the earth and sometime alight a near shot.

While sheep shooting on the Tautamash marshes I once brought a huge flock down by shouting and discharging one barrel of my gun, and when they swooped I shot each with the other barrel, which was loaded with No. 9 shot. Their strong bones and dense plumage render them as difficult to kill as Canada geese. Occasionally they come in contact with telegraph wires, and such an instance occurred near Moncton Junction in New Brunswick, whereby a dozen from one flock were left dead or crippled on the ground. The weather was thick, and the flock, frightened suddenly by shouts, swooped down at a place where there were many wires.

Although many eider ducks are annually shot on our coast by fishermen gunners, but few others trouble them. The sport is usually cold, rough, and oftentimes dangerous, except during the autumn migration. Yet there are sportsmen who are not deterred by the exposure and danger of winter shooting on this coast, and a knowledge of the habits of the birds is necessary to one to kill many of these ducks, although they are many and usually frequent the most inaccessible places.

The eider duck lays a complement of five pale green eggs which are deposited usually during the month of June and July. The nest is composed of down which the duck plucks from its lower parts for this purpose. Sometime the nest is placed upon the bare rocky shore, sometime on the turf of a grass grown island, and at other times on the ground which is covered with seaweed. When the female has nest voluntarily she covers the eggs entirely with the down composing the border of the nest. After the first egg has been laid, each succeeding one is deposited at an interval of a day or two, until the set is completed. Often each egg may be numbered in the order laid, by a comparison with the others in the same nest. The eggs quickly become soiled by contact with the body of the bird, and in every case by the nest appears darker than one just laid. Washing with water will not restore the shade, but it may be restored by scraping the eggs. More than five eggs are rarely found in a nest, and in the isolated instances of more than six having been found in one nest, it is probable that they were laid by two ducks, as ducks of this species breed in communities. The males do not assist in the incubation, but at this time associate together in flocks, and the change is marked before that of the females.

These large and hardy ducks would prove of great value if domesticated, and perhaps could be cross-bred with domestic ducks to advantage. Their feathers and down are valuable, and their flesh, naturally of good quality, could be much improved by a diet of grain. The eggs are of fine flavor, and very large.

For many years a great business was carried on by vessels sailing from Halifax, Nova Scotia, and returning to the northern breeding places of seaweed with cargoes of fresh eggs. The eggs of the eider ducks were most sought, on account of their superior quality. The ordinary note of the eider duck is a genuine quack, not unlike that of the mallard, and quite different from any of the cries of the scoter ducks. Although rarely found on fresh waters, or even in the mouths of tidal rivers, salt water is not essential to their existence. They will readily eat grain, but are fond of nothing but the omnivorous domestic duck will eat, although in a wild state the eider ducks subsist chiefly upon shellfish, such as mussels, etc. The readiness with which this species becomes domesticated may be illustrated by the incident below related, concerning an eider duck which undoubtedly had been raised or kept in captivity.

One summer evening, at dusk, an eider duck was observed in a pair of domestic ducks in the doorway upon one of the isolated islands of the Bay of Fundy. An attempt was made to decoy the ducks into a pen, but the eider duck flew to the shore, about a hundred yards distant from the house.



At daybreak the next morning I again observed the duck in the dooryard. A trail of corn was now laid extending into a pen, and the tame ducks fed along the line, followed by the stranger, until all three were within the inclosure and captivity.

The owner of the premises had at various times hatched and raised eider ducks, but none within two years, and he did not remember the loss of any at a previous time. After some days' confinement, during which it was well fed on corn, the eider duck was released. It continued to come to the house at night when the domestic ducks returned from the bay, where they spent each day, and became so tame as to suffer a near approach without immediately taking to flight. One day, while we were on an excursion in a small boat and three miles from home, this duck appeared and flew about us, coming to a familiar call repeatedly within twenty yards of the boat.

This duck probably had been reared in captivity, and perhaps had that season suffered a destruction of its nest and eggs, and therefore sought the nearest mate in the barnyard drake, which passed each day about the shores, and returned home at night. An eider duck will not lay its eggs a second time in a nest once robbed, but seeks a new nesting place.

In the domestication of these eider ducks there is an open field for the poultry fancier and others, that might be filled to future profit by this improvement of our domestic variety.

254. King Eider Duck—*Fuligula speculabilis* Aud.; *Somateria speculabilis* Ridg. 639, Cs. 736.—Not very common. Probably some visit our coast each winter, but never in abundance. The haunts of this species are more northern than those of the common eider ducks. The king eider ducks appear to be much less wary than those of the other species. I once saw some king ducks in July, near a locality where the common eider ducks were breeding, but the plumage of these ducks was immature and I failed to find any breeding place of this species.

Quite a number of king ducks were shot in Casco Bay near Portland during the spring of 1875, and also of 1876, but all of these were immature birds, and I have not known of any adults in perfect plumage taken on our coast.

The females of this species much resemble in form and plumage the female of the common eider duck, except that they are of smaller size than the latter.

But the male king eider duck may be easily identified even before maturity, by the form of its bill, which has an abrupt rise on the upper mandible near the base, making the outline of the bill quite unlike the rather uniform slope of the upper mandible of the bill of the common eider duck.

The eyes of the king eider duck are yellow, those of this common species are brown. In size it is about one-fourth less than the more common species known here. Although a coast duck, the king eider sometime strays inland. In the FOREST AND STREAM of March 8, 1877, the capture of a specimen near Syracuse, N. Y., was reported; and in the same journal was reported (December 25, 1879) the capture of eleven in Niagara River, Nov. 24, 1879. These latter probably came from the North, via the St. Lawrence River.

255. Velvet Scoter, White-winged Scoter—*Fuligula penicillata* Aud.; *Melanetta penicillata* Ridg. 632, *Oidemia penicillata* Cs. 738.—Abundant during migrations, and some remain on our coast throughout the winter. This is the largest of our scoters, all of which are locally termed "coots." Many flocks of this species annually take their departure from Saco Bay, during the month of May, and fly northward high in the air over the land. A few of the other two species of scoters known here likewise migrate home in the spring after the end of their breeding places, the lakes and the far north. Unlike the eider ducks, the scoters do not breed on the coast, although a few remain here throughout the summer, and I have observed some here at that time which apparently were mated.

256. Surf Scoter, Patch-head Scoter—*Fuligula perspicillata* Aud.; *Pelecanus perspicillatus* Ridg. 633; *Oidemia perspicillata* Cs. 739.—Abundant during migrations. Locally termed "patch-head coot." The immature birds of this and the next named species are locally known as "gray coots."

257. American Scoter, Black Scoter—*Fuligula americana* Aud.; *Oidemia americana* Ridg. 630, Cs. 737.—Abundant during migrations. Locally termed "butter-bill coot." This species is quite common on some of the Maine lakes during the October migration. It is the smallest and fastest flying of the three species of scoters known here.

258. Buff-breasted Merganser, Goosander—*Mergus merganser* Aud.; Cs. 743; *Mergus americanus* Ridg. 638.—Common during migrations; arrives from the South in March and April. Occasionally some remain on the coast throughout the winter. A few regularly breed in the interior and eastern portions of the State. Largest of the mergansers, and locally known as the goosander or greater sheldrake. Apparently its haunts are more northern than those of the next two species.

259. Red-breasted Merganser—*Mergus serrator* Aud.; Ridg. 637, Cs. 744.—Abundant during migrations. Arrives from the South in April and May. Breeds commonly throughout the State. Lays from twelve to eighteen eggs in June, and the young can fly well in August. Much the most abundant species of merganser in Maine. Locally known as the common sheldrake.

260. Hooded Merganser—*Mergus culicivorus* Aud., Cs. 745; *Lophodytes cucullatus* Ridg. 638.—Common, but never abundant during spring and autumn migrations. Arrives in March and April. Probably a few breed here. Locally known as the "little sheldrake" or "hooded sheldrake."

#### FAMILY SULIDÆ: GANNETS.

261. Gannet—*Nela bassana* Aud.; Ridg. 650; Cs. 746.—Not very common, and now rarely taken on our coast. A few years since one was picked up on the land at Scarborough after a severe storm. As it was from the coast of Maine, and do not often come very near the shore, but few are captured. No other species of gannet is known on the coast of Maine.

#### FAMILY GRACULIDÆ: CORMORANTS.

262. Cormorant—*Phalacrocorax carbo* Aud., Ridg. 642, Cs. 750.—Abundant along the coast during migrations.

263. Double-crested Cormorant—*Phalacrocorax dilophus* Aud., Ridg. 643, Cs. 751.—Abundant during migrations along the coast. The cormorants are locally termed "shag" by fishermen. None breed on the coast of Maine, although some remain here throughout the summer. These are chiefly immature birds, which keep together in flocks and habitually resort to the same ledges each night to roost.

#### FAMILY PELICANIDÆ: PELICANS.

264. White Pelican—*Pelecanus americanus* Aud.; *Pelecanus erythrorhynchos* Ridg. 640; *Pelecanus trochyrhynchus* Cs. 746.—A rare straggler from the South. This species has been taken in the Bay of Fundy, and Mr. Boardman informs me that one frequented the St. Croix River one autumn,

and was seen there repeatedly by many persons, but was not captured.

265. Frigate Pelican—*Torquigaster aquilus* Aud., Ridg. 639, Cs. 761.—A rare straggler from the South. Mr. Ruthven Deane has recorded (Bulletin N. O. C., Jan. 1879) the occurrence of this species on the coast of Nova Scotia. Mr. Andrew Davies, of Halifax, N. S., procured the specimen, which was "shot outside of Halifax harbor, October 16, 1876." As this bird passed from the South along the coast to the east of Maine, it may perhaps be mentioned here quite as properly as other coast stragglers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MOCKING-BIRD IN MASSACHUSETTS.—While out with my gun to-day, I had the rare good fortune to secure a specimen of the mocking-bird (*Mimus polyglottus*). I was returning home, and as I had to pass very near a small snipe meadow, I thought I would look along the edge and see if I could not find a snipe. I had hunted it over thoroughly without success, and was starting for home, when I observed a bird fly over a river near by and alight on the other side. As the bird looked strange to me, I determined to get it if possible. I walked back nearly half a mile to a bridge, crossed the river, and walked back on the other side. Before I reached the place where the bird alighted, I saw it in company with some sparrows. It was wild and would not let approach near enough to shoot it with small shot. When I got within about thirty-five yards I fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing the bird drop into the water. I pulled it out, wet and dripping, but otherwise very good. Upon skinning I found it to be an adult female. Its crop was completely filled with bugs, flies, and other small insects. This is the first I ever knew to be seen or taken here. Mr. Samuels, in his "Birds of New England," says: "This bird is so exceedingly rare in New England, that it can scarcely be regarded otherwise than as an accidental visitor to Massachusetts is certainly its northern limit." Dr. Elliott Coues, in his "New England Bird Life," says: "The mocking-bird is practically restricted to its northward extension to the Carolinian fauna, and has but once been observed beyond Massachusetts, where, as also in Connecticut and in Rhode Island, it is a rare summer resident—if, indeed it be of more than casual occurrence." He also says: "According to Allen, writing in 1864, it has been known to winter in Springfield, Mass., several times within five years, and two pairs nested there in 1860."—JOHN C. CATOON (Taunton, Mass., March 26.)

SNOW BUNTINGS AND MEADOW LARKS.—Hartford, Conn.—Editor Forest and Stream: "J. L. D." is rather surprised to learn that snow buntings will alight in trees. I have noticed them in trees in New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine very often. "Medicus" will find meadow larks during the winter months in Connecticut Valley as far north as Northampton, Mass., but not as numerous as in the fall of the year. Game has wintered well here (in the market), as we have quail, grouse, pigeon, venison. The game laws are not enforced here, as woodcock shooting began in July, the law not being off until October.—FLICK FLICK.

MEADOW LARK AS WINTER RESIDENT.—Philadelphia, March 31.—Noticing "Medicus's" interesting communication in your last week's issue relative to the wintering of the meadow lark in Pennsylvania, and noting his having killed one near Media, Pa., recalls the time, not seven years ago, when the then open fields around West Philadelphia, to the writer's knowledge, were the resorts of a large flock of these birds, especially in very cold weather and when snow lay on the ground. Even at that time they can be found every winter in the "stump fields" on the line of the Baltimore pike just beyond the county line. Both male and female birds quite often remain with us all winter, at least used to.—HOSO.

## Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

OLD Bill Lane, of Shinnecock Bay, is never at a loss for an answer. One night, after a cold day on the bay, when more whisky had been slaughtered than ducks, we all sat around the stove and yied with another in our personal experiences in field and "marsh." The yarns grew more and more improbable, till the climax came from Doctor M., of Brooklyn. The good Doctor is of an imaginative turn, but too much bad luck or bad rum had made him disregarding of the fact. At last he said: "I was out shooting one day and struck a bunch of quail. It was in the old muzzle-loader days. My dog had come to a point. I flushed the birds and they went up and another in my snapper. What was my surprise when the bird fell. I walked up, picked it up and it was stone dead! Now how do you account for that, Mr. Lane?"

Bill looked at him with a sly twinkle in his blue eye, changed his foot, thrust his hands deeper into his pockets, and said: "Wal, now, I shouldn't like to account for that, Doctor M." There were no more stories told that night.

THE JUDGE.

Have you heard of the wedding of S., one of Long Island's best-known "sports"? Devoted from infancy to dog and gun. A good fellow, but a bit wild; untamed, perhaps. He was married the other day; and for the first time since childhood entered a church. He tells the story himself:

"Presently I saw the parson motioning to me with his book. I couldn't understand it and looked inquiringly at him. Again he raised it to his chin and brought it downward. Still I couldn't make it out. At last he whispered, 'Down charge, close!' Then I knelt; and that was what he wanted."

THE JUDGE.

Scene—Caroline county, Maryland; sun two hours high. Yours truly out "squirrelin'" armed with a long rifle, passes through a cornfield in which are two "culled gemin'" industriously engaged in husking corn. The usual "Howare you" is exchanged and work suspended for a minute examination of the rifle. Darkey No. 1 takes it, aims at several cornstalks, says: "Yes, tubercular good gun, mooses long es ole Uncle Ross's do." "Why," said I, "is his any longer?" "Oh! bress yer, yes, child; why, he was out squirrelin' this mornin' on sen or squerl or big gun." Uncle Ross puts up on busts a cap on 'im, but she done go; lays her down, looked in ther bar' n seed ther charge comin', puts her up agin quick en killed ther squerl dead."

Darkey No. 2 now chimes in, and says: "Saved ole Uncle Ross er right smart er trouble do ef he'd pulled trigger force he left home."

BROOKLYN, Long Island.

## Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will our correspondents favor us with such notices?

### FARMER VS. SPORTSMAN.

IF we are to continue to roam at will with dog and gun through the covers, or follow unmolested the trout brooks that course through the meadows of the farmer, it would be wise to stop and consider, and see if we cannot do something to remove the prejudice that exists toward our class. It is not pleasant to ride a dozen miles to a splendid cover that you enjoyed shooting in last year, and find posted the notice "No shooting on these premises," or to journey to a fine trout brook you have fished with good success for years, and while still sitting in your wagon read on a board posted where the brook crosses the road, "No fishing allowed."

I fear, however, that shooters and fishermen are very largely responsible for this state of things. Mark you, I do not say sportsmen, for to my mind a true sportsman must be a gentleman, not necessarily wealthy or highly educated, but a large-hearted, whole-souled fellow, who would scorn to do a mean act. If all who use the rod and gun were of this class there would be little trouble, and the grounds of the farmer would very rarely be found posted. But unfortunately there are some who belong to the shooting and fishing fraternity who conduct themselves as though they thought the farmers, on whose grounds they were trespassing, had no rights which they were bound to respect. I have seen a man deliberately tumble the top of a wall down because he was too lazy to climb over it, and I have repeatedly seen where a rod of wall had been literally torn down to take out a rabbit. I have also seen the tall grass that had been ruthlessly trampled down not man or stingy to cut, and because of these things the sportsman is set aside.

Farmers are a class as not mean or stingy, quite the reverse, as many of us can testify. When I was about a dozen years old my father gave me a gun and fishing-rod to use, and for more than thirty years I have used them faithfully. Not the same old twenty-gauge muzzle-loader, or the same old twenty-foot rod; they have long been laid aside for others of improved pattern. But for more than thirty years I have used the rod and gun, and I have indulged in this recreation in all the New England States, and during all this time I think I have never been ordered off a farmer's domain but three times, and only twice in my own State. On these occasions I simply obeyed and indulged in no abuse. In one of the cases the owner was a New Yorker who spent his summers on his farm, and I was aware that shooters had been ordered off, but as the land was not "posted" and the cover a favorable one, I concluded to take my chances. The chances of my gun soon brought the hired man, who delivered his message, and I quietly left. Not long after I was out shooting with a friend, and toward night, after a very successful shoot, I arranged with my friend to look through a piece of cover, while I drove the horse around to the one where I had been ordered off, and where he should meet me. I found the owner at home and asked the privilege of looking through the cover. He met me pleasantly enough, but proceeded to state his grievance. He said that a brood of partridges had been killed and reared there, and he had hoped to get one for his wife, who was very fond of them; but that as soon as the law was off the hunters from the city came there and killed them all, and he didn't get one; that he cared nothing for the woodcock, and had no objection to my hunting, but that if I killed a partridge he wished I would give it to him for his wife. I hunted out the cover, killed a partridge, gave it to him, and with the pleasure he expressed, I was on my way well. I have hunted the cover the past few years, and have killed lots of birds there, and have never thought that I paid dearly for the privilege.

Another case happened last fall at one of our best covers for light woodcock, which is situated about four miles from the city. Two members of our club had just commenced to shoot there one morning when the owner came out of his house, and, having no quarrels, he remained in the cover, and, within hearing, and kept it up until he got up to my friend S., whom he ordered off in language more forcible than elegant. Now, my friend S. is a gentleman, and nothing would have induced him to indulge in such language himself; beside he had just flushed a woodcock and had him marked down, and was, therefore, very anxious to remain. So he began to reason with the man, told him that he would do him no harm, that he only wished to look over the cover for woodcock, and that was all. "I have just flushed one, and as it is right behind that bunch of alders, you take my gun and shoot him while I go round and put him up." The fight was all out of the farmer, and he replied, "I can't shoot anything; let me scare him up for you." And so he did, and S. killed the woodcock, and it is needless to add that he and his friend hunted the cover as long as they pleased. The farmer's excuse for the attack was that somebody not long before had shot at the cover out of "carelessness," and, therefore, was down on all hunters. Now, if my friend had replied to the man in like manner what would have been the result? If not blows, at least a disagreeable quarrel, and he would not have hunted the cover, beside the farmer would have retained the same opinion of hunters; whereas he learned that a hunter could be a gentleman, and he no doubt returned to his house heartily ashamed of himself. I firmly believe that if sportsmen would only learn not to "go off at half cock" when farmers approach them in a coarse, boisterous manner and order them off, but instead would show them that a sportsman is a gentleman, they could generally so arrange matters as to be allowed to remain, and in most cases would be invited to come again.

I am aware that there is another side to the question, and that there are mean men among farmers. Of course there are; and that is true of every class. There are farmers who hunt, or pretend to hunt, but out of "carelessness," they do not take themselves, neither will they allow you on their premises; they think a sportsman is a loafer; they hate a dog, etc. Not much can be done for these men; nothing would induce them to think differently. They would be glad if they could induce their neighbors to think and act as they do in these matters, but they cannot; they haven't much influence anyway, and, best of all, this class of men is not large. All there is to be done if we will, is to tell them that they order us off, and we will do no good to tell them what you think of them. Such men are gener-

ally despised by all mankind, and they know it well enough.

That this class of farmers have very little influence I was thoroughly convinced while attending a meeting of the Worcester County Grange, a little more than a year ago. The meeting was held in one of the halls in this city, and the afternoon session was open to the public. It had been announced in the daily papers that the following subject would be discussed:

"*Theraps, the sportsmen of this State have caused a law to be enacted that makes the shooting of game by farmers on their own premises so certain that it is almost a criminal offense.*"

"*Theraps, certain representative sportsmen in this vicinity have offered a reward for the detection of offenders, thereby constituting themselves keepers of the law which they have made.*"

"*Theraps, the object in view is additional sport to the shooting 'travels' and not the good of society in general; therefore*

"*Resolved, That the agricultural community should resent this impertinent interference with its natural rights, and by united legal action, especially the enforcement of the trespass act, cause its interests to be protected and maintained.*"

I was at that time president of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, and I received an invitation to be present. Being a county meeting it was quite a large one, and the members of the sub-granges from the various towns being present with their wives and daughters. It was as honest and intelligent looking a body of people as one could wish to meet; and I had a great deal of curiosity to see how the subject would be handled. I am pretty thoroughly acquainted in the neighboring towns, and as I took my seat in the rear of the hall and looked about I saw many familiar faces. A large delegation was present from my native town, and I found myself surrounded by men and women who were my boyhood friends and schoolmates. I cannot give a detailed report of that meeting; but as the discussion progressed I was very glad to see that a large majority of the farmers present recognized the fact that not all lovers of field sports were loafers and scoundrels. Some very pleasant things were said of our club, for which I felt deeply grateful.

The other element was, however, represented, and after several members had spoken Mr. Bernard, a woodsman who arose and walked slowly to the Speaker's desk and began to unroll his manuscript; and while doing so looked about him in a very confident way, as though he were entirely satisfied with the paper he was about to read. Now, this man was from my native town, and I have known him long and well. He has wealth, considerable ability, is well educated, the owner of one of the finest places in the town, and of course, an influential member of the grange. But the idea of his having prepared an elaborate paper on the subject under discussion struck me as being decidedly absurd. I should not have been more at sea endeavoring to deliver a lecture on astronomy than was this man with the subject he was trying to handle. He has not a rod of cover on his place where a game bird would be likely to live, and I doubt if he ever saw a man with dog and gun on his domain. I have no idea, not the slightest, that he could tell a shotgun from a rifle, a setter from a St. Bernard, or a woodcock from a quail, and yet this man read to us as though he thought he had the whole thing "down fine" and wanted us to understand that he couldn't tolerate a "so-called" sportsman. He quoted in a sarcastic way from the speeches made at the annual dinner of the sportsman's club as they appeared in the daily papers, also from the game laws "so selfishly framed by the shooting fraternity that a farmer's boy could not secure a woodcock." He claimed that the farmers were the natural and only owners of the game, and urged his hearers to see to it that the trespass act was enforced. And how was this mastery effort received? Was he applauded? Very faintly. It was apparent that it was too rank for their tastes. After the reading of this paper the "worthy master" announced that "there was a representative sportsman in the hall and he thought the members would be glad to hear from him." O! to have been equal to that occasion when they say something, and I did try to say a few words that should help to remove the prejudice that exists toward our fraternity. I shall not soon forget the many kind greetings I received from the members of the Worcester County Grange at the close of that meeting.

And now, brother sportsmen, let me say that I believe it is possible for us to so conduct ourselves toward the farmers that when we hunt about the covers or the trout brooks, in nine cases out of ten we shall be kindly received. K.

WORCESTER, MASS., March 27, 1888.

## NOTES ON THE QUAIL OF TEXAS.

I SEND an account of some things I have noticed of quail in Texas. Arriving in December at Fort Duncan, on the Rio Grande, Texas, I was told that the old ordinance against shooting of quail and quail. He said, "Oh, yes, plenty. Right down the river, near the banks, but you will never get more than two shots at a covey, for they go straight to Mexico." This seemed strange, for the river there is more than half a mile wide. Yet I found that he had told the truth. After losing a number of birds shot over the water and swept away by the rapid current, I always took my duck dog with me, and it was a novelty in quail-shooting to have my birds retrieved from the river.

I could always find them in the morning or late in the afternoon, seldom in the middle of the day, and finally came to the conclusion that they were hatched in Mexico and roosted there, and came over to feed. Had they found out that Mexicans do not shoot quail? Did the old birds practice the young on long flights before they started over the river with them? The birds were the Texas variety of the common brown quail (*Ardeotis caprimulgus*). Back from the river they flew no further when flushed than Northern quail usually do. They do not tie to a dog as well as the Northern bird. Once, however, I was for weeks on a road little traveled except by Mexicans, and I found them so tame that they would not even squat when my dog pointed, but move slowly along not twenty yards from me. They probably had not been disturbed for years.

The blue or scaled quail (*Callipepla squamata*) worry a great dog. He must point, going about half speed, if he keeps anywhere near his bird. They seldom fly unless hard pushed, and are very fast runners. I prefer to tie up my dog, and if the weather is hot shoot from horseback. I never hesitate about shooting them on the ground, and it is no contemptible feat to knock them over as they dart from bush to bush. They seem to fully understand the necessity of keeping some obstacle in range between themselves and the man that is to kill them, and as well as that, they are very wary. I have seen them in the bushes, and have found a covey that I could not get within gun-shot of on one

day, to be tame the next. There had been no change of weather, and I am unable to account for this difference. They are larger than the common quail, but I do not consider them as good on the table. I have repeatedly had one of each cooked to test this.

The Massena quail, called also black quail (*Cyrtonyx masena*) lie like stones. I once saw a pointer catch a full-grown unmounted one. They are trying on the nerves. Your dog points, perhaps, when there is no cover but short grass; you can see nothing and go slowly forward. All at once, with a peculiar chatter (that don't steady you a bit) they are up in front, behind, and to the right and left. I have seen good shots stand open-mouthed, not able to make up their minds which way to shoot. A full-grown cock Massena is such a beautiful bird that you smooth down his feathers carefully before you put him in the game pocket. To my taste they are better eating than any quail I have tried.

I believe that in Texas the quail have two broods. My journal says: "July 29, 1882, shot an common quail, almost full grown." And again, "September 20, 1882, saw a covey of common quail barely able to fly." The belief that they raise more than one brood seems to be general in Southwestern Texas.

I think it is rare that quail in Texas are killed by snow or cold in winter. Cold rains and floods in the nesting season and when the young are young affect the increase very seriously. Hawks are abundant and make great havoc among them. A hawk in a tree or hovering near one spot is a good sign that a covey of quail (probably scattered) is close by.

What quail do for water when the whole country is dried up and there are no dews, is a mystery. I believe they occasionally travel considerable distances for it. I accidentally learned that they do come to water at times. It was this way. I was shooting near Fort Clark, Texas, late in the afternoon, and found a covey in a small clump of bushes that grew by the edge of a small pool. I followed the scattered covey and killed several. Then went back to the pool to let my dog drink, and he pointed a second covey in the same spot I had found the first. I shot some of the last covey and found them to be younger and smaller than the first. I had been gone about twenty minutes, and they had come to the water during that time. They certainly were not there when I first pointed, as the cover was scant and my dog went over it thoroughly. It was three miles from the pool to the nearest water.

The quantity of quail in the vicinity of Fort Clark, Texas, last fall, was something wonderful. As I heard a sportsman express it, "every egg must have hatched." I have frequently killed as many as I wanted before breakfast. Many hundreds were killed, but their number was so great that plenty must have been left to breed. On account of the heat, shooting there is hard on man and dog before the middle of October. T.

FOUR LIXES, CALIFORNIA.

## A NORTH CAROLINA MEDLEY.

ABOUT the 10th of the present month (March), having a little leisure, or taking it by force, my friend and kinsman Teedel and myself, with our wives, shells and dogs, for a short jaunt into the upper part of our county, to see if we could find some sport with quail shooting in that section and the contiguous part of the county of Montgomery. We expected to meet our hunting companion, whom I have hitherto, somewhat euphemistically, called Bishop Crickett (but of whom I shall hereafter speak in reference to the wisdom of "setting him free"), as Crickett, only, and with him make an afternoon foray among the birds in the lowlands, just above the confluence of Little River with the Pee Dee. But from some cause we failed to be greeted by his genial smile, and went to work by ourselves. We soon started a small covey, and succeeded in getting two birds, when we heard the welcome voice of our friend Tom, the son of the gentleman whose hospitalities we proposed to enjoy during the approaching night, and for several successive ones hereafter. So sending our buggy forward by one of the "newly enfranchised American freemen," we took to the fields lying along the river, and hunted in the direction of the residence of our host. Birds were not numerous, and we succeeded in getting only eight.

Just before night, we had reached a point in the lowlands, not more than a fourth of a mile from the dwelling, which was quite marshy, but devoid of cover, and as for any game, as we approached it, we heard the well-known sound which the snipe always emits as he rises from his feeding ground. We saw more than fifty of them, but as they were at long range, we could only get three or four. Soon after reaching the dwelling, our friend Crickett made his appearance, and after the "inner man" had been delightfully satisfied by the abundant contents of the farder and pantry, which the wife and daughter of our host knew so well how to spread, we went into the parlor, and discussed all sorts of matters, from hunting and fishing, and dogs and guns, and rods and lines and hooks, down to questions of finance, and revenue and taxation, American and European, diplomacy and statesmanship, with an occasional allusion to Venner and Wiggins, and other sapient guessers at the coming state of the weather. Before retiring to my bed we had agreed to go down to the meadow in the morning at an early hour, and pay our respects to the snipe, which, at this agreement, my companions endeavored to keep me up, so that they might enjoy, for a longer time—so they said—"the feast of reason and the flow of soul," which I always contribute for the delectation of my associates. It is due to candor, however, that I should say, I believed then and believe now, their object was to gain by flattery what they feared they could not get in any other way—an escape from tedious breathing, which they were obliged to take as was unpleasant as the sound of the wolf's low howl from Oonalaska's shore. They failed in their hypocritical attempt, as all men should, under all circumstances. I sought the "downy pillows," was soon fast asleep, and astonished my friends by a slumber undisturbed by even a pleasant dream.

Early next morning Crickett and I were up and ready for a visit to the meadow, but Teedel was fast asleep, afterward alleging, as he always does, that he was nervous during the early part of the night. We got him up, however, and the three were soon engaged in a fusillade at the birds, which had collected in large numbers. But, as before stated, they were too wild for much sport, and each one that we got cost us several shells. If there had been cover for the birds in the meadow, I have no doubt we could have bagged several dozen before breakfast. I have never seen them so numerous. And they were equally plentiful ten days later, when we went out to the meadow, and killed. Therefore these birds have usually made their appearance in our section during the early part of April; but this year, being decided

by the weather prophets of Canada, or the balmy atmosphere of February, they started upon their summer tour.

After breakfast, being joined by Tom, who has an excellent gun, which he handles well when "russy" (morally) I advise him that she has sprung from her "form" in the briars or sedge, but which is rarely held right (when a part-ridge (quail) is whirling rapidly off, we set out for new fields, hoping to find game more abundant. We got up but few, however, in a walk of several miles, and when we stopped for lunch, (we always call it "snack"), we had not exceeding eight birds. In the afternoon we found quite a number of coveys, and some very large ones (which were in fifteen ticks birds), but owing to the fact that the thickets in which they took refuge were very dense, we were placed under great disadvantage, and our bags were less swollen than we could have wished. Our entire day's hunt only brought us about thirty birds, beside several rabbits which Tom's special art had brought down. We reached our resting place after night, and, as usual, highly enjoyed the reception which awaited us.

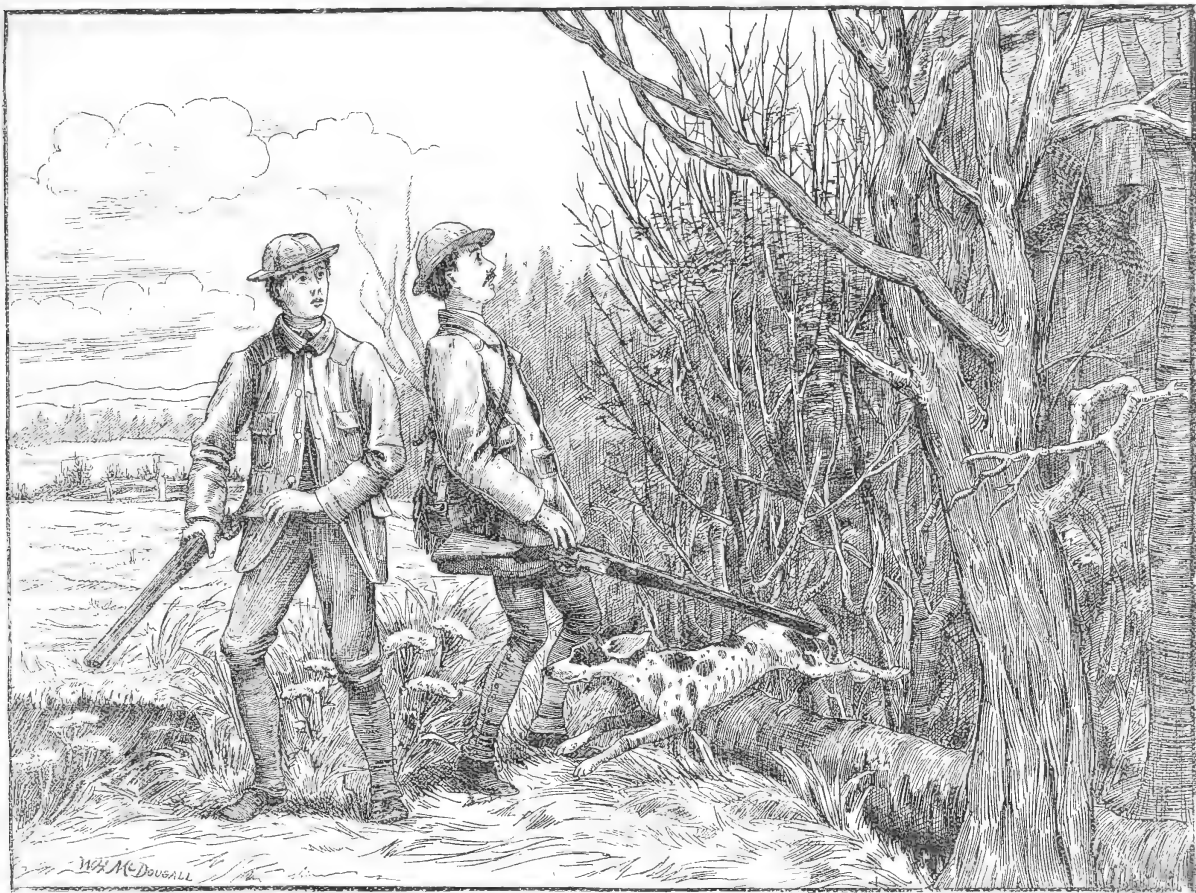
The next day, facing a cold north wind, we set out for what was once, no doubt, a "lumpy hunting ground" for the pre-historic race, if one may judge from the existence of a mound having a base of about fifty feet, and an altitude of twenty, which is situated near the margin of Little River, in Montgomery county, about two miles beyond the Rich land. When I was a boy I thought this relic was the work of the Red Lords of the Soil, "monarchs" of the earth, but the researches of archaeologists seem to establish the fact that the people who did this unexplained work were of a rather higher type of civilization, and existed before the country was occupied by the "sons of Aiknemoak" or other chieftains of the Indian race. I confess I do not know what sort of people constructed this and similar "earthworks," and have not the slightest idea of the purposes which they had in view. To my mind, they had very little work to do or they would not have had time to pile up so much useless dirt.

And I am frank enough to admit that I am equally ignorant of the uses which this or some other people had for those elegant specimens of handicraft which are called discoids, several of which were found about seventy-five rods from the mound in the immediate neighborhood of this mound. I am aware that the high-learned, even now, before named, assert with great positiveness that they had exactly the same uses as the modern glass ball or clay pigeon, so called, except that the sportsman, instead of a two hundred dollar breech-loader used a spear, a javelin or an arrow, and shot at it as it was rolling. I trust I shall be considered as giving no unpardonable offense if I venture to suggest that such was the fact, they who indulged in the pastime had very poor ideas of economy, for even now, with all the modern labor-saving implements for working on stone, it would take an exceedingly skillful lapidary to make one of these discoids out of quartz in less time than a week. Then, when hatchets were of stone, "and other things according," it may be safely assumed that the manufacture would have required the labor of more than a month. To apply all this sweat of the brow in seeking a round stone, to be shattered at one cast of the javelin or flight of an arrow, would be evidence that the people who made them were entirely ignorant of physical economy, especially as a softer stone could be easily had, and out of which, even with rude tools, several could have been made in a day. Without further words upon the subject, I simply say that I regard the statement as entirely unworthy of belief.

As the mound is situated in a wooded place, with a hundred yards of it, and stopped our buggy at Tom's Ford. This day was to decide the long-pending contest between Teedel and Crickett for the champion belt. Like Balfour of Burley and Bothwell, as described in "Old Mortality," these two worthies were so intent in their purpose to succeed in achieving a personal victory that they did not regard Tom and me as worthy of their notice. With firm step and flashing eye they entered the list of contestants, and, as they stepped on the head, saying to him, "Be smart, master, and Teedel will give you good victuals to-night." At this suggestion I, as his subaltern only—his mere bird marker—talked puppy talk to Branch, and promised him, if he would stand up to Nip, I would give him a big bone of plain corn bread. Crickett successively fondled and flattered Kate, Jack and Jenny, and Tom only smiled his approval of the warlike preparations. And thus the contest passed, and the meeting only late in the afternoon. Teedel charged Crickett with preferring Tom to me, because T. rarely hit, and had so little confidence in his skill that he never claimed a bird that anyone else said he shot at, while my disposition was to claim every bird that fell. Of course it was a slander. Sometimes I do hit one, when no one else is near.

We turned to the left, going along the margin of the hills, which the local sportsmen call "the ridge," and the ridge we had not journeyed far before Nip was in that attitude which sportsmen regard as "glorious," with Branch "seconding the motion" in gallant style. T. was on the bird side of a small brook which I was unable to cross. The covey was flushed and each got in both barrels. He missed with one barrel, while I was more fortunate, and both claimed to have shot at another bird which fell. Here the score stood at one and a half to one each. Pursuing, we flushed one only, which both shot, wounding but not getting. The others flew up wild fully fifty yards off, and made good their escape. Going down into the bottom Nip again stood, my dog backing, and T. got two to my one. The other part of the covey we could not locate; so going on some distance, in a beautiful level field, Nip flushed a very large covey while going down the wind, and T. got a bird. The others settled along the side of a ditch near where we were, and waiting for my cue to come up, we both approached the covey. All the birds but three flew on his side, and he got one with each barrel; I had the same luck. He and I each got two more birds and wounded three others between us. Just before this we heard and saw the other "team" having a high time with a covey scattered in the stubble, but when we started our covey in such splendid ground, "high beat our hearts with hope elite," for we confidently expected the Elysian path to be so smooth, and so "chancing our route" in the direction of the ford where we left our buggy, we found several other coveys, but generally too close to covers.

It is sufficient to say that when our hunt ended and we counted our trophies, Teedel had seventeen and a half and I fifteen and a half—thirty-three in all. Two of them he killed before I joined him. He shot a 16 and a 12. Not long afterward C. and Tom walked up and called the Elysian path so smooth, and so "chancing our route" in the direction of the ford where we left our buggy, we found several other coveys, but generally too close to covers. It is sufficient to say that when our hunt ended and we counted our trophies, Teedel had seventeen and a half and I fifteen and a half—thirty-three in all. Two of them he killed before I joined him. He shot a 16 and a 12. Not long afterward C. and Tom walked up and called the Elysian path so smooth, and so "chancing our route" in the direction of the ford where we left our buggy, we found several other coveys, but generally too close to covers. It is sufficient to say that when our hunt ended and we counted our trophies, Teedel had seventeen and a half and I fifteen and a half—thirty-three in all. Two of them he killed before I joined him. He shot a 16 and a 12. Not long afterward C. and Tom walked up and called the Elysian path so smooth, and so "chancing our route" in the direction of the ford where we left our buggy, we found several other coveys, but generally too close to covers.



THE TYRO'S FIRST "PARTRIDGE."—"Great Heavens, Charley! What Was That?"

[DRAWN FOR THIS "FOREST AND STREAM" BY W. H. McDUGALL.]

When it appeared that the contest was so close, C. tried hard to convince Tom that he was not entitled to one of the birds which he claimed, but he refused to make the concession. Crickett challenged to another trial, alleging as a reason that we found more birds than they, and had, of course, a better chance. To this "The Lieutenant-General to the Earl of Mar"—your correspondent—replied that if he had had Tom with him, his score, instead of being fifteen and a half, would have been fully twenty-two and a half. Nevertheless the two rivals met again not long afterward, and at the end of the day T. had eighteen and C. twelve. Still he is not satisfied, and the gauntlet is down again.

Now, Messrs. Editors, and especially the presiding genius over the dog department of the FOREST AND STREAM, I beg to ask a question: My dog Branch, a thick-set, white and lemon setter,

"Whose pawie tail, w' upward curl,  
Hangs o'er his hurdles w' a swirl,"

is one of the gamiest little fellows you ever saw. He is as active as an antelope—I never saw one, but am told they are "some" in the use of the legs—a splendid ranger, stanch as a dog ought to be, an excellent retriever, but he finds but few birds. He is lacking in self-reliance, and when hunting with another dog, seems to be content with acting the part of "second fiddler." His appetite is one of his distinguishing characteristics, and he has no special choice as to the quality of his food. Plain corn bread is his usual diet, and after having disposed of a large piece, he watches, with keen vision, to see if any of the others have left any of their rations. If so, he cleans it up, and then looks as if he was not half satisfied. Why does he not find the birds? Teedel says that his nose is hot, and that unless a dog has a cold nose, his olfactory organs are so insensitive that he is incapable of smelling well. His nose is hot, as a general thing. What must I do to reduce his temperature? Is he right in his assumption? Is a hot nose evidence of such physical disorder as impairs his sense of smell? Can the owner of "my dog Trim" answer this question of nosology?

With wind up of this medley I shall cease to trespass, until the *lunes veritables* again seizes me with its deadly fangs. When it does, your readers may get ready for another indication, and be prepared to read or skip some observations upon what I saw, heard and felt in other efforts to distinguish myself as a respectable disciple of Nimrod. WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., March 27, 1893.

[A hot nose is generally to be accepted as evidence that the dog is out of condition. It is also the general rule that a dog with a poor nose cannot have a sharp scent. We have known exceptions to this rule.]

OSWEGO, N. Y., March 28.—Several flocks of wild geese have recently been seen flying north high over our city.—M. B. R.

## THE HUNTING RIFLE.

IN offering some remarks on this fruitful theme, I wish to be understood as referring strictly to the hunting rifle; and if I refrain from offering any "hints to novices," it is because that when I see a first-class "theoretical" rifleman miss a 700-pound moose at eighty paces, standing broadside on it, has a remarkably depressing effect as to the utility of said "hints." And again, if I gave any, they would differ so radically from those in the excellent series of articles by Mr. Van Dyke, "The Rifle on Running Game," that the bewildered novice would either lay down his rifle in despair, or take it up with a firm determination to trust in his own capabilities alone, which last is the correct thing to do anyway.

In the course of my hunting experiences, I have shot a good many deer on the run with the rifle; but I certainly never aimed ahead of any one of them. Neither do I know of a hunter in these parts who claims to have ever killed one in that manner, and I doubt if such a one can be found. If the animal's flight was continuous, like a bird's, the system of aiming ahead might answer; but as it comes to a dead halt at the end of every leap, to aim just ahead of that point and pull, will result in a miss to a dead certainty.

I confess to a feeling of admiration for Major Merrill's courage, if not for his discretion, in taking up the enguels for the muzzle-loader in preference to the breech-loader as a hunting rifle. The latter is so immeasurably superior in everything that makes up the conveniences of a hunting arm, that the battle is a hopeless one. Nineteen-twentieths of all my large game have been killed with a muzzle-loading rifle. So I speak from long experience; about the most bitter part of which was to shoulder my empty rifle and start for camp, through sheer inability to reload, with fingers frosted from contact with the histering steel barrel, the game standing in full sight, and the thermometer at -42°.

That the muzzle-loader is a little more accurate arm, I believe; but it is to be borne in mind that this superior accuracy depends on the proper use of the loading-muzzle, the guide starter, the swage and the balances; none of these are available in the hunting rifle, and so the superiority vanishes. When using the elongated bullet and loading the muzzle-loader in the woods with a common pocket starter, the chances of placing the axis of the bullet true with the line of flight, are decidedly in favor of the breech loader; the greater range and force of the muzzle-loader I believe to be wholly due to the greater amount of powder used, in proportion to the size of bore, and not at all owing to the mechanism. I believe our gun-makers make a grave mistake, when they enlarge the bore of our hunting rifles, instead of lengthening the barrel, and increasing the charge of powder in the shell. In regard to the two targets shown by Maj. Merrill, as the difference might easily have been in the marksmen instead of the guns, they prove nothing, and again, it is safe to say that if the owners of the muzzle-loader were to make half a dozen targets with the same

gun, over the same range, the difference between any two of them would undoubtedly be greater than that between the breech and the muzzle-loader; so that from the hunter's point of view it is merely accidental.

For a hunting rifle the Winchester has, until quite recently, been in my estimation a long way ahead. Its many merits, and its one defect, are getting to be pretty well understood among practical hunters; of the former are its shapely outline, its nice balance, excellence of workmanship, rapidity of fire, ease of manipulation, the beautiful working of the carrier-block being unapproachable by any other arm, and great accuracy within its range. Its one defect is its very high trajectory, and consequent lack of force, caused presumably by shallow grooving, slow twist, and bullet short in proportion to its diameter. Some two years ago I wrote the company manufacturing the above arm, respectfully representing that if they would put a different form of their gun on the market, one say of .38 or .40 cal., using 60 gr. powder, and bullet elongated sufficiently to be somewhat heavier than the one now used in the .44 cal., it would meet the wants of the hunters in this section and would, I felt confident, meet with a large sale. I received an equally respectful reply, stating that they were already manufacturing a 60 gr. Winchester, which was meeting with ready sale, and that they thought it would fill the bill. Six months after I saw in your columns the advertisement of the Martin rifle, ".40 cal., 60 gr. powder, 360 lead," caught my attention instantly, and I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who was about to order a new rifle, to send for one. Its superiority over my model 73 Winchester was so great that I disposed of the latter forthwith and purchased one of the new Martins. A faithful trial of it for the past year, including four weeks deer-shooting, in which I brought down the game at considerably over 500 yards, has fully satisfied me that it is by far the best hunting rifle for forest-shooting in the market, and as such I can confidently recommend it.

In sighting the hunting rifle, the front sight should be made as low as possible, by which I mean that the necessary elevation should be given by the block, and not by a high front sight. Therefore the ordinary knife blade sight is about the worst possible in forest shooting, because under certain conditions one always shoots "from the block," instead of the top of his sight, and if the former is far below the latter, the bullet goes clean over. What I mean is this: If the hunter, not dreaming that there is a deer within half a mile of him, on turning a corner, or a bush, comes instantaneously upon a deer in full view within twenty or thirty yards of him, he invariably sights from the top of his block instead of the point of his sight. Why this is so I will not even attempt to discuss. It requires years of practice, and great power of self-control, before one even becomes cognizant of the fact, and among those I have met who have discovered and acknowledged it, I never saw one who had overcome it. Bill Nye, a well-known hunter on the head waters of the Raquette, after, to use his own words, fighting against it for five years, knocked out his front sight, and in-



serted an ivory block with an inked groove down the center of the back edge, to guide his eye, and no sight at all on the top. As for myself, after losing a good many deer from an impulse which I tried in vain to control, I adopted a front sight, which I consider better adapted for cover shooting with the rifle than any I have ever seen. The following direction will enable anyone possessed of requisite skill in the use of tools to make one:

An iron or copper block should be fitted into the dovetailed slot in the front end of the rifle barrel, of sufficient height, so that when a fine sight is drawn over the top of it, the gun will not overshoot at any distance. The target should be simply a horizontal line half an inch wide drawn across a board or other material, say a foot in width. This should be placed at the distance from the shooter that he wishes his point blank to be—which for me is thirty paces. Then taking a careful rest and holding the top of the block even with the top of the line, and drawing a very fine sight, fire at the line. If the block is as high as it should be the rifle will shoot under. Now, without removing the sight, carefully lie down the top, trying it occasionally till the gun shoots into the line. Now remove the block, and with a nail, or half round file, cut a semi-circular groove in the top of the block, say 3/4 inch in depth; in the bottom of this groove saw the slot for the insertion of the sight; after carefully entering the saw, by slanting it to the right and left, the slot can be cut dovetailing. Each end should then be lightly reamed with a drill. A piece of coin silver should be used for the sight; this can be upset so as to fit the dovetailed slot, driven in from one end, and both ends rivetted so that it is perfectly solid, with the lateral movement of heat or solder. This sight should then be filed down till the straightedge shows it to be just as high as the top of the block. Now insert the block, and drawing a vertical line across the horizontal one on the target, forming a cross, aim at that, and drive the block carefully home till the bullet cuts the intersection of the cross. This sight will be found satisfactory at all times, except when the bushes are covered with snow, and then it is rather difficult to keep clear.

PENOBSCOT.

MAINE.

### THE GREAT DEER DESTROYER.

NOTICE the following paragraph going the rounds of the sporting press: "When the far-famed Oxford Gun Club take down their little rifles and start forth with blood in their eyes, the foxes turn pale in the woodlands, and the deer tremble upon a thousand hills."

I wanted to be a deer destroyer, and with the deer destroyers go, but they would not take me in. They said "I couldn't shoot a deer, any more than a hog could catch a clam."

When the great Gun Club came back from Rangeley, bringing home no pile of deer skins, no scalp of cunning fox, my soul was filled with gladness as the waters fill the sea. A little bird from the north land has whispered in my ear this true story which I tell:

The dying leaves, like wounded birds, were fluttering down from off the autumn trees, when first the great Gun Club pitched their tents by Rangeley's famous waters. One morn as the first, faint flush of coming dawn tinted the eastern skies, a man, with the matchless form of a Hercules, rose softly from under his blanket, and with a stop as noiseless as an Indian's when he walks the trail of death, passed out into the darksome woods. In his hands he carried a rifle, in his belt a little black bottle could be seen. It was the Great Deer Destroyer going forth to slay all the deer in Rangeley before his comrades should awake. As he strode swiftly along the forest pathway he chuckled and talked unto himself.

Now, his eye fell upon the surrounding hillsides, faintly seen in the early light. "Aha!" he cried, "ye hills eternal, your sides shall be dyed in deepest crimson with the life blood of the many deer my strong right arm shall slay." Now he stood upon the breeze-swept hilltops, looking down upon the early glory of the lake, stretching afar before him, lovely as an artist's dream of paradise. "Aha!" he cried again, "ye matchless inland ocean, your waters shall be dyed, your waves shall be dyed in the blood of the many deer, my never-failing rifle shall lay low in the throes of death. 'Aha! aha!' And he danced in wild joy upon the hilltop. "Aha! Behold me, great Sun! Look down upon me, ye gods of the morning. 'I'm the Great Deer Destroyer, just come up from the city of Death!'"

He came to a deep, dark, wood-crowned dell, through whose intermingling branches the sunlight never shone. As he stood in that dark depths, in the shadow and in the gloom, a great rushing and crashing fell upon his startled ear, like the rushing and the crashing of some mighty beast or prey, bursting through the scattering underbrush as a whirlwind in her rage. Nearer, yet nearer, that dread rushing and crashing came; it seemed to fill all the wide-extended forest, and the distant mountains caught and echoed back the dreadful sound. The Great Destroyer's face turned pale, his heart stood still with terror, his legs trembled and shook like trees in a gale of wind. Nearer, yet nearer, louder, still louder, the rushing and crashing came. It burst upon the affrighted Destroyer's ear like the crack of coming doom.

What was it? What mean those direful sounds?

Was it some terrible lion, snared on Africa's sands, who had broken its confining chains, rushed to the woods, and become the terror of the hills? Was it some still more terrible man-eater, from the jungles of India, who had burst asunder the mighty bars of iron which caged it, eaten up the circus of which it was the glory and the pride, and gone forth into the wilds of Rangeley to devour the sons of men?

Crash! crash! crash! It is almost on him now. The Great Destroyer became wild with terror. He ran to the east; he ran to the west; he ran to the north; he ran to the south; he ran in circles in the great dells, there, everywhere, so wild with terror he knew not what he did. And ever as he ran he cried: "Help! Help! Save me! Save me! What shall I do! What shall I do! I'm killed! I'm killed!"

Crash! crash! crash! on the very hills before him now. With a wail, despairing shriek, like the awful cry of a lost soul, he flung down his rifle and fled as never mortal fled before. Over fallen trees he leaped, over oozy pools he bounded, down the forest path he flew, swifter than ever fled the despairing deer before the howling hound.

Into the just-awakened camp the terror-struck Destroyer leaped. "Save me! Save me! Save me!" he shrieked; and then fell upon the ground and rolled over and over in an abandon of utter terror.

'What's up? What's the matter? Who's killed? So what

is it?" came from every side. "A-man-eating-tiger," he panted in gasp, "his-jaws—all-red—and-dripping—with the—life-blood—of victims slain—is hot—upon—my trail. Save me—save me—what shall I do—o dear—o dear—what shall I do—I'm—"

They didn't stop to hear any more. They just dropped dishes, preparing breakfast, rifles, everything, and climbed the nearest trees, as never squirrel climbed them since first the world began.

Long they waited; long they listened, but no blood-dripping tiger came. All was still. Gathering courage from the silence they came down from the trees. Picking up their rifles they began to trace back again the late flying Destroyer's trail.

Their faces were pale; their hearts beat quick; they carried their feet at full cock, but they saw nothing, heard nothing, save the song of the autumn birds, and the chirper of the happy squirrels as they leaped from tree to tree. Soon they came to the deep, dark dell, where, gleaming in the dim light, the rifle of the Destroyer lay. They must be close upon the man-eating tiger now. Down flat upon their bellies they crept like snakes up the hillside, keeping their eyes upon the best tree to climb. They reached the top; they crawled down the side.

They found the demon tiger's track. They rose to their feet and stood looking upon those dreadful tracks in a dazed and bewildered way. The Great Destroyer, his brain in a wild whirl, had followed in the rear, stumbling along over root and briar like one walking in a dream. He now came up. He looked upon those awful tracks, and if possible became paler than before. There, right before them, in the full glare of the morning sun, lay the tracks of that dreadful beast that had almost scared their lives away.

The tracks were the tracks of deer. The dread tiger, the awful demon of the woods, was a herd of deer going down to the river to drink.

For about five minutes the Great Destroyer stood as motionless and speechless as any stick or stone. Then, stretching his brown hands toward the sun, he cried aloud, like a man in more than mortal anguish: "Rise ye great lakes and rivers; rise ye woods and mountains; open earth and hide me forevermore from mortal eyes!"

O, how I would like to be a great deer-destroyer and with the deer-destroyers stand, and have a pretty, harmless, darling little rifle, and hold it in my hand. A. WARD, JR., OXFORD, MAINE.

### DUCK SHOOTING ON THE HUDSON.

LIVING as I do, on the banks of this beautiful river, I have an occasional chance to get a rap at the ducks on their flight north in the spring, of which I always take advantage; not that I make any particularly large bags, but there is something very charming to me to drift about among the colors of the ice, and to see a critter spring day, getting an occasional shot and an immense amount of enjoyment. Thinking it might interest some of your readers I give a description of a day's shooting I had in the vicinity of Croton Point on March 19.

The boat I used is something on the style of a Barneget-snek, only longer and narrower, being sixteen feet in length by three feet four inches extreme beam. Every thing is painted white, including the canvas screen flung on the ward deck and projecting about eight inches on each side to hide the short paddles which are used when after the birds. White jackets and caps, a fifteen-pound eight-bore hammerless Greener, and we are ready to start.

At six o'clock in the morning, on the day in question, I found my man and boat already. I had hoped to get off before anyone else, but was informed that two boats were already out. However, "better late than never," and soon we were among the drift ice. Unfortunately the wind began to blow, and we were obliged to keep under the lee of Croton Point. We made fast to a large cake of ice, and drifted along, keeping a sharp lookout. Finally comes a little grebe bobbing invitingly within gunshot and I am tempted, but better thoughts prevail, and I spare the little beggar. I am soon rewarded, for here comes a flock of black ducks, and I am in the midst of the flock of about five hundred yards away! I feared we could not get to them, as the ice was packed so closely, but we discover a lead, and are within one hundred and fifty yards, when bang! some one fires in the distance and up they all jump! Wicked words are uttered, but needlessly, for they alight again after flying but a short distance. Now we are getting very close, but so much do we resemble the neighboring cakes of ice, that we never raise their heads. "Here goes for a pot shot," but I can only get three together, kill two, and am fortunate enough to get another pair when they jump.

In picking up our birds we find that one has evidently seen a hard winter, as a chip hat would certainly disgrace him for weight. However, the other three were in very fair condition. After poking about in the ice for some time, I discover to leeward a flock of thirty or forty. As they are in open water, it is doubtful whether we can get to them, but of course conclude to try. When within about three hundred yards, part of them fly and the rest appear to be very uneasy. Another hundred yards and more take their departure, leaving only the redheads and a few pintails. Up get the latter, but we are going so fast before the wind that we are within sixty yards of the redheads before they rise. They swing to the left, and bang goes two successions of umbrellas shot, backed up with eight drams of powder. Down come four; long again; burrah, three more! Now the fun begins. Some are crippled, but a few more shots and they are all mine—seven beauties!

I conclude after this, that we had better pull back to the point, as it was beginning to be pretty rough. My man Andrew was of the same opinion. We were almost ashore when what should I see but an old drake whistler coming straight for us. "Down!" I whispered, I seized my gun. Andrew drops his oars and we crouch in the boat; at a very lively rate he comes straight ahead. As soon as he is in range, I jump up—he sneers off and I put in ahead about four feet and make a colander of him. He falls beautifully. What nicer shot can a man have than a duck flying from right to left at an angle of forty-five degrees, providing said duck is his gun in the right spot.

There is a pair of ducks over toward Caw-Buckey Point," says Andrew, "shall we go for them?" Well, I should say so; closer inspection shows us that they are widegown. We got up to them nicely, they jump, miss the first, by hokey! but settle the second.

After this we see nothing for a long time, conclude to

land, and I take a most delightful sun-bath under the lee of an old fish-house for at least an hour. Finally the wind dies away, we get in our boat and row for the channel. We see a flock of black ducks all asleep, and just as I am counting on a telling shot one veteran pokes up his head, sees us, and away they go. I let drive and cut down a pair, which is a sheer piece of luck, as they were too far away; but today is one of my lucky days.

This last shot winds up, and we return home tired out, but with fifteen fine birds. I seldom have this success, but always have a thoroughly enjoyable day.

F. BRANDRETH.

SING SING, MARCH 29, 1888.

### THE OTTAWA CONVENTION.

AS it was evident that such an important event as the dog show would call together large numbers of sportsmen from all parts of the Dominion, advantage was taken of the occasion to call a meeting to consider several of the very important questions arising out of the violation of the game laws and prevalence of pot-hunting. The meeting was held in the City Council chamber, which was placed at the disposal of the sportsmen for the occasion. There was a large attendance, among those present being many who were regularly delegated to attend to represent either some sporting club or some section of country. The following were among those present: Mr. O'Brien, M.P., Muskoka, representing a meeting of sportsmen at Gravenhurst; W. F. Whitcher, Commissioner of Fisheries; J. M. Forsyth, Wolfe Island; J. B. Walkem, Portsmouth; Capt. Campbell, St. Hilaire, Quebec; Dr. Hurlbut, F. J. Boswell, J. D. Paterson, G. Goun, C. Goun, Ottawa. Sheriff Sweetland and A. W. Thrope acted as secretaries.

In opening the meeting the chairman called attention to the thinning out of game by pot-hunters, many of whom lived outside of the Dominion, and explained that it was hoped to reach some means of putting stop to this slaughter. He felt certain that the Government would give great weight to the opinions of such a large meeting of representative sportsmen. The next speaker was Wm. P. Lett, City Clerk of Ottawa, and a prominent sportsman of many years standing, who in the name of the sportsmen of Ottawa extended a hearty welcome to their friends from a distance. He gloried in being a sportsman, even though some might say sporting inclined was a relic of barbarism. His work of welcome was responded to by Herbert C. Jones, of Winnipeg, who thanked the sportsmen of Ottawa for their reception, and while on his feet took occasion to advocate the formation of a Dominion Sportsmen's Society to promote the protection of game.

Dr. J. T. D. Mackenzie illustrated the importance of systematic attempts to protect game by a reference to the case of his own country, Addison, N. B. He told of welcome by saying that he had hunted in the county for a number of years, he stated that American "pot-hunters" were killing out the deer and partridge which used to abound in the county. In a single train last fall he had seen thirty-one deer carried out of Canada to be sold in the States. Four years ago he traversed the county on foot, and by the beaten road shot five partridge. In traveling the same road no partridge were to be met, but boys armed with old guns were to be met at every turn, who would tell you that they were making men's wages in killing partridge, which eventually found their way to the New York markets. The remedy for all the destruction of game, he continued, was to prevent the exportation of game. He hoped that the meeting would confine its attention wholly to the point that night. Ontario had a fairly good game law. It was then moved that a short act passed by the Dominion Government to prevent the exportation of game. They should be able to do this, and such an act, if passed, would do a great deal toward saving the game of the country from "pot-hunters."

Judge Jillett advocated the stoppage of spring shooting, and a motion was carried to that effect as given below.

Mr. Lett submitted a motion urging the Dominion Government to pass an act stopping the exportation of game from Canada.

Mr. O'Brien, M. P., spoke very emphatically in favor of such an act, and advocated the necessity of officers being appointed by the Sportsmen's Association to enforce the law. He stated that over 1,300 carcases of deer were taken out of Muskoka by the Northern railway during the season just closed. However, he thought it might be going too far to stop exportation all through the season. He would suggest that the exportation should be made illegal only after some date in November, so that American sportsmen, who really come for sport, could kill deer and send home one occasionally. The comparative warmth of the season up to November would, he held, prevent "pot-hunters" taking advantage of such exception in the law to send deer to market in large quantities.

Dr. Hurlbut opposed making any such exception in an act as that proposed. It would leave an opening through which a coach and four might be driven. Otherwise he would be heartily in favor of a preventive act.

Mr. Gill, of London, spoke of the work of the Fish and Game Protection Society of his district, and stated that they hoped shortly to effect something satisfactory, as they had arranged to co-operate with the societies of Hamilton and other places. He referred to the rapid destruction of game throughout Ontario, and hoped that such an act as that under discussion would be secured.

Mr. Shaw, of Perth, emphasized the destructive effect of pot-hunting in Lanark and indorsed heartily a Dominion act to stop the exportation of game. But the Ontario act rendering illegal the exportation of dead deer was a dead letter, because there were no officers to enforce it, and if a Dominion act were passed, it, too, would be a dead letter, unless rangers were appointed by the Sportsmen's Association to enforce it.

Dr. McKenzie remarked that if the Dominion would pass the act desired it might also provide to intrust its enforcement to the customs revenue officers, which would settle the matter.

An amendment was here offered embodying the exception to the proposed act mentioned by Mr. O'Brien, but the



amendment was eventually withdrawn, and the motion carried to the effect given below.

A warm discussion arose on the question of attempting to legalize the hunting of deer during the open season, with the assistance of hounds if desired, but the question was eventually dropped. The convention then adjourned with the understanding that the committee appointed to obtain a Dominion act preventing the exportation of game should meet the next morning. The following were the resolutions adopted by the meeting:

**First Resolution.**—Moved by Judge Jellett, seconded by Mr. Lett, that the Ontario and Quebec Governments be petitioned to amend the game act as at present in force in the Provinces, so as to prevent spring shooting entirely, and that the close season for ducks of all kinds, geese, swans, ducks, etc., be from January to September 1 in each year in the said Provinces.

**Second Resolution.**—Moved by W. P. Lett, seconded by Dr. Mackenzie, that the Dominion Government be asked to prevent the exportation of game of all kinds from the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and that Col. Straubezie, Mr. Weagant, Dr. Mackenzie, Mr. O'Brien, M. P., Judge Jellett, Mr. Dill and Mr. Gill be appointed a committee to wait upon the government for the purpose aforesaid.

On the following day the committee waited upon Sir Leonard Tilley and Hon. Mackenzie Bowell. The Ministers were asked to use their influence with the government so that the necessary steps should be taken for the protection of game and the exportation of it prohibited. The question will be submitted to the cabinet at its next meeting.

## LAST WORDS ABOUT THE SCREED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I admit that I did intend to ridicule some of "Nessmuk's" ideas and arguments when I wrote "Another Screed." I mean to show, by arguments somewhat similar to those by which he proves that no deer is worth \$25, that the value of many other things usually thought valuable is purely imaginary. That is, or was intended to be, the point of my remarks. The absurdity consists in attempting to fix the value of a class of objects by *a priori* reasoning—preferring theory to facts. For the plain fact is that some dogs are worth a great deal more than \$25, and no argument is of any value in opposition to the fact.

A thing is of value fairly being; and the scarcer an article is the higher price it will command. There are elementary principles, and are familiarly illustrated by the cases of pictures, diamonds, choice city lots and gold. "Nessmuk" himself says that if the civilized world has agreed to receive gold at a certain price, neither he nor I can reverse the decision. Very well. Now, let him apply the same principle to pictures, dogs and horses. The best of them are scarce. They are not to be had by people of moderate means, but it does not follow that those who can afford to, and do have them, are to be stigmatized as "fortunate fools with more money than brains."

It is a little cool in "Nessmuk" to charge me with flippancy in assuming that he would value a painting according to the cost of the property it represents. Probably he has forgotten that he wrote, "Is a counterfeit presentment, then, worth more than the original?" I don't wonder he is disgusted and disowns the idea, but I shall certainly not forget it. Without his suggestion, it never would have occurred to me. Neither should I have thought of including gun-barrels (the work of artisans, not of artists), artificial flies, or, for that matter, Prang's chromos, in the domain of high art.

I leave the matter here, not thinking it necessary or worth while to reply to "Nessmuk" in any greater detail.

MARCH 29, 1893. PICKET.

**INDORSING THE MAINE COMMISSIONERS.**—West Medford, Mass., March 25, 1893.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting for the election of officers of the West Medford Shooting Club was held on Monday evening, March 26, at West Medford, Mass. There was a large attendance, and much interest in sporting matters was shown. The following gentlemen were elected: President, Chas. H. Parker; Vice-President, E. F. Kakas; Treasurer, J. E. Ober; Secretary, W. P. Morse; Executive Committee, J. A. Rockwood, E. G. Morse, F. O. Brown. The recent indictments in the State of Maine, for the violation of the game laws of that State, was the principal topic of the meeting, and the following resolution, submitted by the secretary, was unanimously adopted. It was voted that a copy should be forwarded to the Fish and Game Commissioners of the State of Maine: *Whereas*, The members of the West Medford Shooting Club of West Medford, Mass., are interested in the preservation and protection of the game and fish of the several States of this country as well as the State of Massachusetts; and *Whereas*, The fundamental principles upon which this association was organized are for the advancement and diffusion of those principles and practices of game and fish protection, be it hereby *Resolved*, That the club extend to the honorable Commissioners of Fish and Game and to the sportsmen of the State of Maine a vote of thanks for their successful endeavors in securing an indictment of some of the law breakers and "pot-hunters" which infest that State, and further hope that a speedy conviction will be followed by the infliction of the highest penalties the laws of the State allow.

**GUINEA FOWL AS GAME BIRDS.**—Stewarts, Hale County, Alabama.—Last fall I was training a young pointer dog, and went into a field where I knew there was a covey of quail, and upon getting into a thicket some distance from where the quail frequented, my dog came to a point. I thought I had a covey of quail there sure, and made ready for some sport, when upon approaching the dog the guinea fowl, some fifteen in number, made flight and scattered as prettily as I have ever seen game birds. I tried to get several and he pointed them well as he flew his quail, and they keep close until you scare them up. I was so much pleased that I have made arrangements to turn loose fifty of the birds in my fields. There will be considerable danger of hawks, fox and wildcat catching them, but they are a very prolific bird, and I believe they will raise in our mild climate to perfection. I heard a gentleman say yesterday he was going to get some and turn loose on his farm, as the negro will not let them be shot. By the way, the negro destroys more quail with us than the regular hunters do. —G. B. S.

**SNIPE IN NEW JERSEY.**—Philadelphia, April 3, 1893.—English snipe are in Cape May county, N. J., I. Jerrell, at Seaside, killed the last of the past week, twenty odd on the fresh marshes inland at that place; the birds were poor. —Homo.

## MICHIGAN'S MANY BILLS.—East Saginaw, Mich., March 8.

—At every session of the Legislature there are a number of bills introduced relative to changing the game laws of this State, and this year has proved no exception. Some of these proposed changes are good and in the interest of game protection, and for the good of the people of the State, but a number of them are of an opposite nature and purely in the interest of market hunters and outsiders, who, until the past year or so, have been in the habit of coming to this State in the fall and staying all through the season, killing immense quantities of game and shipping it to New York and Boston markets. I will name the titles of the different bills so the public can see for themselves whether action should or should not be taken to prevent the passage of a number of them. House bill No. 25, prohibiting the use of a battery in shooting ducks, has passed the House and will pass the Senate. In the hands of the Committee on State Affairs in the House there are no less than fourteen bills. House bill No. 259 proposes to change the open season for shooting deer to fifteen days later at both ends. House bill No. 312 proposes to repeal act No. 151 of session laws 1881, which prohibits shipment of deer, partridges, etc., from the State. (This bill has saved more deer in the past two years than all the legislation on the subject heretofore.) House bill No. 475 removes the protection from cherry birds (a good thing, but it should include robins and English sparrows.) House bill 387 prohibits hunting of deer. House bill 311 changes the open season for deer to one month later at both ends; also prohibits hounding. (Take this in connection with House bill 331, and the market hunter would have a glorious time of it for two or three years, by which time the deer would be cleaned out of Michigan forever.) House bill 343 proposes to extend the open season for deer fifteen days; House bill 329 shortens the season for deer killing in the Upper Peninsula, and prohibits shipments of game therefrom; House bill 340 prohibits the killing of quail for three years throughout the State; House bill 297 prohibits hounding of deer; House bill 423 prohibits the killing of prairie chicken for three years in Livingston county; House bill 237 prohibits the use of ferrets in hunting rabbits; House bill 549 protects ducks in the spring. (Proposed by the Michigan Sportsmen's Association.) House bill 560, making the amount of fine from \$10 to \$50, at the discretion of the justice. (This is a Michigan Sportsmen's Association bill.) House bill 561 makes the possession of game out of season illegal, unless the accused proves that it came into his possession lawfully. (M. S. A.) There are also a number of bills in the hands of the Senate Committee, but as yet no action has been taken. One of them provides for the appointment of a State game and fish warden, whose duty it shall be to see that the game laws are enforced. This is the most important bill of the entire lot, and certainly should be passed. —W. J. MEMSTON, Secretary Michigan Sportsmen's Association.

**RESTOCKING THE GAME GROUNDS.**—Philadelphia, March 31.—There have been some snipe on the meadows about Philadelphia, notwithstanding the wintry weather of the past week. From Delaware and Maryland the poultryers are receiving quite a number of birds. The Pittsburgh Sportsmen's Club have liberated a number of Tennessee quail in Chester county, Pa. This, with other work this comprising society is doing, will be felt in Northern Pennsylvania. The New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society, not to be behind its sister association, have ordered a large number of birds from the West for stocking the lower counties of their State. The first lot of nearly four hundred, which came from Indian Territory, will soon be planted. —Homo.

**CAPTURING GROUSE ALIVE.**—Troy, N. Y., April 1.—In your edition for March 29, I read "Falcon's" article on capturing a grouse alive. Last spring while out in the woods with a friend after hawk's eggs, I flushed a ruffed grouse which flew only a short distance and lit on a stump. As I approached, it jumped to the ground behind the stump. I expected to see it rise when I got near enough, and I kept on tramping ahead; but no grouse rose, and I thought I would investigate. The stump was hollow, and underneath it there was a hole into which I thrust my arm and drew out a full-sized unharmed male grouse. Yielding to the entreaties of my companion I let it go. —TAXIDERMIST.

It is pretty well settled now that the very early bird doesn't come after the worm; he comes before it. And by reason of this very previousness, he gets left right along year by year. It is one of those *lusus nature* in which the bird loses his nature and nature in return loses a bird. Amid the rough and tumble of the February and March weather, the early bird appears now and then each year a soft and balmy day. Its sky is gentle, the faintest of sweet odors are in the air, and the south wind that brings them whispers through the leafless trees the promise of the coming summer. It is a welcome sound. In such a day and such a time, when I get near enough, and I keep on tramping ahead; but no grouse rose, and I thought I would investigate. The stump was hollow, and underneath it there was a hole into which I thrust my arm and drew out a full-sized unharmed male grouse. Yielding to the entreaties of my companion I let it go. —TAXIDERMIST.

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There is a gentleman in this city who has been training an intelligent dog to pick up money and coin when dropped. The animal took very kindly to the trick and proved very successful in retrieving bank notes. Moreover, the dog distinguished between the money of his owner, and nothing could be learned of his whereabouts. At the end of twenty-four hours he reappeared with two one-dollar bills in his mouth. The question now is, "Where did he get the money?" —Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.

## Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

**ANGLING RESORTS.**—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

When the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman in pre-arranging or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves now and then in such quietness as these silent silver streams we now see glide so quietly by us.—Frank Walton.

### THE BOY ANGLER.

UNDER the bridge that spans the stream,  
Stream that gurgles and prattles away,  
Stream that dashes with many a gleam.

The boy would pass the holiday,  
I wonder if ever in all the earth  
A happier heart warm'd human breast:  
If ever such perfect, such rapturous mirth.  
Was known as in that Eden bled!  
I wonder if ever a gorgeous king,  
In midst of all his jewell'd court,  
Royal with sceptre and crown and ring,  
Had ever such rich, ecstatic sport.

The bridge was ancient with log and beam,  
And over it droop'd the willow trees,  
Dipping their catkins in the stream,  
Asylum for fluttering birds and bees:  
And here in his dim, secluded cave,  
The boy would come to muse o'er the wave.

He mused, for he lov'd all beautiful sights,  
All sounds delicious that charm'd the place;  
The insects gay, small water sprites,  
That skimm'd and circled in lazy race;  
The water-weed flitting there,  
The blue kingfisher, perch'd on spray,  
Then dropping quick from leafy law,  
Shriek-screaming as he seiz'd his prey.

And here the poor, barefooted boy,  
With tatter'd jerkin and hat of straw,  
Enjoy'd the bliss, the perfect bliss of rest,  
The angler's rapture, without a zest.  
He watch'd the minnow's quivering fin,  
And silvery perch go swimming by,

The sunfish darting out and in,  
The pickered snap at the gaudy fly,  
The little shiner, like diamond spark,  
Shoot through the waters deep and dark,  
And the trout, like glancing Indian shaft,  
Deying even his cunning craft.

It was a pleasure to note the frog  
That sat open-mouth'd on weedy log,  
To note the turtles, all speckled o'er,  
Bask on the slippery rocks of the shore,  
The muskrats paddling in sluggish play,  
And mink and the otter on their way.

It was pleasant when hot, midsummer days  
Scorch'd earth and air with feral breeze,  
When the very atmosphere seem'd to swoon  
With the drowsy influence of the noon,  
To sit in his hermit cell and hear  
The voices of nature in the air;  
The chirp of the cricket in the grass,  
The snap of the grasshoppers as they pass,  
The anthems of song birds in the hedge,  
The whistle of snipe across the sedge,  
And all the entrancing symphonies  
Of breeze and of wave, of birds and bees—  
All paintings of nature's matchless art,  
All music of nature that thrills the heart!

ISAAC McLELLAN.

## BASS ISLANDS OF LAKE ERIE.

IN reply to your inquiry for angling resorts, I mention the bass islands of Lake Erie, near Sandusky, O. There are three or four slated headquarters, viz., Ballast Island, Put-in Bay, Kelley Island, etc., each one within a few miles from the others, near the shores of which are usually to be found good bass fishing in the season. And then for very fine sport, large and gummy fish, to be had in catches of twenty-five to one hundred for a day's sport, are well-known reefs and other small and uninhabited islands. These are easily accessible by small rowboats, sailboats, or steam yachts, for a day's fish, starting from some headquarters in the morning and returning in good time for a social evening at home.

Ballast Island, one of the most beautiful of the group, a small islet of about fifteen acres and situated about the center of all the principal fishing grounds, is owned by a few Cleveland gentlemen, fitted up with fine accommodations in the way of cottages, dining hall, etc., and though a private club, is kept on the "open order," and any party of gentlemen, or with ladies, will be welcomed and finely cared for during the bass seasons by the superintendent, Jno. C. Brick, whose place of abode is Ballast Island, O., via Sandusky, O. At Put-in Bay and Kelley Islands are fine hotels, whose landlords know how to provide for the "inner man," especially if he be a fisherman.

These islands can be reached from Sandusky, Toledo, or Cleveland, O., by steamers; those from Sandusky running daily from early spring till late in fall, and requiring a run of from one to two hours only.

The seasons begin usually about May 10 in spring and September 1 in fall, lasting about a month. Expenses are from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day, or \$10.00 to \$12.00 per week, for board, and about \$2.00 per day for boats, oarsmen and minnows, per man. Where steam yachts or sailboats are chartered for a fish at some of the more distant grounds, by parties, usually costs about \$1.00 each per day for that in addition.

The bass are always gummy, and range in weight from 2 to 5 pounds—generally an average of 3½ pounds—and there is no better bass sport to be found than in the waters of Lake Erie and among these islands. —G.

CLEVELAND, O., March, 1893.

## WALL-EYED PIKE OF THE GENESEE.

I READ with great interest the notes of correspondents on wall-eyed pike in FOREST AND STREAM of the 29th, and as the fish is well known and much sought by anglers in this vicinity, I offer a slight contribution to the general fund of information on the subject.

I have been fishing for them with more or less persistence from schoolboy days until the present, or well nigh twenty years, and have had average success. Older anglers tell me that the fish were formerly more abundant than they have been of late years, and that long ago there was no difficulty in taking them by the dozen with hook and line, where it is not easy of late to get a "strike" at all. The only water near this city in which they are taken is that part of the Genesee River between the lower falls and Lake Ontario, a distance of about five miles, and nearly all the fishing is done within a mile of the falls. The water is from six to fifteen feet deep, and has a rough, rocky bottom, on which there must be a ton of leaden sinkers and miles of fishing line lost by contact with the boulders.

I have never known any pike to be caught here except during the months of April, May and June. When the snow melts early and the water in the river becomes clear in April, some of the more enthusiastic anglers venture to try for pike in April and are occasionally rewarded by a large fish, for it is believed by the fishermen that three varieties of pike come up the Genesee. In April and May a large, dark-colored fish, denominated the "blue pike," is caught; their weight is as high as ten pounds. After they disappear it is the golden-bellied, or yellow pike, succeeds to the dominion of the waters. This fish is generally from two to six pounds in weight, and some have been taken which the spring balance would weigh ten pounds. I do not pretend to give the weight of the big fish which everyone loses just as it is about to be lifted in the boat, but some of my acquaintances have told me, and no one doubts a fisherman's word, that they have hooked and played pike near the island waters, to judge from their visible dimensions in the water, could not be an ounce under fifteen pounds. These big fellows, I am sorry to say, always broke loose just as their would-be captors were inserting their fingers in their gills. May and the first half of June are the season for the yellow pike, and after they stop taking the hook a small fish called June pike by local anglers puts in an appearance in large numbers. They seldom exceed two pounds in weight and are of a gray or leaden color, differing materially in appearance from either the blue or yellow pike. I have known one of any kind to be taken with a hook later than June, but until July 1, if the season, including water, temperature, wind, etc., is favorable, one may chance to catch a dozen or more in a few hours.

Seth Green used to fish here and could tell you, I presume, of good sport (Seth is just now recovering from a very severe attack of pneumonia, which prostrated him soon after his return from the South, where he was sporting for several weeks with Robert B. Roosevelt). Jacob A. Hooker, city editor of the *Morning Herald*, has cast many a line in the pools and knows what it is to bring home a big string of pike. He and a friend from "Sweet Country Cork," T. W. A., were the first ones I ever knew to fish for pike with a spoon hook, and they caught half a bushel full one afternoon. They trotted deep and baited the hook with a strip of fat pork. Until I heard of their hook I had followed the plan which custom prescribed, viz., use a single hook with a strip of crimson cloth tied a few inches above the hook, half a dozen common earth worms wiggling on the barbed steel, and a three-ounce sinker fifteen inches above the hook. I have since tried the spinning or spoon hook and prefer it. The current of the river runs from three to ten miles an hour where we look for pike, and one person must give his whole attention to keeping the boat in position, moving up and down or across the current of the stream, where experience has shown that the pike most do congregate.

The best hours for fishing are from sunrise until about ten o'clock, and from three P. M. until sundown. The river is from thirty to fifty yards wide, and on a pleasant day during a good season ten to fifteen boats can be seen on the fishing ground at once. It is a rather romantic spot for angling, as the banks of the river ascend over a hundred feet and abundantly furnish the angler with all the elements of the wicked "small boy" to stand on the bank above and endanger the angler's life by pelting him with stones. Prudent fishermen sometime carry a revolver for the purpose of intimidating the festive youth overhead, but apart from this source of danger the contemplative fisher meets with nothing to disturb him.

I presume that trained ichthyologists will smile at my classification of this pike, but they are welcome to do so, for I make no pretense of knowing anything about fish, and scientifically and merely record what I have heard. None of our pike make a good fight.

MCS.

ROCHESTER, March 31.

## WALL-EYED PIKE.

I HAVE read with considerable interest the views of several correspondents of the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the wall-eyed pike, or pike perch. As this is one of our most abundant fishes in this section of the country, what little I am able to say may interest some of your readers, and at this season of the year, just before the break up here, perhaps I can be a little more liberal to the wall-eye in my views, than I otherwise would be after having captured hundreds, and the longing and excitement had some what subsided.

The peculiar nature of the country here in the great park region of Minnesota furnishes splendid opportunities for fishing. The many beautiful lakes and swift running streams keeping the water clear and cool seem to just suit the wall-eyed pike, for they are found in great numbers, and large fat fellows they are. There seem to be several branches of the family, for some are very light colored, while others are equally dark. In the spring of the year, as soon as the water begins to flow into the lakes from the thawing of snow, the pickerel or grass-pike begin to run up the stream to spawn. In a couple of weeks, say about the first to the middle of May, the wall-eyes follow and then great numbers are speared. Everybody has a spear in this country, from the ten year old boy to old men. No mercy is shown the fish, but wagon-loads are carried away every day, and there is no law to protect them and bar this wholesale slaughter. No idea can possibly be given of the immense numbers that are found in these small streams from April to June.

The Pelican River lies just south of this village and drains many of the largest lakes in the park region. It is about

twenty feet wide at this point, and averages perhaps a foot or two in depth. The bottom is hard and gravelly and the water is clear as crystal. The fish run so thickly here that a boat descending the stream in spawning season drives the fish ahead in such numbers that a wave is raised by them often a foot in height. This is a common occurrence and can be seen at any time during the months mentioned above. After the spawning season is over the fish retire to the lakes again, and then the rod and reel come into active use. As I said before the pike is one of the most common fishes here, and in fact I think it is the most common fish of any other one of different varieties. They are not the best biters by any means, but whether it is from the good living they find or their natural disposition I am unable to judge, and would like to hear how they act elsewhere. Certain it is that in the opening of the season they bite much better and harder than later on. I have never seen them taken with the fly in these waters, but I think they could be very easily, for I have seen them strike directly out of the water for insects, time and again. I have also drawn a baited hook swiftly over the surface and had them dart up at it, and have sometimes secured them in this manner. The common mode of fishing for them here is with a heavy bait in the deep water. They take it very quietly, and you seldom feel them on the hook until you begin to pull up. The way you generally find that you have a fish is to see your line move off at an angle—a pretty sure sign that the end of the hook is occupied. Occasionally you receive a good hard strike, but it is a rare occurrence with the pike.

The black bass are also very numerous here, and some of the finest specimens I have ever seen have been taken. Four-pounders are of common occurrence, and some run even as big as six and six and a half pounds. They strike very well, and it is always an easy matter to tell whether a pike or bass is tug-ging at your line. For my part, I like the flesh of the pike much better than the black bass in this locality. The meat is finer, harder and of a clearer color. Of course, all have their preference, but I think this is the popular opinion among the fish-eating community here.

I have fished considerably in different parts of the country, and I believe that in no part of the West are such fine catches made as are taken here. A prominent Indiana sportsman, here last summer, says he has fished in the waters of nearly all the States and Territories, but never saw anything that equalled our fishing here. He went out with a party of three, and after fishing till 1 P. M., but twenty fish were taken. They then moved along some distance to the inlet of a good sized lake. Right at this inlet there is a small bay, ten feet square, with the water quite deep and still. A strong wind was blowing directly in from the lake, and rolled the waves up well. The fish under these circumstances always congregate here in large quantities. In one hour they had increased their string from twenty-five to one hundred and thirty-seven. Nearly all were wall-eyed pike, with several bass, pickerel, etc. They stated that their hooks hardly touched the surface of the water before they were taken, and a fish or two were swinging in the air continually. It took the breath clear away from the gentleman from Indiana and he made the statement referred to above.

I have seen still better catches from the waters of the State of that of a party of three, who spent a whole day on Detroit Lake without weighing anchor. They took over three hundred fish, two-thirds wall-eyes. The wall-eyes alone filled an apple barrel to overflowing, and a large box beside.

Of course all this fish slaughter is useless, but while the fish do bite the fishers will fish, at least until our Legislature passes laws to regulate the matter. I have seen a party getting off for a day's fish are bound, ten to one, to give up with each other to see who can make the greatest haul. Now I have told what I know about the wall-eye here and should like to see other readers of the FOREST AND STREAM come up and state what they know. One thing I can assure all sportsmen. If they want a pretty, quiet place to spend the heated season, where sufficient fish and game is found to insure good sport, they had better come to this place. I am pleased to state that this season will witness ample accommodations for all, and I would be pleased to give detailed information to parties inquiring. Below I give you a synopsis of the game law passed by the late Legislature of Minnesota: Ducks from the 1st of September to the 15th of May, prairie chickens and grouse from the 15th of August to the 1st of October, partridges, pheasants, etc., from the 1st of October till the 1st of January. The duck shooting season has been extended from the 1st of November to the 1st of December.

H. P. HAMILTON.

DETROIT, Minn., March 25.

PHILADELPHIA ANGLING NOTES.—March 31.—There is a poor outlook at present for our trout fishermen who resort to Pennsylvania State as soon as the condition of the streams after the opening season, April 1, permits. No one as I can find out will attempt a trip now, as the mountains are yet full of snow, and this will have to disappear and run off before fishing will be worth trying. The backwardness of the season has caused the coming of the shade up the Delaware late this year. Many gilling skills have started down the bay and are already fishing there. All that is wanted is a few days of warm, spring-like weather, and the shade will run. Big preparations for the season are being made at Gloucester and Howell's Cove fisheries.—HOOB.

NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUT SEASON.—Franklin Falls, N. H., April 2, *Editor Forest and Stream*: In your leading editorial of March 28, you have mentioned the season of brook trout as commencing April 1 in this State. By referring to FOREST AND STREAM of December 7, 1892, and also to "Fish and Game Laws of the State of New Hampshire" I find that the close season is from September 30 to April 30. I direct your attention to the above as you may mislead some of our more ardent (or verdant) anglers. Trout fishing here, at present, could be neither pleasant nor profitable, owing to the great amount of snow which still remains, an average depth of about two feet.—H.

ROUTE TO THE NEPION.—Will some one of your readers who "knows the way" to Nepigon be so kind as to inform the writer through the FOREST AND STREAM of the shortest time route to Nepigon from Chicago, and what the time is? Also, how far must one ascend the river to obtain good trout fishing? By so doing he would much oblige one who would like to know.—ANGLER.

AS WE GO TO PRESS we learn of the death of Mr. William Mills, senior partner of the firm of William Mills & Son, dealers in fishing tackle, 7 Warren street, New York.

## THE TROUT DISPLAY.

THE new Fulton Market was in gay attire on Monday and Tuesday last, and trout and roses were there in profusion. Mr. Blackford had a display that in some respects exceeded and in others fell behind his efforts of former years. It exceeded former displays in the matter of the number of large Western trout and the introduction of electric lights in the tanks of live fish, while it fell behind in the number of private exhibitors. Canada was well represented by a great quantity of wild trout, which were in good condition, much better than in former years. They were long shapely fish, very dark, and with bright red bellies. A pair of Canadian "sea trout" attracted much attention, and anglers disputed as to their being *fontinalis*, as the large specimens lose their crimson spots in salt water. Brook trout from many parts of New York State, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Pennsylvania and Vermont graced the tables and nestled in the moss divisions which separated them. The South Side Sportsman's Club of Long Island sent many live trout which showed well in the evening by the electric lights suspended in their tanks. They were startled by it at first, but gradually lost fear of the strange brightness.

## RAINBOW TROUT.

The display of the rainbow trout (*S. irideus*) was the best ever made in the East. Six specimens, ranging from eight to sixteen pounds, stretched their lengths on the slabs and looked rather like they were. These specimens were taken in Paper Mill Creek, Marion county, Cal., and were not as bright as some smaller specimens sent by the U. S. Fish Commission from the salmon breeding ranch at Baird, Shasta county, Cal. The pair of live rainbows of two and a half and three pounds, raised from the egg by the South Side Sportsman's Club, attracted much attention; their dusky spotted sides, red central lines and brilliant opercles enabled the most careless observer to decide that they were of a different species.

## THE MINNESOTA FISH COMMISSION.

The Minnesota Commission sent from their State hatchery specimens of California salmon, brook trout, landlocked salmon, lake trout and hybrids, wall-eyed pike and yellow perch. The specimens ranged from half a pound to two pounds, and were in good condition.

## DOLLY VARDEN.

A single specimen of the Dolly Varden trout, *Stizostedion malma*, was sent by the U. S. F. C., and greatly interested fish culturists. The fish would weigh about six pounds and it was spotted with large crimson dots all over its sides and high up the back, and is no doubt a beautiful fish when fresh from the water. It is rare in its own country, and fish culturists have not yet succeeded in obtaining its eggs. No doubt it will be a valuable acquisition to our Eastern game fishes when once introduced.

## EMBRYO FISH.

In the glass hatching jars on Mr. Blackford's tables were infantile specimens of brook trout, German trout, salmon and landlocked salmon from the Cold Spring hatchery of the N. Y. Fish Commission, and some eggs of the rainbow trout from the same place.

## OTHER FEATURES.

Many large striped bass and other fishes were displayed, and the floral decorations were much admired by the gentlemen as well as by the ladies, of whom there were a great number present. Climbing plants and trout made from different flowers, made a bright picture, and proved a treat to thousands who never have so good an opportunity of seeing such an exhibition as that yearly set out by Mr. Blackford. At Middleton & Carman's there was a fine display of trout from near home, and a large carp which swam contentedly in a globe. Inside the market, all was new and bright with freshly painted stalls. The dealers in butter, meat, game and fish were hurried to get their goods in all shapes to the hungry. In the crowd we noticed many anglers whom the recent cold storm had kept away from Long Island, and who, if they were deprived of catching trout, were determined to see them in all their variations of shape and color. Among them we noticed Prof. E. L. Youmans, ex-Gov. Gibbs, of Oregon; Fish Commissioner Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, John E. Devin, George Shepard Page, President of the Fish and Game Association; Assistant United States Treasurer, Thomas C. Acosta; Leonard Jerome, Jordan L. Mott, John Ford, and Earl Grosvenor, son of the Duke of Westminster, of England; Prof. Rice, of the Johns Hopkins University; Francis Endicott, President of the National Rod and Reel Association; Chas. M. Evaris, of Vermont; Dr. E. Bradley, President of Blooming Grove Park; A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls; Charles Hallock, H. J. Fern, Superintendent of the Connecticut Game Commission; H. Thompson, Secretary Bistby Club; William Mitchell, Charles F. Murphy, Dr. Geo. M. Eddy, Prof. A. M. Mayer, Reuben Wood, B. F. Nichols, Charles E. Pecks, Fred Malfeson, Samuel J. Guthrie, and a host of others to whom we nodded as we passed through, but whose names have at present escaped us. Taking it all in all it was a great day for the worshippers of Saint Salmonus.

## VISITORS.

All day, from five in the morning until 9 at night, a constant stream of visitors passed through the part of the market next to Beekman street, and which is known as "Fish avenue." Ladies came in great numbers toward the middle of the day, and the restaurants were busy serving them in all shapes to the hungry. In the crowd we noticed many anglers whom the recent cold storm had kept away from Long Island, and who, if they were deprived of catching trout, were determined to see them in all their variations of shape and color. Among them we noticed Prof. E. L. Youmans, ex-Gov. Gibbs, of Oregon; Fish Commissioner Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, John E. Devin, George Shepard Page, President of the Fish and Game Association; Assistant United States Treasurer, Thomas C. Acosta; Leonard Jerome, Jordan L. Mott, John Ford, and Earl Grosvenor, son of the Duke of Westminster, of England; Prof. Rice, of the Johns Hopkins University; Francis Endicott, President of the National Rod and Reel Association; Chas. M. Evaris, of Vermont; Dr. E. Bradley, President of Blooming Grove Park; A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls; Charles Hallock, H. J. Fern, Superintendent of the Connecticut Game Commission; H. Thompson, Secretary Bistby Club; William Mitchell, Charles F. Murphy, Dr. Geo. M. Eddy, Prof. A. M. Mayer, Reuben Wood, B. F. Nichols, Charles E. Pecks, Fred Malfeson, Samuel J. Guthrie, and a host of others to whom we nodded as we passed through, but whose names have at present escaped us. Taking it all in all it was a great day for the worshippers of Saint Salmonus.

ANGLING BOOKS.—The collection of angling books belonging to the late Lorenzo Prouty is now offered for sale. Mr. Prouty was an angler well known to our readers as being for the past quarter of a century at the head of the fishing tackle department of the late firm of Bradford & Anthony, Boston. During this time he collected many books on angling, and no doubt many of his friends will be glad to obtain a memento of him in the shape of one of his books, especially when it is known that the sale is for the benefit of his widow and child. A short time before his death Mr. Prouty had decided to withdraw from the firm above named











## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

#### BENCH SHOWS.

April 7, 1 and 5, 1933. National American Poultry Society's Eleventh Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries close March 31. Class, Lincoln, Superintendent, C. B. Elton, Secretary.

May 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 1933. Westminster Kennel Club, Sixteenth Annual Bench Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City. Entries close April 13. Class, Lincoln, Sup't.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1932. Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Highland, N. Y. Entries for the Derby close July 1 for 1933. Members' Stake, Nov. 17; for the All-Aged Stake, Nov. 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Long Island, N. Y.

December, 1932. National American Grand Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Prayon, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

### "AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."

As announced in our last issue, the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, at the request of many of their patrons, have undertaken the publication of a monthly register, *The American Kennel Register* is a record of all kennel events necessary for the information and guidance of breeders, exhibitors and owners of all breeds of dogs.

Its leading feature is the "Pedigree Register" of sporting and non-sporting dogs, which makes it the only complete Stud Book issued in America. A register number is given to each dog, and an index will be compiled at the close of the annual volume, thus making it a complete work of reference. The pedigree registration fee is twenty-five cents, payable in advance.

Departments are also provided for the registration of stud visits, dogs at stud, births, sales and transfers, dogs for sale, and deaths.

Prize list of all the American shows will be given, with descriptions of the principal winners and dogs exhibited; also prize lists of important shows abroad. This department will include field trials.

Space will be devoted to all matters of importance to breeders and those interested in dogs, the object being to render the *American Kennel Register* a complete record of the topics of the day.

The Register will be published on the fifth day of each month. All matter intended for publication must be in the hands of its editor by the first day of the month.

The initial number, however, will be published April 10, and all entries must be received by to-morrow, April 6, at the latest.

Entry blanks will be sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope.

The *American Kennel Register* will be sold by subscription only. The subscription price is one dollar per year.

Address: *American Kennel Register*, P. O. Box 2,282, New York City. Make drafts and money orders payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

### OTTAWA BENCH SHOW.

(Special Correspondence Forest and Stream.)

OUR first show is now a thing of the past. Except for the absence of Mr. Charles Lincoln, we might say it was a perfect success. Our genial superintendent was detained in Pittsburgh, and an additional note was sent to the effect that Messrs. Vickers and Allen in consequence. The successful management of the show is largely due to these gentlemen. The benching and feeding of the dogs left nothing to be desired.

The task of judging was in first-rate hands, and there were no grounds for the decision that certainly no one is better qualified than Major Taylor, of Lexington, Ky., to adjudicate upon the sporting classes, fox-terriers and spaniels appeared to give general satisfaction.

The quality of the dogs exhibited was remarkable and the classes were well filled.

Altogether we have very good reasons for being proud of our show, and it is to be hoped that it is only the forerunner of many good ones to come.

The Drill hall was singularly well suited for the purpose, being commodious and well ventilated. The judging rings were stationed at one end of the building, and great interest was taken in examining the judges at work.

His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, opened the show, and appeared to take a lively interest in the exhibition. He was a frequent visitor. A special feature of the show was the collection of sportsmen's goods, which, though small, made up in quality what it lacked in quantity.

One of the attractions of the show was the celebrated Comet, the English setter belonging to the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club, and which gained such notoriety through the protest from the English Kennel Club of his pedigree by Purcell-Llewellyn. He is a handsome blue belton dog with a grand head.

The display of English setters was a very excellent one, particularly those from the kennel of Mr. Bailey Harrison, of Tilsonburg, who were singularly successful in carrying off the prizes. It is safe to say that there was not a bad one in all the classes of English setters.

In Irish setter the principal entries were from the kennel of W. N. Callender, of Albany, and Dr. Jarvis, of Claremont, and they were a lot of beauties. Such a collection of fine specimens is rarely seen even at the large shows. Old Rory O'More shows signs of age, but is still a hard one to beat on the bench. He was not entered for competition, however.

Major Taylor awarded the prizes in Gordon setters to the large, heavy type, ignoring those of smaller, lighter make; but there were some excellent specimens of the latter present, notably Brutus, owned by Tinsley & Donville, of Hamilton.

He is perfect in coat and color, and he looks a rare workman. Brutus will be heard of yet when the new standard of lighter-made dogs comes into fashion.

The pointer classes were not very well filled, but two or three good ones were shown. Chief Constable Draper's dog is a handsome dog of great quality, and looks fit for hard and stylish work in the field.

Champion Irish water spaniels brought out Mike, belonging to Mr. J. D. O'Leary, and he received many encomiums from sportsmen who are fond of duck-shooting. The judges expressed a high admiration for him and scored him 95 points out of 100.

The open class of water spaniels brought out some good ones; and first and second winners were very excellent. The second prize bitch, owned by Mr. Bailey Harrison, will in time

beat the other, as she is only a puppy yet, and her top-knot has not yet developed.

The clumber spaniels were represented by two, but neither of them has any great merit.

There was very little show of spaniels, field and cocker, especially among the blacks. Dr. Niven's Lass or Breda is a very good one. The Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Ruby is a very handsome puppy and will develop into a clipper yet.

Altogether the display of spaniels is the finest ever seen on this continent.

The show of foxhounds and beagles was very large, and some excellent specimens were shown. D. O'Shea, of London, as usual, was well to the fore.

Deerhounds and bloodhounds had some very fine entries. Fox-terriers were exceedingly good, the kennel of Messrs. L. & W. Rutherford, of New York, being a treat to see. It is a matter of regret that Mr. Richard Gibson, of Iderton, was not present with his dogs, as he owns some of the best in the country.

Mastiffs were only fair. The entries in St. Bernards were very numerous, and the judges asked that they be divided into two classes, dogs and bitches. This was lucky for the dogs, Lady Abbess, owned by Mr. F. W. Rothera, of Sincere, would have beaten the dogs.

Newfoundlands had some good entries, and the winner, belonging to a Montreal gentleman, was well. He is a huge dog, but active and well built.

The collie classes were very excellent, and the judges were lavish with his favors, which were all well merited.

The show of bulldogs was extremely good, and of very uniform quality. The winner had no easy task to win. The judge remarked that it was a splendid class, and showed the honors thickly.

Bull-terriers were very poor, and Mr. Kirk very properly withheld the first prize.

Scottish terriers were first-class. Not a bad specimen in it. Skyes were a rather mixed lot. A number of people enter half-blooded Yorkshires for Skyes, but the judge made an excellent selection in the winner. He is a grand young dog, belonging to Mr. O'Leary, of Toronto.

The Bedlington terriers attracted much attention, although their beauty is somewhat dubious except to a fancier, who prizes their workman-like look.

The Yorkshires were not a good lot.

Pugs were numerous, but with one or two exceptions were not of much account. Two English ladies sent out ten dogs and they had many admirers among the fair sex.

One or two good terriers and fox-terriers presented themselves before the judge, but the majority were dogs just too large to prevent them being entered in their proper class.

A very excellent spitz owned by Mrs. William Roger of Ottawa deservedly won first prize in the foreign breed group.

As usual, the miscellaneous class attracted a number of non-script mongrels, but a very handsome white English terrier, belonging to Mr. Scholes of Toronto, carried off first prize, and a King Charles spaniel belonging to the same gentleman took second prize.

A fine dog, belonging to Mr. Stewart of Montreal, and bred between a St. Bernard and mastiff, was very much admired, but only for his size and strength, as no points of breeding were apparent.

### LIST OF ENTRIES.

1. Champion English Setter Dogs.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club's Belle, Bailey Harrison's Jack Laverack.

2. Champion English Setter Bitches.—H. Bailey Harrison's Belle's Child.

3. English Setter Dogs (except pure Laveracks).—Lindsay Russell's Bone, A. H. Chisholm's Prince Royal, James Leslie's Scot, H. Bailey Harrison's London, T. G. Courville's Grip.

4. English Setter Bitches (except pure Laveracks).—Wm. Dangerfield, Jr.'s Nellie, Wm. Hudson's Nell, T. G. Davey's Girl and Loverside, H. Bailey Harrison's Countess Alice, Grace B. and Countess Vic, A. Francis's Princess, and G. Davey's Lady Rose.

5. English Setter Dogs (of pure Laverack pedigree).—T. G. Davey's Lady Rose.

6. English Setter Bitches (of pure Laverack pedigree).—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club's Corina, W. Peters Price's Pet Laverack.

7. English Setter Dogs, under 18 months and over 12 months.—No entries.

8. English Setter Bitches, under 18 months and over 12 months.—No entries.

9. English Setter Dogs, under 18 months and over 12 months.—No entries.

10. English Setter Bitches, under 18 months and over 12 months.—No entries.

11. Champion Irish Setter Dogs.—W. N. Callender's Lady Belle, Wm. Jarvis's Noreen.

12. Champion Irish Setter Bitches.—W. N. Callender's Lady Belle, Wm. Jarvis's Noreen.

13. Champion Irish Setter Dogs, under 18 months and over 12 months.—No entries.

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# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.  
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, APRIL 12, 1883.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS

May begin at any time. Subscription price, \$4 per year; \$2 for six months; to a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for \$10; five copies for \$16. Remit by registered letter, money-order, or draft, payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newscasters throughout the United States and Canada. On sale by the American Exchange, 449 Strand, W. C., London, England. Subscription agents for Great Britain—Messrs. Samson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Only advertisements of an approved character inserted. Inside pages, nonpareil type, 35 cents per line. Special rates for three, six and twelve months. Reading notices \$1.00 per line. Eight words to the line, twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by the Saturday previous to issue in which they are to be inserted.

Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted. Address all communications, Forest and Stream Publishing Co., Nos. 39 and 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY.

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With this compact type and in its permanently enlarged form of twenty-eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.

**DEATH OF B. H. G. VICARS.**—The many hundreds of our readers who came into contact with the secretary of the Ottawa Bench Show, lately held, will be inexpressibly shocked and grieved to hear of his untimely death, at his home in Ottawa, Wednesday, April 5. To his energy and labors in the cause of the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club may be, in the greatest measure, ascribed the singular success of their inaugural bench show, and to his indefatigable exertions in this direction, while suffering from a severe cold on his chest, the fatal termination of his illness is mainly due. He was thirty-three years of age, and had many friends. Holding a public position as Paymaster of the Indian Department, he was universally beloved and respected. Of quiet unassuming manners, the energy and indomitable perseverance that characterized the man, were not apparent on the surface, but all who were fortunate enough to own his friendship, knew how steadfast and true he was. The Dominion of Canada Kennel Club has sustained a severe loss in his death, and will find it impossible to replace him. Without him it would never have arrived at its present solid proportions, and he spared no effort, at whatever cost to himself, to further its interests. His sad and premature end is mourned by thousands.

**THE NEW YORK SOCIETY.**—We have heard it intimated that the Game Protective Society of this city, once a power in the land, is gradually becoming "tired," and has ceased to give its important work the attention absolutely necessary if the organization is to retain its prestige and usefulness. It is said that beyond holding its monthly dinners the society has of late shown no signs of existence. This is exceedingly unfortunate. The New York Society for the Protection of Game has a large membership and a generous bank account. It appears to lack only one thing; that is enthusiasm, and we believe that there is plenty of this left, if it could only be utilized and properly directed. As the society is at present constituted, there is very evidently something radically wrong. What is it?

## ROD AND POLE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "It has been agreed to refer a technical dispute for your decision. What is the correct expression for a grown stick used for fishing, or let the stick be jointed. Is it a fishing pole or a fishing rod? One side of the question is that a long stick, or say a pole, becomes a 'fishing rod' when used for fishing; other side is that 'fish pole' is a perfectly correct expression. Which is which?"

The exact period when a pole arrives at the dignity of being a rod is as obscure as the day on which a boy ceases to be such and is invested with the proud title of man. There are poles which are unmistakable poles, as there are fine rods which no angler would insult by designating them poles. But there are also all the intermediate gradations, non-descript things whose true name and character are involved in doubt. We own a fine rod, one of the most elegant and excellent tools that ever filled an angler's hand and eye, and on producing it to the eyes of a gaping rustic have seen a chill extend each way from its ferules until the shrinkage spoiled the varnish when the yokel called it "a nice pole."

Frank Endicott draws the line at bark. In his vocabulary a pole is a stick with bark on it, and he splits it as fine as this: "If the alder pole cut at the brookside is fished with in its natural state it remains a pole. If it is peeled from the butt for two-thirds of its length, and the bark left on the tip, as we properly did in boyhood days, it at once is elevated to be a rod." Who can dispute the authority of the President of the National Rod and Reel Association?

A question of this kind should be calmly discussed, and presented in a fair manner. We have not the slightest wish to force our opinions upon the disputant cited by our correspondent, nor upon other anglers. That a man is entitled to his opinions, is too true an axiom to be quoted, and as we wished to get at the sentiment of the best anglers on this subject, we telegraphed the question to President Arthur, now fishing in Florida. He promptly replied: "I know nothing of fish poles, except that there are shad poles in the Hudson River—Arthur." We never heard that General Arthur belonged to the hand-line committee, and we are in doubt if the telegraph rendered our question intelligently. We next sent a message to the Hon. James Geddes, Assembly Chamber, Albany. He replied, "I know what hop-poles are and hoop-poles; have heard of bean-poles, but fish-poles are something that I never heard of." Now, Mr. Geddes is an angler who handles a rod in good style, and don't even know what a pole is—in connection with fish.

From this we draw the conclusion that the two last-named anglers do not know as much of poles as we do, for we have seen darkey boys down South using a pole so heavy, that they could not hold it, but with which they "slung" the oleaginous catfish from his native lair high into the blue empyrean. We confess that we don't know much more about this subject, and will be glad to learn something concerning poles, if they have an occasional connection with fish.

**WILLIAM MILLS.**—We regretfully announced the death of Mr. William Mills as our last issue went to press, too late to give the particulars. Mr. Mills was the senior partner in the fishing tackle house of William Mills & Son, 7 Warren street, New York. He was born in England in 1822, and would have been sixty-one years old next September. His early life was spent in a manufactory of fish-hooks and needles, and for many years he was engaged in their manufacture for the American house of T. & H. Bate, 7 Warren street. He came to this country in 1853, and in 1857 became a partner in the firm of T. H. Bate & Co., at the same place. He had entire charge of the business of the firm, and with his son succeeded to it, under the new firm name. About nine years ago he gave up active business to his son, Thomas B. Mills. He had an extensive acquaintance and was highly esteemed for his probity and thorough business qualities. He died quite suddenly from the effects of a severe cold, which at first seemed to have little effect upon his vigorous constitution. He leaves three children, and will be missed by a large circle of friends.

**"AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."**—The initial number of the Register has been mailed to its subscribers, and with the paper in their hands, owners and breeders of canine stock may judge for themselves of its merits. We are much pleased to acknowledge the hearty welcome already accorded to the undertaking. All persons desiring to avail themselves of the privileges of the Register, are reminded that entries for the May number should be in hand at once.

**POACHERS AND PROVIDENCE.**—The man who fell through the bridge on Sunday and broke his leg was consoled by the assurance that his calamity was a dispensation of Providence; that he had no business to be crossing the bridge on Sunday, and that the broken bone was a direct and just punishment. This is comforting philosophy; and we commend it to Mr. H. Babcock, of Bradley, Me., who was out deer hunting in the close season last month. One Neddo was also out hounding deer; and when he shot a deer, the bullet went on and wounded Babcock, almost fatally. Another gentleman who may profitably study this subject is the Somerset county hunter, in the same State, who, while deer hunting last month, shot himself in the arm. Both of these unfortunates may come to the conclusion that their misfortunes are the direct visitations of Providence; but the Maine Commissioners appear to think differently, or, at all events, they do not consider the providential punishment sufficient, and are only waiting for the deer shooters to recover before collecting the fines. This is most assuredly "rubbing it in" with a vengeance.

**MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.**—The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was held April 6. The treasurer's report, which was accepted, shows the expense of the year to be \$404.60, with a balance on hand of \$267.93. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John Fottler, Jr.; Vice-Presidents, Hon. Thomas Talbot, Hon. Daniel Needham, Walter M. Brackett, Charles W. Stevens, H. T. Rockwell, C. T. Jenkins, T. T. Sawyer, Jr.; Treasurer, James R. Read; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, E. S. Tobey, Jr.; Librarian, John Fottler, Jr.; Executive Committee, Ivers W. Adams, Warren Hapgood, Dr. J. T. Stetson, F. R. Shattuck, William S. Hills; Committee on Membership, W. M. Brackett, Walton C. Taft, George Mixer. Two new members were elected into the association. Colonel Samuel Webster, one of the Board of Commissioners of Fishing of New Hampshire, was present and made a few remarks on black bass fishing in that State.

**THE PILOT'S BRIDE.**—In our last Christmas and New Year's numbers Mr. John Easmond gave an account of the wreck of the bark Trinity, on Heard's Island, in the Atlantic. The crew, it will be remembered, expected to be succored by Capt. Fuller, of the Pilot's Bride, and when the months passed by and the Bride did not come, the Crusoes of Heard's Island concluded that Capt. Fuller had broken faith with them. It has just transpired that the latter was himself cast away on Desolation, where his crew underwent an experience very like that of the Heard's Island party. They saw the Marion when she took off the Trinity's crew, but they were unable to attract her attention, and she, unconscious of their misfortune, passed by. They were finally rescued by a New London ship, sent out to their relief, and arrived home last week. What a volume of romance might be written about these barren isles of the Southern Hemisphere. This is the brief outline of one more chapter in the dismal history of Desolation.

**AN INCREDIBLE STORY.**—The New York Herald of April 6, in the course of an account of President Arthur's preparation for his fishing trip to Florida, reports the following: "During the afternoon one of his Cabinet officers called and discussed affairs of State while the President was examining the joints of his favorite rod. 'What do you expect to catch?' asked the head of the department. 'So long as I do not catch cold, which is the easiest thing to do here in Washington at this season of the year, I shall not regret the trouble the trip costs me,' was the reply." Now, we utterly refuse to credit the Herald's statement that the President said any such thing. The "catching cold" joke is a great deal more ancient than the Pyramids. It has been repeated with damnable iteration several million times, in all languages; and we are certain that Mr. Arthur, on the occasion referred to, did not make use of it.

SEVERAL COMMUNICATIONS have been received too late for insertion in this issue. Correspondents are particularly requested to favor us with their contributions as early as possible previous to the issue in which they wish them to appear.

OUR READERS will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their friends as are not now among the subscribers of the FOREST AND STREAM, but who would presumably be interested in the paper.

## HUNTING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

"By hunting one avoids the sin of indolence, from which springs all mortal sins; and, according to our faith, he who avoids the seven mortal sins will be saved; therefore, the good sportsman will be saved."—*Georden Phœbus*.

THE good people of the Middle Ages were as fond of hunting as we are to-day. Kings, ecclesiastics and peasants took part in the sport, and game being plenty and hammerless breech-loaders lacking, the "gentlemen sportsmen" of those days probably never had any occasion to write caustic letters to their sportsmen's journal about the depredations of pot-hunters. Hunting, as it was then followed, was divided into three branches. Vencry, one branch of the sport, as defined by M. Elzéar Blaze, was "the science of snaring, taking or killing one particular animal from amongst a herd." Hawking or falconry was the training and using of birds of prey to hunt feathered game; and fowling (*Poissinerie*) was the destroying, in a sort of go-as-you-please way, of all the birds which made havoc on crops and fruits.

Charmagne was the greatest hunter of his time. With a troop of knights and "ladies fair," accompanied by hounds and a gang of beaters, he would ride at the head of his company into the forest, attacking with spears such animals as came in his way. The beaters and dogs first scurried through the woods, blowing horns and making a great hubbub, driving the wild bores, bears, wolves, stags and what-not into an inclosure of cloths or nets, where the poor things couldn't get out without running the gauntlet of the emperor and his knights. Sometimes an irate porker would rip up a horse or two with his tusk, or a demonstrative bear would hug the life out of half a dozen beaters, and then there was fun, you can be sure. The knights would boldly attack with their lances, while the ladies, at a safe distance, would cry, "Ain't it awful!" (in French, of course), or giggle behind their fans when some martinet who wanted to show off got the seam of his hose and smallclothes ripped up by a stag's horn.

Falconry or hawking was the gilt-edged sport of the Middle Ages, as only the nobility could afford this costly pastime. The birds used were the gyrfalcon, saker hawk, lanner, merlin and sparrow-hawk, the last being the smallest, and used only in the pursuit of pigeons, quail and small birds. The birds were imported at great cost from Sweden, Iceland, Turkey and Morocco, and enormous sums were spent in their training and equipment. "They were considered the noblest of birds, far superior to an eagle as we would deem an eagle superior to a mad-hen. The leather hoods worn on their heads were embroidered with jewels made of gold and pearls, their perches were gold-mounted, and the glove on which they were carried by their owner was made of richest stuff adorned with costly jewels. History doesn't state whether they were fed on Dresden or Sèvres china, but it does say that no other birds were permitted to eat from the dishes used by the falcons.

Their training was undertaken by the head falconer whose rank was the highest of any of the servants of the nobility. That his position wasn't exactly what a politician would call a "soft snap" we can imagine from the amount of learning necessary to the complete education of a falcon. The young bird was first made familiar with men, horses and dogs. When his fear of these was overcome, a checkcord was attached to him, he was allowed to fly a short distance and was then drawn back to be fed. Afterward he was permitted to catch a wounded bird or hare, near his preceptor, and his prey was taken away from him before he had an opportunity to tear it in pieces. On his returning to his perch on the hunter's thumb he was invariably fed, so that, his dietic sentiments being worked upon, the bird was never anxious to put too great a distance between himself and the source of his nourishment, especially as he was hunted on an empty stomach. After being taught to obey the whistle, the voice and the signs of the falconer, two silver bells were attached to the bird's legs, and the falconer reported to his noble lord that his pupil's education was complete. If, however, the sweet bird-graduate refused to come back to the lordly thumb on his first trial, or couldn't be lured by an imitation bird of cloth with a favorite piece of flesh as bait—presto! off comes his trainer's head, and his lordship advises for a new falconer, with references. What painstaking pedagogues we would have if that rule were law in these dark ages!

They had sportsmen's clubs in the Middle Ages, too, with Free Mason tendencies, having signs, passwords and grips, lucky numbers and emblematic colors. Gérard, Duke of Cleves, created in 1455 the order of Knights of St. Hubert, into which only those of noble blood were admitted. As a badge they wore a gold or silver chain formed of miniature hunting horns, from which was suspended a small likeness of the patron saint. Perhaps it was this club which made the first attempt on record to stock a country with foreign game. Anyhow, we are told that in the time of Charles VIII, reindeer were imported into France from Lapland, and pheasants from Tartary. The latter thrived, and our French friends are shooting their descendants to this day; but the men who took the job of bringing over the reindeer forgot to fetch along enough icebergs to last through the dog days, and the result was that the warm climate enervated the once hardy reindeer. They acquired habits of indolence, became corpulent, and instead of running away

when hunted, they would lie down quietly, chew their cud, and pass themselves off on the dogs for new milch cows, so that the noble lord would experience much the same soul-stirring excitement in the sport as he would by going out in his barnyard and killing his best Jersey heifer with a meat axe.

In the National Library at Paris is an illustrated manuscript treating of the art of hunting, written by Gaston Phœbus, whose simple and sound views on the future salvation of sportsmen will be found at the head of this article. The author lived in the earlier portion of the Middle Ages, and his writings and sketches may be accepted as accurately representing modes of hunting in those days. He has drawn pictures of dogs that are perfect representations of modern greyhounds, and several that would pass for pointers if it were not for their heads, which are contracted like the head of a bulldog. The only rough-coated dogs represented are two, which resemble the setter in all but the head, that appendage having the appearance of a "cutting" from a bulldog grafted on a setter's body.

The "shooting-iron" of Phœbus's time was a cross-bow, the arrows used having long, sharp metal points for penetrating the thick fur and tough hides of bears and wild boars, while those used for hares and such small game had a conical-shaped terminus like a potato-masher, probably of lead, to stun the quarry. Leopards imported from Africa, our author tells us, were used for hunting animals the same as falcons for hunting birds, and he gives us an illustration of a huntsman seated on a horse, with a leopard ensconced on the croup behind him. The sardonic smile on the leopard's face seems to intimate that, in default of other game, he would have no scruples about gobbling up the huntsman and his horse.

Some of our modern hunting stratagems are shown by Gaston Phœbus to be nothing new, after all. Out on the Western prairies geese are often approached within gunshot by a sportsman driving an ox-cart, or concealed behind a grazing horse. In this ancient manuscript is an illustration of a hunter approaching his prey in a cart, with a "blind" of twigs and leaves built around him; and another represents a hunter stealing toward a body of wildfowl, holding in position a piece of cloth cut after the pattern of a horse. They must be geese indeed that would take this bandy-legged hunter and his cloth for a grazing horse. It is interesting to note that "tolling" was practiced in those days—not on ducks, but on woodcock. There can be no mistake about it, for the drawing of the woodcock is perfect. The hunter was completely covered, except his eyes, in cloth of a dead grass color (in autumn), and on spring the woodcock would lie at full length, waving a scarlet cloth back and forth. The foolish woodcock, impelled by curiosity, would approach nearer and nearer, until the hunter, able to slip a noose over the bird's head, would yank him to kingdom come. An amusing way of trapping birds was to distribute small mirrors around the forest. When a he-pheasant, in his post-prandial saunter, caught sight in the glass of what he probably supposed was another he-pheasant mimicking his motions, he would haul off to "knock him out," and at the first crack down would come a rock, and there would be no more post-prandial saunters for Mr. Pheasant. Sometime a number of stool-birds were set loose from their cage, and cords covered with bird-line attached to them. Then divers other birds that might seek their acquaintance would become so firmly attached to them that they couldn't tear themselves away when they had finished their call, and were forced to stay to dinner, which they attended in undress uniform, sometimes reclining on pieces of toast, with drawn butt poured over them.

Old German legends are notorious for telling some pretty tough stories, and they have given us some on hunting, which, although we repeat them, had better be taken *cum grano salis*, as we cannot vouch for their strict up and down truth. In one of them it is stated that, when beasts were being pursued, if they ran into the arms of a saint or into a sanctuary, their lives were always spared. This fact getting noised around among the animals, they wouldn't skip for their dens when alarmed, but would cut cross lots for the nearest church or abode of a saint. One day a huge bear, finding the chase growing too hot to be comfortable, burst into the cell of a saintly monk while the latter was piously engaged in deepening the color of his nose with a bottle of Veuve Clicquot. It seems that this particular saint wasn't aware of the arrangement between animals and those in religious orders, and while the bear, in his untutored, bearish way, was trying to explain that it was necessary for him to repose in the monk's arms in order to save his life, the monk first the bottle at the bear and took a back summersault out of the window, the beast following. But the more the latter insisted on seeking his embrace the harder ran the saint, counting his beads wrong end foremost in his haste, and you could have played checkers on the tail of the holy man's cassock until the hunters: caught up with the bear and killed him.

Another legend relates that a hunter sold his soul for an enchanted arrow that never missed its aim, and another swapped his soul for an arrow that would carry an enormous distance. What a haul of souls the devil could have made if he'd had a few choke-bore breech-loaders and thread-wound cartridges to dicker with!

In the Middle Ages hunters lied about the quantity of game they killed just as they do now.

SENEXA.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

## HUNTING THE MOUNTAIN GOAT.

"Here's a health to the FOREST AND STREAM."

FOR ten long hours we have been toiling up the side of this rugged mountain, and when at last, by the overhanging roots and branches, we pull ourselves up the last steep pitch, and catch the cool breeze from the surrounding snow peaks, and know that for the present our climbing is at an end, we feel like embracing somebody. And when, a few minutes later, W. shoves a cup of hot punch under our nose, and asks us to drink, we ought to say something as a toast, and why not the one that heads this article. And so here, some three thousand miles away from you, and four thousand feet above the sea level, we reach out our hand to the FOREST AND STREAM as to an old friend.

My party consisted of Mr. H., Mr. W., and Mr. K., gentlemen who, having a few days' respite from poring over pay lists and balance sheets at this end of the Canadian Pacific Railway, were just wiled to spend it with rod and gun, beneath the shade of Douglass firs, by the side of the noisy strainer, or

"Up where the canyon's dizzy trail  
Leads to the snow divide."

Our camp was pitched on one of the numerous ridges which make up the summit of this portion of the coast range. To the south this ridge rose with an easy grade till its crest was reached some two hundred feet above the level of our camp ground, at which point it was intersected by others running at different angles.

Along the crests of these ridges one may travel for miles, having in many places only a few yards on either side between a high and a fall of five or six hundred feet. A few yards north of our camp the ridge terminated, or rather broke off abruptly, forming a pretty sheer precipice, at the foot of which, five hundred feet below, nestled in a setting of green and gold, was a beautiful little lake some four or five hundred yards in extent.

Although at our feet the heather bloomed with the freshness of summer, everywhere on the wooded slopes the varied tints of the dying year met the eye, and a step higher up the sight is lost in a confusion of snow peaks and storm-wet cañons.

H. had laid down his rifle and was busy with his pencil and sketch book when Leammux, who appeared to be more concerned about the welfare of his four dusky companions than with mountain scenery, came up, and pointing up the ridge, asked if it was our intention to feed his Indians on white man's muck-a-muck, or the flesh of the mountain goat. If the latter, which he much preferred, if I would be kind enough to lend him my rifle he would see that their first supper on the top of the mountain would be made from the juicy ribs of that animal. We turned and looked in the direction pointed out by the Indian, and sure enough three goats were in sight, two on the left slope of the ridge, and one on the right. H. at once started in pursuit of the two, while Leammux and I stole away toward the single one.

I did not understand until some time after our return home, why it was that Leammux was so concerned about my success, and put on such a terrible scowling look every time I made a failure. The reason was this: He had made a wager with his companions that I would kill more game than anyone of the party, and to this day he believes I sold him; and it has already cost me a cast off coat, a pair of old gun boots, and a worn-out hat to get him to recognize me when we meet. As we left H. no sooner was the latter out of sight, than the old fellow started on the run, urging me forward, in hopes that I would get in my shot first. But I took my time. It was H.'s first sight of these animals, and I was anxious that he should make a success of his first shot at them.

At length we neared the point where the goat was first noticed, when Leammux suddenly ducked down behind a block of granite and commenced jerking his long bony arm in the direction of the top of the ridge, while every feature of his greasy face, every contour of his huge mouth, said as plainly as if he had shouted through a trumpet, "Why in thunder don't you shoot?" I looked but could see nothing on the heather-covered slope but a few blocks of gray granite and here and there a patch of snow. I was about to take a glance toward the Indian, when quick as a flash one of the patches of snow threw up its head and disappeared over the crest of the ridge. The Indian stood up, and just then two shots were heard in the direction of L. Leammux stuck up two fingers, uttered the word "*nos*" (two) and stepping past me with the air of an offended Sitting Bull, strode off to camp without once looking behind him. H. had better luck and had knocked over two goats; and long after we had retired to rest our dusky guides squatted round the camp-fire, and with pieces of hide and goat broiling before them, spun out yarns of deeds done by mighty goat hunters of their tribe who were now dead.

The next morning we had our breakfast over by daylight. The Indians were just finishing theirs. My companions were in the tent fixing up for the day's hunt, while I, with my back to the fire, was leaning over a rock enjoying a quiet smoke. Suddenly the tread of an animal, coming along the face of the cliff below our camp, caught my ear. Now, as before, at the ridge, a few rods north of our camp, broke off almost perpendicularly, leaving a face some 500 yards wide. Still, on a previous visit here, I had noticed a trail along which goats had made their way across this face from one slope of the ridge to the other.

This trail came out upon the more level ground, directly in front and about twenty yards from me. So I kept my eye on that point, rather carelessly, though, because I could not imagine that any wild animal of such size would be so near to our camp with all the bustle of the morning meal going on. I had not long to wait. Presently the head, then the shoulders appeared, and finally the whole body of a monster white goat stood before me. I suppose the animal was surprised, for it stood stock still, and subsequent events proved that I was not only surprised, but completely dumfounded. I stared, I gaped, I yawned, but in bringing back my hand in some unaccountable don't-know-how-it-was-done way the piece was discharged in the air. The goat wheeled and disappeared under the cliff. A hop, step and a jump brought me to the edge of the cliff just beyond our tent, where I again came in sight of the goat making his way along its race. He was over two hundred yards away, and at that distance I fired three shots at him, which



scarcely had the effect of quickening his pace; and were it not for the fact that my companions noticed that every shot struck about a foot over the goat's back, I would have pronounced him bullet proof.\*

I suppose I looked ridiculous, and, from Leammux's standpoint, probably contemptible; and when a man, with the reputation of being the best shot in the neighborhood, shoots three times at an animal nearly as big as a mule and misses it, I dare say he ought either to blame his rifle or apologize. But I did neither. I simply threw my gun over my shoulder and gave the order to disperse over the ridges.

We had scarcely gone half a mile from the camp, when a shout from the Indian we had left in charge brought one of our number back, to find that a large goat—probably the same—had beset the trail and was about to charge on the left flank of the tent. Two or three shots from a rifle, however, had the effect of making his goatship raise the siege and go away, if nothing more.

Now it is a curious fact that, with the exception of H., every shot fired during the hunt missed its mark. And this, too, with men having a fair record with the gun, and an experience of twenty years in the mountains, during which time they had bagged a large number of deer and other kinds of game peculiar to the province. During the day a black bear ran the gauntlet of W. and K.'s rifles, and the brute got away, leaving no crimson stain on the bank of snow over which he scampered. The last act of the hunt was performed in the following manner:

While on the top of one of the ridges, H., myself and Leammux discovered a goat lying in a shady nook on the side of a cliff about a thousand yards away; a discussion arose as to the best means of getting within the range, and we finally decided to go straight down the slope and take our chances of getting into the bushes, some half way down, unobserved. So down we started, the old Indian taking the lead, his supple body twisting around the corners of granite blocks and worming along the depressions in the ground, while H. and myself followed, "each stepping where his leader stepped."

There were many interesting moments in the life of a hunter. The catching of the first deep notes of the approaching hound, the bending over the prostrate form of his first deer, and the quiet smoke by the night camp-fire, are all enjoyments worthy the best of nature; but the act of approaching within shot of some coveted quarry, the matching of human experience and cunning against the keen senses of an alert and wary animal, is to my mind the cream of a hunter's experience. The breaking of a twig, a false step, the rustle of an overhanging bush, may cost you a deer, drawn sigh for hopes departed with the fleeing game. Or perhaps at the last moment, when a few more steps would bring you within a possible chance, a fitful puff of wind carries forward the scent of your presence, and then with blood trickling from half a dozen wounds from pointed rocks and thorny brambles, you come to a halt and watch the coveted prize recede in the distance. The odds are, in my opinion, always with the game, but nerve and patience rarely bring victory to the side of the hunter, and win or lose, I always find the excitement worthy the effort.

An hour's creeping and worming down the long slope brought us to the verge of a deep cañon, across which we had to shoot, at least it was as near as we could approach and be in sight of the game. However, we were satisfied with the distance, and also felt sure of the goat, because, if he attempted to escape, he would have to go one hundred yards before reaching the top of the cliff, and the distance was more than double that distance to reach the top of the cliff, so we took it cool; and a difference of opinion arose as to the distance across. I asserting that it was between two hundred and fifty and three hundred yards, while H. thought it much less. At this point Leammux, who was standing just behind me, thinking to give me one more chance to redeem my character, bent forward, and pretending to brush away from before me, whispered that the distance was about the same as that at which I had shot the bear, referring to an occurrence which took place about a month previous. Now the distance referred to was only about one hundred yards, and the idea that my judgment should be thought so far astray, simply irritated me; so I shoved the old fellow away, telling H., impatiently, that I was going to shoot at two hundred and fifty, the latter replying good-morning. "All right, two hundred and fifty yards."

Just then the goat discovered us, started up the cliff, but changing his mind, wheeled, and was making for the timber below, when two streams of sparks and smoke shot out from a clump of bushes and two leaden messengers sped away across the cañon to find a resting place in some of the crevices in the cliff, and the goat kept on unhurt. Again the deep echoes echoed back the reports of our rifles and still the goat kept on toward the timber. This time, however, I was a little behind me with his shot, and watching its effect I saw the dust scatter from a point on the cliff about a foot above the goat's back. I shouted to H. to "fire lower," that we were shooting a foot too high, when the latter, throwing forward his rifle, and muttering something that sounded like "I told you so," pulled the trigger, and the poor goat, just as he was making his last leap toward the cover, was pierced through the shoulders and fell a distance of a hundred feet clear. This broke the back link in the line of friendship between myself and Leammux, and when I reached out my hand and congratulated H. on his good luck, the old fellow muttered something in the guttural language of his tribe, which if interpreted no doubt would be, "Well, that lets me out on you," and started out in search of an easy place to go down the cañon after the dead goat.

The new goats were found on the summit, while a hundred yards below in the timber, through which it was simply impossible to follow them, the ground was everywhere cut up with their hoofs, a circumstance which even the Indians could not account for, as during the summer and fall months and until driven below by the deep snows the summit is their home.

Now that I could no longer have had a most enjoyable trip and glorious weather, and when my companions learned something of the habits of an animal which they had never before seen. They also shot three, and as the skins at that time were of little value, and the three carcasses were really all that we required in the way of a change in our much-a-muck department, why, we hadn't much to grieve about. When a hunter shoots merely for the sake of adding to his bag, when he continues to take life with no

thought as to whether his victims shall be turned to some benefit or rot where they fall, he ceases to be either a gentleman sportsman or a pot-hunter, and becomes a rapacious brute, whose ignorance and shrink-like propensities ought to render him from a place round the camp-fire.

During one of our rambles on the summit we crossed over a place of several hundred yards in extent filled up with broken rock which had toppled away from an adjoining cliff. This place had every appearance of being the abode of a colony of marmos or rock-whistlers, but as it turned out was now entirely deserted, the cause of which Leammux told in the following story, which, perhaps, it will be as well to take *cum grano salis*:

"Many years ago," said the Douglass Indians came to shoot sheep (mountain goat) and finding this place, and wishing to kill some of the squa-uks (marmos), without encroaching on their seat stock of powder and shot, bethought themselves of the following plan. Some of their number went down in the timber and gathered a large quantity of gum from the fir and pine trees. This they melted and poured on the different sentinel rocks, that is the high pinnacle rock which is generally found directly over this mode of entrance to the squa-uks' house, and upon the top of which the little fellow sits down to take his regular watch and give warning at the approach of danger by sending forth his long half human whistle. Well, the pitch was poured on, and when the squa-uks came out and took their accustomed stations, they soon found themselves lost to the rocks, when the Indians came up and knocked them over with clubs. This was repeated many times until the squa-uks discovered the trick, and being thoroughly disgusted at this mode of warfare, and not wishing to be exterminated by such a veritable set of pot-hunters as the Douglass Indians were, they picked up their household goods, their young and feeble ones, and in the stillness of the night, beneath the silent stars, they stole away, crossed Sennour Creek, and made themselves a new home among the snow peaks where the Douglass Indians dare not follow them."

A few straggling members of the Bohemian waxwing (*Amphispiza bilineata*) were noticed here this winter, once in January and once in March, only about a dozen altogether. Robins (*Turdus migratorius*) arrived Feb. 20. Western bluebirds (*Sialia mexicana*) March 1. Black brant (var. *nigricans*) March 4, but our weather for many weeks back has been so extremely mild that the great army of our northward migrants and summer residents may be upon us any time now. Jaegers (*Pica hudsonica*) left for their breeding grounds, beyond the Cascades, nearly a month ago.

Deer have almost disappeared from this (south) side of the inlet, but are apparently as abundant as ever on the north side, and considering that the conditions in the matter of food and cover are equal, and that six years ago deer were plentiful all along the south shore, it is a question worthy of debate as to what has brought about this change. My own conclusions are already formed, and if the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will forgive me for opening a question which for the last year has been thoroughly discussed in its columns, will give them, however, that they come from one having a very strong prejudice against hounding deer, at least to that extent with which it has been practiced for the last ten years at Burrard Inlet.

My experience with hunting on Burrard Inlet extends back ten years, and during that period the south side has been the great hounding ground for all parties living in the neighborhood. It is a pleasure to me to see that sport. Deer were just as plentiful on the north side, but, owing to a number of streams putting in from the mountains, the practice of hounding on that side proved a failure from the first, and during the years above mentioned no hounds have been used there to my knowledge. On the other hand, that side has always been, and is still, a successful ground for the still hunter, both white and Indian.

Now here are two stretches of country some twelve miles long, separated by a sheet of water from a half to two or half miles wide. At a certain period deer were fairly plentiful on both stretches. The conditions of feed and cover have kept about the same, and, until the last year, when the building of the terminus of the Canadian Pacific was commenced on the south side, the encroachments of civilization were about equal, and yet to-day there is little or no use for the hounds, while the still-hunter continues to shoot his deer wherever he wants to. JOHN FANNIN.

SUMMIT OF MOUNT YU, NORTH ARM BURRARD ISLET, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

## ROUTE TO THE NEPIGON.

"ANGLER'S" inquiry as to the shortest time route to the Nepigon in the Forest and Stream of 5th inst. may be answered in several ways. The absolute shortest time route would be by rail to Marquette, and thence across the lake to Red Rock by steam tug, which can always be procured at Marquette. But this is expensive.

Or "Angler" may take one of the Lake Superior steamers at Chicago for Sault Ste. Marie, and thence by Canadian steamer to Red Rock. If close connection is made at Sault Ste. Marie, he may reach the Nepigon on the fourth or fifth day after leaving Chicago. This is the cheapest route. But only a few of the steamers touch at Red Rock, and much time may be lost at Sault Ste. Marie. If the party is large, say eight or ten, a tug can be had ordinarily at Sault Ste. Marie at from \$100 to \$150, making the cost little more than by steamer. The cost of tug from Marquette will ordinarily be about the same.

Or, if the Canadian land does not touch at Red Rock, passage may be taken for Silver Lake, or Prince Arthur's Landing, and boats or tug secured to the Nepigon. The distance is seventy-five miles from the former and about ninety or ninety-five from the latter place. If sailboat is employed a camping outfit will be necessary, as the trip may take from two to four days, depending upon wind or rains. But I suppose no one will go to Nepigon without camping outfit, including a good mosquito bar.

In returning, one can ordinarily get boat or canoe to Red Rock, or time his return by the call of a steamer. With a party of ten or more arrangements can be made with a Canadian steamer from Sault Ste. Marie to Red Rock ordinarily, and for return at about a given time.

I have more frequently taken voyagers and Mackinaw boat from Sault Ste. Marie on steamer. It is doing one has the means of coasting back to Sault Ste. Marie or to Silver Lake to take a steamer.

But one visiting the Nepigon must not be too limited as to time, for adverse winds and fogs are apt to play havoc with the best laid plans. I have been ten days from home before casting a fly, and I believe six days was the shortest time.

A few trout—occasionally a fine one—can be taken at Red Rock. Twelve miles above, however, they begin to be plenty. In fact, it is seldom any are taken between Red Rock and Camp Alexander. The rapids above Camp Alexander and Cameron's Pool, about fourteen miles from Red Rock, have good fishing. But Cameron's Pool is a very hard place to reach, and is seldom visited. There are numerous rapids and pools above, clear up to Virgin Falls, where the lake becomes the river, thirty-seven miles from Red Rock. Canned and provisions can always be had at Red Rock, and excellent Indian guides.

I omitted to state that a day can probably be saved by taking the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad to Mackinaw (or the Straits) and meeting the Lake Superior steamer at Mackinaw. FISHERMAN.

April 7, 1883.

## Natural History.

### THE PANTHER OF THE MCCLLOUD RIVER.

*Felis concolor.*

THE panther of the McCloud River, Cal., although known in different parts of the country under the various names of panther, cougar, painter, puma, and California lion, is nevertheless the common panther of North America, the scientific name of which is *Felis concolor*.

In color, weight and general appearance the McCloud River animal differs less from the panther of the Atlantic Coast than might be expected. The panther skins that I have collected in Northern California look much in color and quality of fur like the skins of Eastern panthers that anyone seeing them would suppose that the two creatures had lived side by side, instead of 3,000 miles apart and in totally different climates. As to size, the panthers of the Pacific Coast do not seem to differ much from those of the Atlantic Coast, and all the skins of the McCloud panther that I have measured do not vary four inches in length from what I have supposed to be a fair average measurement of the Atlantic Coast animal, viz: seven feet six inches from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail, after the skin has been tanned.

It should be mentioned, however, that a skin taken freshly from the animal will measure, without stretching it very hard, twelve or thirteen inches in length more than the tanned skin, and consequently the skin of a hunter that he has killed a panther whose skin measures nine feet does not necessarily imply that the creature was much, if any, above the average in size. As to their weight, I cannot speak positively from my own experience, as I have never had the opportunity to weigh one, but judging from the apparent weight of the animal when fitted with the arms, I should say that a panther whose skin when tanned measured seven feet six inches would weigh about 125 pounds.

Since the establishment of the U. S. Salmon Breeding Station on the McCloud River, all large game, with the exception of panthers, has steadily become scarcer and scarcer. When we first settled on the river the black and brown bears, in the fall, used to come down constantly to the river near our house to eat the dead salmon that floated up to the river banks, and we could hardly ever follow the up-river trail to any distance from the house without coming across their tracks. Now a bear track on our side of the river anywhere near the house is very rarely, if ever, seen, and the haunts of the bears seem to have fallen several miles further back into the mountains than when we first came. It is the same with the deer. During the first years of our residence on the McCloud we had to go but a short distance from the house for deer, and almost any forenoon an Indian could go out and get one and return before dinner. Now, as a rule, we expect to get several miles from the fishery to get a deer on our side of the river, though on the other side the deer keep much nearer, as do also the bears. The panthers, on the other hand, were scarce when we came, but have increased and come nearer ever since we have been there. Such a strange statement as this would naturally be received with some incredulity, but the fact is easily accounted for.

Before white men came into this region panthers had to depend entirely upon meat for their subsistence, and the game of country was so rich in game, and in places as another. When white men came they brought domestic animals with them—sheep, horses, cattle and hogs. This changed the game of affairs for the panthers entirely. They found that there was not only other food to be had beside what they hunted in the mountains and forests, but that this new food was obtained with far less difficulty than their former food was, and that it occurred in the most abundance around the human encampment.

It was no trick at all for a panther that had spent his life hunting and watching for the wary and fleet-footed deer, to come down off the mountain flank at night and steal a calf or a cow or a pig from the neighborhood of a human habitation. He always knew where to find them. He was always sure of obtaining one, and was also sure of never failing to secure an easy victim. One can readily see that with white men's farms offering these inducements, the panther would gradually abandon his long and laborious hunts in the mountains for deer and other wild game, and when hungry would come down the mountain side and seek his meal in the rich quarry of domestic animals, waiting for him on the settler's ranch in the valley, and it is easy to see also that panthers, in seeking a suitable dwelling spot for themselves and their young, would not be guided so much by its convenience to places that deer frequent, as by its nearness to some access to the live stock of the ranchman.

The cat family, as is well known, are a curious mixture of boldness and cowardice. They are the most cowardly of all animals by day, when they can be seen. Panthers share this peculiarity with the rest of their family, and trusting probably to their agility, quickness and stealthy softness of their step, they venture at night, when they cannot be seen, into dangerous places that a bear or deer or wolf would never think of going into.

It is undoubtedly this trait of exceptional boldness at night which has kept the McCloud panthers about the river, and caused them to increase in the vicinity of human dwellings. Bears and deer will not come around human habitations, knowingly, by night or day, but panthers and lynxes and wildcats as well, although as shy and wary by day as any animal that inhabits the woods, seem not to be afraid at night of taking any risk of danger from men. Consequently, the panther has been able to range further back into the wild, uninhabited regions on the approach of man, because they do not dare to come near enough to steal his domestic

\*Several months ago I received the skin of a mountain goat to tan, and in cutting it across the back I found it to be, at that place, one inch and a quarter thick. Leammux told me he once shot a goat which had the horn of another's horn embedded in the rump, the skin having closed over it.

animals, and prefer the greater safety of remote regions, the panthers have not only not been frightened off, but have apparently come nearer. This is the present condition of things on the McCloud River to-day. The panthers are nearer, more abundant and bolder than ever. The settler who lives on the ranch just across the south line of the reservation which we occupy, said last fall that the panthers came down to his house almost every night, and the ranchman just above the reservation also had a visit from them at least three times a week.

One night when Mr. Myron Green was returning from the fishery to the trout ponds four miles above, an animal which he supposed to be a panther sprang from a tree to the ground just behind him, and wounded his dog which was following him.

Summer before last a panther came to the house of our next door neighbor on the west side of the river, and was slain in a tree close to his house.

One day when Mr. Loren Green was going from his house at the trout pond, to his boat to fish, a panther followed him for several rods through the adjoining bushes. Mr. Green thinking it was a large dog. When Mr. Green, after examining his lines in the river, came ashore, the panther met him at the boat landing, and was soon after joined by another panther near by. Mr. Green barely escaping from them by throwing his hook quickly back into the river, and even then the panther watched him from the shore for ten or fifteen minutes, during which time he was joined by his mate. Not very long ago, as our stage was coming down the road, the driver saw three panthers trotting in front of him. Having stopped the frightened horses, several of the passengers, who were returning from a hunting trip, got out and fired at the panthers with their rifles.

At Upper Soda Springs, which is about forty miles from the fishery, is, in respect to panthers, subject to very similar conditions, a child of the hotel proprietor was seized by a panther a very few yards from the house, and was shot as it was in the act of carrying the child off.

A few seasons ago, some stockmen drove a band of horses and colts into the McCloud River cañon, for the purpose of pasturing them there through the summer. The panthers soon killed colts, and the stockmen, and finally one of the stockmen sprang upon a horse when the owner was riding on his back. The rider barely escaped with his life, and the next day the stockmen drove their horses out of the valley to safe quarters.

These instances show how the panthers must have increased in our neighborhood, for when we first came here we did not hear anything in particular about them, and were not molested by them. Now they annually destroy considerable numbers of hogs, pigs, calves and colts. They are most destructive to the hogs, so much so that those having hog ranges in the vicinity, when computing the expected increase of their band, allow 20 per cent. for the annual loss by panthers.

It is difficult to acquire much knowledge of the habits of panthers in their wild state. There are some peculiarities about the McCloud River panthers, however, which have been noticed. They will always run from a dog, no matter how small he is. An undersized terrier is as good to chase a panther with as the largest bulldog. When the panther finds that the dog is closing upon him, he will always jump up into a tree. He will not climb the tree like a bear, but will jump up to one of the branches, and I have heard old hunters say that they had seen panthers jump over twenty feet of perpendicular rock into a tree. One blow of the panther's paw would kill the dog perhaps, but the panther never stops to give the blow. It is quite possible that the panther jumps into the tree so as to be in a position to pounce upon the dog when he comes up, but whether this is their reason for resorting to a tree, or whether it is simply because it is the cat's nature to run, as it is the nature of the dog to chase, is the fact in either case that the panther always runs from the dog, no matter how small he is, and never turns to face him.

The behavior of the panther is no less peculiar after he has jumped into the tree, for when there, he watches the dog constantly, no matter how near the hunter comes up to him. This makes it comparatively safe and easy thing for the hunter to shoot a treed panther if the hunter has a dog with him, for while the panther's eyes are fixed on the hunting and chasing dog, the hunter can go near as he pleases, and take as slow and deliberate aim as he pleases. As long as the dog remains barking under the tree and absorbing the panther's attention, the hunter is perfectly safe. All he has to guard against is wounding the panther without actually killing or wholly disabling him, in which case the victim might in his dying struggle encounter the hunter and do him a serious injury.

Panthers seldom come out of their lair by day. It is believed that they are in the habit of hiding in trees in the daytime, partly perhaps for safety, and partly for the purpose of watching for food. On the McCloud River, however, I believe they spend the day for the most part in the inaccessible parts of the limestone cliffs which cap the mountain summits across the river from the fishery. These limestone cliffs and pinnacles are high, steep and very difficult of access. One of the panther's trails ran up the side of Mt. Perschou. The panthers' tracks grew thicker and plainer as the mountain-side grew steeper, and the limestone cliffs came nearer. When about three thousand feet up the mountain became very steep and precipitous and ended in a blank, smooth, vertical wall of rock about twenty feet high. The panthers' tracks continued up to the very base of this rock, which of course having reached, they began to climb the top of it and once there they were safe from everything. No Indians could follow them there, no dogs could track them there, no white hunter with his rifle could reach their inaccessible retreat. In these cliffs they were safe.

It is my impression that the panther, finding so safe a retreat there, and one that is at the same time, so near their food, make these limestone cliffs their home, and rear their young there. At least, if the panthers' tracks that lead to our houses, come from these cliffs, and the tracks that lead from our houses return to the cliffs.

It would seem that a panther's life when he does not voluntarily risk it by excessive boldness must be extremely free from danger. No denizen of the mountains or forests is his equal. In California he is called a lion and he is well named, for like a lion he is monarch of the forest. It is generally believed that the grizzly bear is the most powerful of the wild animals of America, but the McCloud River Indians say that the panther always kills the grizzly when they have a fight. They say that the grizzly bears are afraid of the panthers, and that the panthers spring on their shoulders and cut their throats with their teeth. I imagine,

however, that a panther never attacks a grizzly bear face to face. I myself have seen places in the mountains where the ground has been torn up by what must have been a desperate conflict between a panther and a bear, and the Indians have found dead bears that panthers have killed, but they say they have never found dead panthers that bears have killed. The Indians say that there seems to be the same natural antipathy between panthers and bears that there is between cats and dogs, and that the panthers are always trying to kill the young cubs of the bears, and the bears are always seeking to kill the panthers' kittens.

Panthers are seldom killed on the McCloud River. I have heard of only one or two that Indians have killed with their arrows.

It is difficult to poison or trap them, as they are so suspicious of the bait. I have heard, however, of many panthers being killed by poison in other places, and I suppose that the McCloud panthers get hungry enough they will be poisoned, but while food is plentiful, I think as it is now, it is difficult to poison or trap them. One exception to this should be mentioned. They are in the habit of burying anything that they capture and do not eat up at the first meal. For instance, if a panther gets a deer or a hog he eats what he wants, and then digs a hole in the earth with his claws and buries the remainder. If now anyone should find the hole, and dig it up, he would find the panther would be killed, for he will eat the meat that he has buried himself. I will merely add in conclusion, that in consequence of the difficulty of killing the panthers, they are likely to maintain their hold for many years yet in the limestone cliffs bordering the McCloud River, for although settlers are now beginning to come into this region, the chief effect of these settlements upon the panthers will be to force them to migrate to other parts of the country, and to drive off the hereditary enemy of the panther, the bear, while the rocky retreats where the panther makes his home will remain as inaccessible as ever. LIVINGSTON STONE.

## THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH

FAMILY LARIDÆ: GULLS, TERNS, ETC.

266. Pomatorchus Lestrin—*Lestrin pomatorchus* Aud.; *Stercorarius pomatorchus* Ridg. 697, Cs. 765. Mr. Boardman mentions this species as "rather common" in autumn and winter in the Bay of Fundy. The species is probably of regular winter occurrence off the coast of Maine.

267. Richardson's Lestrin—*Lestrin richardsoni* Aud.; *Stercorarius crepidulus* Ridg. 698; *Stercorarius parasiticus* Cs. 766. Not common. September 22, 1874 an immature lestrin of this species was brought to me for identification. It was shot at Scarborough, and the specimen was preserved by a taxidermist of Portland.

268. Bunt's Lestrin—Longtailed Lestrin—*Lestrin parasiticus* Aud.; *Stercorarius parasiticus* Ridg. 699; *Stercorarius buntii* Cs. 767.—Apparently the most common of the three species of lestrin known on our coast. The lestrin is locally known to fishermen as "marluspikie" or "gull-chaser," being so termed on account of its long pointed tail and its habit of chasing the gulls, and compelling them through fear to migrate. It is usually captured food, upon which the voracious bird makes a feast.

The German word of "*Jäger*," meaning hunter, is commonly used by ornithologists, and our best American authorities use this noun to designate a bird of any of the various species known to this continent.

### GULLS.

269. Glaucous Gull—*Larus glaucus* Aud., Ridg. 660, Cs. 768.—Occurs along the coast in winter, chiefly off-shore. Not very common, and adult birds in perfect plumage of maturity are rarely seen here. This is one of the largest gulls, being nearly or quite equal in size to the great black-tailed gull. The Glaucous gull never has black markings upon the wing tips, and the plumage of the young or immature birds is light brownish gray.

270. White-winged Gull—*Larus leucopterus* Aud., Ridg. 661, Cs. 769.—Much more common than the preceding named species, and not infrequently abundant. Gulls of this species are seen in flocks during migrations, associating with other gulls in winter, and sometime frequenting the harbors. The gray immature or young bird resembles the "herring" or silvery gull of similar age, but is much lighter colored, especially on the wings. Both immature and adult birds of this species may usually be distinguished from other gulls, by a familiar observer, even at quite a distance with the aid of a field-glass, by the absence of black upon the wing tips. But there is a phase of plumage, immediately preceding that of perfect maturity, in which this gull has the outer surface of the first four or five wing-feathers (primaries) marked with a dusky or ash-gray color, more or less obscure, but sometimes quite prominent and resembling the wing-markings of the silvery gull, and although never pure black as on that species, yet so dark as to be in marked contrast with the pale pearl-blue of the greater portion of the wing. I presume this to be the form to which Dr. Elliott Coues alludes in his "Birds of the Northwest," (page 624), as *Larus "chaleporeus,"* described as "exactly like *leucopterus*, except on the primaries, which are ashy-gray, with rounded white apices." Dr. Coues adds, "This is a very peculiar character of *glaucous*," or *glaucous-winged* gull ascribed to the Pacific coast of North America.

271. Black-backed Gull—*Larus marinus* Aud., Ridg. 663, Cs. 771.—Common along the coast, except during the summer. None breed here. This is the largest of all the gulls known in this country. It frequents the outer islands and rarely, if ever, is found inland.

272. Silver Gull—*Larus argentatus* Aud.; *Larus argentatus sabiniensis* Ridg. 664a; Cs. 773.—Abundant. Some remain along the coast throughout the winter. Gulls of this species regularly breed here, but not in large numbers. Although usually breeding in communities, isolated pairs are occasionally found nesting. A few breed about the inland lakes of Maine. The immature birds are laid down in July and August in May. The three eggs are laid in a single row, and are of a light greenish gray, very gently in color, proportions and size. Some are more blotched or spotted, others nearly immaculate. The colors vary from light blue, ashy gray and green to various shades of brown, green and brown being the prevailing colors. The eggs equal in size those of the domestic Turkey, and form a staple article of food in some localities. They are considered of superior flavor to the domestic hen's eggs,

and command a higher market price. Many thousands of these gulls' eggs are annually taken upon the islands of the Bay of Fundy and coast of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In some instances the privilege of taking the eggs is leased by the owner of an island, the terms requiring that no eggs shall be taken after a certain date, usually June 25, thus allowing time for the birds to lay more eggs the same season and rear their young, and no birds are killed during the nesting time. When boiled the yolks of their eggs are a reddish hue. The "white" portion has a bluish tinge, and is less agreeable than the "white" of a hen's egg. The custom of ceasing to collect the gulls' eggs after June 25 is both wise and humane, for at that date nearly all of the nests have been twice robbed; but the birds will lay more eggs, although often less than the complement of three, and the season is yet long enough for the successful hatching and rearing of the young. The strict observance of this custom prevents the birds deserting such localities, and they will return to the same nesting places year after year. Upon one island that I have visited, a valuable eggling privilege has been developed by careful protection. While large numbers of gulls and elder ducks were deserting neighboring islands where they were indiscriminately robbed and killed, their numbers rapidly increased upon the island referred to, until an annual yield of several thousand eggs was attained and kept up. Another related to this is the Bay of Fundy and Labrador in 1833, that he found the herring gulls so wary that even at their breeding places but few could be obtained, not more than a dozen having been shot by six men in a single day. I have found them thus wary at breeding places, which had been habitually shot at. But upon one of the same islands visited by Audubon, the herring gulls were so tame that the hunters shot at the gulls upon their nests without disturbing them, while others were circling about within easy gunshot range. This change was brought about solely by judicious protection of the birds. After the breeding season, and when the young birds have become well-grown and fully fledged, they are frequently killed and eaten by the fishermen and others.

The size, material, and location of the nests vary greatly. Some that I have seen were made of mud, others of sticks, in size. Others were no larger than a man's hat. Some were built at the tops of spruce trees thirty feet or more from the ground, some upon the ends of the branches and some upon fallen trees. Such as are placed upon trees are generally composed of twigs, moss, and dry grass, and are frequently used and improved by additions for several years in succession. Many nests are placed upon or under logs of upon the shore, and the nests were covered with a swale, or at the shore upon driftwood and the bare rock. The nests are usually well hollowed, with an inside diameter of six or eight inches. The average size of the eggs is about two and three-fourth inches in length by two inches breadth. Many nests are smoothly lined with grass, but none with feathers. I once found a nest upon a ledge and in the shadow of an overhanging rock, composed entirely of green wet seaweed, and containing a freshly laid egg. Unlike many seabirds, the gulls do not pluck themselves so that the bare body may rest on the eggs during incubation.

Formerly great numbers of silver gulls were accustomed to breed upon the island of Grand Menan, in the Bay of Fundy, but they have been driven away, excepting comparatively few that breed upon inaccessible places about the island. The cause of their departure is a matter of dispute, but it is said to have been caused chiefly by foxes. About eight or ten years ago several foxes were liberated upon this island. A person who had been accustomed to take eggs whenever he could find them, was forbidden by the owner of the land most resorted to by the gulls for nesting.

In a spirit of revenge this poacher of eggs deliberately poisoned some live foxes and liberated them upon the island. None have hitherto been known there. These foxes multiplied, and the gulls, as also the thrushes and other small birds, decreased in a marked manner in consequence. The foxes destroyed the eggs and young birds, and the adults whenever possible. Nor were these depredations confined to this one island, but extended to such of the adjoining islands as were accessible to the foxes, by way of the flats at low tide, or by ice in winter.

The spite of an individual possessed of the spirit of the notorious "dog in the manger" was thus gratified at the expense of all the inhabitants of these islands, to whom nature had supplied an annual harvest of wholesome food, and the destruction of the insectivorous birds by the foxes is a serious matter to the farmers. A year or two after the introduction of the foxes to Grand Menan one of the islands was killed, upon a adjoining island, and the person who had brought this curse to the locality actually had the effrontery to claim remuneration for the loss of "his fox."

Gulls of this and other species are locally known as "gray gulls" along the coast of Maine. The eggs of the silvery or herring gull are hatched early in June, when the nest has not been robbed. The young are covered with dark gray down that forms a thick warm covering for the birds until fledged. If the nest is on the ground or rocks the young birds can leave it and actively run about, catching insects expertly when very young. They grow very rapidly, and are fed by the parents until fully fledged, when the plumage is of the same general dark gray color as the down beneath it. This gray suit is worn for a year, but it gradually becomes a lighter shade.

When the second plumage color of the first year, the gull has hazel eyes, bill nearly black, and the feet are of yellowish lead color. When the second spring arrives the breast and belly have become white, the head nearly white, the bill yellow, the mantle bluish. The tail is now nearly white, but has a broad brown bar across its tip, by which one can readily distinguish the comparative age of the bird. A few gulls of full size at two years of age, and a few of the same age full mature and breed, but the following spring, when the plumage, including head and tail, is pure white, except the "mantle" of light pearl blue color that extends across the back, and the wing tips, which are black, with white subapical spots. The bill is then of a clear, bright yellow color, with a carmine spot on the lower mandible. The eyes are pale straw color, eyelids yellow, and the feet color.

No gulls of immature plumage are found breeding. Such birds usually associate in communities during the breeding season, however, and when their haunts are visited by man they will often manifest as much apparent alarm as if nests had been made, and I have seen them show great concern about the nests of other gulls, darting down and circling about with repeated cries even after the real owners of the eggs or fledglings had ceased to do so.

The most ordinary cry of the gull consists of their short notes, "ac-ac-ac," repeated at frequent intervals. But gulls,

as well as other birds, have a varied and expressive language. When suddenly alarmed their cries are very discordant, but when undisturbed upon their nests a soft, cooling cry, not at all unpleasant to the ear, is sometimes uttered, especially at the approach of a mate. On a gray November day, when the air is clouded and chilly, and the earth brown and cheerless, the cries of the gulls have a dismal sound, yet I have often been assured of fair weather by such cries; and I have felt oppressed by their ominous silence before an approaching storm. But how exasperating are their cries of warning when one is attempting to approach a flock of geese or ducks for a shot. Not content with betaking themselves out of danger, the gulls when once fully alarmed will circle about in the air uttering their cries, and when the danger is over, and as such are recognized by fowl other than of their own species. The ducks and geese that frequent the same haunts as the gulls so well understand the language of the latter that no attention will be paid to any cries except those of warning.

The silvery gulls, but no other species of gulls, are to be found on the coast of Maine throughout the entire year. Great numbers migrate hence in autumn, but the places of their wintering are filled with birds that later on migrate to northern breeding places. At times, when extremely cold weather covers the shores and flats with ice, the gulls all leave, but return so soon as the ice is gone and an abundance of food can again be obtained. Although the gulls are the scavengers of the sea and not fastidious about their food, they subsist chiefly upon shellfish and small fishes, and fish weirs are sometimes frequented by them for the young herrings, etc., that are to be found. I have seen these gulls perched upon the stakes of a fish weir, but never upon them, except during the summer at their breeding places, where the woods will be white with them. But at no other time, even in the same localities, are they accustomed to alight upon them.

During the summer the shellfish known as "sea urchin" forms a staple article of food for them, and the gulls can extract this fish without breaking its shell. Not so with clams and mussels, however. These are taken up in the air by the gulls and are dropped upon the rocks for the purpose of breaking the shells. Although these shellfish form the common food of the birds, the gulls never swallow them with the shells whole, as do ducks of various species.

There is a popular fallacy that gulls and vultures are gifted with the sense of smell to a wonderful degree, and can scent their food far away. It is a fact, however, that the sense of smell is barely developed at all with birds. But the gulls have very keen vision, and when one espies food and flies in the air over it, the motions of that bird betray the fact to either of its species far away. These hasten on wing to the spot, and by their movements show to gulls still more remote that some prey has been discovered. A lot of offal thrown from a vessel at sea will immediately attract the gulls near by, and perhaps but one or two birds will at first be seen. Yet soon others will make their appearance, one after another, coming from all directions, until a host is assembled.

Gulls may often be decoyed by various methods. One of the most simple and successful that I have tried, is by means of a pair of gull's wings. These should be cut from the bird close to the body, and placed with their upper edges together. Then grasping them about the joints with one hand, they can be made to extend and close by alternately clenching the hand and partially relaxing the grasp. The operator should be well hid from view and only the wings exposed. The motion will attract the attention of a gull hovering at a distance, and by its resemblance to a gull hovering over its prey, frequently decoy the bird sufficiently near for a killing shot.

273. Ring-billed Gull—*Larus zonorhynchus* Aud.; *Larus delawarensis* Ridg. 669. Cs. 778.—Common during migrations. None breed here.

274. Kittiwake Gull—*Larus tridactylus* Aud.; *Rissa tridactyla* Ridg. 658. Cs. 733.—Common along the coast during migrations and in winter. None breed here.

275. Laughing Gull—*Larus atrifrons* Aud., Ridg. 683; *Chroicocephalus atrifrons* Cs. 780.—Not common. Occasionally a small community is found breeding on the coast of Maine, and apparently this has occurred with some regularity within the last few years. The species occurs here as a summer visitant from the South. It has occasionally been seen in Casco Bay, and as far east of the bay of Fundy. Mr. Boardman reports there are "very plenty" in the summer of 1879 in the latter region.

276. Bonaparte's Gull—*Larus bonapartei* Aud.; *Larus philadelphia* Ridg. 675; *Chroicocephalus philadelphia* Cs. 788.—Abundant during migrations, and a few immature birds remain along our eastern coast in summer. None of this species breed here. They arrive from the South late in May, and sometime acquire the perfect plumage of the breeding season as they are passing further north. I have seen mature birds of this species in Casco Bay as late as June 11, and observed adult birds on the eastern coast of Maine upon August 3 of the same year. Yet none are known to breed here, nor upon any of the Grand Menan group of islands in the Bay of Fundy. The southward migration extends throughout the autumn, and small flocks of these gulls tarry not uncommonly on our coast until December.

The first arrivals from the breeding places in August usually consist of a few male birds, which remain here and pass through the summer moult. The species becomes more abundant here in October and November.

These small gulls are quite unsuited, and may be easily approached upon the water by a boat, or decoyed by waving a white handkerchief. They are gregarious at all seasons, and small flocks are to be seen about our harbors and estuaries industriously catching snails during November. The fish are procured by the gulls flying over the water at a slight elevation, and suddenly pouncing upon their prey. They do not plunge into the water, however, in the manner of the terns.

277. Sabine's Gull—*Larus sabini* Aud.; *Xema sabini* Ridg. 677. Cs. 790.—Very rare. While watching some Bonaparte's gulls near Bluff Island, Scarborough, Me., May 31, 1877, I observed a gull of similar size and mode of flight to the one upon which the attention of the party was fixed. It succeeded in decoying this bird near enough to my boat for a shot, and secured the rare specimen. It was an adult female Sabine's gull, having the perfect plumage of the breeding season.

In May, 1878, my friend, George A. Boardman, Esq., procured a fine specimen from Indian Island, near Eastport, Me., an adult very nearly in perfect plumage. It was the same of the adult male of the bird that had been captured but a very few specimens within the limits of the United States has been publicly recorded. Sabine's gull may be distinguished from other small gulls, even when

flying, by the black outer edge of the wing. Otherwise it resembles the common Bonaparte's gull when on the wing.

## STERNINÆ. TERNS.

278. Gull-billed Tern—*Sterna anglica* Aud., Ridg. 679. Cs. 792.—Not common. Of irregular occurrence along the coast. I have shot terns of this species at various times in Maine, where it appears to be of rather rare occurrence, and the species is nowhere abundant upon the Atlantic coast of America. A flock numbering several dozens visited the marshes at Scarborough in September, 1868. I shot three specimens from this flock and could have easily killed many more. Mr. Boardman reports a single specimen taken near Grand Menan Island in August, 1879. I procured an adult specimen at Scarborough, Me., May 21, 1881, but saw none other of the species at that time.

279. Caspian Tern—*Sterna caspia* Ridg. 680. Cs. 793.—Rare. This tern is here named upon the authority of Mr. Boardman, who reports its occurrence upon our coast. Specimens have been procured by him at the mouth of the St. Croix River so recently as the autumn of 1877.

280. Wilson's Tern—*Sterna hirundo* Aud., Ridg. 681. Cs. 797; *Sterna fuscicollis* Ridg. 680.—Abundant in summer. Breeds commonly along the coast. All the terns are locally known in Maine as "mackerel gulls."

281. Arctic Tern—*Sterna arctica* Aud.; *Sterna macrura* Ridg. 687. Cs. 799.—Abundant in summer. Breeds commonly along the coast. Although associating freely with the Wilson's tern, these two species do not intermingle their nests, although sometime communities of both are found breeding upon one small island. In such instances each species shows as much apparent concern about an intrusion upon the domains of their neighbors as upon their own. For a perfect identification of the eggs the collector should observe the birds upon them. The "variety *Portlandica*," which has black bill and feet, is of not uncommon occurrence here.

282. Dougall's Tern, Roseate Tern—*Sterna dougalli* Aud.; Ridg. 688; Cs. 800.—Not common. Although abundant along the coast of New England further south, but few terns of this species visit Maine, and none are known to breed here.

283. Least Tern—*Sterna minuta* Aud.; *Sterna antillarum* Ridg. 690; *Sterna superciliosa antillarum* Cs. 801. A rare straggler from the south. Of irregular occurrence only.

284. Sooty Tern—*Sterna fuliginosa* Aud., Ridg. 691. Cs. 804.—Accidental; a single specimen reported by Mr. Hathorn December 1, Bull. Nat. Hist. Club, Jan. 1880, as obtained by Mr. H. H. T. in the town of Parkman, Piscataquis county, Maine, on October 5, 1878. This bird was "picked up in the road and died next day."

285. Black Tern—*Sterna nigra* Aud.; *Hydrochelidon lariformis surinamensis* Ridg. 693; *Hydrochelidon lariformis* Cs. 806.—Rare. Of irregular occurrence along the coast, usually in autumn. I shot a specimen at Scarborough, Aug. 18, 1865. Other specimens have been shot there at various times. The species was taken at Scarborough, in June, 1878, and in September of the same year. In the autumn of 1879 Mr. Boardman obtained three adults from the Bay of Fundy, from Grand Menan Island. In Bull. N. O. Club, July, 1882, two specimens are recorded (by Nathan Clifford Brown) for Maine, taken in the autumn of 1881, one at Scarborough, and one at Well's Beach.

286. Black Skimmer—*Rhyacionia nigra* Aud., Ridg. 696. Cs. 809.—Rare. Of occasional occurrence only, and no record of its appearance so far north as Maine previous to 1879. In the early autumn of that year a number were shot on our coast. Mr. Ira S. Shalis, of Wells, shot one of two seen at a creek of Well's Bay, Aug. 28, 1879. Mr. Boardman reports seven specimens shot in the Bay of Fundy, where many are seen during the autumn of the same year. Mr. Harry Merrill informs me of one that was shot by a fisherman near Martinique Island, Me., in the summer of 1881, and the specimen was sent to Bangor.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## SNAKE NOTES.

I AM reminded by your notes in FOREST AND STREAM, for April 5, of a large black snake, which I killed near Farmington, Conn. It was driving with a lady and saw his snakeship cross the road just in front of us, his head nearly reaching one side of the narrow mountain roadway before his tail reached the other. The horse was a quiet one, so, my companion assenting, I armed myself with a stone and followed the snake into the bushes, where I was fortunate enough to give him a mortal hurt. I had no means of measuring him long with my whip, which was not so long as he was, but one end of the rope, with a lady's hand, nearly reaching home, made him seven feet and eight inches long. I think he must have been fully eight feet, as the contraction of his muscles prevented him from lying perfectly straight when I measured him. He was the largest native New England snake I ever saw, and as a constrictor would have been a formidable antagonist.

This reminds me of the speed of the black snake. I was once passing through some open woods in the same vicinity when I came upon a large and beautiful specimen. I should say that he was some six feet long and of a glistening blue-black. He at once took to flight and I after him. I was a fairly good runner then, but he went at least twice as fast as I could, and soon disappeared. There is a tradition in that region of a snake called a "racer." I know it is laughed at by naturalists, but I have never been able to rid myself of the idea that this was something more than the ordinary blue snake of the Northern States.

CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

PHILADELPHIA, April 6.

SPRING IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Newton, Mass., March 29.—Spring at last seems to be near us, for already we have noticed the return of our feathered friends from the South. On Sunday, February 18, while driving along beside a meadow, we saw the first robin, and the poor fellow seemed to be badly used up with the ice and snow on the ground, and the raw, cutting wind. Since then I have seen more, and bluebirds also. The first purple grackle of the season was noticed on Tuesday, the 27th inst. It has been a very hard winter, and we fear that the quail have suffered, as we have not heard of any being seen since December.—TOM ALLY.

Snow Buntings.—Ferryburg, Vt., March 31.—Tell "J. L. D." that it is neither uncommon nor common to see snow buntings alight in trees here. I have often seen them so perched.—AWAHMOOSE.

## Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such notices?

## DEER HUNTING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

By Jos. W. SHURTEN.

## CHAPTER I.—ROUTES.

ONE prominent trait of the true sportsman is the habit of "fighting his battles over again." This habit is acquired not from a love of boasting or desire for notoriety, but from a generous desire that all mankind may be sharers in the pleasures which are so dear to him.

This desire, coupled with a wish to oblige my sportsman friends who have asked for a history of our two last sporting trips, leads me to again attempt to picture the sport of "deer hunting" in the Adirondack Highlands. As these hunts are necessarily very much alike, I prefer to avoid the risk of wearying the reader with repetitions and simply give such data of our trips as in my judgment may prove of interest, supplemented by a description of the methods commonly employed in hunting this noble game which may interest those who contemplate enjoying the sport at some time in the future.

Our party for the fall of '81 consisted of Perry Ross and Edward Grady, of Gausewauke; George Edmonds, of Battle Creek, Mich., and myself, with "Mingy" Sprout as our *chef de cuisine*, royal, good fellows all. We camped three weeks at Indian Clearing on Moose River, Hamilton county, N. Y. During this time we killed twelve deer, beside a quantity of other game, among which I would mention several specimens of the genuine spruce grouse or "Canada partridge," a *rara avis* in this latitude. A short time before our return our party was reinforced by the arrival of Messrs. Herbert and Wesley Spott and John Washburn, of Fortville.

The personnel of our party last fall was Samuel Hewitt and Benajah Allen, of Stillwater; John Chase, of Wilton; George Edmonds, of Battle Creek, Mich., and myself. The scene of our operations was located on Cedar River, our "old hunting ground." Although deer are not as plenty here as "further in" on Moose River, still there are enough for good sport. Our party consisted of five, three of which were magnificent specimens. We were very kindly taken in and cared for by "Rich," Potter, whose place is located on the Cedar five miles above Cedar River Hotel. I would say in passing to those who desire to hunt this locality, or Moose River, you cannot do better than to place yourself under the guidance of Mr. Potter. He is not only an expert hunter, but is also an old hotel keeper and knows the wants of his patrons, and has long ability and desire to supply them of reasonable prices. His house is large and comfortable, and his outfit of dogs, canoes and other impediments will be complete for next season's sport. And lastly, but not least, his wife is not only an intelligent lady, but is also an excellent cook, a fact to be appreciated after starving at some of the resorts for sportsmen in that vicinity.

Moose River, the paradise of the deer-slayer, is reached via Adirondack Railroad to North Creek, thence by stage to Cedar River, thence by private conveyance eighteen miles up the Cedar, three miles across the divide to Moose Lake, and nine miles down Moose River to the "Indian clearing," which is fifty miles distant from North Creek. The road, I presume it is called a road through courtesy, for the last fifteen miles of the route is formed by simply cutting the trees and hauling the logs from the line of travel. Rocks, roots of trees, and mud holes, alternate with distressing frequency. "Variety is the spice of life" is a true saying, but when it consists in being bounced about upon the "soft" side of the axle of a lumber wagon that is continually thumping over "pebbles," slightly larger than the one with which David slew Goliath, or climbing over huge rocks, veritable boulders, only to be soured in a mud hole beyond, one gets to thinking that that sort of "spice" is not the most desirable thing in the world. But *nil desperandum*, it leads to the "happy hunting grounds."

"Indian Clearing" is about three miles in extent by one mile in breadth. It is almost entirely covered with huckleberry brush, which yield large quantities of berries in their season. It possesses an interest from the fact that there is a legend respecting it to the fact that it was made by the Iroquois Indians prior to the French and Indian war. "The most probable theory of its existence is that it resulted from one of the tremendous forest fires which occasionally sweep over such wilderness regions. Whatever the cause may have been the cause of its existence, it certainly requires but little effort of the imagination, as one floats over the murky depths of the "upper" or "lower stillwater" and listens to the weird hooting of the owl, the croak of the raven or the splashing of trout, to picture this as once one of the favorite stamping-grounds of the scalp-hunters, or in fancy to see the traditional birch-bark canoe and painted warrior, plumed with eagle's feathers, "gliding down the winding stream," and Rock Dam. The primitive stillwater, whatever it may be, of which I am writing, is the outlet of Moose Lake, a beautiful sheet of water embosomed in the primeval forest and surrounded by mountains, which stand like grim sentinels jealously guarding the gem which mirrors their rugged grandeur. The river flows westward in a succession of rapids and stillwater. The most important of the latter are termed the "upper" and the "lower," each being about one and one-half miles in extent. The "upper" stillwater, which is opposite of Indian Clearing, has at its lower extremity an artificial dam, built by William Wakely to facilitate lumbering operations. The lower stillwater is about one mile below the upper, and is pronounced by those whose opinions are entitled to respect "the most beautiful stretch of running water in the Adirondacks," and in this opinion I fully concur. At its lower extremity is a natural dam of rocks, and Rock Dam. The primitive "upper" stillwater flows from Moose Lake, to this point, as: From the north, Silver Run, five miles below Moose Lake; Summer stream at Indian Clearing, and Red River, at Rock Dam. From the south, Otter Creek, opposite Indian Clearing and Indian River, at the upper end of lower stillwater.

There are as yet but limited facilities for enjoying sport at this point on the Moose. The well-known guide "Lige" Camp is the proprietor of a well-appointed house, and the accommodation of sportsmen, which is pleasantly located at Moose Lake.

After testing his hospitality, I can say his house is neat



I have now described the hunting grounds and routes. The next in order will be a consideration of the methods employed to kill deer.

## CHAPTER II.—STALKING.

Deer stalking, or as it is commonly called, "still-hunting," is in my estimation so far superior to other methods which are employed for the "taking off" of this noble animal that I think it proper to place it, where it unquestionably belongs, at the head of the list. I regard it as superior because it not only furnishes constant employment for both brain and muscles, and a chance for the display of skill that can only be acquired by long study and practice, but it brings its votaries into closer contact with nature in her varied moods. Along the babbling brooklet, through grand old forests, by thundering cataracts or gleaming lakes, up towering mountains, until from their summits above the clouds, or down the cold, mountain billows beyond the mountain billows, rolling down to the precipitous cliffs, until their outlines are lost in the distant blue of the sky. 'Tis these scenes and associations fully as much as the pursuit of his game that yields the deer stalker that fascinating and subtle pleasure, which having been once tasted, is ever after eagerly sought, and never closes.

like the trade winds, but to run in a steeper position. The greyhound's pace with his back parallel to the ground and his face within an inch of it, for a mile together. He should take a singular pleasure in threading the seams of a bog or in gliding down a burn like an eel. Strong and pliant as the ankle he should indubitably be, since in running swiftly down precipices picturesquely adorned with sharp-edged, water-worn stones, his feet will get into awkward cavities, and his legs will be liable to the risk of breaking so much the better. He should rejoice in wading through reeds, reeds, and be able to stand on water-worn stones unconscious of the current; or if the waves are too powerful for him, when he loses his balance, and goes floating away on his back, (for he has any tact or sense of the pictures-que he will fall backward) he should hold his rifle aloft in the air, lest his powder get wet. As forsleep, he should be a stranger to it, and if a man gets into the slothful habit of laying in bed, he should be a stranger to it at a time, I should be glad to know what he is fit for? Strong in his lungs, he should be able to be, and at times gracefully without a pulse—Hyacinthine curls are a very graceful ornament to the head, but I leave it to a deer-stalker's own good sense whether it would not be better for him to shave his crown at once than to risk the loss of a single shot during the season. As to mental endowments, he should have the qualifications of an Ulysses and a Philidor combined. Vary and circumspect, never in a hurry, but quick, surveying all his ground like an able general before commencing a campaign, patient, suspense and disappointment, fertile in conception and rapid and decisive in execution. He must be brave to attempt, he must have fortitude to suffer. What more can be required for the greatest undertakings?"

We will now clothe Scrope's ideal in a close fitting suit and cap of soft woolen goods, light gray in color, incase his feet in buckskin moccasins, place a breech-loading double shotgun and rifle, or a repeating rifle in his hands, and he now stands before us a typical deer stalker, fitted by nature and education to instruct us in the mysteries of the craft.

It is morning. The east is flushing crimson with the light of a new day. The wind, coming out of the west, causes the giant trees of the forest to writhe and twist as if in mortal agony, while its roaring amid their tops, commingling with the sharp creaking of their limbs, completely drowns the stealthy step of our deer stalker, who, having partaken of a substantial breakfast, is now ready for the conflict. There is no doubt or hesitation in his mind. He is full well he knows that this tempest will cause the deer to seek the shelter of the valleys and the eastern slopes, that it has rendered their acute sense of hearing useless to them for the time, and that if he is careful to keep to leeward, it will bear far away from their delicate nostrils the tell-tale taint which otherwise might warn them of his approach. He is now in the heart of the forest, and is looking southward. To the west, and running parallel with his course, is a deep and sheltered valley, and beyond that more ledges, which form the base of a towering mountain peak.

He now moves slowly forward. There is no motion of his arms, no swaying of his body, but just that slow gliding movement. Remove your gaze from him for an instant. It is with difficulty that you again distinguish him from the snow-laden trees and rocks with which he seems to blend. With eagle vision he scans every object in range of his sight. At last he comes up to a frosh "trail." Several deer, in hunter's parlance, "a family," have passed along the valley and are now feeding on the hillside. He has formed a confidence born of experience. But, hold. He has reached a point where the trail zigzags about; he notes where several green twigs have been freshly cropped, and he knows that he is nearing the game. He cautiously re-ascends the ledges to his right, and, taking advantage of every commanding point, scans the valley and the hillside beyond. At last he is rewarded by descrying, some thirty rods ahead, on the opposite side of the valley, the dark form of a deer dimly outlined against the sky. He has found the quarry he has encircled. Does he pitch the gun to his shoulder and recklessly blaze away? Not he. That would be the act of a novice. Subduing his delight, he carefully notes his surroundings. About fifteen rods ahead, and a little to the right, is a projecting spur of rocks. Slowly he sinks to the ground, worms himself through the snow until he has the rocks between himself and that dark form, then slowly rises to a stooping position and approaches until he can look directly at the quarry. He is now within twenty rods of the deer. He has him! But! Here he hesitates a few paces to the right, standing under the top of a prostrate spruce, in full view, is an old doe. Quick as thought the muzzles of the gun are swerved until the sights bear upon her shoulder,

and the trigger is pressed. Before the smoke of the discharge cuts off his view the stalker sees the deer give a convulsive spring, and knows his shot is fatal. And this is not all that he sees. With a snort that breaks with startling force upon the air a lordly buck springs into view.

Old Tawny's forked black springs into view. The animal is a magnificent creature, as he stands with head erect, sparkling eyes, distant nostrils, and every muscle in tension, the very embodiment of conscious power. Language fails me. Two fawns go bounding away and disappear so quickly that the eye almost fails to convey the intelligence to the brain. Again the deadly rifle scuds forth its messenger of death and the stricken monarch staggers. But the graceful limbs that but an instant before were so full of life and vigour are now useless, and the lustrous eyes are glazing, and the pulsation of the brave heart is stilled forevermore. The stalker remains concealed in his position. It is not long before he discovers the head of one of the fawns away on top of the ledge to the east, which overlooks the scene of carnage. With perfect deliberation the stalker lays the gun across a rock, and the deadly rifle adds another victim to the list of the slain. The ringing report is not yet ceased to reverberate when the other fawn springs from a thicket directly in the rear of the stalker and comes bounding along like a rubber ball through the valley at his left. The stalker springs to the edge of the ledge, instinctively the gun goes to his shoulder and the buckshot from the right barrel strikes the fawn stone dead at the very center of one of its flying leaps.

## CHAPTER III.—COURSING.

Deer coursing, or as it is commonly termed, "hounding," is unquestionably a sportsmanlike way of hunting deer when practiced in the proper manner, and numbers among its ardent devotees many of the truest and best sportsmen of our land. By "proper manner" I mean when deer are driven to watchers, who are posted on ridges or shallow streams; and since, in this form of the sport, the simple act of shooting the game affords the only chance for the hunter to display skill, he should make the most of the chance and use a rifle only.

A bright, crisp October morning, the rising sun crowning the mountain peaks and dissipating the light frosts of the night. Our party having partaken of a substantial breakfast and equipped themselves, are just taking the "field." To the south, beyond the river, rises a heavily timbered slope, which has for its background the peaks of a mountain range, the most prominent of which is distinguished by the simple, sun-applauding, "Old Hunter." Our plan of operations is now formed. A light breeze is blowing from the north, and as we are to watch the river, and know that deer when pursued by hounds run "against the wind," our guide is instructed to "put out" the dogs south of the river. Our hounds, four in number, are entitled to a brief description. There are the veterans Rover and Tramp, heroes of many a hotly-contested race, that show their ardor and impatience by tugging at their chains, and ever and anon giving forth a low, plaintive wailing cry, which is as music to the hunter's ear. Coloned and Sport, two youngsters just taking their first lessons, are so overjoyed at the prospect before them that they are working off their surplus energy by a series of antics and capers impossible to describe. A general movement of all hands is made, which develops into a hasty scramble on the part of the hunters, to reach their "stands." One goes to the "Meadows," another to the "Rapids," and another to "Sagehen Brook," the admiral goes to the "Point," and as he is directed to take the lucky one to-day, and is withal a sportsman kind and true, one who will furnish delightful companionship, the reader shall go with him.

Arrived at his destination, the first thing he does is to make himself comfortable. This is accomplished by clearing a space and fixing a seat at the foot of a large yellow birch. At his feet the river riples on its course eastward, gently bathing the sides of three small islands. Opposite him the river bank, rising abruptly, is covered by evergreen trees.

The sun floods the picturesque scene with a mellow radiance, and as all our hunter has to do is to watch and wait, he leans back against the birch, and gradually "the spirit of revelry" steals o'er him. While thus giving free rein to the fancies which crowd upon him, the noisy jay perches above his head and screams its surprise at its presence, the chattering red squirrel reconnoiters the position from stump and tree. The stately ruffed grouse struts coquetishly along the top of a log scarcely ten feet distant, and the crafty mink stares inquiringly up into his face from its hole in the bank.

But hark! from away up the rock-ribbed side of "Old Panther" comes the distance-mellowed voice of a hound, the magic sound which causes our hunters' hearts to beat like a trip hammer, sending the life-current coursing through his veins as though it were quicksilver. Involuntarily he grasps his repeater and springs to his feet. The joy screams a hasty farewell, the squirrel disappears among the branches of a neighboring hemlock, the grouse goes booming away, and the mink scuttles down into his hole all unheeded by him as he listens eagerly to the voice of the hound which soon indicates that the deer is standing at bay.

Spots and Sam, having reported to their guide the rifle breaks upon the air, followed immediately by the deep bay of another bound which proclaims the fact that a "Old Tramp the invincible" is rushing into the fray. Our hunter can scarcely repress his excitement as he listens to the furious onslaught of the staunch hounds, mingling with which comes the struggling cries of the dogs still held in check by the guide. The vociferous music of the chase soon narrows down to a lively duet, Colonel doing the tenor and Tramp the profundo basso, valley and mountain peak fairly ring-



ably stands the best chance of surviving the murderous rain of lead. At last the magazine of the Winchester is empty, and the fortunes of the day depend upon the single cartridge in the gun.

Hold on, stranger, don't shoot any more or you'll fill this lake with dead deer! The deer'll run ashore on land. Now wait till I get him by the tail; don't fire yet! Put the muzzle closer his ear; hold on; the gun bobs round so you'll miss him now. Stiddy there; now give it to 'em."

There, you've done it at last, and there is 175 lbs. of meat and a pair of antlers for you. The former we will take to your hotel, and you can point with pride to it while you brag of your exploit to your admiring friends. The latter will win you imperishable fame for you; for mounted over the door of your dining-room in your palatial city residence, they will be "voiceless witnesses" to unborn generations of your mighty achievement to-day. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

I am conscious of the fact which has been noticed no doubt by the reader, that the scenes described in this article have had their commencement in the early morning. Well now I am going to treat you to a change.

It is night in the balmy month of June. No light from moon or stars penetrates the "blackness of darkness" which rests like a sable pall over the silent water of a wood-circled lake, and which is a fit companion for the dastardly deed about to be consummated upon its tranquil bosom by two individuals who are just pushing off from shore in a canoe. On the bow of the canoe stands the "jack," its powerful light reflected far ahead by a bright sheet of tin placed just back of it and which renders invisible the canoe and its occupants.

In the stern sits the guide silently and swiftly propelling the light craft by an almost imperceptible movement of the paddle. In the center sits the sportsman ("armed with—Heaven defend us—a shotgun—a double-barreled breech-loading shotgun. He is evidently determined to slake his thirst for revenge with gore. Last season he tried to shoot a deer ahead of the hounds, and although getting several fair shots, failed. Later he tried still hunting, and it is almost useless to add, failed again. But now—

"Keep still, oh ye heavens!"—the glory which *ignifatus* has just achieved, so many times, is about to be won. They have not proceeded far before the watchful guide discovers the gleaming orbs of a deer directly ahead and as they approach he is soon plainly revealed in the light of the "jack," breast deep in water, and looking wonderingly at the strange apparition approaching him. Nearer, and still nearer, comes the bewildering light, until its glare is scarcely a rod from the stupefied animal. Our "gore-seeker" at last grasps his opportunity, and with a spasmodic motion he seizes his gun, but in attempting to raise the barrels are discharged, luckily without injury to anything. There is a terrible snort and rushing through the water, and that deer, let us hope, is spared for a more glorious taking off. "Buck fever" is the only comment indulged in by the twin-turnd guide.

On they go skirting the shore of the lake, and four times within as many half hours is the silence broken by the hundred-throat of the "Old Taver" and distributor, each time sending a deer scampering out of the lake, and up the hillside, two of which are badly wounded. And now as they are passing a little cove, the splash—dip, splash—plash, of water plainly indicates some animal moving about among the water lilies with which the cove is thickly studded. A single sweep of the paddle heads the canoe toward the sound, and sure enough there stands a doe peacefully grazing. The "gore-seeker" is somewhat recovered from his attack of "fever," and as the deer stands broadside about twenty feet distant, he succeeds by a grand coup de maître in riddling the poor animal with just thirty-two large buckshot, and at last he is a hero. With what pride does he survey the victim of his deadly aim. "With what rapture does he exclaim, "At last I have killed a deer." The modesty of the fellow is astounding. Instead of killing one deer, he has slaughtered just five. Two of his victims are now struggling in the water, and death on yonder hillside, and soon carnivorous birds and beasts will be tearing the putrifying flesh from their bones. Two little helpless fawns will wait and bleat in vain for the mother he has so foully murdered, until they die of starvation, or become an easy prey to some rapacious animal. We insist that he shall have all the glory to which he is entitled. To secure one deer he has destroyed five.

The above is a truthful picture of "floating" for deer as practiced by the average summer tourist, and by which method more deer are destroyed than by all other methods combined.

Reader, if you are ever tempted to "float" for deer, I beg you will heed the advice I am about to give you. Take the money you would have to spend during your trip and with it buy a good fat cow, tie her to a tree, then choose your distance, anywhere from five to twenty feet will answer, then if you are not sure of your aim, rest your gun or screw it in a vice, and then—shoot her. Use a Gatling gun if you are anxious to see blood flow freely. By adopting this plan you will be entitled to fully as much credit for skill, be subjected to less discomfort, and secure more meat than you would, were you to "float" for deer. If you have unbounded confidence in your skill and desire to do something particularly brilliant, give the cover the gun of the bystander when you open your battery upon her, killed at the first fire under these conditions, the explicit will win more fame for you than you can ever secure behind the "jack."

I shall say but little about "watching at the ticks" and "crusting," for the reason that the former is not a very destructive method, and the latter, although at one time deer in certain sections were literally annihilated by it, is now nearly obsolete.

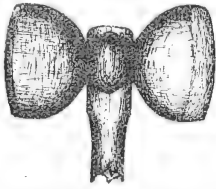
This happy state of affairs has been brought about by earnest effort on the part of sportsmen, aided latterly by the guides, who at last have been brought to see that "crusting" was "killing the goose that laid the golden egg," and who have done much by word and act to bring the reprehensible practice into disrepute.

In conclusion I would say, if this short article, on a subject about which so much might be written, shall lead deer-hunters to renounce obsolete methods, and pursue the sport in a sportsmanlike manner, its main object will have been accomplished.

## HOW TO HANG UP A DEER.

IN my rambles over the country I have often been struck with the number of quite experienced hunters who did not in the least understand how to hang up a full grown deer unassisted. I herewith send directions, so that any person of ordinary strength can hang up the largest buck.

After inserting a gambrel in the hind legs of the animal in the usual manner, cut a couple of crochets about eight feet long, then bend down a spring sapling and insert the top under the gambrel. Now place your crochets, butt end up, at right angles to the sapling, hook one of them into the sapling, just below the gambrel, and place its butt so it will not slide; now, with the top of the other crochets in your hand, lift up on the sapling, pressing it against the crochets



at the same time. When as high as you can get it, insert the other crochets above the gambrel. If the sapling is not strong enough to hold the weight of the deer, carry the foot of the crochets toward the place where the thing is done. If the deer is very large, or your muscular energy small, you can start with crochets three or four feet long and then use longer ones. A good hatchet is very essential; the double-edged hatchet of "Nessmuk's," a cut of which you published some time ago, was shown to me by my old friend, H. L. Leonard, then just from Pennsylvania, in 1853. I had one made in Bangor, and after using it for two years discarded it for a much better pattern, which Leonard himself originated, a diagram of which I inclose. One edge should be ground very thick for cutting bones.

PENOBSCOT.

## CHEESEQUAKE CREEK.

THERE is probably no locality in these United States, of which the whole country has heard more and knows less than Cheesequake Creek, in New Jersey. Standing, as it does, first on the list of the famous (?) River and Harbor appropriations, it has attracted universal attention and comment of a not over enviable nature. But though its name has come to be familiar in our mouths as household words, not two persons in a thousand have ever seen it, save in print or on the map.

Cheesequake Creek (a corruption of its Indian name *Ches-naguch*) has been so often made the subject of newspaper reports that a description of it at this late date would be as flat, stale and unprofitable as the snipe-described marsh and meadow, through which it winds. Its history is in nowise different from that of many other places, whose charms lie mainly in their rural retirement and secluded quiet, added to the natural beauty of their situation.

For a century and a half it has been a famous spot for hunting and gaming, and a great resort for followers of fur, fin and feather. But, alas! its glory has departed, and another must be added to the fast-increasing list of "have-beens." The waists of Bob White and Will Wilet are not heard now-a-days as often as the whistle of the locomotive; and railroad tracks have supplemented those of foxes, hares, minks, "coons and 'possums, which once were plentiful.

Time was when a dozen or more woodcock might reward a search along the meadow's edge, where now the noisy trains rush by, and from the porch of the "Old Tavern" you might plainly see the yellow-legs approach the blinds where unexpected death awaited them. At night the salt-holes were alive with black ducks, and by day the teal and spigotals dabbled in the creek. To be sure the "Old Tavern" still remains, a curious relic of antiquity which has outlived many storms and generations. But that is all dead. Everything has changed. As you step off the cars you would hardly know the place, with its prim station, iron drawbridge, and telegraph poles. Its very name is in danger of oblivion, and one is reminded of the Israelite who met a stranger whom he thought he recognized: "Vy, Moses, how you has changed! So help me, my tear boy, I would never haf known you!" "Excuse me, sir, but my name is not Moses." "Vat? Goot heffens! Your name changed? No? Yes, it is called Morgan now on the time-table, and thousands of travelers to and from the New Jersey seaside pass it daily unaware of its identity.

But let me not give the impression that "Cheesequakes" as a hunting ground, has passed wholly into history. Good bags may still be made there now and then. A storm will bring wild ducks into the creek quite often, and in August or September one may strike a very decent flight of bay-birds. Perch and striped bass are still fairly abundant in the creek, and crabs seen from as far as the coast. Moreover Charley Applegate, like Daniel Webster, "still lives," and as long as his conversation continues to be adorned with the wealth of expletive and simile which enriches his vocabulary, Cheesequakes will never lose its hold upon the interest and affection of the brotherhood. Never, never!

But aside from this attention, "The Creek," as we call it, enjoys another and much less known, but which neither time nor the time-table can rob it; it is the best place for bag shooting in the State, and may be in the whole country. Every spring, along in April, there will be three or four days during which a strong westerly wind, with bright, warm sunshine, will prevail. This is the kind of weather that the hawks love to migrate in, and on these days I am always on the spot before times, for the birds begin to arrive by seven o'clock, and the cream of the shooting is in the forenoon.

A glance at the map will show you that New Jersey lies directly in the path of the spring migration from the Middle Atlantic States. You will also see that it is cut nearly half way in two in the middle by Raritan Bay, which extends some fifteen miles westward from Sandy Hook, and varies from two to six miles in width. Now, hawks do not like to cross broad water, and when, having sagged off toward the coast by reason of the strong west wind, they reach the bay near Sandy Hook, they are obliged to cross it to Long Island or Staten Island they turn to the left and follow the south shore until they come to South Amboy at the head of the bay. This course carries them across Cheesequake Creek, near its mouth, just where the railroad and county bridges span it,

and at that spot, within a space of two hundred yards between the tavern and the bay shore, as many as 800 hawks of all sizes have been shot in one day.

A singular fact in connection with these migrating birds is their apparent boldness and indifference to danger. They seem to be oblivious of any weapons or snipers on land, and the sight of a man with a gun, running at top speed to intercept them, as is often done, seldom alarms them or causes them to change their course at all, a procedure which is so utterly foreign to their nature at other times as to seem very remarkable.

As for the propriety of this annual slaughter of the hawks, I presume it is open to question, there being much to be said on both sides. But concerning the sport itself there can hardly be two opinions among those who have enjoyed it. When there is a good flight on there may be five or six birds in sight and coming toward you at the same time. You can see them for half a mile or more, and there is no little excitement in the prospect. The shooters are strung out from ten to thirty miles apart, and when even a single hawk is coming there is always a delightful uncertainty as to who will get the shot. Sometimes half a dozen guns will be snared in succession at one place, and he who escapes unhurt after all, or come down only at the last discharge.

Of late years the hawk shooting at Cheesequakes has fallen off considerably, owing, we think, to the increase of those who are on the lookout for them along the coast, whereby many are killed before they reach the creek, or even the bay at Sandy Hook. But even now a strong west or northwest wind, if warm, will bring hawks, in varying numbers, all the month of April and often as late as May.

PENOBSCOT, N. J., April, 1883.

## SYRACUSE SHOOTING GROUNDS.

I TAKE much pleasure in adding to the general stock of good places two more, which I consider most excellent for bird shooting and shooting. The first, Otisco Lake, situated in the town of Otisco, Onondaga county, N. Y., distant from Syracuse twelve miles south; accessible by rail and stage; expense from Syracuse, one dollar. At the village of Amber, situated at the foot of this lake, will be found a first-rate country hotel, kept by one Samuel Boutwell, who would most cheerfully answer any correspondence and give such information as might be desired either as to spring or fall shooting. I have no hesitation in saying to the boys that this is a good place to hunt or shoot. Ducks and snipe are at the present time quite plenty. Shooting especially must be good there for the next two weeks. Hotel fare, one dollar per day.

The second place I would mention is Big Sandy Creek Pond, situated north from Syracuse forty-five miles. Here I am confident may be found the finest feeding ground for ducks and snipe in the State of New York. A marsh covers a thousand acres with a most luxuriant growth of wild rice, celery, etc., attracting large and numerous flocks of ducks and snipe, both spring and fall. A first-class sportsman's hotel is here, kept by Mr. George Wood, and at the moderate price of \$1.50 per day. Mr. Wood is himself a thorough sportsman, and a most excellent shot. Guides can be secured at very moderate rates, if desired; good boats, and plenty of them, to accommodate all on hand at all times, and free of charge. Should any of your readers see fit to give this place a trial they will find in Mr. Wood a competent and obliging man, and true to the interests of all who may give him a call.

The route from here, is via Northern Railroad to Perreton Manor, and from there eight miles by stage; railroad fare from here \$1.55, and stage fare \$1. By writing to Mr. Wood or telegraphing he will meet parties with his own team and transport them safely from the railroad station for the five cents. I refer you to Mr. Wood's table, from personal experience I announce it good. Mr. Wood telegraphs me that game is more plenty, especially ducks, skipe, and wild geese. These grounds are less than twenty-five rods from Lake Ontario, nothing intervenes save a high bank of sand washed up from the lake. The marsh is well sheltered and very beautiful to the eye of a sportsman. A fine place for sport shooting or decoying.

Mr. Wood's address is George N. Wood, Lake Erie Point, Woodville, Jefferson county, N. Y. Mr. Wood is at Amber, Onondaga county. Boutwell can be reached by mail; Wood either mail or telegraph. S. E. KINGSLEY.

## FREEDMAN AND QUAIL.

THE recent discussion in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM relative to the destruction of the game by the freedmen has interested very much, and being situated in a country where both Samba and the quail flourish, feel qualified to express an opinion on the matter. I must say, in defense of the darkey, that I have never known of a dozen quail being killed by him with a gun, and I have never known of more than a few dozen having been trapped. In proof of the assertion that the negro is not a quail hunter (though he will shoot one if he sees it sitting perfectly still, and has his gun), I refer to the fact that I find on almost every out-hut, a "Bob White," the bulk of the coverts and the finest and fullest coverts, in the immediate vicinity of the darkey cabins. Since no birds have been taken from the coverts, it follows that the darkeys have not troubled them, and this with the full knowledge that the quail are there, for the negroes can at any time direct you to a covert or two within a few rods of their humble doors. Almost every darkey in Eastern North Carolina and Eastern Virginia thinks that he must plant a pea patch. The peas are a staple article of food for the family. Some are always left on the vines and become dry in the field. The quail is as fond of peas as is the freedman, and naturally seeks the pea patch, can there be found in all his glory, feeding at times up to the very door of the cabin.

On a recent hunt, not far from the village, in company with another gentleman, we found three full coverts in a little dry corner of a new ground, which had been "cut down" and the brush left on the ground for the family of negroes living in the cabin hard by. Now, so near were these fine coverts of birds to this cabin, that we had to withhold fire many times after scattering the birds, for the whole family of darkeys were about the door to see us shoot, and were in the line of fire. These birds, three fine coverts, had been reared within 100 yards of that cabin, in which a large family were living. The head of the family owned a gun, and was most anxious to have the quail, but he was afraid to hunt quail, because he didn't feel sure of killing on the wing, and didn't look for them on the ground. Nor is this any isolated instance. I can to-day, with my setter, find at

MAINE GAME LAW.—Dixfield, Me., April 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—Another issue of March 29 a mis-take in the Maine Game Law, and in the issue of April 7, "New Maine Laws," you say close time from January 1 to September 1 for moose, deer and caribou. It should read January 1 to October 1. September is a close month.—HENRY O. STANLEY.



## SOME EXPIRED REEL PATENTS.

THE first patent ever granted by the United States for a fishing-reel was issued to John A. Bailey, of New Jersey, Aug. 5, 1856.

His invention consists in having the crank-shaft work laterally in a socket attached to the end plate of the reel, and having a bevel-wheel attached to the crank-shaft, acted upon by a spring, so that when not pressed inward by the person holding the reel, it will be kept out of gear with the reel.

In the cut (Fig. 1.) A represents the reel frame, of the usual form and construction. B is the reel pivotally fitted in the frame A. To one end of the axis or shaft, C, of the reel, a beveled pinion, D, is attached, and E is a spring which is attached to the end plate, *a*, of the frame. This spring has a circular aperture, *a*, made through it, so that it may yield without interfering with the pinion, D, the spring being a flat metal plate. An aperture, *b*, is also made through the outer part of the spring, and a pin, *c*, attached to the plate, *a*, passes through the aperture, *b*. The crank-shaft, F, is hollow and has a beveled wheel, G, on its inner end. The shaft is allowed to slide laterally in a collar, *d*, attached to the end plate, *e*, of the frame. The spring, E, bears against the bevel-wheel, G, and keeps it out of gear with the pinion, D. The pin, *c*, fits into the end of the shaft, F. H represents the operating crank.

By this arrangement the reel, B, when the crank-shaft, F, is not pressed inward, is free therefrom, and the line may consequently be thrown outward a greater distance than where the usual reels are employed, because there is no friction to overcome except that occasioned by the rotation of its own shaft or journals.

Before the date of this invention the reels generally used were permanently connected by gear wheels with the operating handle, and consequently the friction therefrom offered considerable resistance to the line as it was thrown out.

The next invention, granted Feb. 10, 1857, to Edward Deacon, was for effecting the same purpose as that above described.

Referring to the cut (Fig. II., *a*) A is the reel fitted within a frame formed of two plates, *a*, *a*, connected by rods, *b*. The frame has the usual box, B, one side to inclose the gearing, C, D. A sleeve, *E*, is placed on the crank-shaft, F, within a socket, *c*, on the outer side of the box, B. In the sleeve, *G*, a slot, *d*, is made, having side notches, *e*, *e*, as shown (in Fig. II., *b*). The pin, *f*, of the socket, *c*, fits in the slot, *d*.

The crank, H, is secured by a nut, *g*. The crank-shaft is shoved in or out, so that its wheel, D, may be in or out of gear with the pinion of the reel-shaft by merely shoving the sleeve inward or drawing it outward. The notches, *e*, *e*, serve to lock the wheel, D, in either position. Deacon avers that the pressure upon the crank in the Bailey reel, above mentioned, renders the winding up of the line a difficult operation, and that a person is liable to forget that pressure upon the crank is requisite in order to connect the crank with the reel-shaft. He says the spring also is liable to lose its elasticity, and the parts may thus be rendered inoperative. August 9, 1859, William Blincheson, of New York, devised a fishing reel so constructed that when the line is wound up it shall form a ring instead of a cylinder, thus providing efficiently for its drying without the necessity of unwinding the line and spreading it out, while at the same time the weight and cost of the reel are reduced.

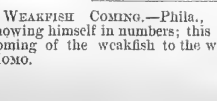
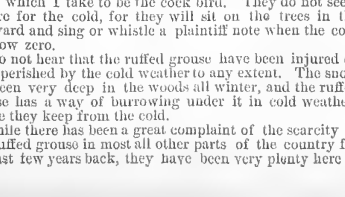
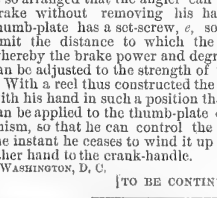
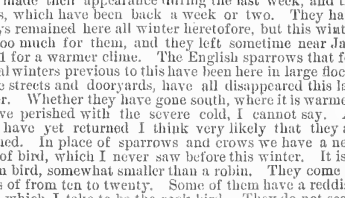
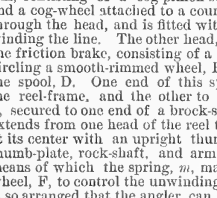
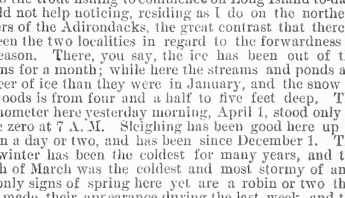
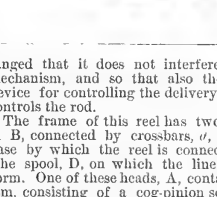
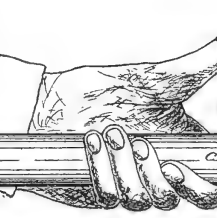
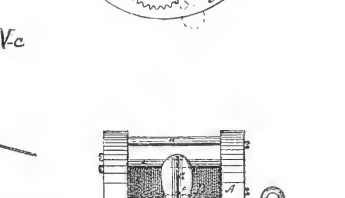
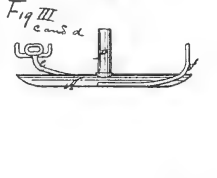
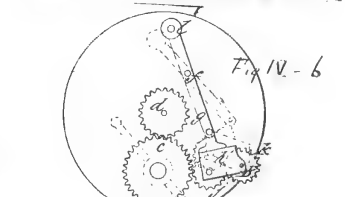
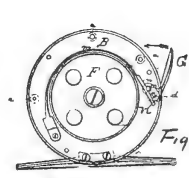
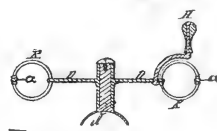
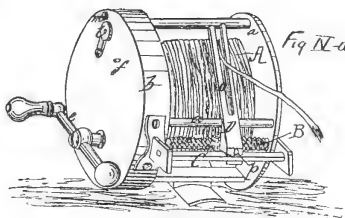
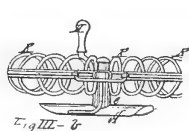
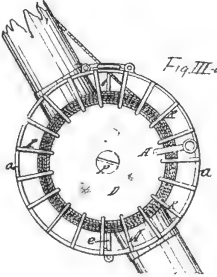
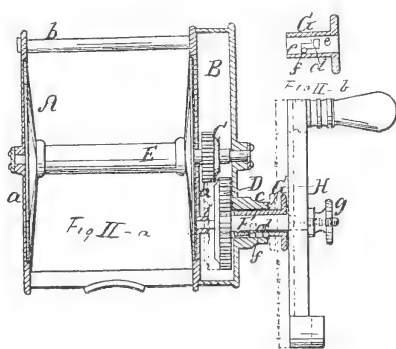
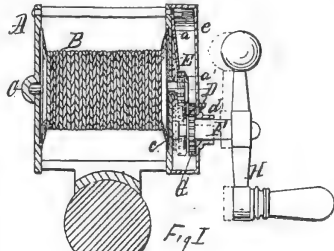
From the plate, A (Fig. III., *a*), attached to the rod in the usual manner, projects the pin, P. The disk, D, rotates thereon and carries the divided rings, R R R (shown by the drawings, Figs. III., *a*, *b* and *c*). These rings form the skeleton of a tubular ring, in the inside of which the line is very easily coiled through the openings. To guide the line in its winding and unwinding, and prevent the escape of any loose coil, if such should exist, the opening formed by dividing the rings is filled, in all but a small portion of its extent, by means of the ring, *a*. This ring is kept from rotating by means of the braces, *e*, *f*, which are attached to the plate, A (seen in Fig. III., *b*). One of these braces is forked, and has attached a loop or guide through which the line passes.

Aside from the great reduction in weight and cost over a reel constructed in the ordinary manner, the general form is much more convenient for carriage in the pocket, as the whole thing, line and all, forms a flat disk of no very great dimensions; but the great advantage consists in the complete exposure of the line, whereby it is enabled to dry rapidly and thoroughly, and is prevented from decaying. In the common form, when the line on the reel becomes wet, either from complete submersion or from winding wet portions of the line over it, it is difficult for the central portions of the line to dry, covered, as they are, by the outer layers. In this reel there is but a small portion of the line covered, and the whole surface is fully exposed to the air. It would seem that the line can be wound with rapidity, thus dispensing with the complicated and expensive gearing for that purpose. The inventor asserts that one turn of the handle takes up more than seven inches of line.

The "Palmer reel" (1860) employs a traveling or reciprocating line-guide attached to the reel, and operating automatically in such a way as to cause the line as it is wound up to be adjusted evenly on the shaft of the reel. Figs. IV., *a* and *b*.

The reel, A, is of ordinary construction, *a* being the frame and *b* the box which contains the multiplying gear, *c*, *d*, through which the reel-shaft is rotated. The operation of *a*, *a*, is as follows: In order to wind up the line evenly on the reel, A, the upper end of the lever, *g*, is shoved upward and retained in that position by the nut, *m*, being screwed up against the outer side of the box, *b*. In this position of lever, *g*, the pinion, *j*, is in gear with the wheel, *e*, and as the crank, *e*, is rotated a rotary motion is communicated to the shaft, B, and which, through the medium of a half-nut attached to guide, B, gives a reciprocating movement to the line-guide, D, thereby moving the wheel, *g*, in, casting out the line—the upper end of lever, *g*, is shoved down the inner end of socket, *h*, thereby elevated, and the pinion, *j*, consequently thrown out of gear with the wheel, *e*. The line-guide, D, is forked at *o* for the passage of the line between.

The object of Dougherty's invention is to provide an efficient means for controlling the delivery of the line, so ar-



anged that it does not interfere with the winding-up mechanism, and so that also the angler may operate the device for controlling the delivery by the same hand which controls the rod.

The frame of this reel has two shallow heads (Fig. V.). A B, connected by crossbars, *a*, one of which forms the base by which the reel is connected to the fishing-rod, C. The spool, D, on which the line is wound, is of the usual form. One of these heads, A, contains the winding mechanism, consisting of a cog-pinion secured to the spool arbor, and a cog-wheel attached to a counter shaft which extends through the head, and is fitted with the hand-crank, E, for winding the line. The other head, B, of the frame contains the friction brake, consisting of a spring, *m*, partially encircling a smooth-rimmed wheel, F, secured to the arbor of the spool, D. One end of this spring brake is fastened to the reel-frame, and the other to the outer end of an arm, *n*, secured to one end of a brock-shaft, *d*. This brock-shaft extends from one head of the reel to the other, and is fitted at its center with an upright thumb-plate, G, so that the thumb-plate, rock-shaft, and arm, *n*, constitute a lever by means of which the spring, *m*, may be made to engage the wheel, F, to control the unwinding of the line. The device is so arranged that the angler can apply his thumb to the brake without removing his hand from the rod. This thumb-plate has a set-screw, *e*, so arranged as to vary and limit the distance to which the former can be moved, whereby the brake power and degree of strain upon the line can be adjusted to the strength of the line.

With a reel thus constructed the angler may hold the rod with his hand in such a position that the thumb of that hand can be applied to the thumb-plate of the controlling mechanism, so that he can control the running out of the line the instant he ceases to wind it up by the application of his other hand to the crank-handle.

F. B. BROCK.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WEAKFISH COMING.—Phila., Pa.—The hard crab is showing himself in numbers; this is a sure sign of the near coming of the weakfish to the waters of Delaware Bay.—HOMO.

## THE ADIRONDACKS.

IN reading your editorial in last week's issue in relation to the trout fishing to commence on Long Island to-day, I could not help noticing, residing as I do on the northern borders of the Adirondacks, the great contrast that there is between the two localities in regard to the forwardness of the season. There, you say, the ice has been out of the streams for a month; while here the streams and ponds are no freer of ice than they were in January, and the snow in the woods is from four and a half to five feet deep. The thermometer here yesterday morning, April 1, stood only 6° above zero at 7 A. M. Sleighting has been good here up to within a day or two, and has been since December 1. The past winter has been the coldest for many years, and the month of March was the coldest and most stormy of any. The only signs of spring here yet are a robin or two that have made their appearance during the last week, and the crows, which have been back a week or two. They have always remained here all winter heretofore, but this winter was too much for them, and they left sometime near January 1 for a warmer clime. The English sparrows that for several winters previous to this have been here in large flocks in the streets and dooryards, have all disappeared this last winter. Whether they have gone south, where it is warmer, or have perished with the severe cold, I cannot say. As none have yet returned I think very likely that they all perished. In place of sparrows and crows we have a new kind of bird, which I never saw before this winter. It is a brown bird, somewhat smaller than a robin. They come in flocks of from ten to twenty. Some of them have a reddish head, which I take to be the cock bird. They do not seem to care for the cold, for they will sit on the trees in the dooryard and sing or whistle a plaintive note when the cold is below zero.

I do not hear that the ruffed grouse have been injured or have perished by the cold weather to any extent. The snow has been very deep in the woods all winter, and the ruffed grouse has a way of burrowing under it in cold weather, where they keep from the cold.

While there has been a great complaint of the scarcity of the ruffed grouse in most all other parts of the country for the last few years back, they have been very plenty here in

Franklin county, both in the Adirondacks and in the strips of forests that are scattered over the county. In the months of September and October you can hardly pass through a pack of woods of any low area without without securing a duck or two. I think the cause of their remaining so plenty here is that they are never scared. I have never known or heard of a partridge or ruffed grouse being scared in Franklin county, and I have been in most all parts of it where snares would be likely to be found. I wrote you some time ago that a lumber company was about purchasing a large portion of the Adirondack wilderness that is known as the St. Regis tract. It was then that I was about to construct a railroad from some point in the district to connect with the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain road at Moira. They have purchased upward of 100,000 acres and have it surveyed, and have obtained a charter for the road, and have the timbers for building the bridges on the ground, and expect to have the road in running order by another fall. It is called the Northern Adirondack Railroad in their charter. For the present its southern terminus will be at a point on the Middle St. Regis known as the Five Mile Level, about three miles east of St. Regis Falls, where they are building a large mill for sawing their lumber. The past winter they have had three gangs of choppers cutting timber on the land. The land they have purchased comprises all of the territory about the headwaters of the three branches of the St. Regis River. It takes in all or all but very small lots of Townships No. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and the south half of No. 10 and 11. By taking a look at Stoddard's map of the Adirondacks, where the numbers of the townships are given, you can see what a large tract of territory this company has purchased. It extends to within a short distance of Mearns Lake and Paul Smith's, on the St. Regis Lake, on the east, and to St. Lawrence county on the west; and is, I claim, one of the best, if not the best, portion of the Adirondacks for deer and other game, as well as for trout fishing, that is now to be found in that region. As to the effect that the lumbering business will have on the hunting and fishing in that territory, my opinion is that for three or four years to come it will not be greatly injured by it. But a railroad running into the heart of a good hunting and fishing country will make it so easy of access that it will, I believe, in a few years, be so overrun by sportsmen and others that, as in all other places that are much frequented, the deer and trout will get scarce as the number of visitors increases.

The lumbering itself does not, I think, injure the hunting or fishing to my great extent: deer are always found plenty around clearings where the underbrush is left, and in the woods that are partially open, as those are that have been lumbered in. Trout fishing will continue good until the streams and ponds are overfished, or until saw mills are built on the headwaters of the streams and the dust from the mills kills off the trout, as is the case in many streams in the hills of the Adirondacks. As to the county for hunting or fishing I believe that at the present time there are but very few, if any, localities of near the same extent that will equal the tract of territory purchased by this company. Until within a year or two it has been but very little frequented by sportsmen residing outside of this or St. Lawrence counties. There are at present three hotels, or houses, within it that keep accommodated for sportsmen. One is at St. Regis Falls, and the other two are at the head of the tract. There is a post office, Daniel McNeil, proprietor. The other two are at Blue Mountain, eleven miles further south and near the center of the tract, and within a short distance of the Sixteen Mile Level of the Middle St. Regis, which runs through the center of the St. Regis district from south to north. One is called the Blue Mountain House, Henry Phelps, proprietor; the other the Forest House, McNeil & Co., proprietors. Post-office addresses are both St. Regis Falls.

ADRIEN O'NEAL.

MOIRA, N. Y., April 2, 1892.

## A TESTIMONIAL TO REUBEN WOOD.

BEFORE Mr. Wood sailed for the London Fisheries Exhibition, we were at the office of Forest and Stream. In the course of conversation we noticed a portion of a badge peeping from under the lapel of his coat, and inquiring about it, Reuben, with his characteristic modesty, replied: "It's only a little badge the boys gave me before leaving Syracuse." We found it a large and elegant one. From a scroll there are two bars dependent, to which a bundle of fishing rods is hung; a miniature reel is placed in the center, a twining fishing line below, and the whole is crossed by other rods. A large gold medal is enclosed by these, on which the portly figure of Uncle Reuben is engraved in the act of wading a stream. The likeness is good, and by the angle at which his ever present cigar is tilted, we see that he has just struck a four-pounder.

From the Syracuse *Sunday Times* we learn that the presentation was made in the presence of about thirty friends, and was accompanied by the following remarks by Mr. Deane Conits:

Mr. Wood—I have been requested by the members of the Onondaga Fishing Club and others of your friends in Syracuse, to say a few parting words before you leave us to attend the International Fisheries Exhibition. We wish to express to you our appreciation of your valuable services to the club, our admiration of your wonderful skill as an angler and your enthusiastic love of the sport—you never failing fond of good humor, good nature and good fellowship at all times, but most and best appreciated by your associates while in camp and following the trout stream—our personal regard which has grown stronger day by day through a long series of fondly remembered years—our gratification at your appointment on the duties of which you are about to enter, and our congratulations to you, and no less to those who have so kindly and so wisely selected you for a position for which you are so perfectly and admirably fitted.

They have elected me to address you for a few words on any reason, I presume, except that I have known you long and intimately, and have, if possible, of all your friends, the strongest attachment for you. I have witnessed a great many wonderful displays of your skill, both in the tournament and upon the stream. I have seen you take trout where there was "no fishing"—at least it was so placarded on a board nailed up here and there. I have seen you lure and hook two-pounders from the woods where I had supposed only the smallest fry could find room to lurk. I saw you take seven trout, weighing ten pounds, from a pond where you mistakenly supposed you had permission to angle, with such celerity that the wrathful proprietor discovered the capture of the last and smallest one only. Oh! how handsomely you did apologize for taking that one—forgetting all about the six other victims of your skill then swaying in

your capacious pockets. I saw you at the inlet of Ox-bow Lake—from one position and without a single miss—sit in the bow of a boat and take thirty-six beauties in less than a half an hour, each victim leaping to your fly at sixty feet cast and reeled in through fifty feet of fly rods. I do here and now publicly forgive you for the torture you then inflicted on me—compelled, as I was, to crouch in the stern of that boat for a mortal hour and a half, while you serenely smoked and fished.

But I may not dwell on these incidents of our piscatory life. I must pass to the business of this meeting. Your friends and mine are in honor of naming you as one of us. Our attachment for you is very strong. As we wish you a prosperous voyage, a delightful sojourn abroad, a faithful, successful and agreeable accomplishment of your share of the objects of the mission, and a safe return to us and to your home. And we hope you may, while in Her Majesty's dominions, have an opportunity to give an exhibition of your skill in fly-casting by killing a few of the trout and salmon in the foreign streams—using, perchance, some of the tackle which your skill has won as prizes in tournaments in your native land.

And now, "Reub Wood." I have to say to you, in behalf of these Syracuse friends, that they claim a property in you. We spare you for a time to "Uncle Sam" for this occasion, but we claim to have you back again. And we mean there shall be no mistake about it. We mean to secure your return to us as far as in our power, beyond all mistakes and against all odds. And so we are going to put our mark on you for now certain identification, should you at any time unfortunately get lost in the mazes of London, bewildered in its fogs, mingled with the smoke clouds of your own inevitable, everlasting cigar.

Please, then, except and wear this badge, "Reub," presented to you as a slight token of our great esteem and love. We mean by the gift to do you honor. We know you will do honor to the gift.

## OUR ANGLING PRESIDENT.

NO matter what the judgment of the future may be upon the administration of President Arthur, his fame as an angler is established for all time on the strength of that fifty-pound salmon. He is now in the city seeking his favorite recreation, and he will have the success with the black bass that he has had with the salmon, and capture the biggest one on record. The New York *Sun* has been interviewing Mr. Francis Endicott, the bright and genial president of the National Rod and Reel Association, who has fished with President Arthur on many occasions, before the latter fished so deeply in political streams. Mr. Endicott said:

"Gen. Arthur is a good salmon fisher and has the highest record of any man in this country. But it is not alone as a salmon fisher that he excels. He casts a salmon fly beautifully, he casts a trout fly superbly, and he casts a bass bait equal to anybody. Those three things require entirely different styles of casting, and excellence in either depends so greatly upon the temperament of the angler and his practice, that it is an exceedingly rare thing to find a person who is capable of doing all three very well. It is because Gen. Arthur does present that rare combination of capacities in so marked a degree that I unhesitatingly pronounce him not only the first magistrate, but the first angler in the land."

Mr. Endicott said this in a manner that implied his regard for the latter title as a prouder one than the former. Drifting into the grateful current of reminiscences, he continued:

"Some years ago, when Gen. Arthur was Collector of the Port, we went down together to the Munsell's Pond on Long Island, and while there received a kind invitation from that genial gentleman, Mr. William Floyd-Jones, to fish in Massapequa Lake, which is pronounced by Mr. Spencer F. Baird, United States Fish Commissioner, the finest preserve in this country. It has been made by damming a large brook, and that stream, before pouring into it, winds through five miles of woodland belonging to Mr. Floyd-Jones. The trout are wild, of fine size, and I suppose we caught a hundred of them that day. Of course, we can't take away the largest. The others we replaced in the water. The General cast a beautiful fly; yes, beautiful. He throws to such a distance and with so much precision that I think he is the finest amateur caster that I have ever seen. I took the trouble to measure one of the President's casts, and it was seventy-eight feet. He makes the regular overhead cast, not the Wye cast, that Priard uses. We had a strange old creature named Hugh Montgomery to row us on the pond, and, by the way, he is the only man I ever saw who could manage a boat with two men in it so as to give both an equally good chance to fish. I gave the General what is ordinarily deemed the best place in the boat, the stern, myself taking the bow, and as Hugh rowed us along the old bed of the stream, in the middle of the lake, two or three times I raised a fish and failed to hook him. But each time, Gen. Arthur, casting where I had raised the fish, hooked him. The inevitable result of my raising a fish was his taking it, and, of course, he got the laugh on me. I told him I had got tired of that. 'Never mind, Endicott,' said he, 'you have the spasm of raising them. I know nothing like the excitement an angler feels in raising a fish; seeing it come to his fly.'"

"As we were going down there on that occasion an incident occurred that was characteristic of the General. We were passing South street, and, as the James slip ferry, when our attention was called by a loud shouting, and, looking up, I saw a big, truculent-looking fellow, driving a pair of horses attached to a large truck, dashing furiously toward us, while he shouted for us to get out of his way. I did so, skipped across the street as quickly as I could, and turned to look back. There stood Gen. Arthur just where he was when the truckman's yells were first heard by us. The next moment the truckman had broken into a gallop, and he stood firm and placid, looking steadily between the horses' heads into the eyes of their driver, who was exerting his utmost strength to rein in the animals. When they had come to a full stop, the General calmly continued on his way, without a word to the driver, but when he reached my side he said to me: 'I'd give twenty-five dollars if I were not Collector of the Port for about five minutes. I have no doubt that the evening would have been a very pleasant one for the truckman if the General had not been Collector of the Port. Gen. Arthur is, I think, one of the coolest, most courageous, self-contained, and placid men that I know. I've seldom lost a fish, but when he does, even then he shows no excitement or disappointment.'"

"Yes, I have gone fishing with him very frequently, but the incidents of one trouting excursion are much like those of another. I have not been salmon fishing with him, but

have been told by those who have how beautifully he casts his fly and how adroitly he manages his fish, and have every reason to believe that he is quite as expert an angler for salmon as I know him to be for trout. He does not seem to care much for weak fishing; has some on it sometimes, but did not seem to take much interest in it. He is very fond, however, of taking the big bass that they get off West Island—out from Newport—and from the stands of the Squib-nocet Club on Martha's Vineyard. They catch bass there running all the way from 10 to 65 pounds weight, and that, you will readily understand, is a very different sort of fishing from trouting, yet President Arthur is equally at home in it.

"Yes, Commissioner French has been off fishing with Gen. Arthur, but French doesn't know much about angling. He means well, no doubt, but is too busy a man to give to the gentle sport that calm contemplation and practical experience and study that make the perfect angler. Really he would not be able to tell a trout from a shiner if you were to paint some spots on the shiner."

Police Commissioner French did not seem to have a consciousness of his real position as an angler when interviewed by a reporter on the subject, but he spoke of President Arthur's abilities as a fisherman in the tone of an authoritative expert. President Arthur, he said, is pre-eminently the best salmon fisher in this country. Others may rival him in catching bass and trout, but when they come to salmon, there he is greatest of all. Mr. French did not feel that he would be justified in narrating any reminiscences of his concerning the recreations of the President of the United States.

Mr. L. W. Winchester, president of the National Express Company and treasurer of the National Rod and Reel Association, said: "I have been salmon fishing with General Arthur, and he is unquestionably a very expert angler. He has taken the largest salmon ever caught with a fly in this country. It was three years ago, in one of the Canadian rivers, I forget which one, but not the famous Restigouche, I think. That salmon weighed fifty pounds after its arrival in New York. I don't know of any man who can throw a better fly or kill a salmon quicker or in better style than President Arthur can. He used to be a member, and is yet, I believe, of the Restigouche Salmon Club, of which I was formerly president. It is a pity that Mr. R. D. Dun is not around here, as he would be sure to have some reminiscences for they have gone together, camping out and fishing, for years, in many places, and he knows more about the subject than anybody else."

## NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

WHOEVER would have thought an angler, and such I took "Prairie Dog" to be, would take offense at my letter to "Prairie Dog"? It is because the FOREST AND STREAM allows the little doggies to bark, as well as the big ones, that I had my little say. I spoke of Michigan as I find it. Other folks' experience does not satisfy me, and as for going off to it, twice as far as my thoughts. I wanted "Prairie Dog" to try again, and again, and he will conclude after all Michigan is not so bad a place as his fancy paints it.

A few words in answer to his queries: We have tramped twenty miles for a string of trout many times. We have waded the feeders of the Boardman River for four or five miles, and then walked another miles to camp, and I was dark when we were stumbled out of the woods. Like "G. H. W.," we strike into the woods, miles away from the railroad and always find trout.

Did we ever fish in a country where mosquitoes and flying pests are unknown? Aye! I'm there! The first fly we ever cast was in a stream running through a grand old park where trout were trout, and not fingerlings; where three or four of them were all an angler ever cast into, and but "Prairie Dog" in all manner, give me the wild-wood streams of Pennsylvania, Michigan and Wisconsin. I care not for the mosquito's nibble; we are not dainty dandies afraid of sun- or copper-colored skins; we prefer to push into the forest primal to find the wild trout that lurks under the gnarled and knotted roots of the sunken trees.

"Prairie Dog," my best friends have blamed me because I have "given away" the location of some of our trout streams. The angler ever cast bait into, and now they put me "on honor" not to write to the "cursed papers," as they call them, telling them of a new stream we have found. I am growing conservative, as I find one stream after another depleted by dear old "Nessmuk's" "trout-bogs," as he so aptly describes them, and think the advice of my friends worth following when they say "let the hogs find their own streams."

In conclusion—"T. S." is not as bristly as you imagine, and would have been glad to have given you pointers of some good streams, but cannot promise freedom from "skeeters," we "grin and bear them."

W. D. T.

CHICAGO, April 6.

FALLISH OR BLACK BASS?—Nearly ten years ago the writer was one of a party of four who subscribed an amount sufficient to stock the mill pond at Swedesboro, known as Black's Pond, with black bass. Two of the party, not having ever seen a black bass, went to Hagerstown, Md., where the fish were to be delivered to them, and had them put upon the cars, expecting what they dimly saw swimming at the bottom of the cask to be black bass. They were sadly taken to Swedesboro, where they arrived late in the afternoon, and were at once taken to the millpond and deposited there. No sign of black bass has since been noticed in this body of water, which is well suited for the growth of this fish, but there has appeared within ten years thousands of chub, or fallfish, which had never been noticed before in Black's Pond, and which could not have found a way there unless they had been deposited. It may be that my two friends who were intrusted with the delivery of the "black bass" were deceived, and unknowingly brought chub, or fallfish, with them instead of the desired bass. We have heard that Black's Pond, at Swedesboro, N. J., has since been stocked by the State commission. It is a fine body of water, well suited to the black bass. May we ask if it has been stocked?—HOMO.

CONNECTICUT TROUT.—April 1 coming on Sunday, and the law being off trout, I noticed quite a number of what appeared to be canes carefully wrapped in paper, and a peculiarly formed bundle under the arm of several persons, and these persons seemed to have a very "off look." Trout fishing with ice in the stream is a pastime I cannot enjoy. A few alewives, or what are called here "wahoops," have made their appearance, and one poor loudly "wahooped" is reported as being caught near Saybrook.—PICK PLACK.







wide between the ears, which should be placed low down, almost on a line with the eyes. There should be nothing prominent about the skull. The stop should be well marked, and the muzzle should be wide from the eyes down. (This is







Rifle and Trap Shooting

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WHO SHALL BE CAPTAIN?—New York, April 7.—Editor Forest and Stream: Have the directors of the National Rifle Association appointed their captain for the coming year? It is time that something was done in this regard. The men who intend competing for prizes should know early in the season what colors they are to follow. Much depends on the confidence each man places in his captain. If he thinks his superior can shoot, and he only has to beat his rifle, but how to use it, even to the making of a bullseye at the 1,000 yds., with how much more eagerness will each member go into the fray. With a leader who knows "every inch of the way" to the black-book just five-eighths of a mile down the range, the whole team will go into the battle with the confidence of victory already won, but no man will be fit enough to shoot an international match, knowing his captain is an inferior marksman that he himself can "put to the blush," and that his commander is there only for a "figure-head." The men used somebody to follow if this team is desired to win a victory. Each member must feel that his captain can and will lend him a helping hand, even to the taking of his place in the contest, should occasion require it. A captain of this caliber may be hard to find, but will pay the N. R. A. to secure the individual. This match should be made a study, and the captain should have his entire time to devote to the business, and work for its success just the same as any business man works for the success of his fortune. Then will our boys go over with some chances of victory, but otherwise you will see as disastrous a defeat as was ever suffered by an American team.

BOSTON, April 7.—At the Walnut Hill Range to-day a new set of matches were opened, but under very unusual conditions. Those of the closing series. A drizzling rain prevailed throughout the day.

Approved are the best results of the following matches:

Creedmoor Practice Match.

W. C. Charles (mil)	5	5	5	5	4	5	4-46
C. E. Edwards	5	5	5	5	4	4	5-45
D. P. Holder	5	5	4	4	4	4	5-41

Creedmoor Prize Match.

J. Francis (mil)	5	5	5	5	5	5	4-46
W. C. Charles (mil)	5	5	4	4	5	5	4-45
C. E. Edwards	5	5	5	5	4	4	5-41

Decimal Match.

R. Abbott	8	10	6	9	10	6	5	6-20
W. Charles (mil)	8	10	6	9	10	6	5	9-20
D. P. Holder	8	10	9	5	8	7	8	5-20
R. Abbott	7	4	6	8	6	7	10	7-20

Record Match.

J. Francis	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10-60
T. P. Fellers	10	10	8	9	10	10	10	9-61

Following are the prize winners in the different matches which closed on April 5:

Creedmoor Match.

	Score.	Allowance.	Total.
J. B. Fellows	193	6	199
C. E. Berry	174	2	176
C. E. Batey	167	0	167
A. Duffer (mil)	187	0	187
J. P. Bates	190	15	195
J. B. Bates	181	14	195
J. Foster	171	24	195
T. Baxter	184	10	194
D. P. Holder	183	11	194
A. Law	173	20	193
G. W. Bulard	185	7	192

Decimal Match.

O. M. Jewell	345	2	347
W. Charles	311	2	313
J. B. Bates	307	2	309
J. N. Frye	327	16	343
J. W. Bullard	324	18	342
J. P. Bates	324	18	342
F. W. Perkins	324	18	342
A. Parsons	324	18	342
D. P. Holder	324	18	342
H. Harris	320	16	336

Decimal Rest Match.

A. Duffer	395	391
W. Charles	388	382
T. Baxter	385	380
W. Williams	374	368
H. Harris	370	364
G. W. Bulard	373	367
S. Wilcox	362	356

MANMOUTH RIFLE GALLERY.—Boston, April 2, 1893.—The shooting at this gallery during the month of March for the amateur season has been carried on in the usual manner. The matches between Stetson, Little, Lyman and Wilson on the score are as follows:

J. Stetson	45	45	46	46-237
A. V. Little	44	44	44	44-232
T. Lyman	43	44	44	44-231
A. D. Wilson	43	43	43	43-219

With the following score: 43 41 47 47-231. Mr. C. A. Chaucer, who has the prize in the Amateur Rifle Match, No. 2, with the following score: 43 41 45 45-221. During the month of April the matches were three matches, as follows: 1st. Amateur badge match, open to anyone who has never made better than 31 out of a possible 320. 2d. Professional badge match, No. 2, open to anyone who has never made better than 23 out of a possible 250. 3d. Handicap, between Messrs. Stetson, Little, Lyman and Wilson. Mr. Stetson to shoot 5 rounds, Little 4 rounds, Lyman 3 rounds, and Wilson 2 rounds. 4th. Handicap, 5 rounds each, or a possible 250.—N. B. Harris.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 5.—To-day, Fast Day, occurred a special match at the Pine Grove Range, under the auspices of the Worcester Rifle Association. The day was not a pleasant one while the wind was from 8 to 4 o'clock. The following scores tell the story of the work done:

Creedmoor Match.

Frank Johnston	45	45	45-135	9-142
N. B. Harris	46	45	45-136	9-144
A. Williams	43	43	43-129	13-147
John H. Howell	41	43	44-128	14-152
Stetson Clark	42	43	43-128	14-152
A. R. Rice	43	43	43-129	13-145
M. Ferguson	39	42	40-121	12-135

Decimal Match.

A. R. Rice	78	80	72-231	9-232
John N. Moore, Jr.	74	77	77-228	9-231
C. A. Fuller	72	72	72-216	9-217
John H. Howell	67	62	68-187	13-213
Stetson Clark	68	66	68-202	9-211
C. A. Allen	68	66	68-202	9-211
Frank Johnston	59	54	54-177	12-201
H. T. Farrar	55	48	61-163	18-215
Dr. Ferguson	54	54	54-162	18-210

The match which was set down for to-day with the club at Wheelock, West Virginia, has been withdrawn. The spring series of matches are to begin next week.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 6.—There was an unusually large number present at Woodland Range to-day at the shoot under the auspices of the Woodland Gun Club. The following is the detail score of each match out of a possible 20:

II. W. Weber	19	C. E. Houghton	14
C. H. Bliss	19	G. H. Butts	13
A. M. Allen	17	J. H. Clark	13
F. H. Fuller	17	J. H. Lewis	13
C. A. Parker	16	Holmes	13
H. H. Brown	16	H. H. Brown	13
H. H. Garland	15	C. I. Macomber	12
A. G. Newcomb	15	G. McAlister	12

W. H. D. HEDGECOCK, Jr., secretary of the Worcester Rifle Association, was held on the 21st instant, and after the election of Gen. Grant as the president of the association, the question of the international match was taken up. The meeting adjourned until the 22nd.

Readied, That the competitions for the selection of the members of the teams of American National Guardsmen, who are to represent the United States in the international match, will be held at Woodland, in July next, be held at Creedmoor on Monday, May 14, 1893.

and the following Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, beginning at 10 A. M., daily.

That the conditions of the competition will be as previously announced; unless otherwise announced the team selected will report for practice at Creedmoor on June 15, and continue to practice as a team until about June 20.

Readied, That, as the limited time will not admit of experiments, competitors will be required to conform themselves to the use of the standard military rifle, and to use the standard military ammunition, and particularly that they should use ammunition furnished by the makers of the rifles that they use; also, that competitors should provide themselves with competitors with all the ammunition they will require for the practice.

Readied, That a Committee of Five, consisting of Gen. C. F. Rohrbach, Chairman, Capt. B. B. Rogers, Lieut. Col. J. H. Brown, and two others, appointed to have charge of the competitions and the selection of the team, including all arrangements up to its departure, with power to make such regulations as may be necessary.

Readied, That in view of the practical benefits that have already resulted, and will hereafter be obtained by the National Guard of the country, in improving the character of our American gun and raising the standard military marksmanship, and the military authorities of the several States are earnestly requested to use their influence to induce the members of the National Guard to compete for places upon the team. It is also requested that they are represented upon the first representative body of American soldiers that has ever existed Great Britain.

GARDNER, Mass., April 5.—At the last regular meeting of the Gardner Rifle Club at Hackmatack Range, the inch ring and Creedmoor target combined were used, 200 yards, off-hand. The following is the score:

	R. C.	R. C.	Totals.
G. F. Ellsworth	97	49	146
N. B. Rogers	92	45	137
A. Matthews	92	45	137
H. C. Knowlton	83	45	128
J. T. Walker	83	45	128
C. G. Goodale	70	43	113
C. C. Merritt	70	43	113
W. Williams	70	43	113
George Higgins	70	43	113

At the range to-day there was a good attendance, and it being Fast Day, the reading for the day was read, and the delegation of ladies. The same target was used, resulting as follows:

	R. C.	R. C.	Totals.
G. F. Ellsworth	97	49	146
H. C. Knowlton	92	45	137
B. Williams	80	40	120
N. B. Rogers	80	40	120
C. Merritt	70	43	113

At the annual meeting of the club, held this week, officers were elected as follows: President, George F. Ellsworth; Vice-President, Alvin Matthews; Secretary and Treasurer, Fred H. Knowlton; Executive Committee—J. N. Dodge and Sylvester Hildreth. The feasibility of a uniform target was discussed, and Messrs. George F. Ellsworth, George C. Rogers and G. R. Pratt were appointed to confer and consult with the other clubs and see if they could arrange a target which all would adopt. It was voted that they should arrange a target, which also included the four additional targets in the standard target. There could be a good supply at the spring and fall meetings, which it is proposed to hold, the first to be held this spring. It was also decided to offer prizes which would be an incentive to members to visit the range and compete for them. The club has the wherewithal to make one of the best ranges in the State, and with the help of the public, which the club is noted, there is no reason why the range should not be a popular resort for marksmen.

SOUTHBRIDGE, Mass., April 5.—Members of the Rod and Gun Club, and the reading for the day was read, and the delegation of ladies. The detail is as follows: Ellis, 39; and I. Howe, 20 and 3; Phillips, 19; Olds, 16; Marble, 16; Bradford, 13; Williams, 12; Metcalf, 11; Rogers, 10; Campbell, 10; Campbell, 10; Brown, 3.

CLINTON, Mass., April 5.—At the meeting of the Clinton Club to-day there were four strings of balls thrown. The men participating in one or more and the number broken were as follows:

	balls.	balls.	balls.	Total.
Barton	22	6	21	49
McKay	22	6	21	49
Hayes	19	4	20	43
Brewer	13	5	15	33
Larkin	13	5	20	38
Carr	—	—	18	60
Elson	—	—	8	10
Boyer	—	—	13	23

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"Well, it's here," continued the old scientist. "Here," drawing a line across the figure on the sand, "is your waterline, and here,

planting the cane some four inches below the waterline. "Is your meta centre. Now, feel the cutter and see where it will go." A line parallel to the upper one dually intersected the waterline, and the old man with much satisfaction, said: "Now, you see, in the first instance your meta centre was lowered as you careened your vessel, and in the other it was raised, and you can't get it to a point in the cutter where she will capsize, and that's the difference. Now, you understand it, don't you?"

The reporter replied, doubtfully and politely, that he did. The conclusion FOREST AND STREAM draws is, that those who wish to run down the cutter form of model, should be allowed to go on with their tall talk and rabid nonsense, but steer clear of facts, such as the old scientist quoted has made plain to them; for they evidently know little of their meaning.

We think at the same time, if lives are lost by taking the flat-iron type of boat to sea, that such composers of trash as appeared in the *New York World*, should be held to answer for the impression made on the otherwise unguided minds of the many who are about to build for themselves sea-going boats.

## MEASUREMENT OF KEELS AND CENTER-BOARDS.

Editor Forest and Stream.

The difficulty of classing centerboards and keels in a club in which the former are not numerous enough to be formed into a class by themselves, has given rise to a discussion on the fairest means of measuring the keels. The rule of measurement adopted by the club in question, is somewhat crude, as it leaves deep metal keels untaxed, and tends to cut down freeboard, the yachts being built with it being also deep keeled, with very low freeboard, especially on the sides, where the depth is taken, and with decks arched from covering board to center. It is simply a three dimensions rule—length×breadth×depth, and the product divided by 150 to give racing tons. It is fairly, also, in giving depth a greater value than breadth or length, as may be seen from the following examples:

	Length L.W.L.	Breadth.	Depth.	Tons.
Mariquita, centerboard.....	30 6	5 6	2 1½	1 89-150
Mascot, centerboard.....	30 1	5 11	2 2½	1 141-150
Miranda, centerboard.....	32 7	11 1	2 0½	2 143-150
Lily, keel.....	33 2½	8	2 0	3 144-150
Veleaar, keel.....	30 4	7	3 0	3 79-150

The difference is most apparent in the case of Lily and Veleaar. Lily's 3ft. greater length and 1ft. greater beam, being actually made inferior to the 1ft. 3in. greater depth of Veleaar. Again, Miranda's 11.0 greater length, and 11ins. greater beam, count less than Veleaar's 1ft. 5½in. greater depth. She has about 3ft. of board. All the above, with the exception of Veleaar, which shows a high side, have very low freeboard.

It is now proposed that during the ensuing season centerboards should be kept down during a race, as all the boards being of iron, for the sake of giving weight low down when on a wind, as well as lateral resistance, the raising and lowering them is a violation of the rule, which strictly prohibits shifting ballast in any shape whatever. A recommendation is added to alter the rule of measurement to length on l.w.l.×extreme beam×mean draft, product divided by 150. This is a step toward the adoption of a length×sail area rule, which finds favor with many who have given it consideration. The present Y. R. A. rule is inadmissible for evident reasons: Mr. Dixon Kemp's rule, rejected by the Y. R. A. in favor of their present imperfect one, would be used best to the length×sail area, as under it the yachts named above are much more equitably measured, as may be seen by a comparison:

	L×B×B.	L×B×Depth.	Tons.	Tons.
Mariquita.....	1.300	1.50	1.39	
Mascot.....	1.08	1.00	1.76	
Miranda.....	3.19	2.96		
Lily.....	1.28	1.49		
Veleaar.....	2.37	2.53		
Kemp's rule measures them more fairly, I think.				Rozee-Croix.

HALLAS, N. S. S. I've quite agree with R.-C. Movable keels must be recognized as of a fixed quantity. The rule of measurement adopted by the Swanwick Y. C. of New York.

Length on L. W. L.×sail area. 4,000—tons. Taxing but slightly the stern or overhanging stern, and limiting all flying kites to a proportionate area of the lower sails, we are persuaded will yet be the prevailing rule of measurement. The Yacht Racing Association of England are gradually approaching the adoption of this rule, and will do so after floundering about a little longer trying to see how, what are termed sea-going, cruisers can be classified with real sea-going racing yachts.]

## AMERICAN STEAM YACHTS.

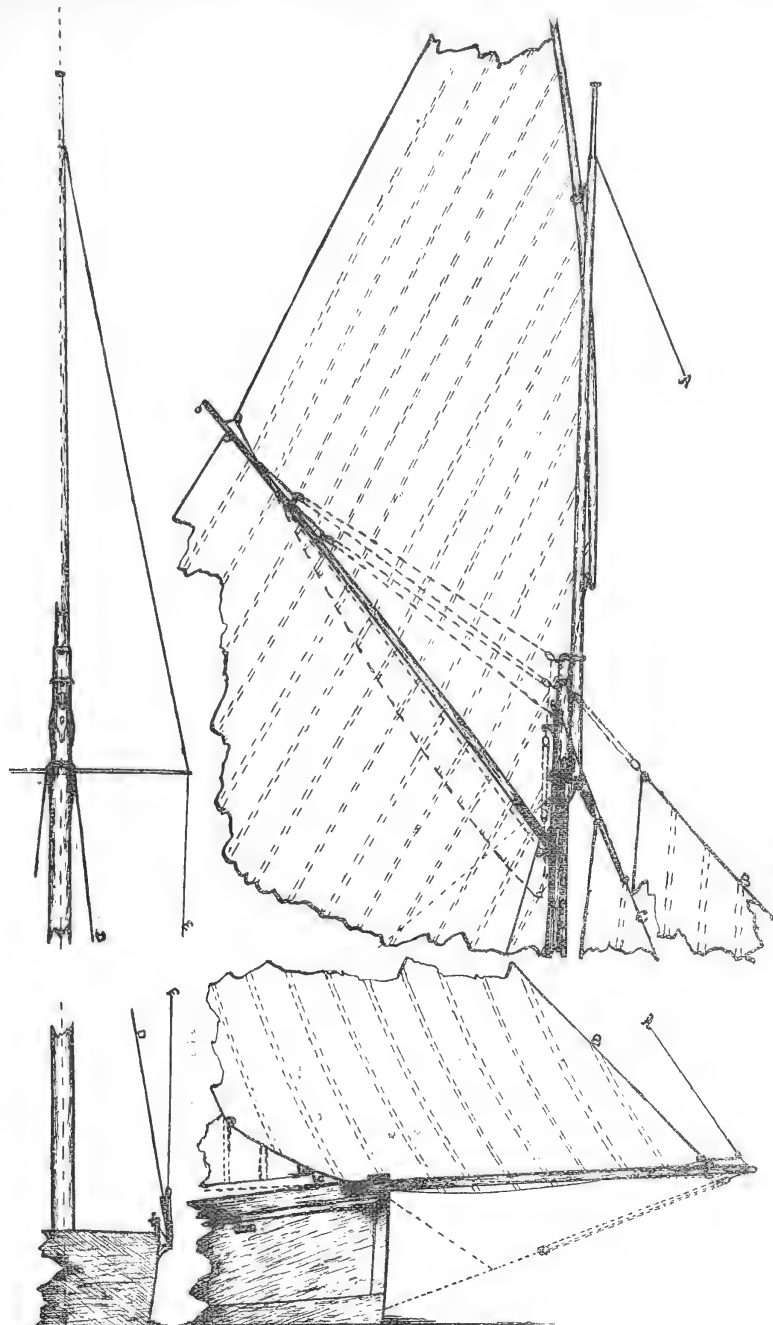
MESSERS. WILLIAM CRAMP & SON, of Philadelphia, have added another powerful steam yacht to our fast increasing number. The new yacht, named *Atlanta*, and owned by Mr. Jay Gould of New York City, forms but a resume of their usual sound and well-finished work. If the *Atlanta* in her appearance and rig, has a life imparted into her by the hands of our large steam yachts, it is not surprising that she will evidence a march in the right direction of our native talent in naval architecture. Our contemporary, the *Iron Age*, writing on the subject of our American steam yachts a few days since, says:

"Steam yachts in America during the past few years have been vastly increased in size and fitted with materially improved machinery. Speed has been the objective point in the construction of their ingenuity severely to that end. The *Stranger* and *Corsair*, of the New York Club, followed by other large vessels of similar type, marked the beginning of the improved steam yacht in this country. True, many boats underwriting the appellation of steam yacht were to be found on the lists of some yacht clubs for years before, but they were of indifferent account and only fit for inland waters. Specialists are now designing this type of pleasure craft, and are power, rig, and accommodations are being looked after with a nicety of detail which means that in the near future the fleet of American steam yachts may be pointed to with pride. The cruising steam yacht, containing all the conveniences of a home, and able to make a voyage of any reasonable length, with marked economy in the consumption of coal, is not now in the undeveloped state it was a few years ago, and the number of new boats of an improved type which will be seen during the coming season justifies the belief that the class of worthwhile steam toys have passed, and the fleetshape launches of a few years ago are being replaced by productions by naval architects of established reputation, fit for any service."

"The construction of yacht boilers of steel by American builders shows that the improvements made in this important particular in England have not passed unnoticed in this country. Again, though the hulls of our large steam yachts are iron, there is a considerable discussion in engineering circles regarding the use of steel for yacht building. The construction of steel yachts in Europe has demonstrated that the material is well adapted for the purpose, and is well understood. Many advantages are claimed for steel in its adaptation for plates and frames of yachts, and it is not unlikely that some wealthy sportsman in this country may think it best to build a steel steam yacht at no distant day."

BOSTON, April 6.—The annual meeting and election of officers for 1883-84 of the South Boston Y. C. was held on Wednesday evening, April 4, and in point of numbers was the largest ever held by the club. The officers elected were: President, John W. Morris; Vice-President, James Bennett; Secretary, John W. Morris; Treasurer, Thomas Christian; Secretary, John W. Morris; Wm. Morris. It is to be regretted that the Commodore-elect could not at the present time own a yacht. The annual reports showed the number of the club to be a flourishing one, with several new members were admitted and several others proposed. The club gave the last masquerade of the course on Thursday evening.—DEADWATER.

NEW CUTTERS.—Our Detroit correspondent writes us to say that Wendell is building a 20-footer, which is over a foot deeper than any yacht on their river of 2 feet draught. It is 20 feet long, 4 feet 2 in. 2 in., 4 ft. deep clear of the beams, and will draw over 3 ft. of water. She is to be ballasted with 2½ tons of boiler plate punchings, and will carry a large mainmast with a 100 ft. mast, and a 100 ft. water, with stay-sail and jib to match. Dean & Co. are also busy with another little cutter, which will be ready in about three weeks for trial.



## SMALL CUTTERS.

THE LEAD OF THE STAYS TO THE TOPMAST, ETC.

THE illustration showing the lead of the stays to the topmast, is extremely necessary for those made inquiry about the hoisting and securing of the topmast for small cutters. We illustrated our issue of March 22 the masthead of a ten-tonner, which shows the other (making three on each side) kept secure to an eyebolt in the illustration of this week shows the spread given to the topmast by the cross-tree, the head and pole of the topmast with the topmast stay leading to the bowsprit end, and the bowsprit end, and from thence on board the boat, will make the mode of securing the topmast of small cutters quite plain. If A is put in a line with A, B with B, etc.—all athwartship stays, and those which led aft when running before the wind, are called backstays. We have known but one of these backstays as being all that is required for small cutters.

There are many small cutters—especially those tested for speed with other boats—that are fitted with three backstays on each side, two of which are led athwartships (one lodged into an iron or wood cleat, or ram's horn, fixed to the after side of the cross-tree), and the other (making three on each side) kept secure to an eyebolt in the channel when not in use, but ready to be led aft to an eyebolt, about opposite the rudder head, when the boat is running before the wind. All these backstays, and the topmast stay (the one led through the block at the end of the bowsprit) are set up with tackles at their ends. The topmast stay tackle block being hooked to the windlass is bowsprit bits, the athwartship backstay tackle block is hooked to an eyebolt in the channel, and the running before the wind stay tackle block is hooked, as before noticed, to an eyebolt in the deck, about opposite to the rudder head. These two extra stays on each side are quite unnecessary for cruising boats, or boats that require all the space left below for the accommodation of the owner and his crew.

If cruising people at the same time wish to make the best speed possible when at sea, by setting a topsail during a hard blow, then it is quite necessary to have at least two backstays on each side, both of which can be used generally as athwartship stays, and when running before the wind, the one lodged in the cleat on the after part of the cross-tree, can be led aft to the eyebolt opposite to the rudder

post. The advantage of a boat being thus fitted with two backstays on either side is, that, scudding before a hard blow at sea, it is always best to haul down at least one reef in the mainsail, it gives better play to all the hullheads, and with reefs hauled down, it is sometimes happens that a jockey topsail can be carried. It is on such occasions, that a double athwartship backstay becomes useful, as, with the extra athwartship stay led aft, the jockey topsail may be kept on a boat when, to carry the whole mainsail, would be ruining the sail and chafing and straining all the blocks and ropes holding it in place.

In fitting the topmast rigging—the backstays and topmast stay are called the topmast rigging—some people make what is called a split splice, so that one depth of the rope only is round the pole of the topmast. We have witnessed several accidents when this mode is adopted, by the splice drawing slightly, when too much strain comes upon the seizing, or serving, around the splice. It is better for each shroud or stay to have a separate eye from the starboard shroud.

The above remarks about the eyes for the topmast rigging are also applicable to the main shrouds, and particularly so as applied to the pendant of the main runners. The practice of trusting to the main runners being secured, by being put in position before the main shrouds are placed, with the notion that the shrouds will nip them sufficiently when assisted by a seizing to the after shroud and to each other at the after part of the mast, is pander-ing too much to neatness, as the seizing soon gives way, and the pendants have been known to be fitted in this way. The pendants should be fitted with separate eyes, and put on to the masthead after the shrouds are in place, thereby giving more room for the horns of the gaff working round the mast than if put into position before the main shrouds are in place.

In a letter from Hon. Mrs. Penny Castle Grey, Limerick, Ireland, Brody's Haemorrhoid Troches are thus referred to:—"Having brody of your 'Bronchial Troches' with me when I came to reside here, I found that after 1 had given them away to those I considered required them, the poor people will walk for miles to get a few. For Coughs, Colds and Throat Diseases, they have no equal. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.—Adv.

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# FOREST AND STREAM.

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## THE PATENT COFFEE MILL.

THERE is a certain ingenious little contrivance sometime employed in grocery stores which is known to the initiated as the patent coffee mill. The machine is fastened to a partition of the wall, and into it is poured for grinding, the coffee just purchased by the customer. The clerk turns the crank and the buyer sees, or thinks he sees, his pure Old Government Java or Mocha coming out of the mill again. The product which he beholds is, however, only one-half or one-third pure coffee. The rest is browned beans, parched peas, burnt bread crumbs, or whatever else the economical merchant may have put into the concealed compartment of the mill, on the other side of the wall. The genius who devised this mill is said to have reaped a rich reward as the fruit of his ingenuity, and is reputed to be worth as much as the Connecticut quarry owner who ships his stone to manufacturers of granulated sugar.

Unfortunately the principle of the patent coffee mill is not confined to the humble cross-roads grocery. Its workings on a more magnificent scale may be studied at the respective capitals of the several States, when the wise heads there assembled come to the annual grinding of the game laws. That which ostensibly goes into the mill as pure and honest game protection is when ground out again only one-sixteenth protection and the rest destruction.

The mill under the big dome at Boston some years ago gave out such an adulterated product; and Boston markets have since then been receivers of what is equivalent to stolen goods, namely, Maine game illegally killed and shipped out of season. The process of grinding is now in active operation at Harrisburg, where the Philadelphia marketmen are attempting to open their stalls for the same ill-gotten merchandise. At Springfield, Ill., the crank has of late been vigorously turned by the Chicago game dealers, chief among them a professed sportsman game dealer, whom we recently showed knowingly to be a receiver of contraband goods in the form of Minnesota game illegally killed and shipped out of season. Neither at Albany do "the grinders cease because they are few" nor yet is "the sound of the grinding low." Quite the contrary; the grinders are many, and the grinding is loud.

Among the bills, amendatory of the present statute, introduced this year at Albany, is one known as the O'Connor bill. This provides for summer shooting and (by opening the game market) for winter shooting up to February first. In other words, the public is given to understand that the result of the passage of this bill will be game protection, whereas in truth it will be game destruction. Mr. O'Connor, we understand, does not occupy a position corresponding to the proprietor of the grocery store; he simply acts the part of the clerk, and turns the crank of the mill "by request." He doubtless means well enough. The public, however, will not consent to be duped by such a shoveling in of burnt crumbs from the other side of the wall as this is.

Another piece of legislation on the patent coffee mill principle bears the name of Mr. Grady. Whether he is the responsible party, or, like Mr. O'Connor, merely the clerk, we are at present uninformed. Neither position is an enviable one, for in this Grady bill, which was introduced into the Senate week before last, is embodied a heterogeneous combination of preposterous abominations. The responsibility for this would be a grievous burden to be borne by one pair of shoulders. The Grady bill, like the O'Connor bill, permits summer shooting, and by extending the selling season to February 1, insures the destruction of game in this State and at the West for two months after the legal killing season has expired.

But the bill goes much further than this in absurdity. It seeks to graft on to American game legislation the most obnoxious and ridiculous principle of private ownership of wild game. Section 20 permits the creation of private parks by advertising a description of the property, and provides that all the birds, fish and game of, in, or upon such territory shall be the private property of the owner or lessee of the premises, and further that to effect such a result but one signboard shall be necessary on every 500 acres in excess of 10,000. This section, in short, gives the right of appropriating all the game in a given part of land by proclamation only, and when it does this it affords proof positive of either the stupidity or the inordinate monopolistic greed of its framers. By its provisions individuals and clubs would be empowered to proclaim themselves proprietors of all the game on a given tract; and could let out the slaughter of it when and how their caprice might suggest.

If Mr. Grady knows anything whatever about the principles underlying game legislation—and having introduced a bill on the subject, he probably does know something of it—he must understand that the game, *feræ nature*, is public property until it shall have been reduced to possession by capture. And even an idiot might comprehend that signboard proclamation is not capture, nor can in any conceivable way reduce the game to the lawful possession of the parties erecting the board. The Senate committee who reported this bill, if they were at all competent to decide upon the merits of a proposed game law amendment, should have understood that this Section 20 of the Grady bill is just so much meaningless bosh. Even should it become a law, this section could not stand a minute when brought to the test of the courts. But we cannot believe that the bill will fail to be defeated, as it richly deserves to be.

The radical trouble with much of the attempted game legislation of the country is that those who dabble in it are, like the framers of the Grady bill, either so lamentably selfish or so blissfully ignorant that it would be far better for the public did they let the matter entirely alone. It is an unfortunate fact that ninety-nine men out of every one hundred in the community care little or nothing about the game law, and the hundredth man is apt to be imbued with the overpowering conviction that the first, last and only thing needful to protect the game is to amend the law so far as it concerns his own particular little duck pond. Schism all too often rules the day; game protection means the bringing of the game lawfully within reach of one special gun just when the owner of the gun wants it there.

The mills are grinding on; and the grinding is said, in a small way, to be profitable to some one.

HON. E. D. POTTER.—We rejoice to learn that the veteran angler and fishcultivist, Hon. Emory D. Potter, of Toledo, who has been lying at the point of death from pneumonia, is now convalescent. Mr. Potter's age is somewhat against him in a struggle with the reaper, but he has passed the turning point and is now out of immediate danger. His hosts of friends, both in and out of the Cuvier Club, will read this note with satisfaction. Mr. Potter is one of those men who should always be with us; we have too few of them.

## MATCH CHANCES AND DANGERS.

THE preparations thus far made by officials of the National Rifle Association bid fair to produce good results in the International match, provided only that they be well backed up by individual effort. And just here should be the answer to much of the very unreasoning criticism which has already begun to pour itself over the work in hand. The programme to be followed in getting together the team has been published, and under it there need be no fear on the part of any really capable competitor that he will not be taken in as a member of the team—should his merits entitle him to that honor. The committee entrusted with the making up of the American squad may fairly be trusted to use their best endeavors to select from the not over large field, such a dozen men as will leave no better man at home when the sailing day comes. There may be prejudices, but they can be fought down, and under the sharp eye of a vigilant press, it is pretty certain that the team, when made up, will be a really representative one in merit as in other qualifications.

The field of selection is a narrow one, and more's the pity. It is a disgrace that, out of nearly fifty States in the Union, about one-tenth of the number only should have anything worthy, the name of a National Guard out of which a choice can be made. This is one of the most significant lessons of the entire contest, and one which thus far has been so entirely overlooked. It does not appear that the defeat of last year has roused the executive of a single one of the States, so delinquent in this matter, into anything like a sense of its shame. Had the defeat been one more of men than of rifles, this fact would have been brought into bolder prominence; but, compared with the situation in Great Britain, that in America appears the more disgraceful. There every section of the kingdom is able to send forward men fit to compete for places on a representative team. Here a few dozen letters would reach about every available candidate. Still the battle is confined to the dozen before the butts, and so, with a well-drilled and thoroughly competent squad to send over, our directors need not fear the great army of very competent shots throughout Her Majesty's realm, but whose skill cannot avail the dozen chosen to meet the Americans. This makes the situation the more hopeful, and renders the outlook a more encouraging one.

One of the real stumbling blocks in the way of making up of an harmonious team is that of the captaincy. It is perhaps the most advisable way to permit the selection of the leader by the shooting men, not merely the sanctioning of a nomination made by a board of directors who are themselves non-shooting men. The captain should be a marksman, and he should be thoroughly aware of what every man under him is doing. A man with certain set notions as to rifle or ammunition is not fit for the post. Such a one soon becomes a nuisance and a hindrance by insisting upon the adoption of his pet hobbies. The idea that since there is some money to be spent, the directors should put their own man in the supreme control of the team, is not a valid reason for taking the power of choice out of the hands of the team. The amount at best is but trifling, and under proper rules this could be accounted for exactly without handicapping the efforts of the team by placing over it a man who may not command the confidence of the men who are to do the shooting. The captain can more readily war than make a victory.

The great point to be borne in mind is to put the shooting men in such a frame of mind, and consequently condition of body, as shall enable them to do their very best in the match. After having stood the heat and effort of the preliminary competitions for places on the team, it is fair to assume that, as individuals, the men are competent, and the effort of the captain is to be directed toward making the men a compact, single-willed whole, rather than a collection of disjointed, though, perhaps, earnest workers for victory.

This result is the more likely to come under the direction of a captain chosen by the men, than under the rule of an outsider, who comes as the mouthpiece and the agent of a set of managers. If there is to be such a manager, create a new office and let him be styled captain, if the title is a tickling one; but then let there be a shooting-master or something of that sort, who shall be a man able to help the men technically, while his interest is as great toward one as another and his entire allegiance to the team in its work before the targets. With such a directing spirit, success may be looked for; without him it may only be prayed for.

INDIAN FOLK-LORE.—We publish to-day a charming bit of Indian folk-lore from Hudson's Bay.

## CONCERNING SALT MACKEREL.

A MOST important problem has been submitted to us, and we have preferred to make it the subject of the following remarks to answering it in the usual way, on account of the labor we have expended in order to reach a correct understanding of it. The inquirer writes:

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

A question has been risen as to the proper mode of placing a salt mackerel in a pan of water so as to freshen it quickly, or, in other words, to extract the salt. Now, I maintain that the common-sense mode is to place it on its back or skin side, it having been split, while my opponent insists that it should be laid with the inside flat on the pan, and consequently skin uppermost. I do not apply to you as a cook, but as an authority on fish, and by solving this knotty question you will greatly oblige, etc.

Taking down "Macguffin's Principles of Comparative Physiology" we learned the sub-cutaneous areolar tissue with its papillae is peculiarly adapted to throwing off all saline excreta, and from this fact we temporarily adopted the theory that the proper way to place the mackerel in the pan was with the skin side up, in order that the *cutsis aeri* could perform its functions as in life. Further investigation showed, however, that the epidermis, with its inner layer of polyhedral cells and pigment granules is minutely fitted to absorb saline particles, and we then concluded that if the fish should throw off salt by one set of cells and absorb them by another set, there would be a sort of balance established whereby there would be no visible result when the skin side was placed uppermost.

It is possible that geographical influences might affect the freshening process. In the salt-laden air known to extend over a circle of a hundred miles about Syracuse, N. Y., all rules might be reversed, and a formula designed for that district would then be valuable to the rest of mankind. In this emergency we wrote to our friend Mr. Reuben Wood, of the city of salt, and asked him how mackerel and codfish were freshened there. He replied: "My Dear Sir—I never heard of such a thing in Syracuse. We always add more salt to all fish which are alleged to be salted by the fishermen of Gloucester, Mass." Here light dawned upon us. Either the Gloucester fishermen, from motives of economy, did not salt their fish sufficiently, or the saline air of Syracuse has developed an abnormal appetite in its inhabitants who crave vast quantities of salt; if it does not prove to be a fact that they are trying to force the fishermen of Gloucester to use more salt in order to sell them more. This triple-horned dilemma only complicated matters, and we despaired of a solution of the question by our appeal to Syracuse, where all solutions appeared to contain more or less salt.

One sleepless night, while we were struggling with this problem, we chanced to remember that the learned Trichinurus had referred to the freshening of salt mackerel in his history of Galeocerdo. But the work was rare, no copy being found in any of the public libraries of New York. The only volume of this ancient work that we knew of was in the possession of Mr. William Florence, the celebrated actor, who was not in town. That gentleman, however, kindly sent us the following from Vol. XCIX., which tells of the origin of an eight years' civil war among the Galeocerdoes. We quote: "This disastrous war had a singular origin. It had been the custom of the people to freshen their salt mackerel by laying them in a pan of water with the skin of the fish down, or next to the pan; but the present Emperor, Hypoblenatus, when a lad of ten years, was sent by his mother, who was frying some liver and bacon for his Majesty's breakfast, to bring a No. 2 Gloucester salt mackerel from the cellar and lay it in water to freshen for the family dinner. The prince brought the fish and laid it in the pan with the skin side up, whereupon his mother ordered him to reverse it, and in doing so a sharp bone ran in his thumb. The court physician was summoned, and, after extracting the bone, he told the Emperor that the proper way to avoid accidents of this kind in future would be to lay the mackerel with the skin side up, and then the bones would all be hidden. His Majesty immediately published an edict commanding all loyal citizens, under heavy penalties, to freshen their fish with the skins up. The people so resented this law that a civil war raged for eight years before it was quelled, and thousands of people were killed. The Emperor's party bore banners inscribed 'Skins Up,' and the rebels had on theirs the legend 'Skins Down,' but after the war was ended all the subjects of the Emperor agreed that in future they would freshen their fish with the skins up, and peace reigned in the land."

We do not regard the fact that the party of the Emperor was victorious as being conclusive that the principle of freshening the fish with the skin up was necessarily the correct one, and we hold that the question is not one to be settled *ad artem*, but rather by the application of chemical laws, if we can only find which laws influence the case in the greatest degree. The law of gravitation is cited by Josephus, in support of the decision of King Solomon, who says: "The King was doubtless correct in deciding that the skins of freshening mackerel should be uppermost, as then the salt is precipitated to the bottom of the vessel and not retained inside the skin." In our opinion the law of gravitation has little to do with the case, and we must look elsewhere for evidence.

In the celebrated reply of Webster to Hayne, in the United States Senate, we find an allusion to the subject. Webster proves that Hayne is "athirst," for some object

foreign to the subject of this article, but still "athirst." Hayne was a representative South Carolinian, and the inference was that a majority of the people of that State were also "thirsting" for the same thing. Following this train of thought we conclude that improperly freshened mackerel might be the cause; and in carefully reading the history of the Carolinas, we come upon the well-known and oft-quoted remark of the Governor of South Carolina to the Governor of North Carolina, and at once sit down to write to them to know in what position they freshened their *Scambers* that produced this thirst which made it appear so long between applications of the remedy, feeling sure that if it was "skin up" with them then "skin down" was the proper method in order to avoid the consequences which befell them, and which have passed into a proverb. Alas! those estimable men died generations ago, and the present Governors of those States do not eat mackerel in any form, and are not at all conversant with the merits of the case. Therefore we despair of a correct solution of this question, unless something bearing on the subject can be found in the Censola collection, which has not been "restored," until the skin of the mackerel cannot be distinguished from the flesh side. Like the lost Masonic word, the wisdom of future generations may discover it, but we despair of its present solution. What has become of "Bob, the sea-cook," who used to give us such lessons in practical matters? Perhaps he, or some other old salt, can help us to leap, saltatorially, as it were, to a correct answer to this salusignous question.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

## BERTHA'S EDUCATION.

STRAYING away like a wild bird into the forest gray.

Catching a glimpse of the distance Here and there on the way,

Nere I found the stillness, Singing my joyous song,

Parting the low, green branches, Tripping the path along.

Tried which could sing the sweetest, The little brown birds or I,

While they were trilling carols Out of the chestnuts high.

Loader we sang and louder, Under the open sky—

Whether the passers heard us, Cared neither bird nor I.

Clouds of the sweet bird roses Showered their snow on me,

Or, in the spring, fell white flakes From the June berry tree.

Brenny air-castes I know not—Hum of the eager bee,

Flutter of leaves unnumbered, Whispered my dreams to me.

Tonic of mountain breezes Strengthened my slender frame,

While from my hillside climbing Footsteps elastic came.

Voice did the brooklet give me, Wandering past my feet,

Hushed to a clear, low ripple Echo would not repeat.

Watching the pine unbending, Towering tulip tree,

Standing erect and graceful, Straight-mind unconscious me.

Stealing the rose sunbeam Out of the vibrant air,

Palming it in the shadows, Grew my brown face more fair.

If as you say, my eyes shine "They have but caught the light

From the rich splendor of sunbeams, Or from the Hyades bright.

Better than other lessons Learned on the mountain-side,

Knowledge of life and freedom, All that is strong and wide.

Best that a life beyond me, Lids where I cannot see,

And that the Great Life Giver Cares for His earth and me.

JOSEPHINE L. ROBERTS.

## INDIAN FOLK-LORE.

THE following stories have been collected during a residence of some years among Indians who have not yet come into contact with any whites with the exception of the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, so that these legends may fairly be considered to be free from the taint of civilization and to represent Indian stories in their primitive state. It will be noticed that the greater part of them concern the animals common to the country, especially as to the origin of anything peculiar as to size or markings on them. Animals having the gift of speech seems general both to stories of this continent and to the East, witness various stories in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," where animals have this power. I have taken great care to make no additions to these tales but to leave them as they were told to me. Many of them have almost a familiar look, such as the Climbing Boy, which certainly has some likeness to Jack and the Beanstalk, and the story of the Mistisnoo to the Roe in Sindbad the Sailor.

## 1.—How the Beasts Became Subject to Man.

Two young squaws were walking about on a plain one evening, when a Star (Mars) came down and carried them off to his world. The Star said the girls, for security, in an eagle's nest, and went about some business of his own. After a while the girls saw a Wolverine passing beneath

the tree on which they were suspended, and besought him to take them down; and to encourage him they promised to marry him on the spot. He would have nothing to do with them, and passed by. A Lynx and a Bear came along, to whom they preferred the same request; but only to have their petition scorned also. There they sat weeping and wishing for release until presently a Wolf made his appearance, who proved to be softer hearted than the other three beasts, and took the squaws down, and was made the happy husband of both the young women. By and by the Wolf and his three wives went down to the earth, and after roaming about for some time the Wolf told his two wives to remain in a certain place he pointed out to them, while he should go hunting. No sooner had the Wolf gone out of sight than the squaws, who were already tired of his loving embraces, ran away and hid themselves. The Wolf returned and was very angry to find that his wives had deserted him, and after relieving his mind by smushing up a few stumps of trees, he left that part of the country.

The squaws now came out of their hiding place and walked along until they came to a river, when they saw many canoes paddled down stream by some of the beasts and birds, to each of whom they shouted, asking to be taken on board. No favorable answer came for a while, until the Waterhen was beguiled into taking them with him.

They paddled along until evening, when the Waterhen put ashore, remarking that the girls must be hungry, and he had better see about getting them some supper. He ordered the two squaws, who were now his wives, to make a long line of willow bark, and when they had twisted up a strong cord, he tied it to one of his legs and told his wives that he was now to dive into the river, and that they must pull in the line as soon as he was tight. The Waterhen accordingly dived, but his first attempt failed, as the girls were too eager to get out something to eat, and so hauled in the line too soon. The Waterhen reprimanded them sharply, and once more jumped into the river. This time his wives were more careful, and were rewarded by finding a heavier tid to the line after they had pulled up about a fathom of it; and so on along the line, at a distance of only one fathom apart, heavier after heavier to the end of the line, when there were three heavy loads and the Waterhen himself. After drying all the beavers' meat, they took canoe and went down the river, setting deer snares on the way, to visit some people who were encamped in that quarter. These were representatives, singly or in pairs, of all the most commonly known beasts and birds of the present day, and they were then living in tents around a large lake, into which the river flowed. No sooner had the Waterhen and his squaws rounded into the lake and come in sight of the wigwams there than the beasts all shouted, "Here comes Waterhen with wives." The Waterhen's grandmother was camped here, among the rest, and he took up his abode in her wigwam, and made immediate preparations for a feast. After all was ready, feasting and dancing went on all night.

The Waterhen was afraid that the two squaws would be too much noticed by the other young men, and so, to guard against temptation, the squaws were ordered to stay closely in the tent and on no account to go to the dance. The women soon tired of the tent and sneaked off to see what was going on, but took care not to be seen by the dancers. The Loon was so handsome that, although the Waterhen's wives did not manage to see him clearly in the distance, they saw enough to make them resolve to forsake their husbands and go with the Loon. Instead of gazing at the Loon's perfection, they went back to their tent to put into practice a plan which would at any rate insure one night or day of felicity to them. They broke down two poplar stumps, which were infested with ants, and each of the two squaws laid one stump where she ought to have been lying herself under her blanketed robe. When the Waterhen came in with his dancing, he looked around the tent and saw quite tired by dancing. He considered to be his wives lying asleep; what of course he considered to be his wives lying asleep; they had lain down outside of the back of the wigwam as soon as they heard him coming. So, yawning and telling his grandmother that he would not likely turn out until midday, he laid himself down between the two blanketed stumps and dozed off. His tricky wives turned in beside the Loon as soon as they saw how nicely they had succeeded in blinding the Waterhen.

Some of the people who were camped nearest to the Waterhen were astonished to hear him speaking loudly and harshly every now and again, and reproaching his wives for pinching him and keeping him from the sleep he needed so much. This pinching was caused by the ants, who had spread all over the tent, and were avenging the destruction of their dwelling place on the Waterhen's legs and wings. Soon the Waterhen's patience was exhausted, and, jumping up, he found out what was the matter. Going cautiously from tent to tent, looking for his squaws, he found them at length fast asleep, one on each side of the Loon. Taking care not to awaken them he returned to his wigwam, and rousing his grandmother asked her for the loan of her ice-chisel, which he proceeded to bring to a red heat in the fire. Then he took the hot chisel and crept along to the Loon's wigwam, where he found the poor Loon still asleep, lying on his back with his mouth wide open. The Waterhen rammed the red-hot iron down the Loon's throat. (The mark of the burn can still be seen on the Loon's tongue.) This killed him of course. The Waterhen made no row, but jumped into his canoe and visited the deer snares he had set on his way down the river.

Presently some one dropped into the Loon's wigwam and found its occupant dead. He awakened the girl, who had slept all through these proceedings, and then made it known to all the others, and inquiries were made as to who was the murderer. When the Waterhen returned from seeing his snares he was at once asked if he knew anything of the wicked deed. Without speaking he drew his knife and stabbed himself in the throat, upset his canoe and disappeared into the water. By this action the people knew that the Waterhen was guilty of the murder, and they got into their canoes to make sure of his death, resolving to kill him if he was not already dead. The Waterhen was certainly not dead, but had thought by a ruse to make the others believe he had killed himself. He had prepared a bladder and fastened it along his throat; and it was into this bladder that the knife had been plunged. The Waterhen, knowing that he was pursued, dived into the water, and so nimble did he dive and hide that his would-be captors could not find him although they pursued him until sundown, when one of the beasts, wiser than the others, suggested that they should dry the lake. To do this they used different sorts of fungi, and eventually did clear all the water out of the lake; and said to themselves that at daylight they would do for the Waterhen.



commonly found moulting, and then present a mottled black and white appearance of the lower parts. The spring moulting appears to include the plumage of the entire head, neck and body; the summer dress being chiefly formed by a new growth of feathers, instead of merely a change in coloration of the old plumage.

302. Foolish Guillemot, Long-billed Murre—*Uria troile* Aud.; *Loricaria troile* Ridg. 763, Cs. 874.—Not common. This is the "foolish" or "common" murre, or guillemot of authors, but it is not very common at any time on the coast of Maine, where it occurs, however, during the autumn, winter and early spring. There appears to be some confusion among writers concerning the two species of murre found on this coast. For the Atlantic Coast of the United States the term "common" is inappropriate to this species. The published descriptions of the two species are at best meagre, and as unsatisfactory to ordinary students as are the names applied. This species may readily be identified by the length of bill, which measures one and a quarter inches or more from tip to nostril. In full maturity the long-billed murre may be easily distinguished, but for immature winter specimens the bill forms the most characteristic feature for identification, as will be seen by the comparisons given in the notes of the next named species.

303. Brünnich's Guillemot, Short-billed Murre—*Uria brunnicapilla* Aud.; *Loricaria argus* Ridg. 764a; *Loricaria argus* 876.—Common off shore along the entire coast in winter, and sometime abundant. Usually arrives from the north late in the autumn or early in the winter, and returns in April. This species is the "Brünnich's," "large-billed," or "thick-billed" murre of writers, and may be distinguished from the preceding named species by its comparatively short bill, of one and an eighth inches or less in length from tip to nostril.

The reasons for these lines are written may thus identify, by measurement of the bill, any murre obtained on the Atlantic coast of North America without reference to technical ornithological descriptions of other specific characteristics.

But little has been published about our murre since the time of Audubon, who gave, in his Birds of America, some account of their habits as observed in summer at Labrador, as also full descriptions of these birds. But various discrepancies may be noted that suggest the possibility of notes concerning the two species having been mixed. Audubon mentions the long-billed species (*troile*) as "more or less abundant during winter on the coast of Massachusetts and Maine," and the short-billed species (*brunnicapilla*) as "occasionally procur'd in Maine." In fact the reverse is true.

But if an one inquires of our coast gunners or fishermen concerning the "large-billed" murre, and the "common" murre, he will be told just what Audubon has told us. The explanation is simple. In the published writings of ornithologists the name "large-billed" and "thick-billed" have hitherto been applied to the murre that has the smallest bill, and is common every winter on our coast, while the name "common" has been applied by the same authors to the species of murre that comparatively is not common on our coast at any time. Audubon's measurements are also confusing, and a reversal of the titles of species to which he applied them will be necessary to approximate them to my own notes, and I therefore quote the following from "Birds of America."

	<i>Uria troile</i> .	<i>Uria brunnicapilla</i> .
Length to end of tail.....	17.50 in.	18.50 in.
Length to end of claws.....	19.50 in.	20.50 in.
Extent of wing.....	19.50 in.	21 in.
Wing from flexure.....	7.50 in.	8 in.

These measurements indicate *U. brunnicapilla* as the largest of the two species, but this is not the fact. From my own notes I select for comparison the following measurements:

	Long-billed Murre. ( <i>troile</i> ).	Short-billed Murre. ( <i>brunnicapilla</i> ).
Length to end of tail.....	17.5 to 20 in.	19 to 17.1 in.

The measurements of wing and extent integrate, as do also the measurements of tail. The extent of wing of the species *troile* exceeds that of the species *brunnicapilla*. The weight of the latter in lean condition is from one and a quarter to two pounds each.

The following table of measurements taken from my own notes will afford a convenient comparison of the most important dimensions of these two species. All measurements are given in inches and decimal fractions thereof:

	Foolish Guillemot or Long-billed Murre.	Brünnich's Guillemot or Short-billed Murre.
Adult, April.		
Young, March.		
Winter.		
Tip to apparent angle of feathers.....	1.50	1.30
Tip to nostril.....	1.50	1.30
Depth at nostril.....	.58	.42
Width at nostril.....	.35	.27
Gonyx.....	.79	.70
Tarsus.....	1.54	1.46
Wing-Chord.....	8.25	7.30
Wing-along edge.....	7.7	7.0
Length to tip of tail about 29.....	17.5	17.

The references to "nostril" mean the anterior border of the nasal aperture. Wing measurements are made with a tape line from bend to tip over the edge, and not the chord of the curve. It will be observed that the most characteristic measurements of the two species are lengths of bills, and are almost the sole measurements that never intergrade. Each species may also be distinguished by the following general comparison of characteristics:

Long-billed Murre (*troile*)—Bill, tip to nostril, about three times its depth. Tip to angle of gonyx about two-thirds of tarsus. Tonia of upper mandible bare at base, dilated, yellowish.

Short-billed Murre (*brunnicapilla* or *argus*)—Bill, tip to nostril about twice its depth. Tip to angle of gonyx about one-half of tarsus. Tonia of upper mandible feathered at base.

#### ADDENDA.

Willow Ptarmigan or Grouse—*Lagopus albus* Aud., Ridg. 474, Cs. 563.—There appears to be no reliable evidence that this species ever existed in Maine. In "Birds of America," Mr. Audubon has stated that he "felt assured it exists in Maine, as well as in the northern districts bordering on the great lakes." And further states that "Theodore Lincoln, Esq., of Dennyssville, Maine, shot seven one day, and many miles from that village." In regard to these statements, Mr. Lincoln has informed me that he could not remember ever finding the ptarmigan in Maine, and that "probably Mr. Audubon referred to those shot further North."

Mr. Lincoln speaks of the Canada grouse (*Tetrao canadensis* Aud.) as "spotted grouse," and it is my belief that the

incident of the seven birds shot in one day near Dennyssville, Me., related by Mr. Audubon, was properly referable to the "spotted" or Canada grouse.

Mr. Manly Hardy, of Brewer, Me., writes me as follows: "Besides my own chances for observations in Maine, New Brunswick and Canada East, I have taken great pains to inquire of all my fur collectors and hunters about ptarmigan, but I can find no instance of its capture in the region of the Atlantic coast. An old hunter who resided for twenty years near Gaspe, has extensive dealings in the Restigouche and Metapedia region, and knows the whole of that country, assures me that this bird is never found south of the St. Lawrence River, below Quebec."

I have fished in summer through various parts of Maine and New Brunswick, and hunted on the "south shore" of the St. Lawrence River in winter, and all my own observations and inquiries have resulted in repeated failure to find any evidence of the existence of the ptarmigan south of the St. Lawrence River. This species (*L. albus*) is common resident on the island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, however, and abundant in Newfoundland.

Prairie Owl—*Syrnium cucularia* Aud.; *Spydoly cucularia* hypogaea Ridg. 408, Cs. 487.—In 1879 an owl of this species was left in Portland, Maine, for a taxidermist (Mr. Arthur Nelson, Jr.). No person ever called for the bird, which was also taken by Mr. Nelson, although it was wing-broken, and no further notice of this specimen can be learned. It may have been a straggler from the plains in the West, but more probably was brought East in a cage.

Trumpet Swan—*Cygnus buccinator* Aud., Cs. 688; *Olor buccinator* Ridg. 389.—Some years ago (prior to 1868) a swan was seen at Scarborough, Maine, during several consecutive days. The late Caleb G. Loring, Jr., to whom the common name (*C. americanus*) was well known, observed this bird repeatedly fly from the bay and circle about over the marsh high in the air, uttering cries which led Mr. Loring to believe the bird to be a trumpet swan.

Tufted Puffin—*Morion cirrhatus* Aud.; *Lunda cirrhata* Ridg. 745; *Fratercula cirrata* Cs. 856.—The following record of this species is given in "Birds of America" by Audubon: "The specimen from which I drew the figure of this singular-looking bird was procured at the mouth of the Kennebec River, in Maine. It was shot by a fisherman, gunner while standing on some floating ice in the winter of 1831-32. No other individual was seen." As fifty years have elapsed since this occurrence without a similar record for the coast, the species is only mentioned in this connection.

Great Auk—*Alca impennis* (Linn.) Ridg. 741, Cs. 878.—Although this species is now generally supposed to be utterly extinct, it undoubtedly once existed upon the coast of Maine. Bones found at various places in Maine have been referred to this species. (See the "American Naturalist," L., p. 578.)

[The notes already printed close the body of Mr. Smith's history of Maine birds, which has contained much that is of interest to our ornithological readers. The author has, however, expressed his intention of making some supplementary remarks, which will appear next week. The value to ornithologists of such lists, when they are carefully and judiciously compiled, is very great, and we feel sure that the present one has been highly appreciated by those interested in the subject with which it deals.]

#### MASSACHUSETTS WINTER NOTES.

Birds wintering at Taunton, Mass., and vicinity during the winter of 1882-3.

BY JOHN C. CARROLL.

THE following brief notes of the past winter, and of the birds at Taunton and vicinity, I take from my notebook:

December, 1882, came in with snow on the ground, and during the month there were sixteen days of sleighing. The lowest point reached by the mercury was the 4th, 5° above zero. During the month of January, the lowest point was on eight days, twelve days perfectly fair. The month, as a whole, averaged 10° colder than December, 1881.

A few robins (*Turdus migratorius*), and bluebirds (*Sialia sialis*) were seen and heard at various times during the month. Saw golden-crested kinglets (*Regulus satrapa*) in company with chickadees (*Parus atricapillus*) every few days. A number of brown creepers (*Certhia familiaris*) remained here during the month. Yellow-rumped warblers (*Dendroica coronata*) were quite abundant; found them in swampy land near a river. Saw flocks of goldfinches (*Carduelis tristis*) from time to time, and song sparrows (*Melospiza fasciata*) remained with us throughout the month. Snowbirds (*Junco hyemalis*) and tree sparrows (*Spizella monticola*) were quite common; crows (*Corvus frugilegus*) common; blue jays (*Cyanocitta cristata*) very common, saw them every day. I went out. A small number of hairy and downy woodpeckers (*Picus villosus* and *P. pubescens*) were seen during the month. Golden-winged woodpeckers (*Colaptes auratus*) were quite plentiful. Great horned owls (*Bubo virginianus*) were seen several times. Several barred owls (*Strix nebulosa*) were seen. One of them was observed in a small swamp near the city. On the 24th a handsome adult saw-whet owl (*Nyctala acadica*) was brought to me that was shot at this place.

This is the first to my knowledge that has been taken here in the winter. Several years ago I saw a red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*), and a number of rufous grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*), and quails (*Ortyx virginiana*) were seen at all appearance, wintering well, enough being left, when the season closed, to breed next spring and summer.

January followed December without any great change in the temperature. Ten days of sleighing. The lowest point reached by the mercury was on the 13th, 10° below zero; the highest on the 21st and 30th, 50°. During the month it snowed on nine days and rain fell on seven. The average was 33° colder than January, 1882. The morning of the 13th had the honor of showing up as the coldest of the season. Mercury dropped all night, and at 7 A. M. it reached its lowest point, 10° below zero. At 12 M. the mercury had climbed up to 40° above zero. A change of 50° in five hours is a little peculiarity of New England. The snow storm, which reached us on the night of the 9th, proved to be the most severe of the season. The wind blew hard from the north, and large drifts

were piled up, and travel to some extent delayed. At noon the mercury had not risen beyond 11° above zero, and the few people that had to be out encountered a first-class blizzard.

Bluebirds (*Sialia sialis*) were heard singing at various times, and a pair of them were seen in a meadow once during the month. Golden-crested kinglets (*Regulus satrapa*) and chickadees (*Parus atricapillus*) were common, and on the 23d I shot quite a number of the former, nearly all of them being adults. On the 24 I shot one of a pair of yellow-rumped warblers (*Dendroica coronata*), the only ones I saw during the month. Although I did not see any pine grosbeaks (*Pinicola enucleator*), several flocks were seen, and a few were taken. Saw a large flock of redpoll linnet (*Ergaticus linaria*) once during the month. Goldfinches (*Carduelis tristis*) were seen often in large and small flocks. A pair of song sparrows (*Melospiza fasciata*) was found by me wintering in a little sheltered valley. Snowbirds (*Junco hyemalis*) were common. Tree sparrows (*Spizella monticola*) were abundant from the beginning to the end of the month. Crows (*Corvus frugilegus*) were seen occasionally, but were not as common as in December. Blue jays (*Cyanocitta cristata*) were common. Hairy and downy woodpeckers (*Picus villosus* and *P. pubescens*) were noticed at different times, the hairy being more common than the downy woodpecker. Golden-winged woodpeckers (*Colaptes auratus*) were quite plentiful, a flock of them wintering in an old barn, where I saw them flying in and out of some holes near the top. Great horned owls (*Bubo virginianus*) were seen a few times, and on the 4th, a handsome adult was brought to me. A barred owl (*Strix nebulosa*) was seen once. A hawk was seen a number of times, which from the description must have been a red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*). Saw ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*) quite a number of times, and found quails (*Ortyx virginiana*) from time to time in an old corn field feeding on the weeds and corn that had been left there.

February has been remarkable as a month of ice and snow. Nearly every snowstorm turned into rain, which froze, making one successive sheet of ice. There was excellent sleighing nearly all of the month. The mercury fell during the month to 6° above zero. During the month it has snowed eleven days and rained on nine days; eleven days perfectly fair.

A flock of robins (*Turdus migratorius*) and bluebirds (*Sialia sialis*) were found in the early part of the month wintering in a pine swamp on the outskirts of the city. Golden-crested kinglets (*Regulus satrapa*) were seen quite often. Chickadees (*Parus atricapillus*) very common. I saw brown creepers (*Certhia familiaris*) a few times. On the 5th I shot a yellow-rumped warbler (*Dendroica coronata*), the only one that I saw during the month. I saw a flock of pine grosbeaks (*Pinicola enucleator*) once. They were on some willow trees near a river. Redpoll linnet (*Ergaticus linaria*) became common about the 15th, and during the month I secured some good specimens. Goldfinches (*Carduelis tristis*) were abundant. A few song sparrows (*Melospiza fasciata*) began to appear on the 27th and 28th. Snowbirds (*Junco hyemalis*) were seen every few days. As to the sparrows (*Spizella monticola*) were particularly abundant. Crows (*Corvus frugilegus*) were more common than in January. Blue jays (*Cyanocitta cristata*) were plentiful all the month. Golden-winged woodpeckers (*Colaptes auratus*) were seen occasionally. Hairy woodpeckers (*Picus villosus*) were seen now and then, and I shot several from the trees in my back yard. Saw downy woodpecker (*Picus pubescens*) once. A few screech owls (*Scops asio*) began to show themselves. The latter part of the month I saw ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*), and quails (*Ortyx virginiana*) often, and from what I have seen they have wintered well.

The first two days of March were warm and springlike, but this soon gave way to very cold and blustering weather, which, with the exception of a few days, remained so throughout the month. We had some of our coldest weather in March, the temperature falling to 10° below zero in the morning of the 8th, and 6° below on the 9th. We had a few snow storms in March, the most that fell at one time was three inches.

A flock of goldfinches (*Carduelis tristis*), redpoll linnet (*Ergaticus linaria*), and pine linnet (*Chrysomitris pinus*) remained near our house nearly the whole of the month. A screech owl (*Scops asio*) was brought to me on the 1st. The morning of the 2d was warm and pleasant. When I awoke in the morning I heard song sparrows (*Melospiza fasciata*) singing, and soon after breakfast a flock of six robins (*Turdus migratorius*) alighted on a tree near the house. During the day a few bluebirds (*Sialia sialis*) made their appearance. The first bird to arrive from the South was a fox sparrow (*Passerella iliaca*), which I saw on the 4th. On the 10th I secured two snow larks (*Eremophila alpestris*) out of a flock flying on a field. March. I saw a cooper's hawk (*Accipiter cooperii*) and a small flock of yellow-rumped warblers (*Dendroica coronata*). I saw a chipping sparrow (*Spizella monticola*) on the 13th. I observed on the 16th a flock of ten male redwing blackbirds (*Agelaius phoeniceus*), and a flock of wild geese (*Branta canadensis*) was seen flying over. While walking near a springhole on the 19th I flushed a large woodcock (*Philohela minor*) out of some low bushes near by. A flock of purple grackles (*Quiscalus purpureus*) was seen on the 24th. A pair of pine grosbeaks (*Pinicola enucleator*) stopped here on the 25th. I saw a single white-bellied swallow (*Iridoprocne bicolor*), and shot a mockingbird (*Mimus polyglottus*) on the 26th. On the 28th I shot a cowbird (*Molothrus ater*).

Although I did not see a single shrike (*Lanius borealis*) during the winter, yet the local paper contained an account of the thinning out of the English sparrow, caused by this bird being introduced. On the 2d of March I found a pine linnet (*Chrysomitris pinus*) in the crotch of a bush with its head and neck eaten off. I have no doubt but that it was done by a butcher bird, as it was near the house and I had not seen any hawk about. I find the birds that have wintered at Taunton and vicinity are:

Robin (*Turdus migratorius*).  
Bluebird (*Sialia sialis*).  
Golden-crested kinglet (*Regulus satrapa*).  
Chickadee (*Parus atricapillus*).  
Brown creeper (*Certhia familiaris*).  
Yellow-rumped warbler (*Dendroica coronata*).  
Great northern shrike (*Lanius borealis*).  
Pine grosbeak (*Pinicola enucleator*).  
Redpoll linnet (*Ergaticus linaria*).  
American goldfinch (*Carduelis tristis*).  
Pine linnet (*Chrysomitris pinus*).  
Song sparrow (*Melospiza fasciata*).  
Black snowbird (*Junco hyemalis*).



Tree sparrow (*Spizella monticola*).  
Common crow (*Corvus brachyrhynchos*).  
Blue jay (*Cyanocitta cristata*).  
Hairy woodpecker (*Picus villosus*).  
Downy woodpecker (*P. pubescens*).  
Golden-winged woodpecker (*Colaptes auratus*).  
Great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*).  
Screech owl (*Scops asio*).  
Barred owl (*Nyctale nebulosa*).  
Saw-whet owl (*Strix occidentalis*).  
Red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*).  
Ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellata*).  
Quail (*Ortyx virginiana*).

### THE SOCIETY OF TAXIDERMISTS.

THE third annual exhibition of the National Society of Taxidermists, which opens in Lyric Hall, 723 Sixth avenue, on May 1, to continue five days, will be of great interest to all lovers of birds and beasts. Sportsmen will be especially interested in the groups of game birds, medallions and panels, and above all, the groups of painters and setters "at work." Mr. Hornaday's striking group of an English setter and covey of quail, entitled, "Coming to the Point," which attracted so much admiring attention at the Boston exhibition, and later in the National Museum at Washington, will be well represented, and there are several other fine "bird dogs" entered to compete against it.

The first exhibition of the society was held in Rochester in 1880, and the second a year later in Boston. Both were very highly praised by the press of their respective cities, and visited by admiring crowds. The display in this city will be larger than both the former one together, and the variety of objects will also be much greater. The objects of the society are to develop and improve the art of taxidermy until it shall rival those of painting and sculpture, and also acquaint the public with taxidermy as a fine art. Once a year the members meet to hold a competitive exhibition to compare work and exchange ideas. Those who know affirm that a vast improvement is already noticeable in the work of the members. The society contains over seventy active members and stands high in the estimation of artists, scientific men and sportsmen.

A very interesting feature of the coming exhibition will be a taxidermist's workroom, complete in all its appointments, with the taxidermist himself at work.

The opening reception will be held on the evening of April 30, to which admission will be by invitation only, but from May 1 to 5 the display will be open to the public, and it will be several years before another will be held here.

### SOME SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BIRDS.

THE mocking-bird (*Mimus polyglottus* Linn.) of this vicinity is a bird somewhat larger than the Eastern bird, having a tail much more graduated, and differing somewhat in color. Its habits are similar to those of the Eastern mocking-bird, and it is very fond of staying around houses if unmolested. They remain here all the year, but are not so plentiful in winter as in the summer. They are generally found in the vicinity of thickets of brush or cactus, and seem to prefer valley life. The fruit of the cactus furnishes them the major part of their food. The nest is generally built in a thick bush or cactus not far from the ground, and is composed of twigs, leaves and grass, and is lined with hair when this can be obtained, and root fibres. The eggs are four to six, pale green, with blotches of brown scattered over them, mostly at the large end. This bird is unequalled as a singer, and its melodious powers are very great. While singing it will often leap from the bush into the air and then descend to the ground, and then rise again into the air, imitating all the while numerous birds and some animals. The mocking-bird is 10½ inches in length, and 14 inches in alar extent, wings, 4½ and tail 5½. Its color above is ashy brown, the center of the feathers being slightly darkened, the under parts are white with a faint brownish tinge, and the tail is tipped with ash above the breast. The wings and tail on the upper side are black. The bill and legs are black.

The sickle-billed thrush, which is a very good singer, is a much larger bird than the mocking-bird and does not imitate near so many birds, but many of its notes are much sweeter than those of the mocking-bird. The sickle-bill, however, lacks the life that the mocking-bird has. The mocking-bird during nesting season sings very frequently at night; it usually sings near the nest during the day. In winter it is very shy.

The shyest bird that we have here, especially during nesting season, is the California cactus wren (*Campylorhynchus brunneicapillus* Laf.). The male I have never been able to see during the nesting season, and the female only twice. The male is a very peevish little bird, and seems always to be quarreling. This species usually builds as high up as it can get on the branch of a cactus. The nest is large, from nine to twelve inches in length and four to six inches wide. Most of them have thick walls, but in some the walls are so thin that the thorns pass through them. The habits resemble those of most wrens, and it subsists chiefly on insects, but eats some berries. It passes much of the time on the ground.

The most common little bird that we have here is the house wren (*Troglodytes aedon* Wilson), known also by the names grass wren, house wren and sky lark. During the nesting season in May and June the male rises into the air, sometime out of sight, in a zig-zag circle, singing a sweet and varied song. The voice will gradually die away, and then as the bird commences to descend will gradually grow louder; the bird alights in nearly the same place that it started from. The nest is made in a small depression of the ground under a bunch of grass or a small bush, composed of fine twigs and grass. The eggs are a pale white, with darker spots sprinkled over them; they number four to six. In the fall they gather in large flocks. Their food consists of small berries and insects. I have seen one on a tree or bush.

The most brightly-colored bird that is found here is the western oriole (*Icterus bullocki*, Sw.). The upper part of the head and neck is shiny black, and a black line runs from the base of the bill down onto the throat, the under parts are a bright orange yellow, and a broad band on the wings is white. They arrive here about the first of March and resort to the orchards, where they eat considerable fruit, but pay for that by destroying insects and singing their sweet melody. Their nest is very pretty, usually built in a tall tree and out at the end of a branch. It is composed of rags, straw, horsehair, twine and wool. If horsehair or twine can be procured they are sure to use a liberal quantity and make it very strong. It is built in the form of a purse

and is suspended near the forks of a branch. The eggs, numbering from four to eight, are a bluish white, with winding streaks of black around the larger end.

Another very common bird is the Cassin's flycatcher or Cassin's kingbird (*Tyrannus vociferans* Sw.). This is a bird worthy of examination. The head and neck above and on the side is rather dark bluish-ash; but if we stop and examine the top of the head more closely, we find, by ruffling the feathers, a spot of brilliant yellowish red. The bird has the power to throw open these colored feathers, and when open the crest looks almost like a small flower, and during the day you will see this sly creature sitting on a post near beehives with its head down, as if asleep; but when a bee comes to light on this flower the bird is not asleep, for it gives a sudden snap and almost invariably captures a bee. The rest of the upper parts are olive green, tinged with gray; the upper tail coverts nearly black, and under part, in general, bright sulphur yellow; the bill is black and the feet grayish. During the winter of 1881-2, many of the birds of this species in this bird might serve as an alarm clock for those who desire to rise at daylight. It generally sings from the tree top, its notes being much more musical and louder than those of the other flycatchers. This nest of this species is very firmly built, being 5.00x2.50 inches externally and 3.25 across the cavity. The eggs are white, with large scattered umber blotches, thickest at the larger end. This bird is destructive to all insects.

JAMES E. WADHAM,  
Vice-President San Diego Historical Society.

FOOD OF THE WATER MOCCASIN.—New York, April 9. —While floating down the Oklawaha River, in Florida, one day during the winter of 1881-2, hunting water turtles, I noticed numbers of moccasins lying on the logs and branches of trees lining the shores and overhanging the water. When approached they had an ugly habit of lying very still until our boat was almost directly under them, when, with a great commotion and a splash into the water (uncomfortably close to us), they would disappear—the first notice we had of our proximity to them. After a while, being on the lookout, I secured three or four of their glossy brown skins, with the assistance of my choko boy, generally taking their heads off, being at close quarters. One, however, not having been badly hit, soon showed signs of returning life by moving around and cutting up antics, in anything but a pleasing manner, in the bow of the boat, which caused much uneasiness on the part of my sable attendant, who assured me repeatedly while dodging around and jumping from seat to seat in the boat: "Dey's pisin, suah, boss! fo de Lord dey's pisin, suah. However, we soon gave him the quietus with an oar. 'Twas then I noticed that this particular snake's case demanded an unusual share of my attention, as his "breadth of beam" was something astonishing. I resolved to investigate his "bread basket," and upon returning to the landing did so, when I found it contained a black bass (trout, South) of about ten ounces weight, intact. Whether his snakeship took the fish alive or whether he found him dead, floating on the surface of the river, I am unable to say, though I incline to the latter belief. The bass was larger in circumference by about two inches than the snake (when removed from its stomach) and nearly a third as long.—BLACK PRINCE.

COLORADO BIRD ARRIVALS.—Pueblo, Col., April 7, 1883. —Editor *Forest and Stream*.—The spring is unusually early here. I incline to the Eastern belief. The bass was yesterday—the first I have observed in Colorado. It was in company with Arctic bluebirds, *S. arctica*. The latter species was first seen March 7. Saw first killdeer plover March 27. Crimson-fronted finches and red-winged black-birds have been common all winter. A great blue heron and a sandhill crane were shot last week at the "lake" on the mesa. The magpies have built their nests, but have laid no eggs yet. Have seen no meadow larks (*S. neglecta*) yet this spring. They were occasionally winter here, as I shot one Jan. 3, 1878, during very cold weather, and when the ground was covered with snow. They were first observed last year, Feb. 6.—H. W. N.

### Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

JOHN is a rival of Andy's in the competition of catching the biggest bass. Several years ago Andy caught a three-pounder, and J-h-n grew correspondingly green with envy, and stated in his cigars that he would beat him before the season was over.

One day John, Andy and Jake were hard at it on the banks of the beautiful Swatara, when John observed a big bass jump from the water some distance from shore. Several times the fish emerged, and then John resolved to go for him. Taking a boat he rowed out and threw a live bait for the bass. He wouldn't strike, but continued to flop in a similar fashion, and John cautiously rowed up to him, placed both hands under him, and, as he lay on the boat not only a seventeen-inch bass but also a ten-inch catfish.

John was exultant, and at once claimed that Andy's insignificant three-pounder was cast into the shade by this double haul. On examination, however, it was discovered that the bass in endeavoring to swallow the catfish had been perforated as to his head by the spines of the catfish, one of which protruded through his right eye. Andy and Jake at once claimed a four-inch holding, and John had taken a base advantage of the bass by approaching him on the blind side, and refused to allow the cigars, though the double catch may have slightly exceeded in weight Andy's bass. However, John's claim was for length, and the case is still in statu quo.

Here's another: Joe McC. was fishing at the above place with a live frog for bait. For more than an hour he waited in vain for a bite. Pulling up to examine his bait he found the live leech to the shore, when to his utter surprise and pleasure (?) he found Mr. Frog seated calmly on a rock by his side enjoying his *stomach dip*. Joe declares that the batrachian winked at him with the most consummate impudence.

Some time I'll give you my snapper story. JUVENIS.  
LEBANON, Pa.

While out West I heard the following version of the famous crow and turkey story. My friend said: I was South a few years ago, and two of my friends, named Charlie and Henry —, brothers, went out cooning with a darkey. I saw the darkey afterward and asked him what

success he had had, and he said: "Yer see, Mars Henry said we'se 'go in cahoot.' Well, we got fo' coons." "How did you divide 'em?" "Well, Mars Henry he takes two, and Mars Charlie he takes two, an —" "What did you get?" "Well, I don't know," scratching his head; then brightening up, "I reckons I gets the 'cahoot.'" —OSIOIAO.

Nick Barco, of Crystal River, Florida, well known throughout Hernando and Levy counties of that State as a genial fellow, tells this one of himself. One afternoon, taking his double-barrel on his shoulder, he started through a piece of pine woods surrounding a small hamak to look for a yoke of oxen, and as he turned the point of the hamak, he saw a deer, two deer, two deer, and a deer, and he fired off through the pines not twenty yards in front of him. He stopped and watched them, saying to himself, "What a shot; if I had my gun I could get them both." As they disappeared over the ridge, he remembered that he had his gun on his shoulder, and then ran after them; but too late, of course.

### Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

### MY LAST DEER HUNT IN OHIO.

BY D. W. C.

IN a few years there will be no more stories to tell of the capture of this noble game in the Middle States. Here and there, in the inaccessible swamps and mountains a few scattering deer may yet linger, but most of them have fled before the ax of civilization, or have fallen at the crack of the hunter's rifle.

Forty-seven years ago, in company with Oliver H. Perry, a cunning hunter and a generous friend, occurred "My First Deer Hunt in Ohio," an account of which was published in FOREST AND STREAM. Then, in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan the "woods were full of them," and the sport of the still-hunter unbounded, but now, except in the North Woods of New York, and in the wilds of Michigan, the "sport" has become excessive labor and their capture a lucky scratch.

As an evidence and a record of what has been, for the entire history of my life, to read in the FOREST AND STREAM and fire his heart or compose him to slumber, I will recount, in truthful language, my last deer hunt in Ohio, twenty years after my first:

A light snow was falling on one Friday in the latter part of December, 1856, when meeting an old hunter he said:

"There are two or three deer in Parma, near Lake Abram, and if I were not for a confounded lawsuit my official duties oblige me to try to-morrow, I would go for them. This snow will make good tracks of his own invention."

"Can't you adjourn your case, or get a substitute to try it, and go along with me? If we start early and strike a trail while they are feeding in the morning and undisturbed, we may see them first and get one."

But nothing I could urge seemed to swerve him from what he conceived to be his duty to the State as prosecuting attorney, deeply as he seemed to regret the chance to try his own case, and revolving the matter in his mind.

Parma township, in Cuyahoga county, and Lake Abram are about twelve miles from the city of Cleveland, and at that time the Columbus Railroad was running a construction train through the west part of the town, and within two or three miles of the lake, starting at the foot of Superior street at 3 o'clock A. M.

Having got my traps together, or ready for a start at the drop of the hat, I concluded to take the 5 o'clock construction train and get off at Everett's Mills, where there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. When I got down there I could see, in the thick gloom, the tail end of the construction train crossing the Cuyahoga bridge. There was nothing left but to go back home or go afoot. It was about seven miles to Everett's Mills, the snow moist and the tracking splendid; by smart walking on the track of the railroad I could turn into the woods a little after daylight—certainly before sunrise.

Away I went at a lively pace, and with a little running where the ties were gravelled I was able to turn to the left into the thick woods northwest of Lake Abram when it was just light enough to see a track. Scarcely had I penetrated the thick undergrowth along the margin of an old "slashing," when I struck the trail of a deer whose tracks, meandering and close together and leading from bush to bush, indicated, as every old hunter knows, that the deer was feeding and unalarmed. Here was my chance, if properly taken, to steal along cautiously and still, peering into every thicket, every old tree-top, among every jumble of old logs, see him before he could see me, and get one shot before starting. Should I fail in this, a long chase before I could tire him out would be inevitable. When the trailing is good, and the deer started early in the morning, a good traveler can run a deer down so as to keep him in sight and get within shooting distance by four o'clock, provided no rest is given him, and you run when he runs, and only walk when he walks.

Following this plan of approach, I stealthily crawled along, crouching behind logs and bushes, keeping behind trees, and looking sharply everywhere.

Presently, in the top of a beech tree which had been felled when the leaves were on and the main body carried away for wood, I saw a slip of motion. Instantly, but so slowly that no movement could be detected, I lifted out and crawled to a tree for better and more deliberate observation. Bringing the tree-top in view again, I could plainly see the horns of a deer and the outlines of his body, but the distance, about twenty rods or one hundred yards, and the thick leaves and intervening trees and bushes, prevented me from seeing just where to hit him fatally. To get nearer appeared next to impossible; nothing remained but to shoot at what I could see, and wait for luck. I lifted the cover and take the chance of his going out the other side and be hidden from my sight. I waited awhile and began to tremble with the "back fever." That decided it. My rifle was slowly run along the side of the tree, my teeth set and my nerves braced up to repel the tendency to shake, and sighting at what was visible the sharp crack of my rifle resounded through the forest. I was not much surprised to

see him scamper off, for there was no certainty as to what part I had aimed, but I was rejoiced to see his leaps short and erratic and his tail down.

Hastily reloading, I lost no time in trailing him up on a brisk Indianlope. Soon I came to where he had lain down, and discovered by the bleeding in his bed that I had hit him in the upper part of his right hip. There was plenty of blood along the trail as I moved rapidly on, but I could not get a glimpse of the buck, so warily did he watch his back track from every knoll and cover. I must run him down. Girding up my loins, the question, not of speed but endurance, began in earnest.

It was but little after sunrise when the race began, and although unremittently kept up, I did not get sight of that deer until after three o'clock. I chased him over to the east branch of the river, then northeast toward the southerly end of Lake Abram; thence over to the Columbus road nearly; then northwest to near the place where I started him; thence again up the southwest side of the lake and down on the other side, until near the road, where the track showed the deer was walking and steering toward a large patch of recently felled timber, called a "chopping." There was a high ridge of fence between the chopping and the clearing. Now is my time to close the race. He will lie down in that chopping, and if I leave the track and come up on the leeward side of him he cannot escape.

Leaving the track, I made a circuit to the left, and was about to turn into the slashing when I heard a dog barking furiously and evidently coming toward me. I guessed the cause instantly, and my heart sank to zero. I feared he would chase my deer out of his chopping, and so, as it was getting late, the trail would be lost and the deer, too, in the darkness. I stood still and watched what would be the upshot of this new complication, when I saw two deer, one about fifty yards ahead of the other, running at great speed, and a large black dog about one hundred yards from the hindmost deer, coming diagonally toward me. Kneeling down I brought my rifle on a level, with a view of taking one of the other as they ran by, having chosen a clear open space along the foot of a dry wash which they must cross at nearly right angles. I soon saw that the hindmost deer was coming much nearer to me, so I let the foremost one pass and waited until I sighted on a level with his body and the tip of his nose and fired. He braced his forefeet out and stopped instantly. The dog came up while I was reloading, and the buck wheeled around and stamped at him. I walked along a few steps to get a tree, when the dog saw me, curled his coil between his legs and ran back out of sight. Believing the deer had left the deer fat, I held my gun on him and walked slowly toward where he stood, putting and apparently troubled for breath. When within about four rods, thinking, as he stood up boldly a perfect picture of strength and beauty, that he might run, I aimed at his head and was just pressing the trigger when the noble fellow sunk on his knees and rolled over on his side stone dead. The race was up, and I was the victor. I wanted to sit down and look at him for an hour, but there was no time to be lost; he must be dragged to the road before dark, and it was then four o'clock.

In removing the entrails to lighten the dragging weight, I discovered that he was the same deer I had wounded in the morning, my first shot hitting him edwise through the upper part of the right hip, and disabling but not breaking the bone; my second had struck through about half an inch of the lower part of the right hind femur.

I dragged him to the road, and luckily, within twenty rods of what was then called the "Stone Tavern," about twelve miles from Cleveland. While watching and waiting for a chance to ride to the city, I ate a hearty supper, and arranged with a Dutchman, who was going to town to market, to deliver my buck at my house the next morning.

After smoking my pipe and no time going toward the city appearing, I shouldered my gun and trudged along, hoping to be able to catch a ride. But no—all were going the other way. I had already walked and run over fifty miles since I left my home in the morning before five o'clock, so you may easily guess that the twelve miles before me looked long and wearisome. Well, it was two o'clock at night before my head was on my pillow in my own home. The deer came the next morning before I was up, the venison was duly divided, and amid thanks and congratulations, my hardest and last deer hunt was ended.

CLEVELAND, O., April 1883.

## MINNESOTA GAME NOTES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unusual length and severity of the winter, small game seems to have suffered very little. No crust has formed on the snow to imprison the ruffed grouse, and the dozen or so that I have seen within the past week looked as plump and healthy as though they had passed the winter in Florida. This immediate locality, being largely timbered, has never produced a large crop of pinnated grouse, but several large coveys are now in the neighborhood, and they, too, look to be in excellent condition. "Bob White" has never, to my knowledge, taken up a claim in this county. Deer are unusually scarce, and must have fared hard and slept cold during the past four months. Occasionally I come across a trail in my rambles, and last week a fine large buck came out and looked our little village over; but unless the killing of deer is prohibited for a term of years, the glory of that sport has largely departed from Minnesota. Ducks and geese are beginning to arrive, and doubtless the supply will soon equal the demand. Grouse and black-crowned night-herons are found in abundance, and in prime condition for the table. I have had some rare sport with them frosty mornings this spring.

Wildcats are sufficiently numerous to cause sad havoc in poultry yards and among young lambs. I think at least a dozen of the bob-tailed nuisances have been killed in town this winter.

Occasionally wolves treat us to one of their infernal concerts, but rarely do the detestable brutes meet their just deserts.

One of my neighbors went out for a coon hunt last week, and, without gun or dog, captured five.

I recently had a bloodless encounter with a huge panther, the only one seen in this locality for years.

I understand that arrangements are being made to provide for the pleasure of the residents of the city and gun who may desire to visit our beautiful lakes. Certainly no more healthful or promising fish and game locality can easily be found.

J. FRANK LOCKE

PILLSBURY, Minn.

## A TRIP AFTER QUAIL.

DURING the month of February last, Teceel, Mud, Wells, Jr., the odontist, and your correspondent, got everything in readiness for a sporting tour around the Cleveland Springs. The trip was planned for the purpose of being fixed with a view especially of suiting the convenience of two of our friends, who reside in what was once called "the city of magnificent distances," one a banker, and the other an attorney; and another who lives, and, I trust, flourishes, in that smoky location at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela. It so turned out, however, much to the regret, no doubt, of all these gentlemen, and certainly to ours, that business considerations prevented our participation in the sport which we had reason to believe lay in store for us. The very pleasant and generous gentleman who is the proprietor of the springs, had given us assurance that birds were quite as numerous in the section around him as they were on a former visit of ours and with this we held out the promise to our metropolitan friends, and to him who lives at the confluence aforesaid, that a reasonable quantity of shooting could be had; and besides, they could drink, to repletion, of the waters of as fine a sulphur spring as flows from the bosom of earth. And, all this, at such a charge as would demonstrate that the proprietor had no idea of making a fortune out of his sporting guests. The table, we knew from past experience, would be supplied with "the best the market affords," and perfect freedom allowed to those who found shelter under the roof tree. If they could be joined in it, I knew them well enough to believe they would have had an exceedingly enjoyable time, even though they may not have distinguished themselves very much by their successful achievements in the field. It is certain that we could have killed as many birds as we could have consumed, and when night came, and before retiring to rest, they could not only have entertained us but been themselves entertained by the comicalities, and eccentricities, and weaknesses, and amiability of one of our companions. We all hope that, at some future day, nothing will intervene to prevent our meeting where birds are abundant, weather propitious, and dogs well trained to the business in hand; and we will endeavor to demonstrate to them that this good old State is destitute neither of respectable gentlemen nor enticing amusements. If this should meet the eye of either of them he will understand the invitation is sincere and comes from one whose "tongue knows no flattery."

According to agreement, our friend who was to entertain us met us at Shelby with the necessary teams for our transportation; and our dogs, Nip, Branch, Argo, Lena and Jack, the last named a pointer, without education, got an opportunity of stretching their limbs, somewhat cramped by railroad transportation. They "skipped on, through dirt and mire," at a lively rate for two miles, the condition of the roads in this section, notwithstanding the fact that the highways to the exercise of a due quantity of patience on account of the slowness of locomotion. Then the welcome sight of the main building and the white cottages around the springs betokened that a place of rest and refreshment had been reached. Dinner was soon announced, and hunters and dogs were abundantly supplied. Inasmuch as the afternoon was lowering, with rain enough to make walking quite uncomfortable, we contented ourselves with remaining under shelter, trusting to have plenty of time during our stay to indulge all our shooting propensities. This pleasant anticipation was doomed, as many others have been and many others will be, to great disappointment.

On our way from home, our companion, whom I have hitherto in several communications called Mud, but whose name is something made out of mud, and after being finished after being molded into rectangular blocks, dried and burned, constitutes a very essential part of all edifices, to whatever purposes they may be applied—a gentleman of education and high social worth—felicitated himself that he would have the good fortune to have Mac, our host, as his hunting companion, whom he knew he could beat in the use of a gun. His "first sweet draught of glory" he took in contemplating his daily triumph over the surety bond. He never doubted nor conveyed the opinion that with his little 16-bore he could "lick out" his competitor and be euphemistically the "Big Ike" of every day's tramp. Soon after getting to the springs we duly advised Mac of the anticipated joys of Mud, and urged him to do his utmost to deprive his antagonist of all his expected joys. The next day we separated, Teceel and I going together, while Mud and Mac, with the odontist as a guide, took their another hunting ground. Our party had a long tramp, our dogs hunted well, and we did some gentle shooting, but only succeeded in getting sixteen birds, each bagging the same number. Being generally within hearing, we were aware of the fact that the other party were doing no little shooting, and expected that on their arrival at the house they would report a corresponding quantity of booty. We were looking forward, too, to beholding the face of Mud, radiant with smiles, and his tongue glib on the excellence of his scholastic performances. I am not sure there is any such word in the last adjective I have used, and if there is, that I have given it its proper signification. But, like many other persons who write for the press, I use it for the purpose of impressing my readers with the conviction that a man who uses sesquipedalian words of recondite signification is possessed of unusual attainments. But when the glooming had come and the trip made that appeared as a vision of Mud plainly indicated that his anticipations had been mere "castles in the air," "baseless fabric of a vision." He had a melancholy and dissatisfied look—the very personification of disappointed ambition.

"What luck, Mud?" anxiously inquired Teceel of the disconsolate Nimrod.

"Oh, let Mac tell it. I am disgusted with the whole business, and feel like kicking home at once."

"Well, Mac, did you not kill the specimen of humanity have his aspirations gratified? How many birds did you all get?"

"Thirteen I believe," modestly answered our host.

"How many did Mud get?"

"I think he claimed to have killed three, but I am not sure that he got more than two of them."

"How many did you kill?"

"Eight."

"Did Mud shoot much?"

"Oh, yes; he shot over twenty times."

"Now, Mud, you are a pretty fellow; coming all the way up here with your premier little Scott, that an unappreciative Chatham darkey thought 'mout' have cost you nearly fifteen dollars, bragging that you were going to beat Mac any way; and yet, on the first trial, got sadly used up. I

reckon you will hardly call out to John Tole from behind the cynomys hedge, and ask him if he has heard the score of the Cleveland hunt. 'Now will you?'

"Hardly," meekly answered the great disappointed.

After much more battle-door logomachy we retired to our beds, slept soundly, and were ready for breakfast the following morning, our friend with the clay name, as usual, bringing the rear. At home he fills the important position of a justice of the peace, and has constructed the habit of doing everything with judicial deliberation. Indeed, he is a living exemplification of "*Curia vult adesti*." In this, and many other respects, he differs, very widely, from a certain magisterial official, who derived his civil authority from a military satrap who ruled over us some years ago. This fellow, who might have not fully disgraced a pickax or dungfork, and was certainly ignorant of his position, not long after he wrapped the emine around him was engaged in a conversation with some gentlemen, who were forced to tolerate him, and in the progress of it expressed great surprise at the hesitancy of our real judges in pronouncing an opinion or a judgment upon matters at issue in their courts. "Why," said he, "I find no difficulty in deciding all questions which come before me. Just as fast as a lawyer raises a 'pin't I brush it away and dispatch business! The law—why it ain't nothing to learn."

The weather was exceedingly unpropitious during most of our stay at the springs, and in consequence, we did comparatively little hunting and with poor success. The last day came, and though the sky was gloomy, and light showers occasionally fell, Mud, Mac and I had the hardihood during the afternoon to venture out to Buffalo Creek, a distance of about four miles, and six miles from King's Mountain station on the Atlantic and Charlotte Railway, and it is there we heard repeatedly what we supposed to be the gun of Capt. W. B. R. Tell, who has a flourishing school at the station named, and who, on Saturdays, indulges his fondness for shooting to relieve himself from the weekly moil of "teaching the young idea how to shoot." We found several coveys, and Mud and I did some fair work. Just before dark, however, after we had started for home, one of our dogs set birds on the side of the road. We went to the vehicle, and each one of us got a shot; I only getting a bird. Pursuing Mud got seven shots, and no meat. I was close enough to hear, not only the report of his gun, but his observations, as Bob White whirled away to some other retreat from disturbance. Though ordinarily very slow in his movements, I know no one who can shoot with more rapidity than the fellow who has just been described. After each discharge he would cast a desperate look toward his comrade, and lugubriously ask, "Mac, didn't I hit that bird?" Now, Mac is a truthful man; but, being full of the "milk of human kindness," is so averse to saying anything to wound the feelings, that when he is put upon his "hair div," he manages, while sticking to principle, to make his utterances as soft and soothing as possible. His answer always was, "Well, I thought he shot him." I was something white near by, and I reckon it could hardly have been the wad. Whatever it was, it is certain that no birds went into his pocket. Just as we were about to enter the carriage, we met with a man who lived in a house near by, who, in a conversation told us that an old lady was sick at the house with "new money."

We had gone on about a half mile, facing a keen north wind, which made us wrap our blankets closely around us and inspired us with no temptations to indulge in conversation, when Mud suddenly removed the covering from his face, and with slow, measured voice disturbed my reverie by saying:

"I'll—tell—you—how—I—happened—to—do—such—a—shoot—this—evening. The—old—lady's—sickness—bothered—me."

"The thunder it did," said I. "You didn't know it until after you had got through."

"Oh, yes I did. Didn't we see the doctor's horse there as we went on?"

"Certainly, and the doctor, too; but it does not follow—or, as you judicial gentlemen sometime say, *non constat*—somebody is sick whenever you see a doctor."

He subsided into silence, which he maintained until the horses were well advanced, and then he got to the blazing fire and rubbed his hands in token of its comforting influence. Teceel and the odontist were there, and the former inquired:

"How did you come out this afternoon? You look as if you had had poor success. Wells, what is the matter with him?"

"Nothing, except sympathy. He heard that a good lady was sick in the neighborhood, and did some bad missing in consequence of the information."

At this he "smiled a sickly smile," and inquired how long it was before supper. To his great satisfaction this was soon announced, and at the table he wreaked his vengeance on the birds which had escaped by devouring quite a quantity of those which had been put in the frying-pan.

Then we sought the fire again, and talked over the incidents of the day, until your correspondent, who is a "Jack at all trades," suggested that he would proceed to sketch Mud's picture, just after one of those misses, occasioned by sympathy for a woman's bodily sufferings. Paper was handed him, and very soon he had several pictures of the unfortunate sportsman ready for inspection. Mac was so highly pleased with them, that he begged the limner to give them to him, so that he might have them framed to adorn his wall, and make one wall adorn another. He has them now, and visitors to this health resort, during the coming summer, who are fond of the fine arts, can amuse themselves by looking at them, if they will ask the proprietor for the privilege. Teceel wanted me to sketch Mud's appearance at a store in Montgomery county, while he was giving admiring glances at the proud father of female triplets, weighing 31, 32 and 33 pounds, and, no doubt, sincerely wishing that such extraordinary visit his brother might have been the "Burns" did, when he acknowledged the inability of his muscle to sing how Nannie poe and flang, he conceded his incapacity to do that subject justice, and he pocketed his pencil, fully satisfied with the work he had already done.

Now, no one must understand me as wishing to do injustice to Mud. He is "a gentleman and scholar," a friend of mine of "adoption tried," and well worthy of the respect of anyone. To those respecting him, he has been a "good friend," and, at least, serve the purpose of adding to the enjoyment of his associates. If I speak of them, it is only to do him a kindness, by holding up the mirror so that he may "see himself as others see him," and be thus enabled to avoid the Scylla and Charybdis of his weaknesses. If you want his company on a hunt, and tell him you propose taking one, at a given time, and ask him to join you, his reply is almost,





ally. He should observe, also, that in making the horn he does not get it too thin. It ought to be nearly, if not quite, an eighth of an inch thick. If so, it is less likely to get cracked, and besides, can be heard further.

Now, if I have succeeded in giving your correspondent, or any of your readers, a point of information touching the subject of which I have written, I shall esteem myself as fortunate. WELLS.

#### INCIDENTS OF A FRONTIER MARCH.

IN August, 1879, I was with a small detachment of men—eight men and ten horses—in Long Valley, on the Payette River, Idaho, when we suddenly came upon an old female grizzly bear with two cubs. One of the party—an old bear hunter—dismounted and another, mounted, started after the bears. The old one would rise up—she seemed as full as a man—look at the advancing man and horseman, then get down and trying to keep her cubs in front made for the woods, 200 to 300 yards away. As soon as the men began firing she ran off leaving her cubs, which were soon dispatched.

The night before this occurred—just as we were going to camp—a large cinnamon bear and a cougar (mountain lion, *Panthera felis concolor*), jumped from the banks of the little stream we had selected for a bivouac. The cougar leaped over the fence and shot and made the forest resound with the most terrific yells I ever heard. This notwithstanding a recent writer in the *Naturalist* states that panthers do not yell. The cinnamon also escaped.

These animals were not twenty yards apart when we first saw them, and we were not more than twice that distance when they jumped, as our horses did too.

The horseman in the chase after the cubs rode two or three times almost over a fine buck, which was lying in the tall grass. The buck bent his head down close, but did not stir. After the cubs were secured, a man walked up to within a few yards of the deer and fired; he jumped up and ran off, but was brought down very prettily by the next shot before he got out of range. We left the deer and bear, to push on to camp, intending to return in the morning. Returning we found only a portion of the deer left—the rest having been eaten by our old bear or a cougar. Being short of rations we skinned the cubs, but found their flesh so strong as to be unpalatable. Black and cinnamon bear meat is not unpalatable, but from grizzly, young or old—spare me. How we worried on over mountains, through burning forests, for eight days, with only a foot-heel and a salmon to stretch out the three days' rations we started with, is all too personal to be of general interest. We found that coffee grounds eaten after drinking the decoction were of considerable service in keeping up the spirits.

The railroad has now almost reached Boise, and made accessible the Payette (upper) and Salmon River mountains, where can be found as fine sporting ground as America affords.

T. E. W., U. S. A.

VANCOUVER BARRIERS, Washington Territory.

In a recent issue "P. E. B." of Weld, Maine, says some true things of the bear's nature. He says, "the mothers of all animals stand by their young and fight for them as a general rule, especially if the infant is in trouble, and gives the alarm of distress." This latter clause is one of the principal incentives of the bear's anger toward mankind, as I may partially illustrate by the following incident:

In the winter of 1878-79, while stopping at Crystal River, Fla., some timber cutters came up from the islands on the coast, and reported a bear's nest with young, and wanted Nick Barco and myself to go to turn them and get the young ones. We set out the next day, arriving on the ground just before sunset. All hands being anxious to see the bear and hear the cubs playing among themselves, as had been reported, we determined to go to the nest that day. We accordingly went within twenty-five or thirty feet of the nest, and could easily hear the cubs, but could not see them, and we decided that the wisest course would be not to disturb them until we were sure that the mother was disposed of, as, if we set them to crying beforehand, the mother would realize their danger and fight more than we desired. This theory proved correct in this instance. After about a half hour of searching, and wishing for the bear to show herself, Nick discovered her through the brush, walking toward the nest, and when within about two feet of it he fired a charge of buckshot into her side, when she immediately returned into the thick brush the same way she came, growling and snarling the way. About one hundred yards from the nest she lay down, and never got up. After satisfying ourselves that she would not come back, we took the young—three altogether—one having a few white hairs on her breast. The young were quite small—could be held on the hand or put into an ordinary quinine-coat pocket. Their eyes were open and blue, but they had no teeth when taken. They began to cut their teeth about two weeks after.

A. B. D.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.

#### THE NEW YORK SOCIETY.

THE last of the spring meetings of the New York Association for the Protection of Game was held at Pinard's on the 8th of Monday. The President, Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, was in the chair. Mr. Thomas N. Cutter, Secretary, read a communication from Mr. William J. Weldon, Rouse's Point, N.Y., calling attention to the large quantity of fish caught by nets in the waters of Lake Champlain and in that vicinity during the spring and summer months. The writer asks if there is no law in the State of New York whereby fish caught by nets in the waters of other States, but sent to the former State for transshipment or sale can be seized, or if there is no fish or game constable in that vicinity to look after that unlawful traffic. Surely, the writer says, something should be done without delay to stop it. The communication was referred to the Committee on Game Laws.

The Townsend and O'Connor bills for the amendment of the existing laws for the protection of game, now before the Legislature, were discussed and referred to the Legislative Committee on Game Laws, with full power to act upon behalf of the association in relation thereto.

A communication from the State Association was received asking for prizes to be donated to the coming convention. After some discussion it was decided not to offer prizes for pigeon shooting. A motion was then made to encourage fly-casting at the fall tournament of the Rod and Reel Association by offering a prize. This was also lost.

The Chairman appointed Dr. John W. Greene, ex-Senator Alfred Wagstaff and Mr. Wisner H. Townsend delegates to

the annual convention of the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Niagara Falls.

Mr. Myers thought that trout should not be exposed for sale early on the morning of April 1, as it was plain that they had been caught the day before. The President remarked that the association had this question before them often before and had declined to express any opinion on it. He then asked Mr. Blackford, who was the guest of the evening, to give his views on the subject. Mr. Blackford said that it was a question that had been put to him often. He instructed his men to scrutinize all boxes of fish sent to and received from the State. The law allowed them to do that at that time, and he did not see why he should decline to sell them as long as all other dealers had them. For himself, he was a strict observer of the laws, and if it appeared best to make the law so that trout could be caught on the first day but not exposed for sale until the second he saw no objection to it. All dealers would then be on the same footing.

Mr. Blackford also said that the difficulties in the way of enforcing the game laws were growing less year by year. The public were being educated up to the matter, and market-dealers appeared to be willing to do all in their power for the protection of fish and game. He understood that a bill before the Legislature proposed to increase the number of State Game Constables by appointing eight additional men, and suggested that the association should use its influence to secure the appointment of two, to be located in New York and Brooklyn.

At the close of the meeting the members of the association enjoyed their customary supper, which was served by Pinard. After coffee and cigars had been served, President Roosevelt gave an interesting history of his fishing and shooting experiences in Southern waters.

#### DAKOTA WILDFOWL NOTES.—Crow Creek Agency, D. T., April 4.—

We have just had a second edition of winter here. About three weeks ago the ducks and geese began to show themselves. As we were having some fine warm weather the Indians began to plow, and had sown considerable wheat, when we had a radical change; the thermometer went between 70° and 80° down below zero in six or eight hours, and since then we have had a continued series of snowstorms until last Monday, when the sun came out and the wind came round into the south. The ducks and geese at once took advantage of the weather and the shooting was quite heavy. Since then the wind has changed into the north, and the flight of geese has about stopped again. The ducks still stay around. I went out last night and got my first ducks for the season. I killed three bluebills, one mallard, one redhead, and one green-winged teal. I killed them in some little pond holes that were filled by the melting of the snow. Some of your correspondents complain of the inevitable "war with the north" in the South (though I see why the poor negro with his \$2.50 Zulu is not as much entitled to his ducks and geese as is the white sportsman with his Westley Richards hammerless gun, with Witherth's patent fluid compressed steel barrels at \$755.00.) Here it is the poor lone Indian, and he does not have the Zulu, but the antiquated old muzzle-loader or musket cut off. We will generally find him just ahead of you, and if he does not make out all the game, he will surely scare them away. —POTTER HENRY-HA.

DAYTON, O., April 9.—Millions of mallards and fat little teal are now warning in the spring marshes and lakes of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, and the hunters are banging away. It is too early yet to write of fishing, but mention that the true knights of the joint rod are planning for the May raid among the bass of old Erie. Woodcock came to the Miami Valley about the middle of March, although not plenty. Snipe are coming in, and the hunters, so long idle or crouching over stories of former exploits, are rising up to try their manhood. On Friday April 8 several parties went to the Carlisle lakes, while others hunted through the marshes at Byron and Frost's. Gustav Sander and Charles Whelan bagged seventeen snipe and twenty-two plovers; John W. Dickson and Adolph Sander got an equal number with the first party; John Stecklein and Mike Donohue brought in nine; and the next day Phil Wenz bagged twenty-four birds. (Quail were so scarce last fall that the dogs had no very true of it; therefore will acquire a preference from setters to pointers. A pair of young black ducks (wild), caught on Lake Ontario, were presented to Phil Wenz, a miller below Dayton. Last fall they started to fly away, but, making a circle of several miles, came back, and flying around for awhile, returned to the pond near the mill and have never since tried to leave, although often uncensured. The hen has been laying, and two broods of young ducks will be hatched. —SINEX.

CHICAGO NOTES.—Chicago, April 14.—Chicago sportsmen have had a surfeit of shooting, and in spite of all this, there is little news to chronicle. The ducks have been very plentiful in all varieties about the city, but the game law of the State of Indiana closes on ducks to-morrow, Sunday, April 15, and as most of the Chicago clubs have their club houses in that State on the northern water courses, it can be seen by the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, that this will throw a damper on the boys. Still many are out industriously looking for snipe. The latter seems scarce as yet. Abe Kilman, the veteran shot, has just returned from Lake Seneca. He has been there for six weeks and killed plenty of ducks and some snipe. He reports the shooting at this little Illinois lake as being very good, but says he left only little fellows. Ed. Price and James Watson returned yesterday from English Lake, where they had a fine time. Wirt Dexter, our great lower sportsman, has been enjoying good shooting at New Barton Bay, on the Mississippi River, just above Keittsburg, and where he has a steam yacht as a hunting boat. Lydian, Ed. Organ, Pond, and the rest of Chicago's great hunters have been out to the various club grounds. Matters are quieting down. —SPECIAL.

#### MAINE NOTES.—Oxford, Me., April 13.—

Wild ducks were seen to-day for the first time this spring, flying northward in small flocks. The boys are having fine sport banging away at the muskrats, of which there are plenty. Excellent black bass fishing can be obtained here after the first of July, boats, guides, etc., at reasonable prices; also good pickerel fishing. The Oxford Gun Club voted to go to Rangeley the 1st of June. Now look out for deer. —L. N. E.

#### MAINE DEER BUTCHERS.—Oxford, Maine, April 16.—

*Editor Forest and Stream:* For several years a herd of deer have been known to roam about the vicinity of North Waterford, and have been allowed to go unmolested, though at times their winter woods have been within a few rods of the highway. On the 27th of March some men came from Lovell, Me., and gave chase and captured two deer, which they took away in a pump. A few days after they captured a third doe and two bucks, which later, being unruly, were hitched up to a tree and very conveniently strangled themselves while the men were taking the doe away. Another deer was run down with dogs, and was said to have been so mangled that it was necessary to kill it, and was dispatched by Stoneham, Me., parties. There is considerable indignation expressed by the North Waterford people, and without doubt the matter will be thoroughly investigated. The law prohibits hunting for or destroying in any manner any deer between January 1 and October 1; and, it would seem that this properly came under its provisions, to say nothing of the premature birth and death of a pair of young fawns after the capture of one of the does. This style of hunting is getting to be a little too common. Only a few days before a similar case was reported from one of the towns further north, and I have been told that parties in Newry have been indicted and fined for a similar offense. The law is evidently intended to protect the deer through close time, and I fail to find any provision for taking them, even alive, during that time. These cases will probably settle the question. Any person may lawfully kill any dog found hunting deer. If people will generally follow the example of our North Waterford neighbors, there will be less difficulty in enforcing our game laws, and there will be more game. —SYLVAN DALE.

#### WILD TURKEYS IN CALIFORNIA.—

We find the following item in the Los Angeles Times of recent date: "Wild turkeys are now to be seen on sale at San Francisco poultry stands—the first that have been noticed by the press of that city, we believe. They are claimed to be the produce of the pioneer wild turkeys of California, came from Arizona, and are selling for thirty cents the pound. The *Call* says the progenitors of these birds were brought from the East at a cost of \$40 each, but we have an impression that the first wild turkeys brought to this State were imported some years ago by Judge Caton, of Ottawa, Ill., and placed on the Island of Santa Cruz, where they have thrived and multiplied greatly. They now afford fine shooting. The American wild turkey is a noble bird, and there is no doubt to hold that it should have been given the place of the national bird of freedom instead of the eagle. Its acquisition by California will prove a substantial gain to the game list." This is the first we have read or heard of there being wild turkeys in this State, if we may except an instance in which some domestic turkeys left a ranch near Pico, Placer county, last year, and took to the brush, where they were at last accounted, having become wild. Any sportsman could wish they have not been killed off, as they must increase and in the course of time furnish good sport for gunners. —Sacramento Bee.

#### PINNATED GROUSE FOR DELAWARE.—

The Delaware State Game Association are about planting one hundred prairie chickens in their State. There are many sections of Delaware where the pinnated grouse will thrive, and we are sure this enterprising society will see to it that the birds are protected. The association intends also to stock the waters of the State with game fish. The national young shooting season be placed in the Delaware River by the New Jersey Fish Commission. —HOMO.

Philadelphia, April 16.—It is positive that some of the pinnated grouse put out in New Jersey by the West Jersey Game Protection Association have lived. Several have lately been seen near Hammonton. Mr. John S. Davis, well known in Philadelphia as a student and observing sportsman, while stopping near Amulius, N. J., during the past season, put up one, which he certainly identified as a prairie chicken, and another bird during the same day which he thinks was of the same species. The first got up near him, and he heard the peculiar note which the pinnated grouse gives when startled. Mr. Davis knows what a prairie chicken is, and with the writer on Western trips has shot many. —HOMO.

MICHIGAN.—Grand Rapids, J. C. Hazard Card, of Pleasant P. O., Kent county, Mich., killed an American swan, (probably a last year's bird) on Cranbury Lake, lying partly in Alpine township, Kent county, and partly in Wright township, Ottawa county, Mich., on the 11th of April, out of a flock of forty-two birds. This bird measures six feet three inches from tip of tip of wings, and four feet one inch from end of bill to tip of tail. Weight 14 lbs. 8 ozs. It is in immature, slate and reddish-brown plumage. My informant could not tell as to the size or color of the rest of the flock. The evening before this bird was killed a large flock passed over this city, swinging around from north to west and northwest in the direction of Cranbury Lake. That night a severe storm struck us from northeast. —E. S. HOLMES.

#### TENNESSEE.—Nashville.—

L. Valentine, Burt Bray, and J. N. Brooks, recently killed one hundred snipe and twenty ducks, near Bowling Green, Ky. Several fine bags of snipe have been made here, the birds being more numerous, and remaining longer than usual. —J. D. H.

MINNESOTA.—Mantorville, April 10.—Ducks have not been as plenty before for three years as they this spring.

MESSRS. W. C. Birchmore, R. S. Gilliam, Jim Porter and Frank Gilliam tramped down in Greene one day last week to take a bird hunt. They passed one farm and kept up such a shooting that all the negroes thought that there was another war on hand. One was burning brush, and he threw his coat in the fire and ran to the house and fainted, hallooing judgment. Another said he heard some powerful bluffs over about Fowell's mills, and a white man said he'd be d—d if an accident happened, whether a copperhead or not, that farmer had his children cutting briars, and he sent them all to the house and locked them up, and whipped some of them because they looked out the cracks. That was a day of demoralization in this country, and the next day some of our boys came to Maxey and swore one of our boys had done damages against the parties, but the hunters compromised. This is no exaggeration, but strictly facts, and they bagged fifty-seven birds. —Oglethorpe (Ga.) Echo.



## Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

### OLD ANGLING BOOKS.

A SHORT time ago we noticed the new edition of the "Bible of Piscator," by Messrs. Westwood and Satchell. The revision by Mr. Satchell was entirely a labor of love, and he has rendered angling literature a great service by not taking his information at second hand, and in consequence his book is of the greatest value possible and one that the buyer of angling books can not well dispense with. As instances of the thorough manner in which he has done his work we give the following:

The "Treatise of Fysshynge," etc., attributed to Dame Juliana Berners, or Barnes, was looked up, not only in the different editions, but also in the manuscript. The only known manuscript of the "Treatise of Fysshynge," printed in the 1496 edition of the "Boke of St. Albans," formerly in the possession of Mr. Herbert, afterward of Mr. Haslewood, and now in the famous Denison collection, has been examined by Mr. Satchell. He finds it to contain an independent text of a date not later (says Professor Skeat) than 1450. It is drawn from the same original as that printed in 1496, but instead of the "rendings between it and the printed copy" being, as alleged, (Pickering's reprint, 1837, preface) "very few and unimportant," it varies the phrase throughout, and in many places varies the sense, besides containing many short passages not included in the printed version. Mr. Satchell is preparing the text for publication, and as it is unfortunately imperfect, will supply the *lacunae* from the volume of 1496, which will also be printed by him with a bibliographical introduction, the matter on each page of the two volumes being made to correspond to facilitate comparison of the two texts.

The same careful search in Walton's work has revealed some new points regarding the first (1653) edition of the "Compleat Angler." Mr. Satchell has noticed that there exist two impressions of this book, or certainly of signature F., and he would be glad to have the reports of possessors of the volume as to which of the two their copies belong. One has the woodcut at the foot of page 81, with the words "the description of a trout" above it; the other has the woodcut in the text, seven lines from the bottom of the page, and without superscription. The three copies in the British Museum are all of the latter form, while several copies in other collections prove to be of the former.

Mr. Satchell's address is: Thomas Satchell, Downshire Hill House, London, N. W., and we hope that any of our readers who may have the books in their possession will communicate with him.

### WITH HACKLES AND GENTLES.

IX.

#### An Angler's Look "Around and About."

"Fishing weather's coming, lads,  
The winter days are past;  
Dusk and hoar-frost will awhile  
Rob the streamlets of their smiles,  
The landscape of its grace."

IN this fickle climate the first day of April is far from a genial one, but, at its approach, the angler begins to feel in a different mood than on long days past, and eye and hand take the "line of direction" to the shelves where his angling hooks repose and to his tackle stored. His fishing blood begins to warm and his pulse to be feverish, and at the least suggestion of his pastime his thoughts run riot.

"Sleeping we dream of what, awake, we wish—  
Dogs dream of bones and fishermen of fish."

On a passably fine day in early spring it is pleasant to walk by an old fishing-haunt and see the swollen stream prepare itself for the "open" season. To let the thoughts "hark back" to past successful days, hither and yon, or to forecast the possible creels yet to be. Even to look upon a favorite "water" from afar is very pleasant, and one returns to his fire and "Walton" with a new and grateful zest. After such a reflective, or prospective, glance, it is need to "overhaul" one's "kit" and make ready for the first east of the season.

This fly, or that leader, may have pleasant tales to tell of bygone sport, and a glance into the well-worn creel will reveal—O, what fine specimens of conditioned trout, to be forever served up for memory to dine on. There are many streams in the walks and drives of the angler that make him sad, because they are no longer tenanted. To the eye, how promising are many might have saved the waters their foul degradation, and the trout might be as lusty therein to-day as the trout "forest primeval," before greed and utility had robbed an equal right to its own.

Many a time and oft have I stood upon a certain road bridge I wot of, a bridge spanning as likely a bit of trout water as one need care, and sought a "rise." It seemed as if there must be fish in that "deep," and I would not cease trying till I have been compelled, again and again, to do so from lack of any known lure. Then have I filled my pipe and sighed "it might have been." This refrain is as bitter a charge for a pipe as it is for the heart, and after a little the "fragrant leaf" seemed to be void of solace, and I turned the ashes upon the lonely waters, where they dispersed like fond hopes upon Life's fleeting tide. But, avant, melancholy the growing, budding year is no time for sadness, and the fisher's heart

should not long brood over a fishless water. There are well-stocked streams yet to be cast upon, and the time is not far distant when the now troutless ones will be cleft with their swift fins and glowing with their bonnie sides. Let us take heart of grace, enjoy with gratitude, and "preserve" with zeal.

"Tis life to young anglers in early spring time,  
In the spring time all so fair,  
Through the meadows to go, where primroses grow,  
Absorbing the sweet, mild air,  
When the butterfly comes and the great bee hums  
Round the sweet bled gossling clad,  
And a 'twit, 'twit,' sing the dicky birds sweet,  
Then the heart of the angler is glad."

The first spring duty (due to his own personal self) of the angler is to see that his tackle, every minute detail, is in prime and thoroughly usable order. Rods, flies, leaders, reels, lines and hooks are a nockery and a snare—to the temper, not to the fish—if they are in a condition to prove a failure at the critical moment. I once fished with a friend who had left his bait behind him, at home, distant several miles. Fortunately, I was well provided to share with him; but "it might have been" otherwise, and our long-expected fishing day have proven a blank one—i. e., as to well-stocked waters. This, the angler was a ludicrous and unusual "accidental occurrence" to a careful and precise angler; there fore, the more careful ought those of an opposite class to be. Hold hard, there! My homily is ended, brethren of the angle, and its application may be made by whomsoever will.

The winter, also, is ended, and the face of nature begins to smile; the meadows will soon be "wearful of the green," and, before we are aware, the May fly will be dancing its brief life over many a "pretty water," and may we "peek here to see." To see? Yes, to see and to feel the resistance of the trout as we "strike" and prepare for—what the fish may be preparing for us!

"Fishing weather's coming, lads,  
Look to your rods and flies!  
Winter soon shall pass away,  
Hope and spring will gain the day,  
And sport delight your eyes."

O. W. R.

### FLORIDA FISHING.

I HAVE just returned from a four months' trip to Florida and traveled quite extensively over the State, including the Kissimmee country, Indian River and the lake region. Everywhere I went I tried the fishing, and on the whole, the results were not satisfactory as to the catch, but I enjoyed the fishing all the same.

I first tried fly-fishing for black bass in the large lakes about Maitland and Winter Park in Orange county, in the month of December, but while I saw plenty of fish jumping, it seemed almost impossible to take them, although I tried live bait, trolling, bobbing, and fly-fishing, at all times of the day and in all kinds of weather.

An old settler here said that there was hard to take because the water was too clear. So I do not go to the clear water lakes of Florida for fishing at the same time of the year that I did.

The month of January I passed at Kissimmee city on Lake Tahopokigala, and in this lake I had all the fishing a sportsman could wish. The water in the lake is coffee-colored like the water in the St. John's River. The lake is about twenty miles long and about twelve miles wide in its widest part, and has a uniform depth of about twelve feet, and contains plenty of large-mouthed black bass, pickerel, grinnel and catfish. I saw a man there who told me he caught a black bass by trolling that weighed fifteen pounds. The largest fish I caught was an eight-pound bass, five-pound pickerel, and a twelve-pound cat. The grinnel are very plenty, large and very voracious, and give good sport with rod and reel. The twelve-pound cat I captured with an eight-ounce fly-rod. The blue cat are not to be despised; they are very fishy and abundant sport.

I reached my particular favorite spot by pulling across the lake from Kissimmee city to the mouth of a run a few hundred yards to the northward of what is known as Excelsior Island. There is a deep hole there, and I have had four fish hooked on four different lines at the same time, and as three of them were attached to light fly-rods, you can easily imagine the sport and excitement.

F. W. DICKINS.

### VERMONT AND CANADA NOTES.

I HAVE at this moment received a letter from an old sporting friend who resides in Franklin county, Vermont, giving me the welcome news that the lovers of the rod and gun in that country have at last thrown off their lethargy and have formed a society there for the purpose of protecting fish and game, and also will make an earnest effort to restock the depleted waters in that vicinity. Hon. Herbert Brainerd, one of the State Fish Commissioners, offers to procure for the society a quantity of *S. fontinalis*, rainbow trout and land-locked salmon fry, so that they can begin their work at once. You have started the ball, and now, gentlemen, keep it rolling. It will be uphill work at first, but energy and perseverance will surely overcome all obstacles.

Two of the most noted net-fishermen of Swanton, Vt., Messrs. Donaldson and Helliker, were a short time ago arrested while pursuing their nefarious work, and we are watching the action of those who have taken their punishment in hand, to see if it will be dealt out to them as they deserve, in full measure, or that it will be allowed to fizzle out and no good results come out of it. These men have openly violated the fishery laws for years, and have made it a standing order that they would, and in spite of the game officers continue to do so.

I passed the Matapedia and Restigouche rivers a few days ago and they were firmly ice-locked, and will continue in that state for some weeks yet. The trout and salmon season in the province of Quebec and Maritime provinces will open late.

As the pike-perch, or as we call them "dore," taking fly, it is common occurrence to take them in the St. Lawrence, Ottawa and Richelieu rivers, during the months of July and August, after sunset, on a white-winged fly, but during the daytime a live minnow is the most killing bait. In our cold Northern rivers they are a game fish, first cousin to the black bass, and when broiled are nearly equal to the bass in flavor.

STANSTEAD.

- RUTLAND, Vt., April 10, 1883.

### THE SECRETS OF SALMON GROWTH.

[From Blackwood's Magazine, February, 1883.]

ALTHOUGH the salmon has been asked, again and again, to render up the secrets of its life, it steadily refused to reveal the number of its days, or the time-table of its progress: from the moment it quits its watery nest till the period when it finds an honored place on our dinner-tables, many of its movements are shrouded in mystery. As was said once upon a time by the Ettrick Shepherd, who was a keen observer of the habits of *Salmo salar*, "Whereabouts it takes to when it is putting on its flesh, or how long it takes to garnish his banes, neither me nor Charley Purdie can tell—it's a problem." And a problem, of the most tenacious and puzzling kind, it will remain to the days of a salmon in the waters, and to use another phrase of James Hogg's, "How the fish fills its time" from its cradle to its grave, are still puzzling questions alike to naturalists and fishery economists; while to the general public the ratio of growth of that or any other fish is, at all times, as a seal-a-book. When pater-familias is selecting the middle cut of a choice 33-lb. fish with which to grace his dinner-table and honor his guests, it may probably occur to him to ask his fish-merchant what the age of that fine salmon perchance may be; but the fish-merchant is most likely as ignorant as himself, and cannot tell him. Notwithstanding that the fact of its origin and incomings has been frequently diagnosed, the time-table of salmon life is full of mysterious blanks; it is in vain that men have assiduously watched these fish and taken note of their growth, and tried to find out at what periods they become reproductive, and at what age they die—such labors have not added much to the sum of our knowledge.

Taking the salmon with which we have started as a basis of argument—the 33-lb. fish referred to—it would be interesting indeed if its age could be correctly determined. Absurd stories and ridiculous conjectures have, we know, been at various times circulated about the rapid growth of this fine fish, but most of the tales told have required a very large pinch of salt to make them palatable, so manifold are the perplexities which beset the growth of this "monarch of the brook," and so numerous and so unaccountable are the facts has to encounter before it attains a weight of 33 lbs. avoirdupois! One of the controversies which environed the early life of the salmon has been singularly difficult to "put to silence." The "parr question," as it was called, had lasted and raged for sixty or seventy years, during which period the war of words and letters had been imbued with such a wonderful amount of vitality as to keep all who were interested in the natural and economic history of the salmon in a perpetual state of excitement. The part question is an old story now, but it is one which will bear to be told in a brief fashion.

Long ago—and to-day as well—many rivers were found at a particular season to be populous—to swarm, in fact, with a small finger-marked fish, which in Scotland was known as "the parr," but in England was called a "smelt" or "brandling." Sixty years since there were men, naturalists and other experts, who said that these young things were "distinct species" and "not the young of salmon." Indeed, some of the more learned of the brethren—Sir Humphry Davy was one of them, Dr. Knox the anatomist was another—said the parr was hybrid. Mr. Yarrell was pretty much of the same opinion, although he was less decided in his utterances than some other naturalists. In one place he states the prevalence of an opinion that parrs are hybrids and all of them males. His reason for saying that the parr is not the young of the salmon "is that it is so different in its wing scales." "That the parr is not the young of the salmon," or, indeed, of any other of the large species of salmonidae, as still considered by some, is sufficiently obvious, from the circumstance that parr by hundreds may be taken in the rivers all the summer, long after the fry of the year of the larger migratory species have gone down to the sea.

To have said in those days that the parr was the young of the salmon was to court abuse, at least ridicule; but for all that, there were men of original views who held the belief that the little fish which were so plentiful were undoubtedly salmon in an early stage of growth, and that, in time, they would obtain the dignity of scaled fish, and be recognized as smolts—"smolt" being at that date the name given to the recognized young of the salmon. Among those who so believed was James Hogg, to whom reference has already been made; he repeatedly declared, with all his might, "that he had seen very fine parrs, and that, in other words, that he had more than once handled a parr just as they were becoming smolts." "Have I not held them in these hands many a time," said the Shepherd, "just as the scales were forming upon them? In fact, I have a hundred times rubbed off the newly-formed scales, and seen with my own eyes the marks of the parr, and no mistake about it." The Shepherd certainly shed some degree of light over the darkness which then prevailed, and down to his day has surrounded the salmon. Moreover, the Shepherd was patriotic in his views—he knew that thousands of the parr were annually captured to fill the frying-pans of Tweedside, and his plea was, "Spare these young ones; let us rather eat them in a year or two, when they have become of an age to afford sport to the angler and food to the people."

Another person who entered into the parr controversy with enthusiasm, but at the same time with more method than the Shepherd, was Mr. Shaw of Drumblugh, forerunner to the Duke of Buccleuch, Mr. Shaw being at that time backward in his method of manipulation, contented himself with privately gathering salmon eggs from the "redds" on which they had been deposited by the female fish, and placing them in an enclosed place saw that they produced parr; but on announcing his discovery and the method of it to some friends, he was told he had made a mistake, and that his fish were not true parr but young salmon. "They must be young salmon," he said, "seeing that you got them from the eggs of the female fish, and in due season were not to be driven from his purpose; and to make good his discovery he caught one day a few parr—it was on the 11th of July, 1832, that he did so—and kept them in a pond until they had changed into smolts, which they did between April and the middle of May, 1834. Yet in the face of such a fact Mr. Shaw and his "theory" were still discredited. To make sure of his ground, therefore, he repeated his experiments with a dozen parrs of larger growth, which he took from a salmon-stream (the Nith), and in due season the satisfaction of seeing them become smolts—the change from parr to more advanced stage of salmon life requiring a period of two years to accomplish.

On this very remarkable point of salmon biography Mr. Shaw met an opponent who traversed his views. Mr. Young of Invershing, gamekeeper to the Duke of Sutherland, had

also been experimenting on the young salmon, with a view to determine whether or not parr grew into smolt, and at what age the change from the first stage to the second took place. Mr. Young said the change took place in a period of twelve months, while Shaw maintained that two years elapsed before the parr assumed the scales of the smolt. Curiously enough, both in the sequel proved to be right; but the difficulty which had arisen was not settled till the salmon nursery of the river Tay was open in use for a period of two years last year, when he became thoroughly interested in the experiments he had undertaken, and excited by the opposition which was offered to his conclusions, buckled to his work in such a way as to astonish his opponents. His ultimate triumph was complete in its every detail. "I compelled my enemies to admit," he said, "that I had proved the parr to be the young of the salmon, and the salmon to be the parent of the parr."

It seemed the very irony of fate that Mr. Robert Buist—who had been in his day a commercial salmon-fisher in a large way of business, and who had hotly challenged and derided the Ettrick Shepherd's discovery that parr were the young of the salmon—should, as superintendent of the Tay fisheries, have to proclaim not only that parr were young salmon, but also that of each hatching a moiety became smolts at the end of one year, while the other moiety did not. The latter, which he imbibed with the migratory instinct till they had attained the age of two years, at this point of salmon growth may be held to have been finally settled by the operations conducted at Stormontfield, which began in the year 1853, and are still continuing. No one can explain this peculiar problem of parr life—how it comes that of two eggs deposited at the same time by the same fish, one becomes a smolt and seeks the salt water twelve months earlier than a fish born of the other egg! Various experiments have been tried and tried, and what proved an operation of nature has been arranged, but without avail. The young fish which seek the sea at the end of the first year are well mixed, there being a due proportion of males and females—the same holding good of the half of the brood which remain in the ponds. Nor has the size of the salmon from which supplies of ova and milt for artificial spawning are obtained anything to do with the solution of this remarkable problem. A 40-lb. female fish may provide the eggs and a 5-lb. grise the milt, without affecting the result. None of our fishery experts, nor any of the naturalists of the period, have been able to solve this remarkable riddle in natural history.

For the salmon's first entry in the time-table of its life there now exists reliable data; and to insure precision of statement, we shall enter the figures in their order, which is as follows:

Salmon eggs taken from the gravid fish, let us say from the 11th November 1862, till the 11th December of the same year, and fertilized with milt obtained in the same manner and at the same time from Tay salmon. These fish came to life in (first egg broke on the 12th) March 1863—the hatching process (it was an open winter) occupying about 115 days; in some years 120 days elapse before eggs hatched in the open air burst and the young salmon are released from their fragile prison. About 10th May, 1864, a first division of the crop of young fish (eggs of 1862) began to leave the Stormontfield ponds as smolts, and the migration continued till about the 25th of the same month.

At the date of their migration these young ones would be, say, fourteen months old.

The other moiety of the fish was left in the pond (or rather would have been left, had not the pond burst and the fish escaped into the river) for another year, and would not have come into smolt till the 15th of May—twenty-six months old, being at that time in the river Tay.

To this point the fish can be watched and traced—has been in reality watched and traced for a period of thirty years—with the utmost accuracy; and before speculating further on the salmon's tenure of existence, it may be permitted us to state that the parr cannot exist in salt water, nor can the eggs of the salmon be hatched in the sea, as has been sometimes alleged; both experiments have been tried and failed. On the other hand, smolts elude in their panoply of scales have been carried from the river Tay to Stonehaven in Kincardineshire, a distance of sixty miles; and upon being placed in a salt water pond at once took kindly to their new habitation, and rapidly became of greater size and weight. In about six months three of the smolts in question were seen, and by that time they had doubled their size.

Among the curiosities of parr may be mentioned the fact that specimens of these fish have been occasionally taken with their milt well developed. This circumstance was first noticed and tested by Mr. Shaw of Drumlanrig, who stated that with the milt of a parr—he it noted a fish about the size of a minnow—he had successfully fructified the eggs of a large salmon; and a similar experiment, with like result, was tried at Stormontfield. As regards female parr, none have been observed with their roe so developed as to give hope of their being able to perpetuate their kind; by far the greater portion of the females in their first year seem destitute of the most rudimentary signs of ova.

As may be supposed, the operations carried on at Stormontfield were taken advantage of to ascertain some facts as to the rate of growth of the fish. Various modes of marking the departing smolts were at different times adopted, so that, when any of them were caught, they might be recognized. Having some personal knowledge of what was done in this matter, and the smolts, and having more than once been present at the annual census of these fish, the writer claims to speak with some little authority upon this matter. First of all, let it be stated that the dangers to which the young fish are exposed are so manifold and regular in their occurrence, that it has been calculated by some fishery economists that not above one, or at the very most two, eggs in each thousand deposited by the female are hatched at maturity as fish. This is a statement, however, which must be accepted with a considerable degree of reserve. That a very large percentage of the eggs of all fish are never hatched we know; it is a fate, as will by and by be shown, incidental to the conditions under which the parent salmon and other fish deposit their ova; but to believe that only one or two out of each thousand eggs come to maturity as fish for the table, would imply such an enormous number of breeding salmon in the river Tay as to fill the river in addition to the grown stock. To provide the salmon stock of the Tay, for instance—from which stream it is necessary every season to take 70,000 to 80,000 salmon to pay rent of fishing stations and wages of fishermen, wear and tear of fishing-gear and interest of capital employed—would require a greater stock of "spawners" and "milkers" than its tributaries have apparently room to contain. It is impossible to make up a census

of the salmon population of the river Tay, but it is certain that at all periods of the year it must contain probably over a million fish of all ages, from the parr—of perhaps 100 to the pound weight—to the comparative giants of the water, which weigh from 25 to 40 lbs. In the months of April and May, for instance, there will be in the river at the same time parr about two months old, parr fourteen months old, and parr just changing into smolts, as two-year-olds. There will also be spring salmon, and probably a few grise, coming kind of all ages and dimensions, ascending and descending the river by day and by night; the capturing of marketable specimens for sale will be going on actively as well, so that the time-table of salmon life, as regards the Tay, or, indeed, any other stream, will be full of the most varied figures, if one could tabulate them with any degree of accuracy. The annual renewal of the Tay stock, if the estimate referred to were to be adopted, would require between 2,000 and 3,000 female salmon weighing 5 lbs. each, and each year would be required to produce 20,000 eggs; a similar body of male fish would be necessary—although, as a matter of fact, one male will suffice to spawn the eggs of several females—but, curiously enough, the sexes are far from being equal in number. If we take into account the fish stolen by poachers, the number of breeders indicated would be insufficient.

In consequence, then, of the mortality incidental to fish life, a very large number of any particular brood would require to be marked to insure one or two of the being recaptured either as grise or larger fish; therefore, when we say that on one occasion sixty-four smolts were marked by a particular cut in the dead fin, and that no less than five of these fish were afterward identified (in the course of about ten weeks), we believe we are stating that which pretty nearly amounts to an impossibility—namely, that seven per cent. of the smolts (70 per 1,000) return to their native water as well-grown fish, and that the value of the smolts recaptured is being that there would be more of the marked fish in the waters than those absolutely caught. If there were other five, that would represent the return of 140 per 1,000, which would detract from the value of all previous calculations as to the percentage of destruction. The smolts, when marked, would probably be about five inches in length, and of corresponding grise. The date of the marking operation was 24th May, 1862, in which of the smolts were recaptured from the ponds the periods of recapture being as follows:

Aug. 16.—A grise weighing 9 lbs. was reported as having been caught, and as having the mark made on it when it was a smolt.

Aug. 20.—Another of the marked fish taken as a grise, weighing 5 lbs. (Both of these fish were identified by Mr. Buist and Mr. Brown, who performed the operation of marking.)

Aug. 23.—Another marked fish taken which weighed 25 lbs.

Aug. 26.—A marked grise captured, but weight not given.

Sept. 19.—A grise of 7 lbs. taken, also bearing the pond mark.

The weights of the four fish given show an average growth of something like 6 lbs. as having taken place within say a hundred days. But, as the hatching of the grise, within a period indeed of eighty-four days, this rate of growth is, too, is wonderful when compared with that of the smolts placed in the salt-water pond at Stonehaven; these fish only doubled their size in six months, when they would be some nine inches long, and about twelve ounces or thereabouts in weight. Verily the quick rate of increase of size in the sea is marvellous as a fact in the natural history of the salmon; and the value of the striking change of circumstances, as regards the S. S. of the question, is also of the greatest importance; it means that, from being an article of almost no money value, smolts become in less than one hundred days fish worth eight or ten shillings each at the wholesale rate. It is not stated whether or not the 9-lb. grise contained roe or milt, which is to be regretted, because at the weight indicated the fish presumably would be seeking a place in which to deposit its eggs or to hatch, and to add to the curiosity of the situation, these fish might be able to spawn their eggs to be hatched, and the first moiety of the brood be going to the sea at the same time as their uncles and aunts! Founding on these facts, the time-tables of salmon life now stand as follows:

Of the same brood, one moiety has remained in the ponds from the date of hatching as parr, weighing probably an ounce, which, if we have gone on to the scales of the same fish, have gone off to the sea and have returned as grise of the average weight of 6 lbs.

That the markings of the smolts referred to were carefully made is certain, and that Mr. Brown, teacher, Perth, and Mr. Buist, superintendent of the River Tay Fisheries, thought the fish which they saw to be the fish marked at Stormontfield, there need be no hesitation in believing. These gentlemen acted throughout in good faith. Our own doubts arise, not so much from the mode of marking which was adopted—marking the dead fin, however, is not always convincing in the event of recapture when a reward is offered, seeing that the mark may be and has been imitated—but from the large percentage of fish retained—a number that previously would have been voted as purely imaginative, considering the destruction which takes place among the smolts when they reach the sea. Some naturalists have calculated that not above one to each five of the fish marked the smolts that descend from the upper waters of a river to the sea will return as living fish. At the mouths of all salmon rivers there awaits the annual advent of the smolts an army of enemies with keen appetites, so that the carnage which takes place is positively dreadful. Moreover, it has been surmised by one or two naturalists that half of the smolts remain in the sea for a year before seeking to return to the place of their birth. Of the sixty-four fish marked in the Tay, therefore, only half remained in the sea, and none at all fell victims to their enemies either going or coming, five, according to all showing, was an extraordinary number to recapture; and the fact being taken for granted, the question then arises, whether or not the rates of increase will continue—that is to say, will a fish, which adds 6 lbs. to its weight in a hundred days, attain a weight of 20 lbs. within a year? Should that be so, the 33-lb. fish of our imagination would not be much older than the two-year-olds of age, while its brothers and sisters might still have been parr.

Before going further, it may be as well to recur in more exact figures than has yet been done to the mortality which, during the earlier stages of its growth, attends the progress of the salmon. Assuming that a 25-lb. female fish of the salmon kind will, in the course of the season, instinctively deposit on the redds 20,000 ova, it becomes of great interest

to know how many of these will hatch and yield young salmon, and how many of these young salmon will live to multiply and replenish their kind. Of one hundred eggs deposited on the natural conditions of spawning, it may, we think, be assumed that not more than three will yield fish. The following figures may be accepted as being representative of the position. They are not, the reader may rest assured, taken at haphazard, but after much inquiry and thoughtful consideration of all the circumstances which attend natural spawning.

The eggs being voided by the female salmon in running water, a large percentage in consequence escape being fertilized by the milt of the male fish, which is also, of course, discharged in the running stream. The number of eggs in each hundred which escape fertilization may be stated at, say 52.

Of the fertilized ova, a large percentage is devoured by enemies of all kinds long before it has time to hatch: the number may be put at 15. Again, some eggs prove barren, others produce monstrosities, while a great number are washed into places where they cannot hatch, the heavy floods of the winter season so often break up the redds, on which the eggs have been deposited. Under this head, then, it will be a fair calculation to put down 20 eggs, making 87 in all, and leaving only 13 in each hundred to become in due time table-fish and breeders of the future.

It would be quite possible to present even a darker picture than this of the destruction of salmon ova. A common trout, for instance, has been captured with as many as 700 salmon eggs in its gullet. While the keeper of the ponds at Stormontfield one morning shot "a long-legged heron"—when it was dying the bird vomited fifty of the young salmon which it had been feeding upon. The perils of the parr have been thus related by Mr. Buist:

"When the young fish come to life and burst the shell, they lie in a helpless state for five or six weeks, during which water beetles, shrimps and other insects prey upon them unceasingly. After they get into a swimming state, they are devoured by fish of all kinds, and also by sea-gulls and other birds. In the next stage, as finely parrs, they are exposed to the ravages of pike, trout, eels, and even salmon themselves. From the stomach of a yellow trout I have seen not fewer than ten full-grown parr cut out—the specimens may be seen in the Perth Museum; and we have seen the stomachs of every one in a shoal of from forty to fifty pike, captured in the act of devouring them."

Taking note of the 120 fish per thousand, which are all that come to life out of that number of salmon eggs, it will be seen anon how they are disposed of; and the perils to which they are subjected from poachers will be recounted. But to the list of the more common evils which hinder the growth of our salmon—many of them, no doubt, the result of the various "pollutions" which are permitted to flow into our rivers—falls to be added a new horror. We are alluding to the outbreak of *suppuratio ferax*—a disease or growth of a fungoid kind, which in a brief period has played such havoc in the waters of the classic Tweed, as to have resulted in the destruction of over 14,000 fine fish of all sizes in the course of a season! Such a number of deaths in so short a period must prove a most potent factor in the destruction of the fish, and a large percentage of mortality must tend, for some years to come, to lower the average weight of the Tweed fish, and also to decrease the value of Tweed salmon both for table use and breeding. No solution of this new problem of salmon life has been yet arrived at, and in consequence no cure has been devised. A Royal Commission, which traveled the country to inquire into the causes of the outbreak, was unable to do more than take evidence—the Commissioners not being able to arrive at any definite conclusion as to a cause, far less to formulate a remedy. It has been actively asserted during the prevalence of the epidemic, that it is a result of the chemical manures which are washed off the adjacent lands in times of flood; but it must not be forgotten that a similar disease is said to have been known sixty years ago, when farmers did not use chemical manures. The cause could be no more than the kind of manure. There are some writers on the subject who believe the disease to result from the over-stocking of the water. But in the days when the Tweed yielded over 200,000 fish in the course of the season, there was no disease—at any rate the disease did not then become epidemic; yet now, when the Tweed is perhaps not yielding a fourth of that number of marketable salmon, and is at any rate presumably not half so populous with fish, the disease it once was, the disease has been much worse in that river than in any other salmon stream—more than half of the big fish in the Tweed having died this season (1881–82) from being attacked by the deadly fungoid growth. In some of the other salmon rivers of Scotland the disease has also proved most fatal.

That a considerable annual mortality exists at all times among the adult fish of all salmon streams we know, although the exact extent of it is seldom proclaimed. As a matter of fact, the salmon, from its cradle to its grave, is pursued with the greatest industry by a perfect horde of relentless enemies. But when all is said and done that can be said and done, and all the *pros* and *cons* of the salmon disease have been well discussed, it will probably be found that the severity of the attack is due to the impure condition of the water, or, at all events, is aggravated thereby. There is, we think, evidence that this is so—from the fact that the outbreak of *suppuratio ferax* has been most destructive in those waters which are most subject to pollution. In the river Tay the mortality from fungoid growth has only reached 2,000 fish—plenty, of course; but, considering the relative magnitude of the streams, far less than in the Tweed. Many opinions have been offered as to the cause and spread of this fungoid growth, but no two persons are agreed upon the matter. In the columns of our local newspapers, correspondence is found on the subject, and battles about the disease are being fought, but it would serve no good purpose to dissect the numerous theories which have been started on the subject. As a step towards a remedy, let us first of all have the purest of pure water, instead of water thick as sirup, with "matter in the wrong place." When salmon find themselves in a clean, clear-flowing stream, disease of all kinds will assuredly disappear, or at all events greatly abate in its intensity. In the mean time, the fact that the fish in the river Tweed should have been made to lose, in all probability, about a third of their capital stock of fish from this loathsome disease.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Two quail hunters in California recently discovered a vein of coal which is said to equal the best Pennsylvania anthracite.

# TROUT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

A VERY enthusiastic trout fisherman, resident of the Lehigh Valley, who is thoroughly posted in reference to the state of the streams in that section of the State of Pennsylvania, writes as follows: "There have been a few trout caught with bait in the dams and deep holes, but very few with fly. Some parties were out on the 1st (Sunday) and took a nice lot out of the dam where we had such fine sport a year or two ago, and I heard of another lot being caught on Monday or Tuesday following at the same place, but they are not catching any in the streams yet. I ran out on Thursday, the finest looking day we have had, and only took about a dozen small ones. I did not go up to the dam resort, but to the stream below. Parties who had been there reported they had been run off, and as there was at least a dozen of them who came straight down stream in pairs and threes, I concluded the fellow who lives there must be mad enough to curse his grandmother, so I started away. All of them I met were worm fishermen, some had one trout, some two, and some not so many. I tried bait at first but could not do anything with it, then tried every fly in my book with no better success, became disgusted and started for home. I should have known better than to go out, but it was a bright sunny day, and as there had been some light catches reported earlier, concluded to try it. I am satisfied there is no use fishing until the snow water is done running that is in the main stream.

"It is all right if you can strike them in a pool or dam where they have laid all winter, but when the north sides of the hills are covered with snow two or three feet deep they don't move out of winter quarters much. When I left this creek at one place I waded through snow half leg deep. The idea of trying to fool an old trout that has spent more than one winter in the stream with a 'hand-made fly,' when the ground above him is covered with snow and the air and water cold enough to freeze a fly stiff in a minute, is rather thin. He may come up and look at the fly if you put it on the water just right well over it, like a porpoise, and sink like a stone to be seen no more until warmer weather. One of the dozen I caught not more than half of them were hooked in the mouth. Some were hooked near the eye on the outside and some at the other end. The only good fight I had was with one hooked near the vent. He fought bravely and renounced me of old times when we used to take them weighing from a pound to two and a quarter. The creeks nearest the railroads are all fished to death. The first few warm days of the season, when you and your friend come up, we will drive back in the country for about five miles."

From the above letter a fair estimate can be made of the condition of all the trout streams in the State and not merely those of the Lehigh Valley section. We are very late this year.

APRIL 12, 1883.

Hoxo.

## WHAT IS A GAME FISH?

THIS moment question has been decided by the Attorney-General of the State of Illinois, in reply to one of the Commissioners of Fisheries of that State, as follows:

ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OFFICE, STATE OF ILLINOIS,

Chicago, March 31, 1883.  
Hon. S. P. Bartlett, Secretary Board of Fish Commissioners:  
DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your communication asking:

1. What is the meaning of the words "game fish," as used in Section 1 of an act approved May 13, 1879, Laws of 1879, page 108?

2. What degree of circumstantial evidence is necessary to justify the Commissioners in causing arrests for the violation of the law in relation to fish? Is possession in quantities of such fish, without evidence of any other circumstances, hook and line, sufficient to justify the arrest of the possessor?

3. Is any notice necessary to require fishways to be built in accordance with the law of March 9, 1879?

Permit me to say, in reply:

First—The words "game fish" include any and all fish commonly used and suitable for food, whether belonging to any of the species named in said Section 1 of the act of May 13, 1879, or not.

Second—Any evidence or circumstance which would cause a reasonable man to believe that the law had been violated, would be sufficient to justify an arrest. Possession of fish (within the time prohibited by law), with any attendant circumstances to indicate that they had been caught in a manner prohibited by law, such as possession of them in large quantities without evidence of having been caught by hook and line, and at the same time possession of a seine, net, or having the appearance of recent use of any other circumstance, indicating that they were caught unlawfully, would be sufficient to cause an arrest, and proof of these circumstances, without any rebutting circumstances or evidence in explanation, would be sufficient to sustain a conviction.

Third—No notice to build fishways is required, and all persons own fishing dams or other obstructions without the proper fishway as required by law, are liable to fine, whether any notice has been served or not.

Very respectfully,

JAMES MCCARTNEY,  
Attorney-General.

## OHIO FISH LAWS.

THE new law relating to fishing in Lake Erie, which has just passed the Ohio Legislature, seems to us to be designed to prevent all bass fishing. The clause relating to the time prohibited by law, with any attendant circumstances, prohibiting fishing of any kind at any time, is the favorite bass ground, and we do not understand why the fishing is to be prohibited there. We give the law entire: A bill to amend section 6,968 of the Revised Statutes of Ohio, as amended April 20, 1881.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That section 6,968 of the Revised Statutes of Ohio, as amended April 20, 1881, be amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 6,968. Whoever, in any body of water, whether natural or artificial, lying in the State of Ohio, except in private fishing waters, in Lake Erie, Mercer county reservoir, and the Licking county reservoir, catch in any way other than by a hook and line, any fish, except minnows, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, on conviction, be punished as hereinafter provided. Whoever draws, sets, places or locates any seine, net, gill net, trap or any fish net or device for catching fish, except for minnows or catches, except with hook and line, any fish except minnows, aforesaid, in any of the inland waters of the State of Ohio, or the waters of Lake Erie, west of Avon Point, from the 1st day of June to the 1st day of October of each year, or in the waters of Lake Erie, east of Avon Point, from the 10th day of June to the 10th day of October, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall, on conviction, be punished as hereinafter provided.

Whoever shall, at any time of the year, in Lake Erie, in the vicinity of the islands thereof, and in the bays tributary thereto, upon the shores and reefs therein, by means of any device whatever, fish for or catch any fish, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction, punished as provided hereinafter. Whoever buys, sells or offers for sale any fish caught out of season or in any manner prohibited by this act, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction, punished as herein provided; Provided, that nothing in this section or the several statements of offenses herein contained shall prevent the fish commissioners of this State, or their agents, from taking fish at any time or place for stocking ponds, lakes and rivers, and for the maintenance and cultivating fish artificially, and for no other purpose; and provided further, it is hereby made the duty of said fish commissioners, on complaint of any person or otherwise, to prosecute all violations of this section, and any person may make complaint of any violation of this section before any justice of the peace, having jurisdiction of the same. And whoever shall violate any of the several provisions herein contained shall, for each and every such offense, be fined not more than \$100 and not less than \$1, or imprisoned not more than sixty days, or both, at the discretion of the court; that nothing in this section shall prevent the catching of suckers and mullets in any manner between the 20th day of March and the 20th day of April in each year.

Sec. 2. That said section 6,968, as amended April 20, 1881, be and the same is hereby repealed, and this act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

## DOES THE MASKALONCE LEAP?

THE picture of a leaping maskalonce, by the late S. A. Kilbourne, in the "Game Fishes of the United States," has raised this question among anglers. We have heard it discussed in the tackle stores, and now our old friend, Hon. Ellis Phinney, chairman of the fish committee of Otsego county, N. Y., sends us the following:

In company with the late Hon. George B. Warren, of Troy, N. Y., a life-long angler and one of the greatest men known to our ilk, it was my good fortune for several successive summers, long years ago, to troll the pleasant Canadian waters for maskalonce. His own original and favorite water was Rice Lake, where he once captured in a single day, with two rods, twenty-one fish, averaging over ten pounds each. Since that time poaching, spearing, netting and dredging have brought them to the fish market, and any such record would now be impossible. To the great credit of the Canadian authorities, however, a most determined effort is now being made to restore to that water its former prestige.

Our joint excursions were generally made to Pigeon Lake and its tributaries, where, during the month of June, we had always capital sport, its average catch being about one hundred pounds per day, instead of mine (I being then a tyro) about seventy pounds. His largest fish was twenty-four pounds, mine twenty-one and a quarter. The general average was about eight pounds. In other words, the daily catch was from eighteen to twenty-five fish, and we must have taken in all from this single water more than five hundred maskalonce, and of all this large number I do not hesitate to state positively that more than one-half, possibly more than two-thirds, threw themselves the instant they were hooked, either entirely or partly out of water. Times without number have I seen them do this. They were quite as likely to do it as the small-mouthed black bass, and nothing has surprised me more than to hear the question so seriously discussed as it has since been.

On one occasion in particular, I remember trolling in Pigeon Lake, near some dead timber, over likely ground, but against a heavy sea, the curmsan pulling at his best, when suddenly the boat was actually brought to a standstill by a tremendous strike. The next instant my best rod snapped in the middle. I turned just in time to desecr the monster who had caused the mischief wholly out of water, flashing in the sunshine, with my yellow spoon and his feather dangling from his gills. A second later and he was gone with all my tackle. This splendid fish I was obliged to weigh at the end of one hundred feet of line, in a gate of wind, on a very rough water and under excitement, but as nearly as I can recall the figures, he tipped the scale at exactly twenty-nine pounds, fifteen and three-quarter ounces.

On one point my memory is absolutely perfect, and that is that, although a married man of more than thirty years standing, I had still remaining on my pate a few straggling hairs, every one of which was electrified and stood straight out for twenty-four hours after the stirring incident above mentioned.

In regard to the weight of the big fish, viz., twenty-nine pounds, fifteen and three-quarter ounces, it would have been easy to add the other quarter of an ounce, and so made it an even thirty pounds. But no reputable angler would be willing to sacrifice himself on one quarter of an ounce of fish. I have, therefore, adhered scrupulously to the scales.

ELLIS PHINNEY,  
Chairman Fish Committee.

COOPERSTOWN, April 10.

HARTFORD NOTES—Hartford, Conn., April 13.—Trout fishing has been very poor thus far, the cool wave still hangs on, and the "specked beauties" do not seize the festive worm with that snap the angler could wish. A few snipe have been shot here the past week; we do not have but a few days shooting on them in the spring. The Connecticut River is very high and the water is running fast, having their fun now. Where are the red-headed woodpeckers? One year ago the woods were full of them, and I learn of as many as four having been shot by two persons in one day, who killed them for eating—they must have been a rich morsel. I should as quick think of eating house flies. We have a sportsman here who claims that fox steak is a very fine dish. He can have my fox every time.—FLICK FLICK.

ROCKFISH IN THE DELAWARE.—There is a great complaint of the scarcity of rockfish in the Delaware River. It is getting more noticeable every year. Old fishermen say if the big thirty-pounders caught in the seines were put back in the stream where they were taken, instead of being marketed and sold for two to three dollars each, a difference would be shortly seen. The Anglers' Association of Philadelphia is agitating the question of appointing a fish warden for Schuylkill River, and propose the prohibition of the use of all nets. It is said that the visible decrease of the black bass between Fairmount and Manyunk is caused by set and fyke nets. The dye stuff has more to do with it than anything else.—Hoxo.

ROUTE TO THE NEPIGON.—In answer to "Angler's" question in your impression of April 5, I beg to inform him that I made an expedition to Nepigon from the Indian Territory in '81. I found from inquiry that the only convenient route was to go to Chicago, to take steamer thence to Sault Ste. Marie, and to re-embark on a Canadian steamer from that point to Red Rock, Nepigon. Time from Chicago to Sault Ste. Marie two or three days; time from Sault Ste. Marie to Red Rock also two or three days, but in both parts of the journey the steamers are very liable to defection from fog, wind and the number and length of stoppages they may make on the way. The difficulty in reaching Nepigon for a man who is pressed for time lies in catching the Canadian boat bound for Red Rock at Sault Ste. Marie. The headquarters of the Canadian lines are at Sarnia and Collingwood, and by writing to the agents there your correspondent can find out the dates of the arrival at Sault Ste. Marie of those of their steamers that are bound for Red Rock. Your correspondent will get good fishing at "the First Long Portage," about fourteen miles above Red Rock, but not lower down. The fishing gets better the further up you go, but it is quite good enough at the place just mentioned. The portage is two or three miles long and there is abundance of good pools on the part of the river alongside. This portage is a good place to camp, and you can send up your outfit and provisions in a large sailing boat to that point, but no further.—AN ANGLER.

I am much obliged to "Fishman" for his full and explicit answer to my question as to the shortest time route to Nepigon in the FOREST AND STREAM. Will he allow me to ask another? Is there regular steamer connection between Duluth or Superior and Red Rock; and if business carried one to St. Paul, would not that be a good route to take? And still another. The time part of the question is important. If it should rule out Nepigon, can good trout fishing still be had in the August in the State of Maine? Or, at any point which one could take in a day, in a day, en route to Boston with from three to four weeks at command?—ANGLER.

BASS ISLANDS ON LAKE ONTARIO.—Avon Springs, N. Y.—Speaking of angling resorts, lower Lake Ontario and the islands and shoals around it are famous, but of late bass in immense shoals seem to have covered the reefs and shores of the great islands on the American shore. Last summer it was no unusual trip to catch fifty of the most gamey bass and more if desired. Stony Island, and a group of islands surrounding it, and the mainland of Stony Point, were alive with fish on the flat rocks and gravel banks. Other fish are innumerable, and at proper seasons the fishing for pike by moonlight has been a great sport, and resulting in a boatload in a night. Taken by trolling hooks, Henderson Harbor is near all these points, and Lakeside Farms House, kept by O. N. Rogers & Co., Henderson, N. Y., is a very delightful landing on the bay, with board from \$5 to \$10 a week. These farms have a large dairy and afford a very pleasant and reasonable (in price) stopping place. I consider the location the most picturesque of the whole Thousand Islands section. Prof. Appleton, the noted biologist, has a large place opposite Lakeside, and is one of the most successful fishermen I ever have known.—R.

MINNESOTA FISHING.—I am surprised that the game qualities of the wall-eyed pike have ever been questioned. In Minnesota, I understand they are much neglected fish, fully the equal of the bass both in game and table excellences. During the months of June and October they are free biters, preferring live minnows or grub-worms, and yield as much sport to the pound as any fish I ever handled, not even excepting the trout. In all the lakes hereabouts they often attain a weight of eight and ten pounds, and their first rush upon feeling the steel awakens r minds me of the trout in Wisconsin Lake trout. In Long Lake, three miles from this village, I caught in one night, in one summer, forty pike, averaging five and one-half pounds each, or a total of 220 pounds. That was an exceptional day's sport, however, the "conditions" being wonderfully favorable. If any one doubts this statement "being all wool and a yard wide," I can show them the hole from whence the fish came, and a pile of bones in the rear of where my tent stood. I will also gladly act as guide and companion, to any one who may and true, who would a surprise of pike, bass or pickerel fishing.—J. FRANK LOCKE, (Pillsbury, Minn.)

COLORADO FISHING.—Rico, Col.—Your request in relation to fine trout fishing points has attracted my attention. To get as fine trout fishing as can be found in Colorado, and a view of some of our grandest scenery, the sportsman will take the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad for Rockwood on his way to Denver. A line of fine leaves Rockwood every morning for this point, from here parties can get transportation to Springfield in the West Dolores River (a new mining camp), where trout are in more than abundance. Fifteen miles will be the distance from here. Fish Lake, a large body of water, nine thousand feet elevation, is teeming with brook and salmon trout. The people are very hospitable, and parties will find prices moderate. Everyone must put up their own horse, as our country is so Game in abundance, bear, deer, grouse and rabbits. Scenery unsurpassed. I will spend a part of the season at each of the above places, and any information desired I will cheerfully give.—W. P. COTTER.

THE FISHERMAN'S PAPER.—There is in all the United States but one paper devoted entirely to fishermen and their interests. In the length and breadth of the land there are multitudes of papers devoted to special pleasures and pursuits, such as the *Railroad Journal*, the *Whelan*, the *Paper* for bicyclists, etc.; and with all our fishing interest it is not strange that a paper should cater for the fishermen. Gloucester, Mass., is the center of the fishing interest of America; every man, woman and child there lives, either directly or indirectly, from the fisheries. Those who do not fish make boats, sails, casks and other necessities for those who do, while others sell the fishermen points for their boots, clothing, and the like, and the United States Fish Commission. The Cape Ann *Advertiser* gives the fisherman his news, and reports his success or failure, and is the only fisherman's paper in the country. It is well edited and is a reliable and readable paper.

A RIVER MONSTER.—We have received an account of a terrible monster captured in the Tennessee River at Paducah, Ky., by a Canadian fisherman who rejoices in the name of Loof Lipra. We have read the account carefully, and have no doubt of its authenticity, especially since we have analyzed the fisherman's name and spelled it backward.





four months but two of these dogs, while at the latter place they were abundant. At Aix the Ulm dog was the favorite, and magnificent dogs they are. Another German friend, Mr. C. Lieck, says, "the points of our conversation, rather surprising me at the beginning of this noble species, by the intelligence that in Germany there were but three kinds of canines, known as "doggen," viz: the mastiff, the Ulmer and the Danish; all the other varieties are "hundes." At Mr. Lieck's dictation I wrote:

**General Appearance.**—The Ulmer has not the heavy appearance of the mastiff, neither the slender form of the hound, but between the two it holds a middle; with great head, carried high, strong but elegant figure, long stride and proud bearing, the tail generally hanging, but when under excitement at horizontal. The points of the good dog are—

**Head.**—Moderately long with high frontal and somewhat compressed at sides, then broader and flat over the eyes, the forehead in profile being but little higher than top of nose, rising at rear from front view; the nose and jaws strongly built, the bridge of the former being slightly concave; the upper lips hang slightly over lower jaw, with marked wrinkles at corner of mouth; under jaw neither protruding nor receding.

**Eyes.**—Small and round, with sharp expression, with well-developed eyebrows.

**Ears.**—Set high, and when clipped, as is the custom, standing upright, unclipped they droop.

**Neck.**—Long, vigorous and lightly curved; broad at breast.

**Chest.**—Broad, arched and deep.

**Back.**—Long and rounded, croup short, moderately sloping to the tail root.

**Tail.**—Broad and strong at root, tapering, not long, seldom reaching beyond the "sprunggelenk" (which I made out to be the muscles of ham just above knee).

**Belly.**—Well drawn up at rear.

**Limbs.**—Fore: Shoulders slanting, upper parts very muscular, running slightly outward at knees. Hind: very muscular ham, lower leg long and strong with angle similar to greyhound's.

**Feet.**—Rounded and pointing straight ahead, toes well rounded, claws strong and curved.

**Uti.**—Short, thin and thickly set.

**Colors.**—There are three marked varieties which are given precedence in value, thus:

1. The "gedammte," ground color, golden brown, yellow or gray, with dark flame-shaped splashes, nose, eyes and claws black.

2. The "one-colored," yellow, slate to ash gray, or white with light gray at snout, around eyes and along spine; eyes, nose and claws dark.

3. The "spotted or tiger dog," ground color, white or silver gray, with irregular shaped dark spots, eyes "glassy," nose and nails sometimes flesh-colored.

**Points.**—Forehead too much compressed, or in the profile too high, deep set, broad or hanging ears; short, plump throat too narrow chest, concave back, rounded croup with deep set tail, too narrow or too wide standing forelegs, or curves in the same; protruding knees, feet turned either way, white feet on the dark colored dogs, broad, spreading teeth; curved tail, color like a fox, flesh-colored noses on any except the tiger dogs. Some of these Ulmers are as large as the largest bloodhound.

The pelicula dogs of Europe, especially of Austria, Belgium and Germany, however, greatly they may differ in breed and style, have one strong point in common, for nearly all are well broken to harness, and perform for the agriculturist in the country, and for all sorts of trades in the city, the labor elsewhere demanded of horses and mules. The teams range from one dog to four, and once I saw six, four ahead and two under the wagon. Three is a very common number, the middle one being in shafts, the two outer in traces.

In Germany they are generally hitched ahead of the wagon, tied in Belgium to the rear axle and run under the vehicle.

The dogs of milk carts, garbage collectors and fish peddlers are so well trained that they could go their rounds undriven. In Aix it is quite common to see a cart consisting of a long pair of skids resting on the axle, and between the two dozen kegs of beer. Baggage is carried to and from the station by them, and one in Vienna with but slight aid on up-grades from the dienstmann, drew my baggage over one hundred kilograms, to the hotel.

Many of them are fearfully overworked, and lie down panting at every stoppage, but when at work pull for all of their weight. They are not shod in any way, and many of them soon wear out, their feet cracking and tearing. I have seen but one case where these animals have been used by any but the lower classes in laborers. There is here in Antwerp a crippled gentleman, who has a noble team of four large dogs, of which he uses two or all four, as he sees fit, for carriage dogs, having a very natty landau just big enough for one.

Antwerp, Belgium, Nov. 25, 1882.

## THE NEW YORK BENCH SHOW.

**FOLLOWING** is a complete list of judges for the New York bench show, which closes to-morrow.

For Irish setters and black and tan setters—Jno. C. Higgins, Esq., Delaware City, Del.

For English setters and pointers—Maj. J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky.

For spaniels and small non-sporting dogs—J. F. Kirk, Esq., Toronto, Canada.

For mastiffs, St. Bernards, berghunde and other large non-sporting dogs—James Watson, Esq., New York City.

For collies and beagles—Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Frederick county, Md.

### SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

The Eastern Fairs Trial Club offer the following prizes for dogs that have run and been placed in any of the field trials that have been held in America:

A.—For the best pointer bitch, a club medal suitably engraved.

B.—For the best pointer bitch, a club medal suitably engraved.

C.—For the best English setter bitch, a club medal suitably engraved.

D.—For the best English setter bitch, a club medal suitably engraved.

E.—For the best Irish setter bitch, a club medal suitably engraved.

F.—For the best black and tan setter, a club medal suitably engraved.

The Westminster Kennel Club offer the following prizes:

H.—For the best kennel of large-sized pointers, to consist of not less than five owned by exhibitor, a club medal suitably engraved.

I.—For the best kennel of small-sized pointers, to consist of

not less than five owned by exhibitor, a club medal suitably engraved.

J.—For the best kennel of English setters, to consist of not less than five owned by exhibitor, a club medal suitably engraved.

K.—For the best kennel of Irish setters, to consist of not less than five owned by the exhibitor, a club medal suitably engraved.

L.—For the best kennel of black and tan setters, to consist of not less than five owned by exhibitor, a club medal suitably engraved.

A gentleman sportsman offers a special prize of \$25 for the best English setter dog or bitch.

N.—George C. Sterling, Esq., of New York, offers a pair of imported baccharis vases, value \$25, for the best English setter dog in the open class.

O.—The U. S. Cartridge Company, of New York, offers \$20 cash for the best English setter puppy.

P.—The Messrs. Bruce offer as special prize one year's subscription for the best black and tan setter.

Q.—A member of the Westminster Kennel Club offers \$20 cash for the best black and tan setter puppy.

R.—A member of the Westminster Kennel Club offers \$15 cash for the best pointer dog, to be the get of Sensation.

S.—A member of the Westminster Kennel Club offers \$10 cash for the best black and tan setter dog or bitch.

T.—A member of the Westminster Kennel Club offers \$20 cash for the best pointer dog puppy.

U.—A member of the Westminster Kennel Club offers \$20 cash for the best pointer bitch puppy.

V.—A member of the Westminster Kennel Club offers \$20 cash for the best Irish setter puppy.

W.—A member of the Westminster Kennel Club offers \$20 cash for the best large-sized caniche poode.

X.—Messrs. Remington, Sons offer a special prize of a brace of pistols in the successful get of the best greyhound.

Y.—Messrs. L. & W. Rutherford offer \$25 for the best fox-terrier dog, got by one of their stud dogs, or bred in their kennels. Also \$25 for the best bitch, same terms and conditions. Donors do not expect.

Z.—The Westminster Kennel Club offers \$25 cash for best pug, dog or bitch, entered in the open classes.

AA.—The Westminster Kennel Club offers \$10 cash for best collie dog, got by one of their stud dogs, champion, March or champion, Tweed II, of the Westminster Kennel Club.

BB.—A friend of the Westminster Kennel Club offers \$25 cash for the best mastiff dog or bitch.

CC.—A friend of the Westminster Kennel Club offers \$25 cash for the best foxhound bred in this country.

DD.—The U. S. Cartridge Company, of Lowell, Mass., offer 500 of their new water-proof shot shells for the best English setter dog or bitch in the show.

EE.—Thomas H. Terry, Esq., offers \$10 cash for the best collie dog got by one of his stud dogs, champion, March or champion, Tweed II, of the Westminster Kennel Club. Same terms and conditions. Donor does not compete.

FF.—A friend of Irish setters, offers \$25 for the best brace (dog and bitch) of Irish setters, owned by the same person.

GG.—J. G. Hecksher, Esq., offers gold medal for best Chesapeake Bay dog or bitch.

HH.—J. G. Hecksher, Esq., offers gold medal for the best caniche poode.

No entries are required to be made for the special prizes that are offered as above, except classes A to L, but it is necessary that all dogs, to enable them to compete for the special prizes, must be enumerated in the premium list issued by the Westminster Kennel Club.

The award of the special prizes will govern the awards in the special classes as far as practicable without any judging. Entries close April 23. CHAS. LINCOLN, Sept.

## PRE-NATAL INFLUENCE.

ONE of our correspondents writes us: "Allen, in his book on American cattle, refers to the dog, and says, 'With regard to the dog, it has often been observed, and indeed it seems to be a matter of notoriety, that a well-bred bitch, if she has been impregnated with one of her own kind, will produce subsequently by a pure dog, bear thoroughbred puppies ever after, or at least in the next two or three litters. And it appears, further, that the progeny are affected in respect, not merely of their shape and color, but of their natural instinct also.' Is this a fact?"

Our experience in breeding dogs during the past thirty years has been quite extensive, and we have had several "accidents" of the above kind in our kennel, and our attention has often been called to them in the records we have yet to see an instance that would lead us to believe that the above is true. This, of course, is only negative evidence, and as well-known writers maintain the contrary, we are inclined to think that it is at least somewhat true, and should never feel quite sure about breeding a bitch that had previously had offspring by a cur. Our attention was first called to it in subject many years ago by reading an article in the *Scientific American*, entitled, "The Theory of Widdowood." Some cases were given, among them that of the mare and the quagga, to be presently quoted.

It has also been stated that the use of jacks in the State of Maine had so affected the mares that the horses bred there were called "jack-horses."

In the fourth edition of the "Handbook of Physiology," by Drs. Kirke and Paget, published in London, 1850, we find the following reference to this subject: "Nothing has shown what a powerful influence the male has in the case of a mare, or which is yet more remarkable, of the female, in the development of the characters in features, size, mental disposition and liability to disease which belong to the father. This is a fact wholly inexplicable, and is, perhaps, exceeded in strangeness by none but those which show that the seminal fluid either directly, or more probably through the medium of the mother, may exert such an influence not only on the ovum which it impregnates, but on many which are subsequently fertilized by other males."

"It has often been observed, for example, that a well-bred bitch, if she has once been impregnated by a mongrel dog, will not bear thoroughbred puppies for the next two or three litters after that succeeding the copulation with the mongrel. The best instance of the kind was in the case of a mare belonging to Lord Monson, who, while he was in India, and wished to obtain a cross-breed between the horse and the quagga, caused this mare to be covered by a male quagga. The male quagga was killed and the foal was born in the shape of its head, black bars on its legs and shoulders and other characters. After this time she was thrice covered by horses; and every time the foal she bore had still distinct though depressing marks of the quagga, the peculiar characters of the head and legs, and the color of the coat. The ovum then impregnated, but on the three following ova impregnated by horses. Of the various theories which have been advanced in explanation of this singular fact of which many parallel cases are recorded, the most plausible is that suggested by those recently promulgated by Dr. Alexander Harvey, according to which the constitution of an impregnated female becomes so altered and tainted with the peculiarities of the impregnating male through the medium of the fetus, that she necessarily imparts the peculiarities to any offspring she may subsequently bear by other males."

Should our correspondent care to investigate further he will find Dr. Harvey's articles which are entitled "On the Fetus in Utero as Influenced by the Maternal System," and "On the Fetus in Utero as Influenced by the Paternal System," in the *Parent as Influencing the Nutrition and Development of the Offspring*, can be found in the *Monthly Journal of Medical Science* for 1849 and 1850, and in the *Journal of Cross Breeding* in No. CXCLX of the same periodical, which is then called the "London and Edinburgh Medical Journal."

## BENCH SHOWS AND JUDGING.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

A sincere desire to see an improvement in all breeds of dogs prompts me to enter the lists, and break a lance in behalf of bench shows and judging generally, and particularly in behalf of that of some of the classes in the recent exhibition at Washington. I don't think some of the many exhibitors there can be fully aware of the purposes for which bench shows were created, and are held, or they would not be so eager to play at "cut and thrust" with their pens.

The much-maligned judge, in the defense at my hands, and perhaps will not blame me for my tilt in the melee of the tournament.

But having great faith in the results accruing from well-conducted canine competitions and critical judgment, I want to say a few words about them, and about good dogs and their masters, for I don't care a penny who owns them, be prince or peasant, and the recent judging especially. This is my excuse for the intrusion of this letter. Since the prizes were awarded at the nation's capital, have been named to read the growls with which the papers have been so richly freighted by several competitors, because their favorites were not crowned with laurels of victory.

I detest "squealing," except when it can be proven that the judge is grossly corrupt and grossly mistaken. The let the growls be gruff and trumpet-tongued! Otherwise "squealing" is unmanly, unsportsmanlike, and ungenerous. The decisions of one of the judges at Washington are harshly criticised by some of the judges at the recent exhibition, English setter and English classes. One competitor, Captain Jones, is so ungenerously enough to call one of these decisions "infamous." Pretty hard language, Captain, and in some quarters it might be dangerous to use it. Now, let us look at facts. A greyhound, which had at some previous period taken a shower, was presented with a broken leg before the judge. This gentleman, having had an experience of over twenty years in judging dogs of various breeds in England, Ireland, and Scotland, having made it a study, as men pursue sciences—and knowing the value of four good sound legs to a greyhound of all other dogs, and that without the free use of all four he cannot be a conqueror in the coursing field, very naturally, and justly, it seems to me, decided against the poor maimed animal, and was not prepared to take any more of it. I don't think that was sound of limb, and consequently able to run fast. For this he is taken to task, in a manner that seems to me entirely unjust, and to say the least, unsportsmanlike. Of course, a greyhound, which is lame, is not a good dog, and I look to immediate utility in our bench shows, and not merely that which looks graceful in repose. No greyhound should ever be exhibited on the bench that is not in fit condition to run a course.

We are supposed to take recruits for an army of usefulness and mobilization from "the blind, the lame and the halt," when stout, strapping fellows are waiting without to enlist, and the enemy is thundering at the gates! Dogs should be in perfect condition as well as in use, as possible, ready for service, the greyhound ready to run, light in flesh, ready in muscle, sound in limb; the setter and the pointer likewise, fit to follow the gun, and so the foxhound, ready to obey the music of the horn, and the bull-terrier and the fox-terrier, "light-strung" for the fray in their chosen arena. A dog, must be prepared for use, as well as for parade. Is a dog—a greyhound especially, of all others—in good condition and fitted for fun when one leg is injured so as to retard the perfect locomotion? And if so, why should we expect to assign that she should have been given a prize at the Washington show simply because some other judge had awarded her one on a former occasion? That seems to me, with all due respect to the fault-finder, an absurd method of arriving at a decision. Judge a dog on his merits, and not on his greyhounds, and therefore incompetent. Or his fellow competitors may have been a measly, wretched lot.

Judge No. 2 has made the judging of dogs a specialty for years, and has never been beaten. He has a special knowledge, and has bred greyhounds by the score. Has the owner of this greyhound bitch, who accuses the judge at Washington of "venting his spleen" on his dogs, ever trained his favorites for a courser's match, or "assisted" at these exciting contests of speed, skill and endurance? Has he ever been in California? If he has, then there must be know that the flying beauties who carry their colors to the front are not as straight in the stiles as is his bitch, otherwise they could not be counted on to have won the prize. He has a special knowledge, and has bred greyhounds by the score. Has the owner of this greyhound bitch, who accuses the judge at Washington of "venting his spleen" on his dogs, ever trained his favorites for a courser's match, or "assisted" at these exciting contests of speed, skill and endurance? Has he ever been in California? 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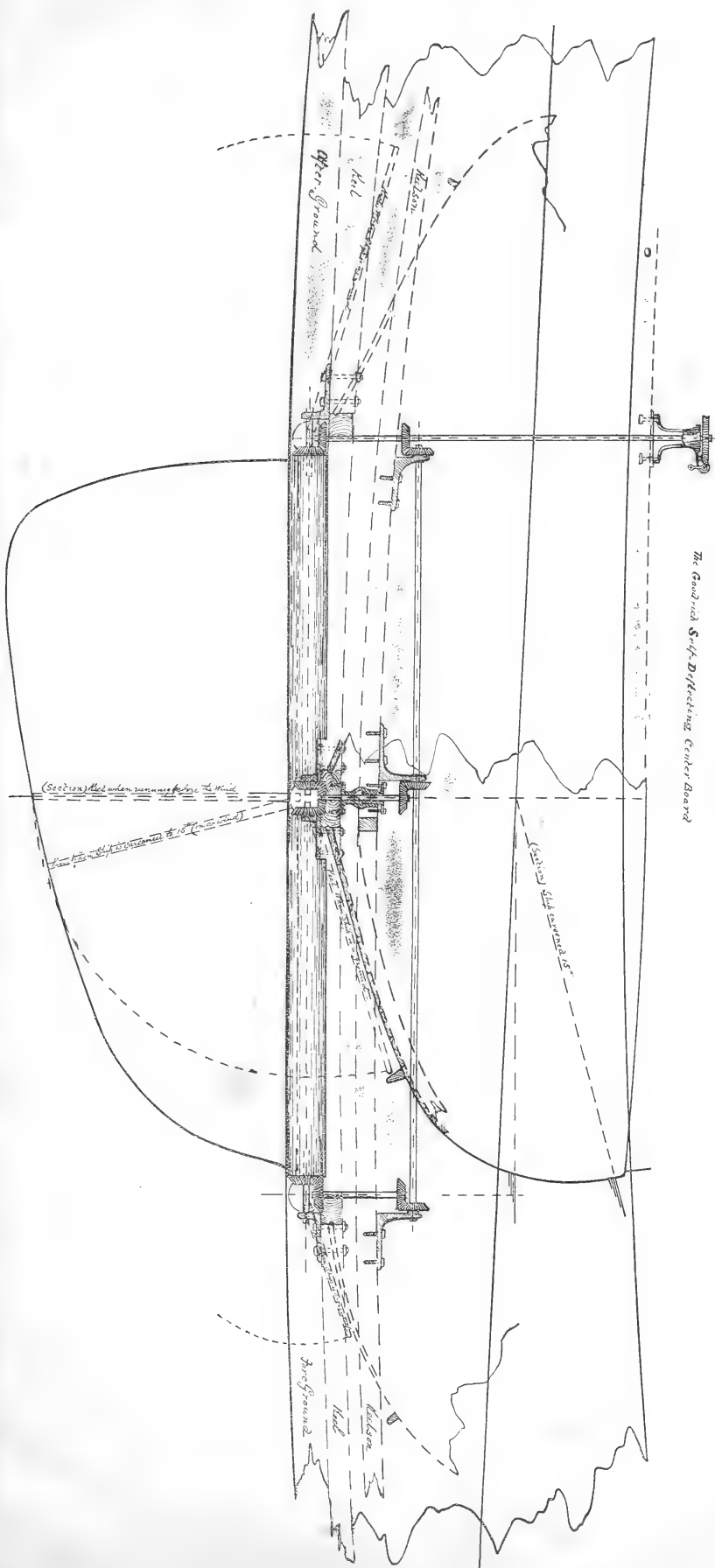












been trained and educated to the sound of the gong, in the same manner as the horses of the fire department. The harness is also rigged over the shafts in the same way to allow of them being dropped upon him instantly.

It took but a short time to teach Tom what was required of him, and he is now always ready to play his part, waiting patiently till the word "ready," and then he is off like a shot and there is no such thing as stopping him. The following will illustrate how well he understands his work:

On Sunday afternoon Tom was having a good time with the boys in front of Number One's house on St. Clair street, and after being shown around on the inside of the room he stepped out the door again. Some of the men, to see what the horse would do, struck the gong. Now Tom had heretofore heard that horses were afraid of the gong, and he was naturally thinking this no exception to the rule, he turned and pointed constantly and looked for a moment or two over the heads of the crowd around the door at the engine to see where his place was. Then, as if a thought had struck him, he turned again and, with a yell, ran off on a dead run up the line, and around to the stable, with the boys following him, shouting actions. When they reached the barn he was found backed around into the shafts and all ready to start. He looked at the boys for a time, as much as to say, "Well! Here I am all alone!" "What are you waiting for," and then seeing no disposition to start, he turned back, and, with a yell, ran back, he walked out of the stable, and was ready to start again. The boys tried the same thing over again, but he only pricked up his ears, listened for a moment and would not stir. He was "onto" their tricks, and once was all he could be. The next evening, when the boys were out, the most intelligent horse ever saw, have owned many magnificent horses, but Old Tom beats them all.—*Cleveland Herald.*

## POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

The proprietors of Gardiner's Island object to the building of a wharf there for fear that rats would leave vessels that would probably tie up to it and find lodgment on the island. At the present time there is not a rat on the whole island.

The Charlottesville (Va.) *Chronicle* says that a turkey with thirteen legs, three heads, and two gizzards, came into possession of a minister in Charlottesville. Such a monstrosity is preferable to a donation party anyhow, although its capacity for eating and tearing up things is about the same.

Mr. Venator tells us that a young brother of his recently caught a full-grown swan in a steel trap. The wings of the bird were clipped and it was kept a few days with some tame geese, and has now become so tame that it feeds with the barnyard fowls, and shows no disposition to return to its old haunts.—*Modoc Independent.*

While Senator Beck was gazing into the clear water at Glen Cove Springs, Florida, the other day, his gold-framed eyeglasses slipped off, and as he watched them sinking he saw a huge catfish open his jaws and swallow them. As these were the same glasses, adds the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, that Senator Beck looked through when poring over an army wagon load of tariff statistics, that fish is now fitted to lead the finny tribe in biting for revenue only.

Two English sailors went ashore with their parrot in a Japanese port to see one of the famous jugglers. At every trick one of the sailors would say, "Now, wasn't that clever? Wonder what he'll do next?" After a large number of tricks followed each time by the same remark, the juggler made a mistake and dropped a burning stick on a pile of fireworks. The bombs and crackers exploded, tore off a part of the thatched roof, dispersed the audience, and scorched the juggler and his parrot. The explosion was hardly over when the parrot called out, "Now, wasn't that clever? Wonder what he'll do next?"

The number of dogs received last year in the Home for Lost Dogs in London, was 14,882, and of those 2,301 had been re-sold to their owners, while 1,506 were sent to new homes. There had been a large decrease in the number of dogs received in the number of dogs claimed, and the cost of those claimed had been 2s. 2½d. per animal. The Home had been viewed by people from all parts of the world, who testified to the excellence of the arrangements. All means had been adopted to prevent dogs being taken from the home for experiment or pathological purposes. The committee had decided to receive cats as soon as sufficient money was subscribed to pay for the erection of suitable accommodation.

The Young Ins have been for many months among the chief attractions of the Central Park menagerie. They were gentle and playful, and the keepers grew fond of them. Yesterday afternoon Keeper Ryan assisted in feeding the caribou. He carried a large piece of meat, with just sufficient bone to keep the animal's interest, and threw it into the cages. The cubs impatiently awaited their turn, and fought for the choice morsels, their food had been given to them, and the keepers were moving away, when one of the cubs, who was a year old, sprang forward, and seized the Superintendent Conklin tried to lasso it and get it out of the cage, but it died before it could be got at. Its cries excited the other animals, and the menagerie was quickly cleared of them. The cubs were then fretted and moaned all the evening.—*N. Y. Sun, March 23.*

There has been an interesting increase in the happy family of birds and beasts, which is usually around the old arsenal in Central Park. The latest comer on Saturday morning began its career of earthly troubles on a young camel. Its first experience of life was a rare one for a camel, for it found itself reposing in a heap of snow. Nevertheless, it did not mind this, for it was born in the Sahara, which ought to have been its native health, but proceeded to make itself as comfortable as it could until day dawned and a keeper removed the youthful quadruped to more comfortable quarters. For six hours the little infant was not permitted to get up, and then it was allowed to rise. The old Mrs. Camel was inclined to be somewhat ungracious to the little one, and had to be tied up with strong ropes before she would permit the caresses of her babe. Said babe is about the size of a colt, and is so ugly that if it ever catches sight of itself it will go out and hang itself to a tree and die. It consists principally of humps. These are long, lumbering, and inconveniently much in their own way. The infant camel has a back just like any other person's. There is no hump visible yet. The keeper says that the young beast will sprout a hump in a few days, and will then be as proud of it as a boarding-school boy of the first down on his chin. The infant camel is so short that it could not cut grass, if there were any to eat, without lying down. This slight inconvenience will also disappear in time, and the babe's neck will stretch out and curl up of itself in the manner most approved by camels everywhere, which reaches to the ground, and the animal, while it bears no resemblance to Artemus Ward's kangaroo and fails to jump or squeal to any pernicious extent, is, nevertheless, an "amusing little cuss." Provided the weather is not too cold, the keeper says how to the public to-day, and be on exhibition in the inclosure, and that the camel will be born on account of the snow on the ground. This young animal is the third camel born in the Park. Its mother was born there before him, and he is therefore a true American. As a Coudin, superintendent of the menagerie, says that none of the animals suffer from the cold weather.—*New York Times*.

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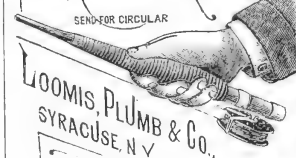
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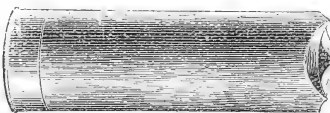


Whereas, It having come to our notice that some unprincipled persons, to gain their own unworthy ends, and to attempt to damage our good name, having spread reports to the effect that the manufacturers of the above hooks are defunct, we now take this opportunity of informing the American and British public that such reports are utterly false. The same efficient staff of workpeople is employed heretofore, and we challenge the world to produce a fish hook for excellence of temper, beauty and finish in any way to approach ours, which are to be obtained from the most respectable wholesale houses in the trade. Signed, R. HARRISON, BAILEY & CO., Sole manufacturers of Harrison's Celebrated Fish Hooks, Redditch, England. (December, 1892.) Manufacturers also of Fishing Tackle of every description. Sewing and Sewing Machine Needles.

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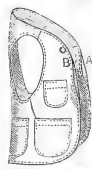
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# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$1 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.  
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, APRIL 26, 1883.

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## SUCCESS OF FISHCULTURE.

NOTWITHSTANDING there are frequent reports of the successes of fishculture in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM; the reports of the United States Fish Commission; the State commissions; the successes of the Deutsche Fischer Verein, the Société d'Acclimation, of Paris, and in Holland, and other countries, there is still an occasional skeptic. A Russian professor, A. J. Malmgren, has made a report to the Russian Government, in which he discourages the breeding of fish in Finland, because, as he alleges, the artificial breeding of fish, especially in the United States and Canada, has proved a failure. There is an adage that one must go away from home to hear the news, and it strikes us that the adage is true in this case. Where can the learned professor have obtained his information concerning the status of fishculture in the United States and Canada?

The only fish that has failed to appear, after streams have been liberally stocked with it, is the California salmon (*Oncorhynchus gairdneri*), when transplanted to the East. In its native habitat this fish has been steadily kept in the rivers by artificial propagation, notwithstanding the enormous drain of the canning industry, which threatened to exhaust the supply. Had there been no propagation on the McCloud River, the canneries of the Sacramento would have exhausted the supply long ago.

The salmon of the Atlantic (*Salmo salar*) which at the settlement of the country inhabited all the rivers as far south as the Housatonic River, in Connecticut, were exterminated by the early settlers before the adoption of fish protection in America, and have been restored to some of the streams. A few salmon were left in Maine, and from these the eggs were taken, and they are now plenty in the Penobscot and are becoming so in the Merimac River. The most thorough proof of the influence of fishculture was shown in the restocking of the Connecticut River with salmon. There had not been one of these fish taken in it for twenty-five years, and many persons argued that the conditions had been so changed by dams, severance and impurities from paper mills, etc., that salmon could not now live in it. The U. S. Fish Commission, in connection with the Commissioners of the New England States, thought it worth a trial, and for two or three years they planted salmon in the headwaters. Three years afterward salmon appeared in the river, only a dozen or so, but enough to show that some had lived. The fourth year large numbers were sent to market

by the fishermen at the mouth of the river, who had pound nets arranged so as to stop every fish. Two years later, when the plantings were exhausted, no more salmon were taken. The State of Connecticut would not prohibit her fishermen from capturing all of them at the mouth of the river before they could spawn, and the States lying to the north declined to expend more money for the purpose unless the fish could have a chance to ascend the stream. But the trial was a grand success, as it proved that the river is still fit for salmon, and that with fair play fishculture can again restore the Connecticut to its former productiveness.

Other instances might be cited, but we will merely refer to the success of the culture of land-locked salmon in the Adirondacks, where it was unknown before; in California of the shad, which was a stranger to Western waters; the wonderful growth of carp in America since its introduction a few years ago; and the keeping up of the stock of shad in the Hudson, in spite of increased fishing. The work referred to has all been done by the States and the general Government; in fact, it could not well be done by private means, and the work in the United States, so far from diminishing, is increasing each year.

To write this seems to us to be needless work. It is known to all who pay attention to this matter, and we regard it as being very much like an argument to prove that two and two make four. Reaping without sowing must eventually exterminate the corn, and the planting of fish bears the same relation to future yields as the planting of corn does to the harvest. If the planting is intelligently done, and the necessary conditions of soil and water are properly secured, there will only remain the chances of accident or enemies of the young crop to contend with in order to secure a harvest.

We commend this to Prof. Malmgren, and hope that, in all fairness, he will embody it in his next report to his government, in order that Finland may not be too far behind in a knowledge of what is being done in foreign lands.

## THE BOY AND THE GUN.

THE boy, bless his heart, is closer to nature than the man. He is a savage in civilized attire; he steals and lies without a blush of shame, persecutes and domineers, and delights in noise and destruction, and will do and dare anything to satisfy his untamed cravings. To make an uproar and kill something nothing quite so well serves him as gunpowder, and for its employment nothing serves him so well as the gun.

Boys have grown particular of these later years, as have the grown-up savages on the frontier, and must have breech-loaders and "catridges"; but when we graybeards were boys any tube of iron with a lock and stock was a prize. No matter how it missed fire, kicked or scattered, when it did go off you felt it as well as heard it, and it would sometimes kill a chipmunk or a robin, and so frighten a woodchuck that after one shot he would salute from his hole for half a day. What a big Injun was the boy who owned or had borrowed such a gun, and how all the other boys gathered about him to watch the mysterious process of loading. What a wise fellow was this to know that he must first put in the powder, and how much of it, and on top of it a wad of tow or wasp-nest or newspaper, and then the death-dealing pellets of precious shot poured out of a vial, and then more wadding. Then came the grand final act of priming. It was thrilling to see him place a G. D. cap between his teeth while he covered the box and returned it to his pocket, then cock the piece and put the cap on to the nipple. What if his thumb should slip from the striker as he eased it down! Sometimes it did, and then what a delightful scare if nothing worse; what shame for the unskillful engineer and the jeers of the envious, gunless crowd.

But nowadays, alas, almost any boy may have a gun, and only he is enviable who has the best. Well, if he will only use his dangerous toy as he should, let him have it, for the sporting instinct is strong in the young savage. And who for pure love of it is such a naturalist? Is it not he who notes the first comers of spring, meets the chipmunk and the woodchuck at their thresholds when they first come forth from their winter sleep; finds the earliest birds' nests, and knows where the squirrels breed? The sportsman who enjoys his sport most is he who loves nature best; and who of all the guild enjoys his day with the gun with greater zest than the boy?

Yes, let the boy have his gun, a sound, well-made one, but teach him how to use it—carefully, temperately, humanely. Always as if it were loaded, never out of season, nor too often in season, and never for mere love of slaughter.

## THE ALBANY BILLS.

AMONG the game bills introduced at Albany the three most prominent are the Townsend, the O'Connor and the Grady, this last being another form of the second. The Townsend and O'Connor bills were introduced into the Assembly; the Townsend bill was favorably reported by the Committee on Game Laws, passed by the Committee of the Whole and sent to the Senate. Here the Committee substituted for it the Grady bill, being under another name the O'Connor bill which had been defeated in the Assembly. These bills have already been adverted to in our columns and their respective merits noted. The Townsend bill is the only one of the lot deserving support. Its framers had solely in view the protection of game, which is the legitimate aim of a game bill. This is more than can be said of the Grady bill. A fourth bill, known as the Grady compromise bill, is a modification of the original Grady bill, and has been adopted as a substitute for it in the Senate. The "compromise" is on the crow and turkey principle. "You take the crow and give me the turkey; or, I'll take the turkey and you can have the crow." A choice bit of the "turkey" is an open market for woodcock from July 1 to February 1; another piece is the practical immunity from inquisitive detectives with search warrants; a third morsel is the sign-board proclamation scheme. In the rush which is always the order of the day at the close of the session, it is important that friends of game protection in the Legislature should closely watch the proceedings to see that the Townsend bill is not forgotten nor the Grady bill put through. The law is better as it stands than it would be if amended as Mr. Grady proposes.

THE CANOE MEET.—As has been announced in our Canoeing columns, the next meet of the American Canoe Association will be held at Stony Lake, near Peterboro', Canada, August 10 to 24. A large representation of American and Canadian canoeists is expected, and the meet promises to be in every way a success. The route to Stony Lake is to Lakefield via Peterboro' from Port Hope or Belleville, which points may be reached from the east or west by the Grand Trunk Railway. Port Hope is also reached by steamer from Rochester, N. Y., and Canadian ports. From Stony Lake, after the meet, many delightful routes will be open to the canoeists, one of these being the Ottonabee River, Rice Lake, and Trent River to the Bay of Quinte, and thence to the Thousand Islands. Provisions may be obtained at Peterboro' or Lakefield. Arrangements will be made to have all supplies required forwarded to the camp. Milk, butter, potatoes, eggs, etc., can be obtained from settlers in the vicinity. Fish are abundant in the lake. Maskinonge are caught by trolling. Spoon and other trolling baits of all kinds are used. Black bass may be caught by trolling or by still-fishing. In the latter case frogs, crawfish, grasshoppers or fat pork being used, and occasionally artificial flies.

THE USUAL MIDDLE.—With the approach of the time set for the meeting of the American and British teams comes the rush of explanatory letters, and there is now a possibility of a hitch in the arrangements over the wind-gauge question. According to a cablegram from London on Monday last, the British Rifle Association refuse to allow the American regulations, giving the use of the wind-gauge. It was thought that the correspondence which was opened by the American managers immediately after the conclusion of the last match had cleared away all possible misunderstandings, but now a fresh cloud arises, which may require an expenditure of pen and paper before it is dissipated. It is to be hoped that the cablegram only reflects a slight error in the reading of the correspondence, and not a determination on the part of the British authorities to go back to the antiquated regulations of the last match.

THE MICHIGAN LEGISLATURE has been overwhelmed with all sorts of proposed game law amendments this year, and as one way out of the middle a consolidation of all the bills has been effected. The result, if the bill becomes a law, will be a good one. Chief among the changes is a provision which throws upon the possessor of game out of season the burden of proof that it was legally killed. This is an important point.

THE EARLY BIRD PRINCIPLE is presumed to be a commendable one. In these days of competition and rivalry, enterprise carries the day. So, at least, believe certain Essex county, N. J., gunners, who have "opened the ball" and are now bagging woodcock. If this is not enterprise it is hoggeshipness.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

### A REMINISCENCE.

BY HENRY E. BAKER.

HOW oft in youth beside you crystal stream  
That slowly rippled 'neath the birch-tree's shade,  
The while the glaucous foliage o'er the water  
Their forest notes till all the place did seem  
Enchanted, I have felt my fancy dream  
Of Genii and their deeds, until afraid  
As evening came adown the forest glade,  
Where all was still except the owl's shrill scream  
From bower remote, and o'er the pathway, lined  
With huge shapes that rose on either hand,  
Not daring in my dream to look behind,  
I've sped upon the road I'd stand  
And see the lamplight gleaming through the blind  
To light the truant back from Fairy Land.

HALIFAX, N. S., April 10, 1883.

### AMONG THE BONIN ISLANDS.

"SWEETLIPS" and I were having good times, and we were happy. Among points in which our tastes agreed were great fondness for fishing, and a considerable disinclination for hard work, and to us had been assigned for our day's duty the supplying of our camp with fish, and we were fishing.

Our camp was not in the Adirondacks, and we tramping down a mountain brook; nor on one of the islands which dot the great lakes and the St. Lawrence, and we sitting at ease in arm chairs, lazily watching the outer ends of stiff rods for the electric twitches which proclaim a strike. No dainty, delicate fly, nor immediately upon formed our weapon, nor were we wasting time and patience in searching for good grounds. In the broadest sense—for we were catching all sorts of fish, and in the narrowest sense, for our gear was of the simplest—we were fishing.

For once, at least, in our lives, we had struck the right place, at the right time, and we were making the most of it. We had but to lower our pork-baited cod hooks to such depths as might suit us, and immediately haul in, perfectly certain that if from near bottom our hook would bring with it a gorgeous-hued rockfish, almost every time of a different species, and in size ranging from five to fifty pounds; and if from mid-depth some other odd fish of less brilliant hues would be sure to detach himself from the schools beneath us and pay us a visit.

There was but one drawback. "Sweetlips" was very lazy, and I very little, and this is hard work as well as play involved in the bringing of lively fifty pound fish through as many feet of water, and into the boat. But this was just the kind of hard work we liked.

Our anchor lay fully ten fathoms below us on a bed of many colored coral, the surface of which was broken up into crevices, grottoes and deep pools. But that we knew the depth we should have judged it far less. The water was wonderfully clear, and seemed to have the properties of a magnifying lens, for every little fish or shellfish was plainly visible as were the monsters which lay idly sleeping, or with hardly a fin quiver stole in and out of the openings in the bank; and the vibrations of the tentacles of the anemones, and the expansion and contraction of the polyps, thousands of both of which ornamented the coral were easily detected. Conchs, cowries and many other shellfish were also abundant. So plainly could we see everything that we had frequently endeavored to capture some particular fish by lowering the baited hook to his nose, but had as often failed, for generally the selected fish was sluggish, and perhaps enjoying an after dinner nap, others, livelier and hungrier, would rush in—and be taken in—instead.

We were seated in a little dugout canoe fishing with hand lines, and our locality was over a coral bank which forms one of the reefs near Coffin Island, one of the Bonin Islands, a group lying just north of the Ladrões, in the Pacific Ocean, and some 129° E. These Islands were discovered by Capt. Nathaniel Coffin, of Nantucket, while on a whaling voyage, and have for many years been resorted to by whalers to renew supplies of fresh provisions and water. The group consists of six or eight islands, of which but two, namely, Bonin and Coffin, are inhabited; the former by a settlement of thirty or forty people, mostly ex-American whalers, their wives brought from some of the islands to the command, of which they were natives, and their progeny; and the latter (at the time of my visit) by two white men, three Raven Island women and their children, one of the men indulging in two of the wives.

The settlement on Bonin Island called Port Lloyd had a governor and common council, and the people seemed very happy in their isolation, cultivating quantities of yams and other vegetables, and furnishing these, with pork, turtles and goats to the whalers in exchange for cloths, groceries, etc. They had two or three good whale boats, and very often killed whales, cutting them in on the beach.

At Coffin Island the two male inhabitants supported themselves in the same manner. One named Robinson, and called Captain by the other, was a man of considerable education. His ownership of sextants and other instruments of navigation, and quite a library, made it probable that he had been as claimed, a midshipman, and from her, living a mode of life indicated that it was quite possible that our sailors' views as to his having been a pirate in his young days were correct also.

Although so far away, Coffin Island is a part of the United States, and it became so in this way: At the date of our visit the Pacific Mail Steamship Line was being spoken of as among the developments of the future; and it was considered that a coaling station somewhere between San Francisco and Hong Kong would be necessary—for Perry had not yet made his treaty with Japan, and its rich resources in coal were unknown to the outside world. Commodore Perry, then in command of the East Indian Squadron, was directed to cause surveys and explorations of certain groups of islands (among which the Bonins were included) to decide upon their suitability for such a station.

The stop of war Plymouth, Captain John Kelley, was sent to the Bonins on this duty, and from her, lying at Port Lloyd, an expedition, consisting of two lieutenants, one midshipman, and thirty men, had in the launch and first cutter been sent to survey this, the most southern of the group, some thirty miles away.

Our surveying and exploring occupied us for over a week, at the end of which time the Plymouth stood over to pick

us up, and was anchored in a harbor we had selected and chartered. "Then with pomp and circumstance" we took possession. A tall flagstaff was raised, under which was buried a "casket" (in this case a preserved meat tin-case), containing coins and papers. From the flagstaff at noon, saluted by twenty-one guns, the American flag was hoisted, and on the staff was fastened a copper plate, with date and other suitable inscription, to show that on this, the—day of September, 1853, our captain, in the name of the United States of America, took formal possession of the island. Then, after appointing Captain Robinson to be U. S. Consul, we sailed away for China; and I have never heard from there since. I presume, though that a guess, that in due time our Consul will up the casket, appropriate the coins, sold the flag to a whale ship, and used the halliards to secure wild pigs, would not be far off. So, at least, I guessed in 1877, when, being then in command of the Blue-light, I met at Nantucket lineal descendants of Captain Coffin, and referred to this incident in a letter to your paper.

"Sweetlips" and I formed part of the surveyor's expedition, my duty being to watch tide gauges, and his to help me. We were but boys of sixteen, and on one tide at least rather neglected our duties, as I will show you in good time. "Sweetlips" was not his real name, only a pet name given him by the sailors on account of a personal peculiarity. He was a long, slab-sided, lean and lanky youth, with skim-milk and watery blue eyes, long yellow hair, a waxen face covered with freckles, and a large pair of thick, protruding, pulpy, crimson lips, hence his sobriquet. A very "Small bones" always in trouble, never-to-be-found-when-wanted, no-use-to-anybody but, "in everybody's mess but nobody's watch," but with nothing bad in his character. We were the only boys in the ship; I had been kind to him, refraining from reporting many little delinquencies; many a slice of soft-tack he had shared in mid-watch, and he was devoted to me—hence our companionship on this occasion. His real name was Jordan, by which I shall call him in future.

An hour or more of success had covered our dugout's bottom with a solid, deep layer of fish, and ourselves as thoroughly with scales, blood and slime, when there came a change. Almost simultaneously an unusually heavy tug at each line and sudden let up proclaimed danger, and our lines came in easily, for they were hookless, and after repeated this was repeated.

The origin of our difficulty was but too apparent. Between us and the bottom, at varying depths, an immense school of large sharks were gliding to and fro, and all of the rockfish had disappeared. Gradually the school worked upward, and soon in all directions the great cocked-hat shaped fins were seen cutting the surface.

We were, very evidently, the attraction; undoubtedly, if they came small, they scented our blood-soaked garments.

They made of us a center, with their orbit not a wide one.

It seemed as though they were considering how best to utilize us. A great fellow, not less than twelve feet long, came once toward the canoe, until his nose nearly touching, and his diabolical eyes glaring at us, he slowly snuck enough to clear our bottom and came up within two yards on the other side, head toward us. This began to look like business, and it would evidently not be a great while before the business might become a little more of a wide one.

Fortunately, the sharks did not know their own power, for with one good blow from any one of a dozen big flukes they could easily have provided themselves with rations; and, as there were at no time less than three or four, and sometimes a dozen surrounding us, the supply would have been short, and very quickly disposed of.

Subsequent events (in the fishing line) interested us no more, and we were very thankful when, having cut away our anchor line—for we dared not attempt to weigh—we started for the cove, into the very foot of which, and even into shoal water, some of our enemies pursued us.

On the beach, to welcome and help us, care for the canoe and fish, stood Caroline, and I must pause in my adventures to introduce her. I wish I could do it in terms to satisfy myself, but it is very hard after so many years have been steadily passing a brief moment in this line to do full justice to so very early an experience.

Caroline was the daughter of Capt. Robinson, who was a handsome, fair-skinned, brown-haired Englishman, and one of his wives a fine-looking Raven Island native.

"She is a rare combination of beauties inherited from both parents; from her mother the erect straight figure, tall, lithe and graceful, supple as a panther, and quick as a bird in every movement; from her father the fine, clear, blue eyes, the florid tints of her father glow like a hidden light; great black eyes, now mild and gentle as a seal's, and in a moment flashing with excitement. About twelve years, thus a child in age, but already more than child, not quite a woman; teeth perfect, features regular, and altogether as pretty a girl as one could wish to see."

Please be sure and not omit the quotation marks. The original of the above quotation I find in my log book, now thirty years old, and it is so identically the work of a very young and rather spoony writer, but I had to use it or else omit a description, and as Caroline will soon turn out to be the heroine of my yarn, I could not thus slight her. There is more about her in the same faded blue ink, but I think it is well to let it stay where it is.

The first day of our arrival I had completely gained the heart of this little maiden. I was the first and only boy she had ever seen, and my brass buttons and silver anchors were to her, as they (not mine) are to more sophisticated maidens, even to the present day, irresistible. The mercury in my artificial horizon, the mirrors of my sextant, my watch, and, above all, my stock of fish hooks, carefully displayed, had, step by step, overcome the timidity which at first caused her to fear and shun us; and that evening when, with the rum furnished by the natives (not by her father), we had got out our first drink, I said to Caroline, "Call that little community 'put it in stays,' as they call such performances—and I rescued her from a brute who was kissing her most lustily, she screaming with fright, my conquest was complete. She came to our tent, and was made much of and comforted by the lieutenants (now admirals) and myself.

From this time out she was my constant companion, play-fellow and guide. In my rambles through the woods, no well-broken pointer could more quickly detect a bird; no well-trained red bird pusher more surely mark its fall, and no retriever gather it more quickly; and her delight when I made a successful shot, was far beyond my own.

And at times she would take me in her little canoe, warning me to keep very still, paddle me to reefs where beautiful shells were to be found, or to fishing places where, in

shoaler water, we could soon get all we wished of smaller fish, untrodden generally by the large ones. Once though, a small shark, not over four feet long, took my hook, and I brought him to the surface, and fearing to haul him into the canoe was about to cut my line, when she stopped, and I caught a glimpse of the savage part of her composition. She had a long, sharp, disk-shaped knife, and with her eyes blazing, watched for a quiet moment, and sunk the blade to the middle in a spot she well knew, and unerringly struck just back of the head, severing the vertebrae, killing the fish almost instantly. I had seen bits of this savagery before, when in the woods she chased, captured, and joyously killed a wounded bird.

In our woods tramps we had to be a little careful and not get too far away, for in some localities there were great droves of wild hogs, which would attack a person on sight; these were the descendants of a few which, I was told, were put on shore many years ago by Capt. Howe, an American whaler, and had increased and multiplied greatly. The men, Capt. Robinson & Co., hunted them with Australian hounds, of which they owned several. They were trained to seize the pig by the ears and hold it until it was secured by ropes. Generally a sow, big with young, was selected, transported to the house, and then penned. At the time of our visit there were about a dozen pigs, old and young, in this pen, the stakes of which were fully ten feet high; had they been not over six, I am sure the pigs could have jumped them. They were very wild and savage, but the pork was good.

One incident of the first evening I shall never forget. The night was clear and brilliant; our tent occupied a bit of a horseshoe surrounded by high mountains, and right over our heads, over two thousand feet up, was the summit of a precipice, whose base was not a hundred yards from us. To this clambered some of our rum-inspired jacks, and about midnight I heard, for the first time, from this summit, "Way Down on the Swamvee River," sung by one of our foretopmen, Jimmy Keenan, who was the owner of a most melodious tenor voice.

I must return to my fishing. Caroline, when told of our trouble with the sharks, said: "Shark like pork very much; not like crab, all other fish like crab better." And in reply to our query where we could get plenty of crabs, she volunteered to guide us to the spot. Jumping into the canoe, under her guidance, and having paddled about two miles, we came to a great cove bored out by the action of the sea in the face of the rocks. I had passed it once when surveying, but there was then a stiff breeze, and the wide black cavernous mouth was belted by a line of foam and breakers, and the infuriating waves caused a tremendous roaring—altogether it did not tempt one to enter. This day, however, it was calm and smooth, and fortunately the tide was well out; although, as we afterward found, rising. Except that the entrance was wider, perhaps by six or eight feet, this cove in many respects resembles the famed Blue Grotto at Capri.

Paddling in until we could wade ashore, we sent Caroline back with the canoe, to remain off the entrance and wait for us; and, plunging in, we scrambled toward the crescent-shaped beach of white pebbles which, after turning a slight angle, fronted us. Hundreds of bits, some of them of enormous size, were scattered all over the beach, and we scuttled away an army of crabs of all sizes and descriptions—from tiny fiddlers to fellows as big as a dinner-plate, all making for the crevices in the walls. The beach was about fifty feet from the entrance, and the height of the cave from the low water surface about fifteen feet; but at the entrance this was reduced to about eight feet. At the beach the height was still less, and we had to stoop in chasing the crabs to the rear, where the cave was about ten feet wide, and could enter. Among the pebbles were conchs, cowries, harps and other rare shells, all dead and empty, and we wasted precious time in gathering them, but soon settled down to our work, first doffing our shirts, which we transformed into bags. Crab catching is not an easy matter; they run fast and bite hard; but they were so abundant that gradually we accumulated a good stock. Only a part of the entrance was wider, perhaps by six or eight feet, this cove in many respects resembles the famed Blue Grotto at Capri.

We took no little entry of time, and although after a while we heard our little sentry calling on us to hurry, we failed to do so, until with bags well filled we saw that our crescent beach had become considerably holding at arm's length, and we could enter. Among the pebbles were conchs, cowries, harps and other rare shells, all dead and empty, and we wasted precious time in gathering them, but soon settled down to our work, first doffing our shirts, which we transformed into bags. Crab catching is not an easy matter; they run fast and bite hard; but they were so abundant that gradually we accumulated a good stock. Only a part of the entrance was wider, perhaps by six or eight feet, this cove in many respects resembles the famed Blue Grotto at Capri.

Outside we could see a fresh sea breeze had sprung up, and the cavern was fronted by a line of breakers, outside of which Caroline had been compelled to take the canoe. Between us and the breakers was a space of comparatively still water. We saw at once that we were in for trouble. Treading water long enough to untie our shirt sleeves and release the prisoners we started for a tussle. Jordan was ahead and nearly to the exit when he stopped suddenly and fairly sprang backward, with the shout, "My God, sir, look there!" One look sent my heart down, for, right in our path, in the still water there projected the dorsal fin of a shark, which our morning's experience taught us was a large one.

We lost no time in getting back to shoal water, and, standing immersed to our arm pits, held council. For all that we knew to the contrary, the cavern would, at high tide, be filled to the roof, hence to stay there was to drown, and we dared not attempt to pass that frightful sentinel. There was but one course—take to the water, and that a hard one—the water on the rocks was rough and uneven, in many places covered with limpets and other shellfish; we must clamber out by them. With Jordan leading we started on our scramble. The task at first proved easier than we had thought; we were both good climbers, and our chase after the crabs had given us both valuable experience.

As we neared the exit we could see the girl, shouting and evidently in great anxiety. She did not see us, nor the shark, for behind us were four or five feet of water, and, reaching a tolerably safe foothold, cut a large mussel from the rocks and threw it at the shark in hopes of scaring him away. The result was not promising. The splash did attract his attention, but only to attract him as well, and he made for the spot.

Caroline caught sight of us, and at once came as near as she could to our assistance, but we had taken the largest of the canoes, and her strength was not equal to her will; if



anything her efforts did harm, as perhaps alarmed by the blows of her paddle on the water, the shark gave her and the canoe a wider berth, but came closer to us. Just at the left of the entrance, and but ten or fifteen feet distant, there was a large flat rock, which when we entered was at least two feet out of the water, and had a surface of six or eight square feet.

Our hopes were to reach this rock, which would be the one shallow spot available. To this end we had chosen the left hand wall for our climb. As we progressed, the rock became visible, the water, however, covering it and broken by it. We could not reach it without taking a risk, for we must drop and swim to it. Our plan was to climb out as far as possible, get close together, and selecting a point where the shark was at the furthest limit of his head, drop together and make for the rock, hoping that our united splash would scare him, and that if not we could with our knives perhaps protect each other, and at the worst one of us would escape.

This plan was not carried out. While still some distance from the entrance, and as much ahead of me, Jordan suddenly gave a piercing yell and dropped in a sprawl almost directly in front of the shark.

He had stepped upon a shell, which broke from under him. Either that yell or the splash proved his safeguard; the fin disappeared, and in a moment became again visible a hundred feet away. With two or three lusty strokes he gained the rock and stood erect, saved.

During this performance I stood still and, with lated breath, clung to that wall like a fly, helpless at last, for the sudden wrench to my already overtaxed nerves had demoralized me. After a little rest, I braced up and resumed my crawl, feeling a renewed hope that the shark might be as civil to me as he had been to Jordan, of whom the last I saw before devoting attention to my footsteps, was that he was endeavoring to get hold of the end of a pole which Caroline was reaching out from the canoe. The next I saw of him gave me a thrill of joy. He had succeeded in getting into the canoe, and the two of them, for she was an expert paddler, had gotten the boat inside of the reefs, and between me and the shark, although it was not out of danger, for right under their bow was a concealed rock, which I could see, but feared they could not. In attempting to pilot them clear of this danger, I in some way lost my balance, and went down "by the run."

I have a confused recollection of the plunge, of a grab at both ends of me as I came up—one I felt sure by the shark—a pulling scramble, during which we nearly capsize the canoe, and myself, as I recall, being welcomed by Jordan, who was half wild with excitement and reaction, catching my hand and shouting, "Glory Hallelujah!" and by Caroline, who stood sobbing—well I don't care to say how—it is, or rather was, nobody's business but ours; and Jordan wasn't a competent witness. Since those days I have "changed my condition," and am accustomed to considering bygoness as such.

As to perhaps Caroline, if her father carried out his intention about her, she is now a sedate matron in some New England village, with Carolines, and perhaps Caroline's Carolines of her own.

Recognizing the fact that her probable fate, if she remained on the island with him her eventual fate, would be that she would become the wife (married Island fashion) of some sailor, who, tempted by her beauty, would desert some vessel, and her father, who had resolved to give her if possible to the wife of some whaling captain, to be brought to America and educated as a Christian woman.

I have often wondered if this has occurred. And now as I write have half a hope that through this "personal" her whereabouts may transpire. I should be glad to hear from her. I should be both glad and sorry to again meet her—glad for many obvious reasons, sorry because I would be likely to find her just as at times to keep a blazing fire, rendering the use of other lights entirely unnecessary.

The dwelling was unclosed, and was not more than ten feet from the north side of the highway. All the outhouses were of the same unpretending character. Paint was unknown. The country all around was, and is, very unproductive, and no one unacquainted with the character of the country would have ever stopped there except as a last resort to avoid sleeping in the woods. Daniel Love, an old Scotchman, his wife Polly, and their only child, William, were the dwellers in this humble home, except for the last ten or fifteen years of the life of the owner, when Daniel McMillan a brother of Mrs. L., resided with them. The old man owned a few negroes, and with their labor, such as it was, and that of father and son, a scanty crop was made. The mistress (she was really the servant, and this state of affairs was not uncommon in the South during the existence of slavery) and one or two negro women spun and wove cotton and wool, and out of this the clothing of all was made. Mr. Love was the possessor of more than one thousand acres of land, and had quite a number of cattle, sheep and hogs. Such is a general outline of the condition of things.

The traveler, weary and dusty at the close of the day's journey, drew up to the door, and got out of his vehicle. It often happened that nobody would be seen for a few minutes, when suddenly some hunter, Tom, a negro boy, would show himself, and approach with a gift which evinced that "hurry" was a word whose significance was unknown on the premises. He would assist in looking after the horse, and at his convenience, carry the luggage into the piazza. About that time, the old lady would walk in noiselessly from the back part of the house, greet you with a pleasant smile and a few words of unstudied welcome. Upon your inquiring for Mr. Love and William, she would probably tell you they were away in the woods looking after the cattle and sheep, and would be in after awhile. Further questioning her, you might get the information that they took their single-barreled, flint-lock shotguns, thinking it might happen that they would see a deer or turkey during their search. She would then leave you, and you might amuse yourself by looking over some old copy of the *Payetteville Observer*, which a traveler had left with them, or a Patent Office report which some member of Congress had sent to him. Or, if so inclined, you might walk about the premises and see nailed up on posts, or the sides of a house, some trophies of the venatorial skill of the lord of the pine barrens—the antlers of many a buck which he and William had brought down by the aid of their guns. Just before dark, or between sundown and that time, you would hear the squall of one or more chickens, and have your olfactory nerves regaled with the aroma of roasting coffee. You would be called—upon the fire, and soon the blazing brands would fill the room with light and heat. After a time, the quiet voices of Uncle Daniel and William would be heard just outside of the house, and in they would come, dressed in woollen hunting shirts of a brownish color, set their guns up in the corner, hang their shotbags upon the ramrods, give you a very gentle grasp of the hand, and then seat themselves in split-bottomed chairs. You would ask, what luck they had had, and the old man would tell you that they had succeeded in getting a deer and a gobbler. Of course, you would want to see the game. A torch would be lighted, and you would witness one of the means by which the larder of the house was often supplied for the delight of the palate of many a guest. After being told how far the deer or turkey was from the hunter, when killed, that they had "toiled" the game on a pole for several miles, and would proceed to dress it, the old man would take a seat near his window, open the broad shutters, take a knot, throw it on the fire, and make the room "more cheerful and more bright."

The old lady would come in, and William would help his mother set out a folding table in the middle of the room, upon a floor well sprinkled with clean white sand. She would go to a chest, take out a clean cotton table cover and nicely spread it. Next she would take the silverware, and the plates, cups and saucers, knives and forks, and put them in their appropriate places. Lastly she would take a small waiter and put it at one end, and into this her sugar dish and cream bowl and teaspoons. Very shortly thereafter one of the negro girls would come in bearing a plate of biscuit and a dish of fried chicken. Retiring, she would soon return with a dish of broiled venison and some turkey steak. Mrs. L. would sit down to the table—eat, and you would give your family in Cumberland county a nice one for Christmas and New Year's dinners. In that day we had no Thanksgiving dinners; for we had no Thanksgiving day, known to our law. No doubt we were quite as grateful for Almighty benefactions as we are now; though we did not make quite so much public parade of the fact. That old man was one of the salt of the earth. He knew nothing of conventional or fashionable life. He never saw a railroad, nor a steamship. He had read but few books besides his Bible. He knew how to be honest and straightforward, kind, gentle and hospitable. No avarice dried up the fountain of his soul—no malignity, nor envy, nor hatred put gall and wormwood in his heart. And that old woman, who for forty years—neither long nor weary ones with her—had made herself happy, by doing her duty in the "lowly train of life's sequestered scene," as became a wife and a mother, was really one of the salt of the sex. To her, Mr. Love and William were the chief objects of her early adoration. Her boy—for boy he always was in her eyes—was, to his parents, ever loving and true. Though the old folks are "dead and gone," William lives there still, married but childless, and when he "shuffles off his mortal coil," the last of the race will have departed.

While you and Uncle Daniel and William are talking, that good old woman is deftly using her knitting needles upon a pair of yarn socks for the comfort of her dear old son—the wool clipped by them, washed and carded and spun by her. Oh, how sweetly, even now, after more than thirty years have passed over me, whitening my locks, and furrowing my cheek, does that maternal smile of Aunt Polly dwell in the house of my memory!

After you have conversed until your feelings are in full accord with the indications of your watch, Uncle Daniel will tell you that the time for the coming of the night is near, and you can take which one of them you choose. If you show by your conduct that your modesty is likely to be sorely tried, he will suggest that if Polly can stand it, he thinks you might be able to do so. And then, the old woman may go out, but will come back after you have thrown the

protecting blankets over you, and will knit away, until you have at last cause of your earthly surroundings. In the morning when you wake, after a night of healthful repose, refreshed and strong, you will see her, quickly moving about the fire. If she notices that you are awake she will express her sincere wish that you have had a good night. And then she glides out of the room, you get up, put on your clothes (they call it "dress," these days) and sit about the fire, which somebody has made while you were asleep.

In a few minutes Uncle Daniel and William come in, and from them that soon after you get in bed, weary with your ride of thirty miles, they, rested from their walk of over ten, had skinned the buck, cut it up and put it away; and rising at daybreak, had that very morning taken a tramp of several miles. Pretty soon, you have intimations that breakfast is approaching—for about an hour before you had smelt the odor of parching coffee, and soon thereafter heard the sound of the little coffee mill which was crushing her coffee after the arrival of her guests, and hence it was always fresh. The table would show the same bill of fare which you had tried the night before, with the addition of ham and eggs, or soft boiled eggs without the ham. When you indicated your wish to leave, your horse was brought out, harnessed and hitched to the vehicle, the baggage stowed away, and you make the usual inquiry as to the "damage" which you have inflicted. To your astonishment, you are told that seventy-five cents is ample remuneration for all the services which they have rendered for your accommodation. After your departure, other wayfarers, as you were, will take your place, and meet with the same hearty but unpretentious treatment; and they and you and all that preceded you, will sincerely wish that they may ever fare so well. The recollection of the turkey steak, made from the breast of a wild gobbler, will be one of the "memories of joys that are past, pleasant, but mournful to the soul."

I have said that the house had no adornments. It had none. The outside was destitute of attraction, and only those who knew the character of the inmates would ever, from choice, have made that house a stopping place. Its recommendation lay within. Like the laden casket of Portia, which "rather threatened than did promise aught," it contained the "counterfeit" or lovelessness and simplicity. Many places there were the same, but the old lady, with her architectural display, and well-graded walks, and beautiful flower gardens, there was no comfort, either to the inmates or to the stranger.

"Many a time and oft," in the years gone by, when a school boy going to and returning from our State university, where I was a student, when traveling on public or private business, or for mere pleasure, I have availed myself of the hospitality of this plain dwelling and enjoyed the food and lodging which it afforded, and which was as warm as the kind-hearted and sensible conversation of the occupants. I have joined the old man and William more than once on a deer hunt and sat around the same camp-fire, with others, who have since been carried across the river of time, and I trust are now with the blest. On these and other occasions the father and the son were true men—gentlemen—fit for the association of all persons who mistake not fine apparel and well chosen language for the higher and nobler characteristics of the heart. When I first went on a hunt, I had a small shotgun, 15-gauge and 30 inches long, weighing about 7 pounds. Their ideas of a deer weapon being a musket of about 10-bore in size, 4 feet in length and 10 or 12 pounds in weight, they looked with feelings of contempt upon my little gun, and regarded it as only fit for sparrows and snowbirds, or possibly a squirrel, if perched upon the lower limbs of a black jack. But after I had demonstrated its power by bringing down a fine buck, they admitted that it might, if the deer was at close range, but never could such a gun as that do the duty of "Old Betsy" in securing the skins of more than one hundred.

In that day, and for years before, the section to which I refer abounded in deer. It was poor and sparsely settled, and intersected with streams having wide swamps, which afforded food and shelter for these game animals. The forests of long-leaved pines were then undisturbed by the demand for naval stores. Now the sporting sector has taken nearly every one, scarified the trees, made the woods resound with his ax, and by this means quite as much as any other, the deer have been forced to seek a more quiet retreat. A few are still left, and when the trees are "worked up" and stillness again comes, it may be expected that numbers will return and again inhabit the waste places. But Uncle Daniel, having "served his day and generation," has passed away never to return; Aunt Polly—for in her day she had no Molasses Head, and she was a good deal like the shadow hand, and few are left who equal and none who surpass their virtues. WELLS.

## Natural History.

### TAME ALLIGATORS.

IN the sixth paper of Dr. Henshall's "Trip Around the Coast of Florida," he speaks of "Alligator Ferguson," who, in one of his yarns, remarks that he never killed a 'gator that measured over twelve feet in length. I would like to ask the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* what was the longest alligator known to have been killed? Also, who has killed a genuine crocodile in Florida?

I have three small tame alligators, which have been about in my possession. They are three feet long, and have grown six inches in that time. They are quite tame, and will come eagerly hustling along when I commence tapping on their box or calling them to feed. They are more shy than I would suppose possible. I have held a piece of meat over their box and have seen them jump so that their heads would appear above the box two feet high trying to get it. Putting one on the ground so as to give him a chance to run away, I have been surprised to find a very fast walk, and him again. When I stand and hold a stick in my hand, they will rise on their hind, keep up a constant hissing and whistling of tails, as if they like to be noticed and talked to. Altogether they show more brightness and intelligence than I thought the species had. I feed a little fresh meat twice a week in summer; in winter none at all, as they will not eat. At least these do not. This last winter I have several times found them frozen fast in the ice, and the water was low in the tank. I have correspondingly been quite disappointed in these little fellows, I should not care to be taken by one. Putting a small piece of meat on the end of a stick, I have several times had the stick twisted forcibly out of my

fingers, by its being accidentally caught with the meat. They have a way of rapidly rolling over and over when they bite anything, until the piece is twisted out. If they were very large they would not be very good pots to have around, especially if children were exposed.

The little swamps had been dry so long that the water was all gone except in the alligator holes. I saw something swimming about in a little pool about six feet in diameter, I sat down on the sand bar thrown up around the hole, which had probably been there for years, the work of the alligator when digging the hole. Soon the mucky nose and little green eyes of a young alligator popped up; then another, until I counted six or eight. I was not more than four feet from the water, but as I kept still, the little fellows did nothing but eye me sharply. Pretty soon I heard a strange clucking sound, and a big bunch of a nose and a pair of huge green goatee eyes were thrust up a little too close and familiar, I thought, considering the short acquaintance. I sat quite limber on foot, ready to take leave in case the old lady should harbor a notion to scoop me into the family circle. The stage of sixteen or eighteen eyes was embarrassing, as my audience seemed to expect something of me. Suddenly I heard a cry, and the audience disappeared suddenly and silently disappeared. I tried to snare the old one, but she pulled out of the nose I fixed, and was not at home for callers for several weeks. By fixing a sack under water and pulling a string I closed the hole behind three of the little ones, as the pets I now have: three feet each. The bay has filled up with water, so I have not been able to catch the rest, but expect to soon. KIRK.

LAWTAY, Fla., April 1.

A skin and skeleton of the Florida crocodile (*Crocodilus americanus*) is in the National Museum at Washington, specimen number 11,874. They were received by Prof. H. A. Ward, of Rochester, N. Y. The museum would like more specimens.

## THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH.

### SUMMARY.

THE following classification of the birds already enumerated in this catalogue may prove of interest to its readers.

CLASS A.—Residents, or species found here during the entire year; 33 species.

CLASS B.—Summer Visitors. Species found here in summer, and with but few exceptions of regular occurrence; 113 species.

CLASS C.—Winter Visitors. Species found here in winter, but usually not at any other time, and with few exceptions of regular occurrence; 21 species.

CLASS D.—Migrants. Species found here during migrations, but with few exceptions not at other times; 67 species.

CLASS E.—Stragglers or Irregular Visitors; 67 species.

A.—Residents, or species found here during the entire year; 33 species.

1. Golden-crowned Kinglet.
2. Blue-backed Chickadee.
3. Hairy Woodpecker.
4. Red-bellied Nuthatch.
5. Brown Creeper.
6. Common Crossbill.
7. White-winged Crossbill.
8. House Sparrow.
9. Raven.
10. Crow.
11. Blue Jay.
12. Pileated Woodpecker.
13. Hairy Woodpecker.
14. Downy Woodpecker.
15. Black-backed Three-toed Woodpecker.
16. Hairy Woodpecker.
17. Great Horned Owl.
18. Long-eared Owl.
19. Barred Owl.
20. Screech Owl.
21. Great Horned Owl.
22. Hairy Woodpecker.
23. Downy Woodpecker.
24. Black-backed Three-toed Woodpecker.
25. Hairy Woodpecker.
26. Great Horned Owl.
27. Long-eared Owl.
28. Barred Owl.
29. Screech Owl.
30. Great Horned Owl.
31. Hairy Woodpecker.
32. Downy Woodpecker.
33. Black-backed Three-toed Woodpecker.

B.—Summer Visitors, or species found here in summer, and with but few exceptions of regular occurrence; 113 species.

1. Wilson's Thrush. Regularly breeds.
2. Swainson's Thrush. Regularly breeds.
3. Heron. Regularly breeds.
4. Robin. Regularly breeds.
5. Catbird. Regularly breeds.
6. Rufous Thrush. Regularly breeds.
7. Bluebird. Regularly breeds.
8. Yellow Warbler. Regularly breeds.
9. Winter Wren. Regularly breeds.
10. Short-billed Marsh Wren. More evidence needed as to abundance and regularity of occurrence and breeding.
11. Golden-crowned Kinglet. Regularly breeds.
12. Water Thrush. Regularly breeds.
13. Black and White or Variegated Warbler. Regularly breeds.
14. Nashville Warbler. Regularly breeds.
15. Wandering or Tennessee Warbler. Probably breeds regularly or in restricted localities.
16. Blue Yellow-backed Warbler. Regularly breeds.
17. Cape May Warbler. Probably breeds regularly in very limited numbers in restricted localities.
18. Golden Warbler. Regularly breeds.
19. Black-throated White Warbler. Probably breeds regularly.
20. Magnolia Warbler. Regularly breeds.
21. Chestnut-sided Warbler. Regularly breeds.
22. Bay-breasted Warbler. Probably breeds regularly.
23. Blackburn's Warbler. Regularly breeds.
24. Black-throated Green Warbler. Regularly breeds.
25. Pine Warbler. Regularly breeds.
26. Redpoll Warbler. A few breed. In the sixth line of Catalogue notes on this species, for "spar" read "spar". "Nearly all pass beyond the limits of the State" to breed.
27. Philadelphia Warbler. Probably breeds regularly, but in limited numbers and in restricted localities.
28. Maryland Warbler. Regularly breeds.
29. Canadian Warbler. Regularly breeds.
30. Redstart. Regularly breeds.
31. Red-eyed Vireo. Regularly breeds.
32. Philadelphia Vireo. Apparently of regular occurrence. More evidence needed in regard to breeding.
33. Warbling Vireo. Regularly breeds.
34. Yellow-throated Vireo. Probably of regular occurrence.
35. Solitary Vireo. Regularly breeds.
36. Long-legged Vireo. Regularly breeds.
37. Purple Martin. Regularly breeds.
38. Chimney Swift. Regularly breeds.
39. Barn Swallow. Regularly breeds.

61. White-bellied Swallow. Regularly breeds.
62. Bank Swallow. Regularly breeds.
63. Scissor-tail. Regularly breeds.
64. Cedar-bird. Common "Waxwing." Regularly breeds, and of irregular occurrence in winter.
65. House-brewster. Regularly breeds.
66. Purple Finch. Regularly breeds.
67. Pine Linnet. Regularly breeds, apparently of irregular winter occurrence.
68. Goldfinch. Regularly breeds, apparently irregular in winter occurrence. In fifth line of Catalogue notes of this species, read: "In winter it is found in small spots around larger end."
69. Savanna Sparrow. Regularly breeds.
70. Jay-winged Sparrow. Regularly breeds.
71. Sharp-shinned Sparrow. Regularly breeds.
72. Swamp Sparrow. Regularly breeds.
73. Song Sparrow. Regularly breeds.
74. White-throated Sparrow. Regularly breeds.
75. Chipping Sparrow. Regularly breeds.
76. Field Sparrow. Regularly breeds.
77. Blue Grosbeak. Regularly breeds.
78. Indigo Bunting. Regularly breeds.
79. Red-winged Blackbird. Regularly breeds.
80. Cowbird. Regularly breeds.
81. Red-winged Blackbird. Regularly breeds.
82. Meadow Lark. Regularly breeds.
83. Baltimore Oriole. Regularly breeds.
84. Rusty Grackle. Regularly breeds.
85. Purple Grackle. Regularly breeds.
86. Kingbird. Regularly breeds.
87. Green-crowned Flycatcher. Regularly breeds.
88. Phoebe Flycatcher. Regularly breeds.
89. Yellow-crowned Flycatcher. Regularly breeds.
90. Wood Pewee Flycatcher. Regularly breeds.
91. Yellow-bellied Flycatcher. Regularly breeds.
92. Trail's Flycatcher. Regularly breeds.
93. Least Flycatcher. Regularly breeds.
94. Rusty-throated Hummingbird. Regularly breeds.
95. Chimney Swift. Regularly breeds.
96. Whippoorwill. Regularly breeds.
97. Night Hawk. Regularly breeds.
98. Black-bellied Cuckoo. Regularly breeds.
99. Belted Kingfisher. Regularly breeds.
100. Yellow-bellied Woodpecker. Regularly breeds.
101. Golden-crowned Woodpecker. Regularly breeds.
102. Short-eared Owl. Regularly breeds.
103. Rusty-crowned Owl. Regularly breeds.
104. Marsh Hawk. Regularly breeds.
105. Little Leaded Eagle. Regularly breeds. Of irregular occurrence in winter.
106. Passenger Pigeon. Regularly breeds.
107. Piping Plover. Regularly breeds.
108. Golden Plover. Regularly breeds.
109. Wilson's Snipe. Probably a few continue to regularly breed here.
110. Herring Gull. Regularly breeds.
111. Spotted Tattler. Regularly breeds.
112. Solitary Tattler. Some birds of this species remain in Maine throughout the year, and probably breed here, but further evidence is yet needed as to nesting.
113. Great Blue Heron. Regularly breeds.
114. Great Egret. Regularly breeds.
115. Night Heron. Regularly breeds.
116. Bittern. Regularly breeds.
117. Least Bittern. Probably a few yet breed here. In third from last line of the Catalogue notes of this species, for "storks" read "storks" of marsh hay, etc.
118. Virginia Rail. Regularly breeds.
119. Carolina Rail. Regularly breeds.
120. Yellow Rail. Of regular occurrence. Probably breeds.
121. Wood Duck. Regularly breeds.
122. Laughing Gull. Apparently of irregular occurrence, but known to breed.
123. Wilson's Tern. Regularly breeds.
124. Arctic Tern. Regularly breeds.
125. Leach's Petrel. Regularly breeds.
126. Red-bellied Gull. Regularly breeds.
127. White-bellied Gull. Regularly breeds.
128. Herring Gull. Of regular occurrence, most commonly seen on the coast.
129. Lark Shrike. Of regular occurrence.
130. Pine Grosbeak. Of regular occurrence in winter, but irregularly distributed. Probably a few breed within the limits of the State, but satisfactory evidence is needed.
131. Redpoll Linnet. Of regular occurrence. Abundant.
132. Snow Bunting. Of regular occurrence.
133. Lapland Bunting. Of irregular occurrence.
134. Canada Jay. Of regular occurrence.
135. Great Gray Owl. Of irregular occurrence.
136. Snowy Owl. Apparently of regular occurrence.
137. Hawk Owl. Apparently of regular occurrence.
138. Tengmalm's Owl. Possibly of regular occurrence. In the Catalogue notes of this species, the last paragraph is erroneous. A specimen was taken by hand alive in Portland city, March 8, 1883.
139. Purple Sandpiper. Of regular occurrence.
140. Dunlop's or Iceland Golden-eye Duck. Probably of regular occurrence.
141. Harlequin Duck. Of regular occurrence.
142. Eider Duck. Of regular occurrence. The ducks of this species observed breeding on the Maine coast within recent years have been limited to a few individuals, and possibly these few have now ceased to breed here. Therefore, I do not include the species among birds named as "Residents."
143. King Eider Duck. Probably of regular occurrence in limited numbers.
144. Glaucous Gull. Apparently of regular occurrence, but never abundant. In fifth line of Catalogue notes of this species, for "black-tailed" read "black-tailed." Of regular occurrence, and occasionally abundant. The autumn migrations extend southward, but the coast of Maine is probably the southernmost limit of any abundance of this species.
145. Little Guillemot, Dovekie. Apparently of regular occurrence, but of very limited abundance.
146. Forked Guillemot, Long-billed Murre. So uncommon that more evidence is needed as to regularity of the occurrence of this species here.
147. Bretnich's Guillemot, Short-billed Murre. Of regular occurrence. Common, especially during migrations.
148. Migrants. Species found here during migration, but with few exceptions, not at other times; 67 species.
149. Ace's Thrush. Spring and autumn.
150. Bay-breasted Warbler. Spring and autumn. More evidence needed as to regularity of occurrence in summer or winter, and as to breeding here. Abundant during migrations.
151. Tree Sparrow. Spring and autumn. No record of specimens taken in spring.
152. Wilson's Sparrow. Spring and autumn. Apparently rare in spring.
153. Ipswich Sparrow. Spring and autumn.
154. White-crowned Sparrow. Spring and autumn.
155. Tree Sparrow. Spring and autumn.
156. Fox Sparrow. Spring and autumn.
157. Peregrine Falcon. Spring and autumn. Probably a regular migrant, but the species is apparently not common here at any time.
158. Pigeon Hawk. Spring and autumn.
159. Black-bellied Plover. Spring and autumn.
160. Golden Plover. Autumn only.
161. Semipalmated Plover. Ring-necked. Spring and autumn.
162. Turnstone. Spring and autumn.
163. Red-breasted snipe. Spring and autumn.
164. Long-legged snipe. Spring and autumn.
165. Least Sandpiper. Spring and autumn.
166. White-rumped Sandpiper. Spring and autumn.
167. Pezomachus. Autumn.
168. Dunlin. Autumn. Rarely appears on the shores of Maine in spring.
169. Red-breasted Sandpiper. Spring and autumn.

170. Sanderling. Autumn. Very rarely appears on the shores of Maine in spring.
171. Semipalmated Tattler. Winter. Autumn. Very rarely occurs here in spring.
172. Great Yellowlegs Tattler. Spring and autumn.
173. Semipalmated Tattler. Winter. Of irregular appearance on the shores of Maine during the summer migrations.
174. Hudsonian Godwit. Autumn.
175. Hudsonian Curlew. Spring and autumn.
176. Esquimaux Curlew. Autumn. In Catalogue notes of this species, in second line, for "spring" read "summer." Usually seen here in spring and autumn.
177. Phalarope. Spring and autumn.
178. Northern Phalarope. Spring and autumn.
179. Wilson's Phalarope. Apparently of irregular occurrence, or in such limited numbers that more evidence is needed in regard to the appearance of this species on our coast.
180. American Coot. Autumn. Never abundant.
181. Brand Goose. Spring and autumn.
182. Canada Goose. Spring and autumn.
183. Sprigland Goose. Spring and autumn.
184. American Wildgoose. Autumn.
185. Green-winged Teal. Spring and autumn.
186. Blue-winged Teal. Autumn.
187. Great Scaup Duck. Spring and autumn.
188. Little Scaup Duck. Spring and autumn.
189. Ruddy Duck. Autumn.
190. Barlehead Duck. Spring and autumn. A few remain throughout the winter.
191. Long-tailed Duck. Spring and autumn. Common in winter.
192. Hareling or White-winged Teal. Spring and autumn. Some remain throughout each winter.
193. Surf Scoter. Spring and autumn. A few remain throughout each winter.
194. American Scoter. Spring and autumn. But few remain throughout the winter.
195. Hooded Merganser. Spring and autumn. Never abundant here, and although it is probable a few regularly breed within the limits of the State, in lack of satisfactory evidence the species is named a migrant only.
196. Cormorant. Spring and autumn.
197. Double-crested Cormorant. Spring and autumn. In third line of Catalogue notes on this species, read: "All the cormorants are locally termed *shags* by fishermen."
198. Pomarine Lestrin. Spring and autumn. In fifth line of Catalogue notes of this species, read: "The species is named a migrant only." More evidence needed in regard to abundance and regularity of the occurrence of this species here.
199. Long-tailed or Hudson's Gull. Spring and autumn. Nos. 266 and 268 are common and of regular occurrence off the Maine coast, being most abundant during August and September.
200. Black-backed Gull. Spring and autumn. A few remain here each winter.
201. Ring-billed Gull. Spring and autumn.
202. Kittiwake Gull. Spring and autumn. Also regularly in winter.
203. Bonaparte's Gull. Spring and autumn.
204. Caspian Tern. Probably a regular migrant.
205. Black Tern. Of occurrence during spring and autumn migrations, in very limited numbers, however. Uncommon, and apparently of irregular occurrence.
206. Wilson's Petrel. Autumn, and probably in spring also.
207. Greater Shearwater or Hazden. Spring and autumn.
208. Sooty Shearwater or Black Hardhead. Spring and autumn. The hawks are usually most abundant off the Maine coast in August.
209. Red-throated Diver or Loon. Spring and autumn.
210. Red-throated Loon. Spring and autumn. A few remain here in winter.
211. Horned Grebe. Spring and autumn. A few remain in winter. Evidence is needed as to regular breeding here.
212. Razor-billed Auk. This species cannot properly be regarded as "resident" in Maine.
- 213.—Stragglers or Irregular Visitors; 69 species.
214. Wood Thrush. Record of but one specimen taken.
215. Mockingbird. Stragglers or escaped cage-birds.
216. House Chat. Record of but one specimen taken in Maine.
217. Blue-gray Gnatcatcher. Record of but one specimen observed in Maine. In third line of Catalogue notes of this species, for "shot" read "seen."
218. Prothonotary Warbler. Record of but one specimen taken.
219. Worm-eating Warbler. But one specimen reported as taken within the fifty years.
220. Orange-crowned Warbler. More evidence needed of the occurrence of this species.
221. Agile or Connecticut Warbler. Record of two specimens taken.
222. Yellow-breasted Chat. Record of one specimen taken.
223. Yellow-crowned Vireo. Record of a pair nesting. This species occurs irregularly. More evidence wanted in regard to occurrence of this species.
224. Summer Tanager. Record of a single specimen taken.
225. Bohemian Chatcatcher or "Waxwing." Of irregular occurrence, usually in winter.
226. Cardinal Grosbeak. Stragglers or escaped cage-birds.
227. Blue Grosbeak. Record of a single specimen taken.
228. Yellow-winged Sparrow. Apparently occurs only as a straggler.
229. Baltimore Oriole. Apparently occurs only as a straggler.
230. Boat-tailed Grackle. Record of but one instance.
231. Western Kingbird. Record of a single specimen taken.
232. Yellow-bellied Cuckoo. Apparently occurs irregularly only.
233. Red-headed Woodpecker. Apparently of irregular occurrence only.
234. Barn Owl. Record of a single specimen taken.
235. Screech Owl. Apparently of irregular occurrence, but not rare, and has been taken in summer and in winter.
236. Iceland Gull. Record of but one specimen taken.
237. Labrador Gull. Occurs only as a straggler.
238. Cooper's Hawk. Apparently of irregular occurrence only.
239. Golden Eagle. Apparently of irregular occurrence.
240. Turkey Vulture. Straggler.
241. Black Vulture. Straggler.
242. Carolina Jay. Straggler.
243. Virginia Partridge or Quail. Occurrence only by artificial introduction from other States.
244. European Quail. Occurrence only by artificial introduction from Europe.
245. Killdeer Plover. Straggler.
246. Oyster Catcher. Record of a single specimen taken.
247. Bird's Sandpiper. Straggler.
248. Curlew Sandpiper. Straggler.
249. Ruff-bellied Sandpiper. Apparently of irregular occurrence only.
250. Ruff-bellied Straggler from Europe.
251. Great White Egret. Straggler.
252. Long-billed Curlew. Straggler.
253. Great White Egret. Straggler.
254. Little White Egret. Straggler.
255. Little Blue Heron. Record of a single specimen taken.
256. Avocet. Straggler.
257. Black-necked Stilt. Straggler.
258. Kingbird. Straggler.
259. Clapper Rail. Straggler.
260. Junco Rail. Record of a single specimen; identification doubtful.
261. Purple Gallinule. Straggler.
262. Common Gallinule. Straggler.
263. Common Swan. Straggler.
264. Snow Goose. Of irregular occurrence.
265. Mallard. Of irregular occurrence.
266. Gadwall. Straggler.
267. Shoveler Duck. Straggler.
268. King-neck Duck. Straggler.
269. Redhead Duck. Of irregular occurrence.
270. Canvas-back Duck. Of irregular occurrence.
271. Murrelet. No record of any specimen taken within the United States since 1872.
272. Gannet. Of irregular occurrence.
273. White Pelican. Straggler.
274. Frigate Pelican. A single specimen shot near the harbor of Halifax, Nova Scotia, Oct. 16, 1875, and sent to Mr. Andrew Downes, of Boston. It was taken as a straggler from the south past the coast of Maine.
275. Sabine's Gull. Apparently a straggler, or at least of irregular occurrence, and in very limited numbers. Record of but two specimens taken here.
276. Gull-billed Tern. Apparently of irregular occurrence only.
277. Donnell's Tern. Apparently a straggler, or at least of irregular occurrence only.
278. Least Tern. Straggler.
279. Sooty Tern. Record of a single specimen taken.
280. Black Skimmer. Straggler.
281. Ice Plover. Apparently a straggler only.
282. Black-throated Diver or Loon. On account of the lack of satisfactory evidence as to the occurrence of this species on our coast, it can now only be regarded as a straggler, or of irregular occurrence.

This classification is made in the order of relative importance as it appears to the writer, although the migrants may be regarded as a class of equal importance with the winter visitors. Still, eagles rank last in importance and interest as a class, although some individual instances are of ornithological importance.

In reading the Catalogue as published I notice many errors of a typographical nature, perhaps due to carelessly written manuscript, but I trust that readers will comprehend such errors.

In the preparation of these notes for publication in *FOREST AND STREAM* the writer has endeavored to avoid as much as possible all technicalities and to express explicitly and without ambiguity such items as were selected for the object in view.

Conscious of an inability to convey any information of value to scientific ornithologists, and of the truth of the saying that "there's nothing new under the sun," I have published in this connection such of my notes as seemed of probable interest or value to readers who, like myself, are observers and students of birds and their ways, and in seeking to acquire some knowledge of natural history and a constant source of pleasure.

By a continuance of observations, additions can be made to the list of species enumerated for this region, for the territory is extensive and remarkably varied as regards distribution of species.

In conclusion I wish to say to collectors, taxidermists, sportsmen and others that it is always a pleasure for me to receive birds or skins sent for examination, or identification, or any notes in regard to birds. Already I am obtaining agreeable recompense for my labor in preparing this local list of birds by new correspondence and the receipt of specimens, and I hope for a continuance of such favors from all those to whom I have been indebted in the past.

PORTLAND, ME., U. S. AMERICA.

EVERETT SMITH.

## THE STUDY OF NATURE.

AS the game laws will probably not be altered or repealed so that professional men and others may hunt and fish during their summer's vacation, let me suggest to such persons that they then study nature and make a specialty of some branch of natural history.

I know a clergyman who several years ago began the study of ants during a summer's vacation. He found the study so pleasant and interesting that he continued it during succeeding vacations. He published a book on the subject. As a scientist he is well known. Now he also studies spiders. One vacation he came to Texas to study its ants, whose homes here are curious and wonderful. If he told me that his entomological studies had given him health and much pleasure.

A clergyman once told me that he thought it was small business for a man to be looking after "bugs" and other insects. I asked him who made the insects. After a short time he replied, saying that he supposed God did it. He had not thought of them as the work of God, and hence worthy of the attention and study of man.

Geology, also, affords a grand study for all. Everyone should know at least the main features of the earth, its rocks, and at least its most common minerals. But the study of such subjects will generally need any recommendation. A knowledge of them gives never-failing interest to all rambles among hills and mountains, especially where nature shows herself in her grandest forms of rock-work.

Botany presents a large and inviting field of study everywhere in the country, especially in the summer, and even in the winter the trees can be known and studied. I have often thought that sportsmen with general knowledge of botany, particularly of trees, would have their means of pleasure much increased. Nor would they then be tempted to kill more game than necessary. When their larler at camp is well supplied with meat or fish they might make notes on the different species of trees around; their size and height. This would give an increased and more permanent value to their communications, which already many of them have their observations on the various branches of natural history. Much has been said about the animal life of forest and stream, but very few details of the actual forest have been given in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

ASTORIA, TEX., April 2, 1893.

S. B. BUCKLEY.

CAROLINA Doves' Nests.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I may not be good enough to answer your readers that the Carolina dove (*Zenaidura macroura*) has no regular habit of incubation. A few days since I found one sitting on two eggs in an old robin's nest, reconstructed by a few new twigs placed inside. A day or so before I found one sitting on her eggs in a cedar tree, on a newly constructed nest, formed very loosely of small twigs, on a projecting limb about eight feet from the ground. Again, during the spring of 1881 I found a dove sitting on two eggs laid on a stump in a thick wood, without a twig or anything pertaining to a nest.—OLD TURKEY (Long Hill, N. J., April 23, 1893).

TURKEY BUZZARD IN MAINE.—The following is taken from the *Lewiston (Maine) Gazette* of April 20: "The bird recently shot by Abel Sanborn, of East Fryeburg, which was supposed to be a bald-headed eagle, proved to be a turkey buzzard (*Cathartes aura*), a very rare species in this northern latitude, of which only two specimens have been reported in our State." The same bird, or another of the same species, was seen here several times, and a number of persons were within gunshot of it, but, supposing it to be an eagle, would not shoot.—R. A. GUSCIE (Appleton, Maine).

DO SQUIRRELS EAT FISH?—A friend of mine, driving last Sunday, when near a brook, saw a red squirrel run along on the rocks lining the brook with something alive in its mouth. He stopped his horse, and when the squirrel reached the swimming, it stopped twice, and the living thing in its mouth appeared to be the wriggling tail end of a fish about as long as a finger. On starting the horse the little fellow scampered off into the bushes with its prey.—C. GERBER, JR.

WHITE PELICANS IN IOWA.—Charles City, Ia., April 16, 1893.—There was a large flight of white pelicans at this place on the evening of the 15th, estimated at over 1,000, and every one who could scrape up a gun or a shooting party of any kind was out after them. One was killed by M. G. Tower. A common rat was run into the river here by some boy, and, after swimming 100 yards to the opposite side of the river, recrossed, not much the worse for the swim.—ZIR KOON.

## Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

## SOME LIARS I HAVE KNOWN.

A GOOD portion of my past life having been spent around the sportsman's "flickering camp-fire," it has been my good or evil fortune to meet with many characters to whom truth was indeed stranger than fiction.

The individuals to whom we allude do not lie for gain or self-advantage, but are men whose mental and moral idiosyncrasies render them prone to exaggeration, who, like the Indian specimen, will, when we listen and wonder, from a budding fact, throw a sky-clearing squint.

These narrators, who draw upon their imaginations for their facts, may be classed under several heads. First, the "conscientious exaggerator," who really believes that the tale he tells is true, or very near the truth. Next comes the "romancer," who, "of imagination all compact," can, from the "airy nothings" of his brain, rear castles as enchanting as ever rose at the command of genius of the lamp. Of these we have heard in the last of the "Lionel" and, thirdly, your straight-forward, cold-blooded, matter-of-fact liar, who tells his story with a voice and manner so earnest and convincing, that the listener finds himself startled as with a shock at the least shadow of an unbelief. To this latter class belonged old Dave W., who, although he claimed to own a large cotton plantation on Red River, and also to have at one time represented his native State in the halls of her Legislature, was, at the time of which we write, living upon the bank of the Sandlower River, in a shanty so small that, not unlike the Irishman's ancestral palace, one might have almost reached his arm down the chimney and unlatched the door.

Standing one day upon the bank of this most beautiful of Southern rivers, I saw my neighbor, Den H., riding up, with his Winchester lying across his lap. As I knew that Den would shoot at anything, from a baldheaded eagle to a cotton-tail moccasin, I pointed out to him a water turkey (see the snake-like, here generally called) sitting motionless upon the limb of a dead tree overhanging the river, and some three hundred yards distant. Alighting, Den elevated the sights of his rifle, and, resting it against a tree, sighted and fired. By accident the lead sped true to its mark, and the bird fell dead upon the water beneath. Just at this moment old Dave, with his slow, gliding, still-hunter walk, came up to where we were standing.

A pretty good one, I said to him, as coming to a halt he leaned his long hunting rifle against the tree under which we stood.

"Pretty fair, pretty fair," he replied; "enmost as good as I wonst make myself."

"Well, Dave, tell us about that shot," I said.

Hitching up his pants and making them more secure with a thorn, which he had substituted for a button, he sank slowly down upon a projecting root, and began as follows: "You see, 'twas while me and Tom Powell was a-fishing up on Sky Lake endurin' the high water of '88. We was so busy a-cuttin' out our float road we didn't have time to hunt, so one day just afore sundown we found out we didn't have any grub. So what does I do but pick up old Betsy, which she was a long Kanetuck rifle what I had named after a gal I was sweet on, what lived down on Big Chafferier, an' says I to Tom, says I, 'I'll git er duck.' So I walked down to the bank of the old Sky Lake, and I seed three woolly-heads about a quarter of a mile from shore. Says I to myself, 'It's duck or no meat, an' anyways I'll try 'er.' So I up an' drewed a coise head on the nearest one, an' when old Betsy spoke if that duck didn't turn over on his back dead as a door-nail my name ain't Dave. Well, thinks I to myself, 'One duck won't be much for two hungry men,' so I loaded up old Betsy again, an' by that time them other two woolly-heads was out of sight. You see they didn't fly when I shot the first one, but kept a-swimmin' cross the lake. So I flung up old Bets an' gin er squint long her top side, an' then I gin her a kinder fill an' pulled trigger, an' would you-a-believed it I killed both of them yuther ducks, for they was swimmin' in a line, you see."

"How far off, Dave," said Ben H., "do you think those last ducks were when you pulled trigger?"

"Think hard to tell," answered Dave, "but as near as I can come to it, it must a been about five mile away. I took Tom just one hour to go in his dugout an' fetch 'em in, and I think he was a paddling about a four-mile lick all the time."

As neither of us made any remarks on this extraordinary shot, Dave took a chew of tobacco and continued, "That was about as long a range shot as I ever knowed, exceptin' 'wunst, an' that was the time a fellow shot me clean through, down at the mouth of Big Sunflower."

We did not either of us express any surprise at this last remark, only Ben said, "Well, Dave, tell us how that happened."

"Well, you see," he went on in his low monotonous matter-of-fact tone, "it was while I was a workin' a long old Billy Tucker just afore the mouth of this yer very river, when one day we boys found we had about run short o' lead for bullets. In them days we didn't have these yer new-fangled guns (giving a little cough, the first and only time he coughed along, bang! bang! went their guns, till if you'd a bin there you'd a thought another war had done broke out down the river. Well, 'twas pretty much the same thing every boat, an' I think we must a dug about a hundred an' fifty pounds o' lead out that bank every time one went by. Nowsomewer, after a while of this thing leaked out, an' as we had enough lead to last us about ten year, we took our game down."

"Well, one day old Capin' Wiley he landed his boat at old Billy's camp an' called me to come aboard, an' when he'd got me ahind the pilot-house, says he, 'Dave,' says he, 'I'm going to have er big lead or them that shootin' fellows up from Picketsburg next trip, an' I want you to have old Billy's pet deers down on the pint when you hears me a

blowin' down the river.' You see," says he, "I wants ter bet then that fellows that we will see a deer soon as we strikes the Sandlower, an' he won't be a deer, no more ther." "All right," says I, "supose as how you'll go havins it when you win." "All right," says he. Well, in about a week I hearn the old Argo, that was the name o' Capin' Wiley's boat, a blowin' down the river, so I gits a head o' cabbage an' I tells them deers down to the pint. Well, presently I seed the boat push her nose round the bend way down the river, so I laid that cabbage down on the sand an' I crept into all the edge of the bushes, an' I laid down a thinkin' all the time how much my havins in that bet would be, when the first thing I knowed something 'bout as big as my fist took me "dup" right in the snail of my back, an' when I turned around an' seed er puff of white smoke curl up from the hurricane roof of the boat, I knowed then I was shot for certain. You see, one of them shootin' fellows had one of them old-fashion Dutch yawgers that carried about a pound an' a half ball, an' he had plugged me clean through, though that boat must a bin at least five miles off when he pulled trigger on them deers, for I hearn afterwards it was by accident he hit me."

"Pretty near killed you, too, didn't it, Dave?" said Ben W. "Yes, pretty nigh," said Dave, very slowly, as he took another chew of tobacco, "I laid me for enmost a week."

Alas for poor old Dave. His body "lies a moulderin' in the ground," and he will lie no more. He has crossed over the river. He has gone to the "spirit land," and doubtless "sparks" as he always called them, dwell on his "little brown jug."—More deadlly far than "Dutch yawgers"—had much to do with his untimely taking off. Peace to his bones. TUCKABO.

## THE GRADY COMPROMISE BILL.

UTICA, N. Y., April 21, 1892.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have the Compromise Bill, Senate Doc. 455. We have carefully read it. Your editorial, "Patent Coffee Mill," is as applicable to this as to the O'Connor bill. This bill is all declaration and no protection. It opens the New York market practically without limit, especially on woodcock, to supply summer resorts from July to February. New York is the great center from which illegal game is distributed over the whole country. With the allowed month for sale after open season, both July and August are open to them, by which the "law-breakers" can "skin" the whole State, while the law-abiding, who need no law, get entirely "left." The "private park" scheme is the most dangerous one for the sportsman ever put forward. It is a scheme to take the public for health and recreation is in danger of being turned into a vast "monopoly" for supply of the New York markets, and that too in the near future upon mere proclamation. Sportsmen, going to the Adirondacks will soon find themselves "not invited."

The whole plan of this bill is as bad as possibly can be: it is as bad as no law, or worse. It is a mere gloss and sham. The penal section abolishes the present accumulation of penalties for each bird, fish, etc., so that for the immense profits of New York markets, and receivers of illegal game and fish in "monopoly," is imposed a mere paltry penalty of twenty dollars, which they can cheerfully pay for the monopoly privilege.

The section allowing the "surrender" of game "illegally killed," in "exemption of civil and criminal prosecution," is a beautiful piece of sentimental philanthropy, for the benefit of the thousands who are sold out, for pleasure, and not for game. It nullifies the whole law.

I cannot go over the whole bill; the above is a specimen. We shall take measures to defeat it, and it will be defeated, even if we get no amendment of benefit this year. It is to be hoped that sportsmen will wake up to the full sense of the dangers and mistakes of seeking special privileges, and of looking for their interests in a bill gotten up by the paid attorney of New York market men and pushed with champagne and cigars.

Vice-Pres. Utica Fish and Game Protective Association.

## ILLINOIS GAME NOTES.

DUCKS, geese and a few swans plenty here this year, on all the small streams, more so than for several years past. There is a number of them and many a friend of mine killed nine ducks at one shot last week.

Small game, as prairie chickens, rabbits, quail, etc., in abundance in season. Quail so plentiful that in flocks of a dozen or more they will alight in trees not fifteen feet from the house where I am stopping. Lots of foxes, "the woods are full of them." Any number of rabbits, their tracks may be seen in the snow all around the houses and barns inside the city limits. Deer are everywhere, and trapped every night within forty feet of the house. A farmer recently came in here with 204 to sell. They hunt them with dogs and ferrets, also chase them into snow drifts, where, unable to run, they are slaughtered with clubs.

The game laws are neither respected nor enforced. Parties go out daily for chickens, quail, and rabbits. Natural result, the supply is fast decreasing, which, as far as the natives are concerned, is well and good. Serves them right. Was troubled by some friends to go with them after quail, being informed game laws weren't enforced, but although longing for the sport, positively refused out of principle, condemning their action in strong terms.

Taking a trip down through the western part of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, I saw many of negro boys along the route of the railroad, out with shotguns. Was informed that they kept the game shot entirely away from the white men. In Mississippi I saw a lot of these darkies having immense rabbits which they had shot, over twice the size of any to be found in this part of the country. JOHNET, III., April 12.

CHICAGO.

BUTTE CITY, MONT., April 15.—At the second annual meeting of Butte City Rod and Gun Club, the following officers were elected: President, F. C. Beck; Vice-President, Henry Young; Secretary, Fred. Gilbert; Treasurer, E. S. Paxson. We have a club of thirty-five members, who are jolly good fellows, and take a great interest in its well-being, and regard the game law like true sportsmen. A committee was appointed to do all in their power to bring to certain parties who have for a long time been disregarding the game laws. Our first club shoot was held on Friday last. Although a cold wind with dashes of snow prevailed, some good scores were made. Our treasurer made a hit and carried away the medal, which, by the way, was a leather one of fine finish, and shows excellent workmanship.—B. UTRE.

## DAVY CROCKETT'S RIFLE.

THROUGH the courtesy of Col. Bob H. Crockett, of DeWitt, Ark., we have enjoyed the rare pleasure of handling the historic arm once used by his grandfather, the famous pioneer, bear-killer, statesman and patriot, Davy Crockett. The rifle was presented by the young William Philadelphus, Crockett then being on a tour through the North. The maker was Constable, of Hoiyland, N. Y., who put it up in the highest style of the art. The lines of the gun are well shown in the drawing which we have had prepared and publish herewith. The pistol grip is a beauty; we have never seen one its superior, nor did we ever hold any other rifle that "came up" so well as this grand old arm of Davy Crockett's. It shoots as well as it looks.

The mountings are of coin silver, finely engraved, with representations of deer, bear, alligator and raccoon. Beneath the stock, just in front of the trigger guard, is, or was—all but the outline having been worn away by constant usage—the Goddess of Liberty, with the words "Constitution and Laws." Upon the top of the octagonal barrel is the inscription in letters of gold sunk into the barrel:

Presented by the Young Men of Philadelphia to the Hon. David Crockett, of Tenn.

The bore takes thirty-two balls to the pound. The gun has been in constant use since first the original owner carried it back to the States, and innumerable deer, bears, turkeys and other game have fallen off its discharges. We trust that the present owner may live many a year to use the heirloom.

Holding the rifle in our hands and "drawing a bead" on the sparrows perched on the wires across the street, our thoughts went back to the "Autobiography," that classic among the books in the American boy's library. We have all read it, years ago when we were boys. "I spy the wolf," if incident mislead it, made this plea. From Crockett's own account of his life we have taken out a few paragraphs to serve as settings for the rifle. They are not so satisfactory as we could wish—extracts rarely are—but they may invite some of our friends to a perusal of the book, in which event justice will be done to the hero.

David Crockett was born in 1786 in what is now Eastern Tennessee, the country at that time being infested with Indians. Beyond the memory of the surviving of a canoe with his brothers upon the brink of a fall in the river, and his uncle's shooting a man in the woods by mistake for a deer—he tells us little of his childhood, which appears to have been brief and very quickly merged into early manhood. They were giants in those days, and cast in heroic mold. What with subduing the wilderness, fighting Indians, and keeping the larder supplied with bear meat, the Tennessee settler had a man's work before him, and the children could waste but brief time in the frivolities of youth. When twelve years of age our hero began to make up his acquaintance with hard times, and plenty of them—an acquaintance which grew more intimate all through his life, to its tragic close in the Alamo. One winter Crockett made a foot journey of four hundred miles into Virginia; the following year he ran away from home; at fifteen he returned and worked a year to "lift" some of his father's debt; at sixteen he was known for the first time as a hunter—he fell desperately in love, seriously contemplated matrimony, and was jilted. His lack of education, he thought, was one cause for his failure in the love suit, and he determined to remedy the defect.

"I thought I would try to go to school some; and as the Quaker had a married son, who was living about a mile and a half from him, and keeping a school, I proposed to him that I would go to school for three months, and work for him the other two, to pay my board and schooling. He agreed I might come on those terms; and so at it I went, learning and working backward and forward, until I had been with him nine to six months. In this time I learned to read a little in my primer, to write my own name, and to cipher some in the three first rules in figures. And this was all the schooling I ever had in my life up to this day. I should have continued longer, if it hadn't been that I concluded I could do any thing longer without a wife; and so I cut out to hunt me one."

His life was now an odd mingling of hard work, hunting and love-making.

"I had by this time got to be mighty fond of the rifle, and had bought a capital one. I most generally carried her with me wherever I went, and though I had got back to the old Quaker's to live, who was a very particular man, would sometimes slip out and attend the shooting matches, where they shot for beef. I always tried, though, to keep it a secret from him."

"Just now I heard of a shooting match in the neighborhood, right between where I lived and my girl's house, and I determined to kill two birds with one stone—to go to the shooting match first and then to see her. I therefore made the Quaker believe I was going to hunt for deer, as they were plenty about in those parts; but, instead of hunting them, I went straight on to the shooting match, where I joined in with a partner, and we put in several shots for the beef. I was mighty lucky, and when the match was over I had won the whole beef. This was on Saturday, and my success had put me in the finest humor in the world. So I sold my part of the beef for five dollars in the real grist, for I believe that was before banknotes was invented; at least, I had never heard of any. I now started on to ask for my wife, for, though the next Thursday was our wedding day, I had never said a word to her parents about it. I had always dreaded the undertaking so bad that I had put the evil hour off as long as possible, and, indeed, I calculated they would know me so well they wouldn't raise any objection to having me for their son-in-law. I had a great deal better opinion of myself, I found, than other people had of me; but I moved on with a light heart, and my five dollars jingling in my pocket, thinking all the time there were but few greater men in the world than myself."

He had won his beef, but his flow of humor was quenched when he came to the house and found that his intended bride had jilted him for another fellow. "Down-spirited" over the unhappy termination of this second suit, Crockett was hunting one day in the forest, brooding like the melancholy Jacques, when coming to a cabin where dwelt a Dutch widow and her "ugly" daughter, he was confronted with the head of the ever-soothing old adage, "there was a good fish in the sea as had ever been caught out of it," and through the kindly offices of the same friendly match-maker, he was introduced to a pert young Irish miss, of whom he says, "I must confess I was plucky well pleased with her from the word go." But here again turned up the trouble-some and ubiquitous rival, "so attentive to her that I could hardly get to slip in a word edgeways. I began to think I

was barking up the wrong tree again; but I was determined to stand up to my rack, fiddle or no fiddle."

Then ensued a bit of woodland romance which is well worth to be written in notes of Success and verse:

"It was about two weeks after that I was sent for to engage in a wolf hunt, where a great number of men were to meet, with their dogs and guns, and where the best sort of sport was expected. I went as large as life, but I had to hunt in strange woods, and in a part of the country which was very thinly inhabited. While I was out it clouded up, and I began to get scared; and in a little while I was so much so, that I did not know where I was, nor what was the thing about it. I set out the way I thought it was, but it turned out with me, as it always does with a lost man, I was wrong, and took exactly the contrary direction from the right one. And for the information of young hunters, I will just say, in this place, that whenever a fellow gets bad lost, the way home is just the way he don't think it is. 'This rifle will hit nine times out of ten. I went ahead, though, about six or seven miles, when I found night was coming on fast; but at this distressing time I saw a little woman strutting it along through the woods like all wrath, and so I cut on foot, for I was determined I wouldn't lose sight of her that night any more. I run on till she saw me, and she stopped; for she was as glad to see me as I was to see her, as she was lost as well as me. When I came up to her, who should she be but my little girl, that I had been paying my respects to. She had been out hunting her father's horses, and had missed her way, and had no knowledge where she was, or how far it was to any house, or what way would take us there. She had been traveling all day, and was mighty tired; and I would have taken her up, and tosted her, if it hadn't been that I wanted her just where I could see her all the time, for I thought she looked sweeter than sugar; and by this time I loved her almost well enough to eat her."

"At last I came to a path, that I know'd must go somewhere, and so we followed it, till we came to a house, at about dark. Here we staid all night. I set up all night courting; and in the morning we parted. She went to her home, from which we were distant about seven miles, and I to mine, which was ten miles off."

Such devotion could not fail of its reward, and Crockett settled down to domestic life on a farm. But, as the years went by, he was tired at length of the unproductive idleness, and out for a country where bears and deer were more abundant.

"The Duck and Elk river country (in Tennessee) was just beginning to settle, and I determined to try that. I had now one old horse, and a couple of two-year-old colts. They were both broke to the halter, and my father-in-law proposed that, if I went, he would go with me, and take one horse to help me move. So we all fixed up, and I packed my two colts with as many of my things as they could bear; and away we went across the mountains. We got on well enough, and arrived safely in Lincoln county, on the head of the Mulberry fork of Elk River. I found this a very rich country, and so new that I began to distinguish myself as a hunter, and to lay the foundation for all my future greatness; but mighty little did I know of what sort it was going to be for clear and manly game I killed abundance; but the bear had been much more common in those parts, and were not so plenty as I could have wished."

In 1813 Crockett volunteered in the Creek War, feeling "wolfish all over." But his services as a hunter appear to have been more useful than as a warrior; for the troops were often in more danger of starvation than of being scalped, and Crockett's rifle was busy in providing "meat" for them.

"As the army marched, I hunted every day, and would kill every hawk, bird and squirrel that I could find. Others did the same; and it was a rule with us, that when we stopped at night, the hunters would throw all they killed in a pile, and then we would make a general division among all the men. One evening I came in, having killed nothing that day. I had a very sick man in my mess, and I wanted something for him; so I immediately went to Snuffy's fire, where I went to the fire of a Captain Cowen, who commanded my company after the promotion of Major Russell, and informed him that I was on the hunt of something for a sick man to eat. I knowed the captain was as bad off as the rest of us, but I found him boiling a turkey's gizzard. He said he had divided the turkey out among the sick, that Major Smiley had killed it, and that nothing else had been killed that day. I immediately went to Snuffy's fire, where I found him boiling another gizzard. I told him that it was the first turkey I had ever seen have two gizzards. But so it was, I got nothing for my sick man. And now, seeing that every fellow must shift for himself, I determined that in the morning I would come up missing; so I took my mess and cut out to go ahead of the army. We know'd that nothing more could happen to us if we went than if we stayed, for it looked like it was to be starvation any way; we therefore determined to go on the old saying, root hog or die. We passed two camps, at which our men that had gone on before us, had killed Indians. At one they had killed nine and at the other three. About daylight we came to a small river, which I thought was the Scamby; but we continued on for three days, killing little or nothing to eat, till, at last, we all began to get warily ready to give up the ghost, and lie down and die; for we had no prospect of getting any more, and we knew we couldn't go much further without it."

"We came to a large prairie, that was about six miles across it, and in this I saw a trail which I knowed was made by bear, deer, and turkeys. We went on through it till we came to a large creek, and the low grounds were all set over with wild rice, looking as green as a wheat field. We here made a halt, unsaddled our horses, and turned the loose grass under the trees."

"One of my companions, a Mr. Vanzant, and myself, then went up the low grounds to hunt. We had gone some distance, finding nothing, when, at last, I found a squirrel, which I shot, but he got into a hole in the tree. The game was small, but necessity is not very particular, so I thought I must have him, and I climbed that tree thirty feet high, without a limb, and pulled him out of his hole. I shouldn't relate such small matters, out of my head, but I don't think I am hungry, and I don't know of anything to eat. I soon killed two other squirrels, and fired at a large hawk. At this a large gang of turkeys rose from the canebrake, and flew across the creek to where my friend was, who had just before crossed it. He soon fired on a large gobbler, and I heard it fall. By this time my gun was loaded again, and I saw one sitting on my side of the creek, which had flew over when he fired; so I blazed away, and down I brought

him. I gathered him up, and a fine turkey he was. I now began to think we had struck a breeze of luck, and almost forgot our past sufferings, in the prospect of once more having something to eat. I raised the shout, and my comrades came to me, and they went on to my camp with the game we had killed. While we were cooking two of our mess had been out, and each of them had found a bee-tree. We turned into cooking some of our game, but we had neither salt nor bread. Just at this moment, on looking down the creek, we saw our men, who had gone on before us for provisions, coming to us. They came up, and measured out to each man a cupful of flour. With this, we thickened our soup, and roasted our turkey, and our friends took dinner with us, and then went on."

"We now took our tomahawks, and went out and cut our bee-trees, out of which we got a fine chance of honey; though we had been starving so long that we feared to eat much at a time, till, like the Irish by hanging, we got used to it again. We rested that night without moving our camp; and the next morning myself and Vanzant again turned out to hunt. We had not gone far before I wounded a fine buck badly; and while pursuing him, I was walking on a large tree that had fallen down, when from the top of it a large bear broke out and ran off. I had no dogs, and I was sorry enough for it; for of all the hunting I ever did, I have always delighted most in bear hunting. Soon after this I killed a large buck; and we had just gotten him to camp when our poor starved army came up. They told us that to lessen their sufferings as much as possible, Captain William Russell had had his horse led up to be shot for them to eat, just at the moment that they saw our men returning, who had carried on the flour."

"We were now about four hundred miles from Fort Decatur, and we gave away all our meat and honey, and went on with the rest of the army. When we got there, they could give us only one ration of meat, but not a mouthful of bread. I immediately got a canoe, and taking my gun, crossed over the river and went to the Big Warriors' town. I had a large hat, and I offered an Indian a silver dollar for my hat full of corn. He told me that his corn was all 'shusken,' which in English means, it was all gone. But he showed me where an Indian lived, who, he said, had corn. I went to him and made the same offer to him. He could talk a little broken English, and said to me, 'You got any powder?' You told him, and he said, 'I had. He then said, 'We swap my corn for powder and bullet.' I took out about ten bullets, and showed him; and he proposed to give me a hat full of corn for them. I took him up mighty quick. I then offered to give him ten charges of powder for another hat full of corn. To this he agreed very willingly. So I took off my hunting shirt, and tied up my corn; and though it had cost me very little of my powder and lead, yet I wouldn't have taken fifty silver dollars for it. I returned to the camp, and the next morning we started for the Hickory Ground, which was thirty miles off. It was here that General Jackson met the Indians, and made peace with the body of the nation."

In 1821 our hero "gave his name" as a candidate for the State Legislature. He knew nothing of "the Government," but he was a man of sense, and he knew his own mind, and his glib competitors; but his mother-wit and skill with the rifle carried him triumphantly through. "I went first into Heckman county; to see what I could do among the people as a candidate. Here they told me that they wanted to move their town nearer to the center of the county, and I must come out in favor of it. There's no devil if I knowed what this meant, or how the thing was to be done; but I said I'd look into the identical case plan, but I don't find it in the 'non-committal.' About this time there was a great squirrel hunt on Duck River, which was among my people. They were to hunt two days; then to meet and count the scalps, and have a big barbecue, and what might be called a tip-top country frolic. The dinner, and a general treat, was all to be paid for by the party having taken the fewest scalps. I joined on side taking the place of a white rapt hawk, going to get a gun ready for the hunt. I killed great many squirrels, and when we counted scalps, my party was victorious"—and later, when they counted the election ballots he was still ahead, and took his seat.

In 1837 Crockett was elected to Congress. In this canvass he played the famous "coon-skin trick, which he relates as follows:

"Well, I started off to the Cross Roads, dressed in my hunting shirt, and my rifle on my shoulder. Many of our constituents had assembled there to get a taste of the quality of the candidates at orating. Job Snelling, a gambler-slanted Yankee, who had been caught somewhere about Plymouth Bay, and been shipped to the West with a cargo of codfish and rum, erected a large shanty, and set up shop for the occasion. A large posse of the voters had assembled before I arrived, and my opponent had already made considerable headway with his specifiying and his treating, when he spied me about a rifle shot from the camp, snarling along as if I was not a party in business. 'There comes Crockett,' cried one. 'Let us hear the Colonel,' cried another, and so I mounted the stump that had been cut down for the occasion, and began to bushwhack in the most approved style."

"I had not been up long before there was such an uproar in the crowd that I could not hear my own voice, and some of my constituents began to know that they could not listen to me on such a dry subject as the welfare of the nation, until they had something to drink, and that I must treat 'em. Accordingly I jumped down from the rostrum, and led the way to the shanties, followed by my constituents, shouting, 'Huzza for Crockett,' and 'Crockett forever.'"

"When we entered the shanties, Job was busy, feeling out his rum in a style that showed that he was making good it, and I went to the bar for a quart of the best, but the crooked critter returned no other answer than by pointing at a board over the bar, on which he had chalked in large letters, 'Pay to-day and trust to-morrow.' Now that idea brought me all up standing; it was sort of cornering in which there was no back out, for ready money in the West in those times was the shiest thing in all nature, and it was most particularly shy of the value of that precious metal."

"The citizens, seeing my predicament, fell off to the other side, and I was left deserted and alone, as the Government was, when he no longer has any offices to bestow. I saw, plain as day, that the tide of popular opinion was against me, and that, unless I got some rum speedily, I should lose my election as sure as there are snakes in Virginia—and it must be done soon, or even burned brandy wouldn't do me. So I walked away from the shanties, but my mother guess sort from the way I entered it, for on this occasion I



had no train after me, and not a voice shouted 'Huzza for Crockett.' Popularly sometimes depends on a very small matter, indeed, in this particular it was worth a quart of New England rum, and no more.

"Well knowing that a crisis was at hand, I stuck into the woods with my rifle on my shoulder, my best friend in time of need, and, as good fortune would have it, I had not been out more than a quarter of an hour before I treed a fat 'coon, and in the pulling of a trigger he lay dead at the root of a tree. I soon whipped his hairy jacket off his back, and again bent my way toward the shantee, and walked up to the bar, but not alone, for this time I had half a dozen of my constituents at my heels. I threw down the 'coon skin upon the counter and called for a quart, and Job, though busy in dealing out rum, forgot to point to his chalked rules and regulations, for he knew that a 'coon was as good legal tender for a quart in the West as a New York shilling any day in the year.

"My constituents now flocked about me and cried 'Huzza for Crockett.' 'Crockett for ever,' and finding the tide had taken a turn, I told them several yams, to get them in a good humor, and having soon dispatched the value of the 'coon, I went out and mounted the stump without opposition, and a clear majority of the voters followed me to see what I had to offer for the good of the nation. Before I was half through, one of my constituents moved that they would hear the balance of my speech after they had washed down the first part with some more of Job Snelling's extract of corn-stalk and molasses; and the question being put up, it was carried unanimously. It wasn't considered necessary to tell the yeas and nays, so we adjourned to the shantee, and on the way I began to reckon that the fate of the nation pretty much depended upon my shooting another 'coon.

"While standing at the bar, feeling sort of bashful while Job's rules and regulations stared me in the face, I cast down my eyes and discovered one end of the 'coon skin sticking between the logs that supported the bar. Job had stung it there in the hurry of business. I gave it a sort of quick jerk, and it followed my hand as natural as if I had been the rightful owner. I slapped it on the counter, and Job, little dreaming that he was barking up the wrong tree, shoved along another bottle, while my constituents quickly disposed of with great good humor, for some of them saw the trick, and then we withdrew to the rostrum to discuss the affairs of the nation.

"I don't know how it was, but the voters soon became dry again, and nothing would do but we must adjourn to the shantee, and as luck would have it, the 'coon skin was still sticking between the logs, as if Job had flung it there on purpose to tempt me. I was not slow in raising it to the counter; the rum followed, of course, and I wish I may be shot, if I didn't, before the day was over, get ten quarts for the same identical skin, and from a fellow, too, who in those parts was considered as sharp as a steel trap and as bright as a pewter button.

"This joke secured me my election, for it soon circulated like smoke among my constituents, and they allowed, with one accord, that the man who could get the whip hand of Job Snelling in fair trade, could outwit Old Nick himself, and was the real grit for them in Congress. Job was by no means popular; he boasted of always being wide awake, and that any one who could take him in was free to do so, for he came from a stock that sleeping or waking had always one eye open, and the other not more than half closed. The whole family were geniuses. His father was the inventor of wooden nutmegs, by which Job said he might have made a fortune, if he had only taken out a patent and kept the business in his own hands; his mother, Patience, manufactured the first white oak pumpkin seeds of the mammoth kind, and turned a pretty penny the first season; and his aunt, Prudence, was the first to discover that corn husks, steeped in tobacco water, would make as handsome Spanish wrappers as ever came from Havana, and that oak leaves would answer all the purposes of filling, for no one could discover the difference except the man who smoked them, and then it would be too late to make a stir about it. Job, himself, bragged of having made some useful discoveries; the most profitable of which was the act of converting malagony sawdust into cayenne pepper, which he said was a profitable and safe business, for the people have been so long accustomed to having dust thrown in their eyes that there wasn't much danger of being found out.

"The way I got to the blind side of the Yankee merchant was pretty generally known before election day and the result was that my opponent might as well have whistled figs to a mile stone as attempt to beat up for votes in that district. I beat him out and out, quite back into the old year, and there was scarce enough left of him under the canvass was over to make a small grease spot. He disappeared without even leaving a mark behind, and such will be the fate of Adam Huntsman, if there is a fair fight and no gouging.

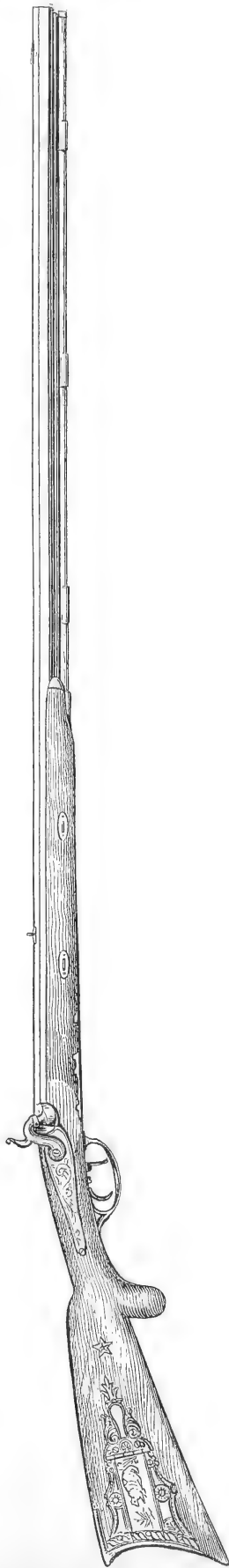
"After the election was over I sent Snelling the price of the rum, but took good care to keep the fact from the knowledge of my constituents. Job refused the money and sent me word that it did him good to be taken in occasionally, as it served to brighten his ideas; but I afterward learned that when he found out the trick that had been played upon him he put all the rum I had ordered in his bill against my opponent, who, being elated with the speeches he had made on the affairs of the nation, could not descend to examine into the particulars of a bill of the vender of rum in the small way."

In 1829 he was re-elected to Congress. The honest old "backwoods bear hunter" had won great fame among the Whigs by his course at Washington; and when in 1834 he made a tour through the North, his progress was a continued ovation from Baltimore to Boston. In Philadelphia, on his first visit he was proffered the rifle:

"I was hardly done making my bow to those gentlemen, before Mr. James M. Sanderson informed me that the young Whigs of Philadelphia had a desire to present me with a fine rifle, and had chosen him to have her made agreeably to my wishes. I told him that was an article that I knew something about, and gave him the size, weight, etc."

While he was in New York, there was considerable curiosity to witness an exhibition of his skill as a marksman, and this desire he gratified by a visit to a Jersey City range:

"I now started to Jersey City, where I found a great many gentlemen shooting rifles, at the distance of one hundred yards with a rest. One gentleman gave me his gun, and asked me to shoot. I raised up off-hand, and cut within about two inches of the center. I told him my distance was forty yards, off-hand. He loaded his gun, and we walked down to within forty yards when I fired, and was deep in the paper. I shot a second time, and did the same. Colonel Mapes then put up a quarter of a dollar in the middle of



a black spot, and asked me to shoot at it. I told him he had better mark the size of it and put his money in his pocket. He said, 'fire away.' I did so, and made sleight-of-hand work with his quarter."

Returning to Philadelphia upon the adjournment of Congress, he found the rifle ready:

"Next morning I was informed that the rifle gun which was to be presented to me by the young men of Philadelphia, was finished, and would be delivered that evening; and that a committee had been appointed to wait on me and conduct me to where I was to receive it. So, accordingly, in the evening the committee came, and I walked with them to a room nearly forment the old state house; it was crowded full, and there was a table in the center, with the gun, a tomahawk, and butcher knife, both of fine razor metal, with all the accoutrements necessary to the gun—the most beautiful I ever saw or anybody else; and I am now happy to add as good as they are handsome. My friend, John M. Sanderson, Esq., who had the whole management of getting her made, was present, and delivered the gun into my hands. Upon receiving her I addressed the company as follows:

"Gentlemen: "I receive this rifle from the young men of Philadelphia as a testimony of friendship, which I hope never to live to forget. This is a favorite article with me, and would have been my choice above all presents that could have been selected. I love a good gun, for it makes a man independent, and prepared either for war or peace."

"This rifle does honor to the gentleman that made it. I must say, long as I have been accustomed to handle a gun, I have never seen any thing that could near a comparison to her in beauty. I cannot think that ever such a rifle was made, either in this or any other country; and how, gentlemen, to express my gratitude to you for your splendid present. I am at a loss. This much, however, I will say, that myself and my sons will not forget you while we use this token of your kindness for our amusement. If it should become necessary to use her in defence of the liberty of our country, in my time, I will do as I have done before; and if the struggle should come when I am buried in the dust, I will leave her in the hands of some who will honor your present, in company with your sons, in standing for our country's rights."

"Accept my sincere thanks, therefore, gentlemen, for your valuable present—one which I will keep as a testimony of your friendship so long as I am in existence."

"I then received the gun and accoutrements, and returned to the hotel, where I made an agreement with Mr. Sanderson and Col. Pulaski to go with them the next day to the Jersey shore, at Camden, and try my gun."

"Next morning we went out. I had long been out of practice, so that I could not give her a fair trial. I shot tolerably well, and was satisfied that when we became better acquainted the fault would be mine if the varmints did not suffer."

Returning home with his gun he was greeted by many friends, who gathered around to inspect the arm:

"A large fellow stepped up and asked me why all the members did not get such guns given them. I told him I got that gun for being honest, in supporting my country, instead of bowing down and worshipping an idol. He looked at me and said, that was very strong. 'No stronger than true, my friend,' said I."

"In the course of a few days I determined to try my new gun upon the living subject. I started for a hunt, and shortly came across a fine buck. He fell at the distance of 130 steps! Not a bad shot, you will say. I say, not a bad gun either. After a little practice with her, she came up to the eye prime, and I determined to try her at the first shooting match for beef."

"As this is a novelty to most of my readers, I will endeavor to give a description of this Western amusement."

"In the latter part of summer our cattle get very fat, as the range is remarkably fine; and some one, desirous of raising money on one of his cattle, advertises that, on a particular day, and at a given place, a first-rate beef will be shot for."

"When the day comes every marksman in the neighborhood will meet at the appointed place with his gun. After the company has assembled, a subscription paper is handed round, with the following heading:

"A. B. offers a beef worth twenty dollars, to be shot for, at twenty-five cents a shot. Then the names are put down by each person, thus:

D. C.	puts in four shots.....	\$1 00
E. F.	" eight " .....	2 00
G. H.	" two " .....	0 50

"And thus it goes around, until the price is made up."

"Two persons are then selected, who have not entered for shots, to act as judges of the match. Every shot gets a board, and makes a cross in the center of his target. The shot that drives the center, or comes nearest to it, gets the hide and tallow, which is considered first choice. The next nearest gets his choice of the hindquarters; the third gets the other hind quarter; the fourth takes choice of the fore-quarters; the fifth the remaining quarter; and the sixth gets the lead in the tree against which we shoot."

"The judges stand near the tree and when a man fires they cry out, 'Who shot?' and the shooter gives in his name; and so on, till all have shot. The judges then take all the boards and go off by themselves, and decide what quarter each man has won. Sometimes one will get nearly all."

"This is one of our homely amusements—enjoyed as much by us, and perhaps more, than most of your refined entertainments. Here each man takes a part, if he pleases, and no one is excluded, unless his improper conduct renders him unfit as an associate."

"This is all that Crockett has told us about the rifle. In the latter pages of the Autobiography there are references to 'Betsy,' but this was his flint-lock, which he took to Texas, leaving the Philadelphia rifle with his elder son, John W. Crockett, from whom it has descended to the present owner. One description, that of a shooting match at Little Rock, Ark., when on his way to Texas, we quote:

"As there was considerable time to be killed, or got rid of in some way, before the dinner could be cooked, it was proposed that we should go beyond the village, and shoot at a mark, for they had heard I was a first-rate shot, and they wanted to see for themselves whether fame had not blown her trumpet a little too strong in my favor; for since she had represented 'the Government' as being a first-rate statesman, and Colonel Benton as a first-rate orator, they could not receive such reports without proper allowance, as Congress thought of the Post-office report."

"Well, I shouldered my Betsy, and she is just about as beautiful a piece as ever came out of Philadelphia, and I went out to the shooting ground, followed by all the leading

men in Little Rock, and that was a clear majority of the town, for it is remarkable that there are always more leading men in small villages than there are followers.

"I was in prime-order. My eye was as keen as a hound, and my nerves were as steady and unshaken as the political course of Henry Clay, so at it we went, the distance of a hundred yards. The principal marks-men, and such as had never been beat, led the way, and there was some pretty fair shooting. I tell you, At length it came to my turn. I squared myself, raised my beautiful Betsy to my shoulder, took deliberate aim, and smack I sent the bullet right into the center of the bullseye. "There's no mistake in Betsy," said I, in a careless sort of way, as they were all looking at the target, sort of amazed, and not at all over-pleased.

"That's a chance shot, Colonel," said a rejoiced the reputation of being the best marksman in those parts.

"Not as much chance as there was," said I, "when Dick Johnson took his dinkie for better for worse. I can do it five times out of six any day in the week." This I said in as confident a tone as "the Government" did when he protested that he forgave Colonel Benton for shooting him and he was now the best friend he had in the world. I knew it was not altogether as correct as it might be, but what man would admit of being called a "dinkie" by a fellow who would not answer no how, and "the great" and the best had set me the example that swaggers give, answer a good purpose at times.

"They now proposed that we should have a second trial, but knowing that I had nothing to gain and everything to lose, I was for backing out and fighting shy, but there was no let-off, for the cock of the village, though whipped, determined not to stay whipped, so to it again we went. They were now put upon their mettle, and they fired much better than the first time, and it was what might be called pretty sharp shooting. When it came to my turn I squared myself and turning to the prize shot I gave him a knowing nod, by way of showing my confidence, and says I, "Look out for the bullseye, stranger." I blazed away, and I wish I may be shot if I didn't miss the target. They examined it all over and could find neither hair nor bud of my bullet, when says I, "Stand aside and let me look and I will say you get on the right trail of the critter." They stood aside, and I examined the bullseye pretty particular, and at length cried out, "Here it is; there is no snakes if it hadn't followed the very track of the other." They said it was utterly impossible, but I insisted on their searching the hole, and I agreed to be stuck up as a mark myself if they did not find two bullets there. They searched for an entire section, and sure enough all came out just as I had told them, for I had picked up a bullet that had been fired and stuck it deep into the hole without anyone perceiving it. They were all perfectly satisfied that time had not made too great a flourish of trumpets when speaking of me as a marksman, and they all said they had enough of shooting for that day, and they moved that we adjourn to the tavern and liquor."

The story of Crockett's part in Texas is well known, and need not be the history of our country. Mortified by his defeat in a third campaign, he announced to his constituents a determination to "quit the States."

"I told them moreover of my services, pretty straight up and down, for a man may be allowed to speak on such subjects when others are about to forget them; and I also told them of the manner in which I had been knocked down and dragged out, and that I did not consider it right any more they could fire at me, I put the ingredients in a pretty strong I tell you, and I concluded my speech by telling them that I was done with politics for the present, and that they might all go to hell, and I would go to Texas."

Joining the Texas forces at San Antonio, Crockett was one of the devoted little band who perished at the Alamo.

"Before daybreak, on the 6th of March, the Alamo was assaulted by the whole force of the Mexican Army, commanded by Santa Anna, a person, the battle was a frightful daylight, when only six men belonging to the Texan garrison were found alive. They were instantly surrounded, and ordered by General Castillon to surrender, which they did, under a promise of his protection, finding that resistance any longer would be madness. Colonel Crockett was of the number. He stood alone in an angle of the fort, the barrel of his shattered rifle in his right hand, in his left his knee. Day in knife (trapped) and there was a frightful gash across his forehead, while around him there was a complete barrier of about twenty Mexicans, lying pell mell dead and dying. At his feet lay the dead body of that well known character designated in the Colonel's narrative by the assumed name of Thimberlig, his knife driven to the hilt in the throat of a Mexican, and his left hand clenched in his hair."

"General Castillon was brave and not cruel, and disposed to save the prisoners. He marched them up to that part of the fort where stood Santa Anna and his murderous crew. The steady, fearless step and undaunted tread of Colonel Crockett, on this occasion, together with the bold demeanor of the hardy veteran, had a powerful effect on all present. Nothing daunted he marched up boldly in front of Santa Anna, and looked him sternly in the face, while Castillon addressed "his excellency." "Sir, here are six prisoners I have taken alive, how shall I dispose of them?" Santa Anna looked at Castillon fiercely, flew into a violent rage, and replied: "Have I not told you before now to dispose of them? Why do you bring them to me?" At the same time his brave officers plunged their swords into the bosoms of their defenceless prisoners. Colonel Crockett, seeing the act of treachery, instantly sprang like a tiger at the ruffian chief, but before he could reach him a dozen swords were thrust in his back, and he fell. He fell and died without a groan, a frown on his brow, and a smile of scorn and defiance on his lips. Castillon rushed from the scene, apparently horror-struck, sought his quarters, and did not leave them for several days, and hardly spoke to Santa Anna after."

A Colorado farmer has invented a duck-hunting outfit, which discounts the California man's cow. He stripped the hide from a bullock and mounted it on a wire skeleton, which looked as natural as a living animal. He cut away the belly of his wire bullock, and put in a row of holes in the under-belly to take sight through. When he wanted a duck shot he drops his skeleton over his head and starts out for the tides. He can walk right into a flock of ducks without startling them, and has on one or two occasions returned home with his hiding place full of fat, capon-sized ducks. He felt and died all he wants when he takes his gun, for he marches into a flock and turns both barrels loose at a patent. He usually bags the whole flock. He has applied for a patent.

During the last season the Teal Club of San Francisco used 13 sacks of grain in baiting their ponds, and they killed over 4,000 ducks.

## WINTER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

APRIL 3.—The roads are so soft we cannot get a team anywhere how long they may continue in this condition we cannot tell. To-day I put on my snow shoes to visit some traps up the brook. I only walked about a mile and a half miles, but it is further than I have walked at one time since December 1, and when I got back to the house I had to lie down. It was rather discouraging as walking has always my stronghold and a great pleasure to me. I saw many tracks of small game, and among others where a whole family of partridges had crossed the brook. I am very glad to see any sign of partridge. I was very much afraid many had been killed by the snow and cold. We have got through so far they will now be all right. We have not begun sugaring yet, and as things look now there will be no use tapping.

Yesterday the law allowed trout on the table, and we had them, there has been no fishing through the ice this winter; not a person has put a hook in the water during the close season. The ice is now thirty inches thick, and in the place where we usually get our best fishing there is from two to four feet of snow on the ice, so you can imagine how much fishing will be done. A good thaw would make the ice unsafe, as the snow or snow or top ice would go through the lower ice like hot water through a cloth.

This morning the thermometer marked two below zero, but rose to forty-six above in the middle of the day, and made more impression on the snow than any day, I could see the tops of the highest stumps sticking out. I have four men at work getting in supplies for the season, cutting wood, filling ice houses and such light work. The team has been all day on the road from Malone, and at 9 P. M. had to leave the sled with its load in the road about three miles from the house, the horses completely used up by slumping in the snow, which is still four feet deep. The sun does not waste it at all, only softens the top enough in the day time to make a hard crust at night. The deer are having a sorry time; there has been no crusting done anywhere near the lake, but I hear there has been quite a number of deer killed in the next town north of us. I visited the letter box this morning for my mail, and on my way out saw three partridges, they looked as plump as ever. The foxes continue as thick as ever, one of the men shot one on the ice in front of the house last week, the next morning I saw one near the barn.

The blue jays are now constant visitors, and last night I heard an owl. Last week old visitors, the fish crows, came back. They have nested in the swamp east of the barn every year since I came here. They always come a few days ahead of the bluebirds and robins. I shall expect to see the bluebirds as soon as there is bare ground enough for them to stand on.

April 6.—No chance to get a letter out yet. The snow is so soft a horse cannot get out to the post-office.

I wrote somewhere in the letter, I expected to see a bluebird as soon as there was bare ground enough for him to stand on. Day before yesterday the men felled a dry spruce and made a fire of the branches. It made one bare spot, and before the ashes got cold a bluebird was on hand with his song. Yesterday a robin gave us a few notes, then left, but a pair of ground sparrows have come to stay. This thaw has settled the ice on the foot, and if it had not been for four hours longer at the same rate we will be obliged to let down the top bar to get over. We can now see the board next below the top one on the barn-yard fence.

Some time ago I saw in the FOREST AND STREAM a call for information in regard to Joe Call. I have waited to see some response, but have seen none. Almost anyone in Essex county could give many points. Several members of the family now live in Jay, Essex county. One son works in the forge of the J. & J. Rogers Co. I have written to Jay asking for some facts, and if I get anything worth while will give them to the FOREST AND STREAM. I have often heard men in this section tell of his great feats of strength. Many of them seem incredible, and they are told for truth, and I think the story of Call's life would be very interesting. He certainly had a great reputation as a wrestler.

April 7.—Saw a dead trout in the lake, and a few of the men is going home, so I have a chance to send to mail. I had lots more to say to you after reading the last batch of papers.

A. R. FULLER.

MEACHAM LAKE, FRANKLIN CO., N. Y.

AN OLD HUNTER.—Phin Teepie, an old hunter of Wayne county, Penn., last fall, while about a mile from the village of Potter, was stopped in the road by a huge cougar. Having no gun, and only his dog with him, the animal was with difficulty put to flight. Knowing that the bold actions of the cat were prompted by her having some kittens near by, old Phin, who is now over seventy-five, at once made search for the youngsters, and by aid of his dog, soon discovered and secured the pair and returned home with them in his overcoat pocket. The following morning he returned to the spot with one kitten, and tying it to a bush, soon brought the old one near enough to him, which he shot dead. Phin has account of 3,500 deer he has killed in his lifetime, and a score of 400 hares, all shot with a rifle he still has, which bears the name of "Settler." Teepie remembers the time when there were elk in Wayne county, and calls to mind the last panther shot in his county in 1851, by Ed. Quick, of Blooming Grove. Since 1879, Phin has given up hunting in Wayne and Susquehanna counties, going into Potter, where game is more plentiful. There are no deer in Pike county this season than for several years past, and many have been killed. It is a pleasure to meet Phin Teepie, and we have no doubt he has as many hunting exploits to relate as had old Mat. Browning, who for forty years hunted in the central southern portion of our State and Northern Western Maryland. I shall have some unpublished account of old Browning's doings with the rifle, which will be given me by the son of an old hunter, who was at times his companion in the woods.—HOTO.

THE RETURN OF THE DEERS.—Appleton, Me., April 10. I live within stone's throw of the St. Georges River, and within a few miles of many ponds, both large and small, and so I have a good chance of seeing both ducks and geese. The first ducks were seen Friday morning, April 6, and that morning a large flock of geese went over here on their way north, the largest one seen here for several years. Since then over every day, but no one has been able to shoot one. All of the ducks seen are yet have been black ones, but those that have been shot were in poor condition. It promises to be a good season's sport.—R. R.

THE STAKED PLAIN.—Our frequent contributor, "N. A. T.," has just been over the Staked Plain, Texas, and reports game plenty: I found my old friend, the Staked Plain, literally swarming with game as I passed over it. I must have seen from the car windows 50,000 antelopes. The pay-car, which was just ahead of me, ran into a herd of buffaloes, about twenty-five miles east of the Pecos, and the driver was killed. I would not have thought that there was a man on board that car who could hit the side of a mountain at ten feet distance, but they did really kill four buffaloes. It was, however, an accident, no doubt—a mere accident. Had they known how to shoot, they might have killed a hundred. This morning I was at Red Lake, seven miles from Marietta. It covers fully 2,000 acres, and is a beautiful sheet of water. The wind was blowing strongly, and the lake sent forth a sound much like the gulf on Galveston beach, but of course not so loudly. A few hundred yards from it there is another lake of several hundred acres. Both were swarming with ducks. The water in each is pretty salty, but the cattle seem to like it. There are thousands of lakes on the Staked Plain. It is the sportsman's paradise. If I should ever come up here on a sporting expedition, I should bring with me a canvas canoe in order to take up the myriads of geese and ducks that swarm these lakes. With a canoe and a gun I could kill ducks and geese by hundreds. Without a canoe it is a mere chance if I could get at all; and if you do, you often cannot get them unless you have a dog.

FARMER AND SPORTSMAN.—East Douglas, Mass.—[I am a farmer and my lands are always open to any sportsman who deserves the name, and I do not class as sportsmen men who are guilty of the acts which, among a certain class of land-owners, has called down condemnation on the whole race of hunters. Some of them have had cause enough to make them wroth, as I have good reasons to know. How many sportsmen would bear with calmness the death or crippling of a favorite dog out of "pure cussedness"? It is not at all my idea of a man's duty to find a fine helper wounded to the death by some neighborly hunter, and carelessness of some passing hunter in leaving that fence down. Several years ago I lost a heifer in that way. Among the minor vexations the throwing down of a wall, which it will cost not a few dollars to repair, is not the least, the object usually being a rabbit worth perhaps ten cents. As your correspondent "K." says, some seem to think we have no rights that they are bound to respect. I claim to be a humble follower of Nimrod and Walton; no one better enjoys a day's sport with rod or gun than myself, but when things come to the pass that the amount of property destroyed exceeds the value of the game ten-fold, it is time to draw the line somewhere. The panther which has terrorized this section so long turns out to be a wolf; so it seems some of the persons who saw him must have drawn on their imaginations rather strongly.—AMATEUR.]

WATERFOWL IN THE NORTH.—We print the following extract from a private letter received from a friend who is living on the Upper Missouri in northern Montana. He says: "For the past ten days the snow has been melting down, and now lies on the ground at the depth of a foot or more. It has been a complete surprise to the waterfowl, which commenced to arrive about the 5th of March. The lakes and streams are again frozen over, and only the rifts on the rivers are open. I have had some good sport shooting swans and geese with the rifle, but owing to the dangerous condition of the ice, I have been obliged to get out of range of what I have killed. I carry a long fishline with me, on the end of which is tied a ball of lead; back of that, several feet apart, I have fastened on three large fishhooks. I throw the line out directly over the floating bird, draw it quickly back, one of the hooks catches on to the fowl, and I drag it ashore. Isn't this an ingenious device? I was out day before yesterday for an hour or two with an Indian, and at all times he was trying to get a 'shot' out in a good place, when five swans rose out of the river near by. With him Winchester the Indian dropped three of them before they got out of range. I do not think that waterfowl are weather prophets. I have noticed during my residence out here that they begin to arrive from the 7th and the 13th of March, and we often have severe storms later. The swans which I have killed are very fat, but the geese very poor, the breast bone being very prominent."

THE COOKING OF GREENS.—Cut off the meat from the breast, taking off the skin, and put the meat into cold water with considerable salt, and let it soak over night. Then rinse off with clean water and put it into your kettle with cold water enough to cover it; add a very small quantity of salt, and let it parboil six or eight minutes. Then pour off the water and again cover it with cold water, and add four or five small onions and a few pieces of carrots. Let the food cook slowly together until the vegetables are nearly done, then take them out and reserve some of the water for gravy. Now cut some carrots and parsnips into strips (as for julienne soup), and fry these together in butter until done. Next put a few slices of bacon into a roasting pan, placing the breasts of the grebe and vegetables over the bacon; pour in some hot water and the water previously saved and put them on the stove, and let them cook together about half an hour. Then take out your meat and vegetables (leaving the bacon in), place them on your platter and set in a warm place. Set your pan with the water and bacon in over the fire, add some Worcestershire sauce (sherry wine if you wish), thicken, and let it cook about five minutes, and then pour it over your dish of grebe, and they are ready for the table. Crab-apple or currant jelly are very good served with them.—D.

ENFORCING THE DEER LAWS.—Canton, N. Y., April 19, 1883.—At the last term of the Court of Sessions of St. Lawrence county, Chester Young, of the town of Fine, was tried and convicted for pursuing deer with dogs on the 17th day of October last. He was sentenced by the court to pay a fine of \$30 and to stand committed until the fine should be paid. The same defendant pleaded guilty to a second indictment for the same offense on the 18th day of last October, and was fined \$20. George Walker and Alonzo Green, of the same town, were indicted, tried and convicted for unlawfully killing a speckled trout, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$20 each and to stand committed until the 1st day of October next. Lenox Smith, of New York city, pleaded guilty to an indictment for killing a deer in the month of June, 1882, and was fined \$50. The authorities, in co-operation with the St. Lawrence Game Club, are securing the enforcement of the game law in this county.—L. P. H.



according to old fishermen, were against me, and had good luck. Fish are as hungry one day as another, and all you have got to do is to present something acceptable to them and they are yours, "harring accidents." Of course it is nice to go when it is fine weather, but any one fond of fishing does not wait for a day with everything just as he would like to have it.

FLACK FLACK.

### SPIRIT LAKE, IOWA.

THERE are a chain of three lakes, viz., Okoboji, East Okoboji and Spirit Lake, lying in the chain of almost boundless prairie, the altitude of the region is the highest, but even the Alleghenies and the Rocky Mountains. The waters of the Okobojies are pure and limpid, with a gravelled bottom, and abound with fish, though the greater quantities are picked, with fair black and rock bass fishing at the upper end of Spirit Lake. The lakes are fairly equipped with a flotilla of row, sail and steam pleasure craft, which, by the way, can be hired without sitting one to think he has bought the boat and then has to return it.

The town of Spirit Lake is quite a little village, situated upon the west side of East Okoboji and upon a high bluff overlooking it and Spirit Lake. There is one hotel in the town. A new hotel, just built, will be opened this summer on the isthmus, and two miles from the town.

The surrounding country is as fine chicken country as ever the heart of sportsman could wish, though in justice to the brother sportsmen we are compelled to state that last season there was a scarcity of chickens. In fact to such an extent that one was almost willing to confess it more work than sport to hunt the pinnated beauties with anything like a fair prospect of a bag. We are told, however, that the prospect for good shooting this season is better than for some seasons.

A few hours' ride over the solidly-constructed railroad owned by the B., C., R. & N. Company connects the locality with Davenport and the East via Burlington.

L. T. DORSEY.

### THE SECRETS OF SALMON GROWTH.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE Tweed has an evil omen in another direction; it has been the subject of a great deal of speculation as to the salmon river in Scotland. Some of those who dwell on the banks of Tweed and on its tributary streams have long been pre-occupied as poachers. As a deceased nobleman used to say, "not all the king's horses and all the king's men" could keep the Tweed free from poachers, who infest both sides of the river and who, not contented with taking an occasional salmon, make their greatest efforts when the salmon are on their spawning beds and in a condition the least suitable for food. No person has been able to guess the number of fish which fall a prey to the Tweed poachers. Over 200 persons are annually convicted of poaching or other offences against the Tweed Acts, and probably more than double that number escape punishment by their superior dexterity in carrying on their ignominious traffic. It would probably prove a low estimate to say there are 600 poachers on Tweed and tributaries, and that each of them on the average will bag ten salmon per annum, or 6,000 fish in the course of the year, which is, perhaps, about a fifth of the entire marketable salmon of the river. The salmon killed by poachers are, of course, all or nearly all prematurely killed. It may be assumed, without any stretch of the imagination, that every one of the poached fish would, under the natural conditions of their lives, have survived, on an average, two years longer, and they would undoubtedly have increased in money value as they increased in weight. In the face of the mortality from disease and the depredations of the poachers, it is very questionable if even 25 per cent. of the salmon hatched in the Tweed and its tributary streams ever attain to a fair degree of longevity, or are permitted, as they ought to be, to multiply their kind for a season or two. It is needless to say that a salmon is never more valuable at any period of its life than when it is engaged in repeating "the story of its birth," and to kill a gravid fish when at work on the spawning bed is a crime that is almost as heinous as the poaching of a salmon. In the most rural districts of Scotland, is no longer a "pastime" that gentlemen dare wink at, but has become a trade of the most necessary kind—a trade which must be put down with the high hand. An off-putting "excuse" of the poacher is, that birds and beasts belong to nobody—that they are here to-day and away to-morrow; but it surely stands to reason that if a purveyor here has not the property of the person who gives it room to feed and breed, no power but exercise of the powers of logic can make it out to be the property of the poacher.

Returning, however, to the main question—the growth of the salmon in all its varied stages—we come now to the fish when it is known as a grilse. The principle which regulates the growth of the parr, and admits of one-half of a hatching becoming smolts a year sooner than the other half, has, as we have indicated, never been discovered. Of the rapid growth of the smolt in the salt water, we have already offered what may be termed "staggering evidence"—evidence from which it is difficult to escape, and which, whatever we may think of it, has, at a later stage of salmon growth, been pretty well corroborated by persons whose experiments were conducted with very great care. As we have hinted, it has been asserted that a moiety of the smolts which reach the salt water do not return to the river till the following year, when they are known as spring salmon, and are assumed to have gained, during the winter, an increase in weight from 6 lbs. to 16 lbs. Indeed some naturalists have gone the length of saying that none of the smolts return from the sea in the same season as they go there, but that all of them pass a winter in the salt water. From Mr. Young, of Inverness, we obtain, in an incidental manner, the information that grilse of 4 lbs. weight are able to spawn.

The knowledge obtained by Mr. Young in the way of ascertaining the growth of salmon life has in part been already detailed; he experimented on the growth of the parr, and proved conclusively that parrs become smolts; but his chief honor, in connection with the setting up of the natural history of the salmon, lies in his having contributed a considerable amount of reliable information as to the ratio of growth of the adult fish. Mr. Young, who had at one time charge of the salmon fisheries of his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, selected for the purpose of his experiments spawned grilse, operating always upon fish of 4 lbs. weight, so as to lessen the chances of any blunder being committed. Salmon—a grilse, it is said, becomes a salmon after it has spawned—of that weight were always plentiful, and could be easily enough found on the reids after they had fulfilled the great function of their lives; before it had spawned, the se-

lected fish would probably have weighed 5 lbs. At any rate, no fish above or below 4 lbs. weight were submitted by Mr. Young to the operation of being marked. The identification of the fish was provided for by means of the insertion of rings, formed of copper wire, into certain parts of their fins, which was done in such a manner as not to hurt or inconvenience the salmon in any way whatever.

The experiments of Mr. Young were continued for several years, and always with the same result, of a great addition to the weight of animals marked. The grilse were, of course, operated upon in the fresh water; they were caught, in fact, while resting after the operation of spawning. On returning from the sea, all those which were captured exhibited a fine healthy appearance, and had acquired a large increment of flesh—the increase in their weight ranging from 5 lbs. to 20 lbs. There need be no hesitation in accepting Mr. Young's facts and figures (he was an exceedingly careful man) as proofs of the rapid growth of the adult fish, and of the verification of the accuracy of Mr. Young's methods are necessary, it is to be found in the history of the marked fish, manipulated by his Grace the late Duke of Athole, who took much interest in the rate of growth of the salmon, personally marking some of the fish, and recording the results of some remarkable instances of increase of weight. One of the most noteworthy of the Duke's experiments may be here recalled to recollection. A fish, marked by his Grace, was caught at a place forty miles from the sea, and was found to have been salt water, fed, and returned to the space of thirty-seven days. The following is the Duke's entry regarding this particular fish: "On referring to my journal, I find that I caught this fish as a kelt (spawned salmon) this year, on the 31st of March, with the rod, about two miles above Dankeld bridge, at which time it weighed exactly 10 lbs.; so that, in the short space of five weeks and two days, it had gained 14 lbs. The Duke's plan of marking was by means of tickets attached to the fin, made for the purpose, and numbered for identification, the date of each marking and capture being carefully registered for future reference.

With regard to the mode of marking young salmon, there has, from time to time, been much controversy. Harking back for a moment to the markings made at Stormontfield, it may be mentioned that on one occasion as many as 1,250 smolts were marked by cutting off the second dorsal fin; and of these marked fish, twenty-two only have been returned the same season as grilse (weight not stated), which is not, as it is observed, two per cent. of the number cut. In the following year, 1,135 were marked by means of a cut on the tail, and "a few" of these were caught as grilse; at the same time as these smolts were cut in the tail, 300 were marked by means of silver rings inserted in the fins; but not one of these was ever seen again. It is well said by one who knew a great deal of marks of the salmon than most other men—Russell, of the *Scotsman*—that no firm rule can be placed on the system of marking by cuts: "Anyone that, by examining the heaps of fish as they are tumbled from the nets, or by any other means, has had an opportunity of observing the great number and infinite variety of marks and markings, produced for the most part, it would appear, from encounters with marine enemies, will have a strong distrust of any such rule." All the marks which have been tried have each in turn been decided; and in each case the fish have been found to wit—men have been over and over again inclined to doubt the evidence of their senses. They have been asked to believe that a grilse never becomes a salmon, but remains for all time a grilse, and nothing but a grilse. This phase of the salmon question need not, however, be discussed here at present, as Russell said, in reviewing the grilse controversy, "There are men in existence who would deny their fathers." It is passing strange that the natural history of the growth of grilse into salmon, which has been disproved a hundred times, is still occasionally cited in the best arguments which sometimes occur when discussing the natural history of the salmon.

It is only right, however, to admit that many of the persons who maintain that the grilse is a distinct member of the salmon family are quite able to advance excellent reasons for their opinion, and that the general opinion of the fish as a whole is in favor of the diamond-shaped scales of the one and the oval-shaped scales of the other—as well as in the more forked cut of the tail, and differences in the number of the fin-rays, as also in its habits and the less pronounced flavor of its flesh. A fish-merchant of rare intelligence, and who is an occasional contributor to the newspapers on phases of the natural history of the salmon, says he has never had a doubt on the subject, and that a grilse never becomes a salmon, but remains all its life a grilse, and well marked member of the family; "that," he says, "is my deliberately formed opinion, after an experience of the fish extending over 40 years, during which time I have passed many thousands of them through my hands."

I have in the opinion of the present writer, there is a vast preponderance of evidence in favor of the grilse becoming a salmon, he never objects to hear an expression of opinion in favor of fact from others; and it is a fact that, on one occasion, as many as 11,000 eggs of a female salmon were fertilized by milt from a grilse—no difference of any kind being observed in the fish so long as they were under observation. This experiment was very successful; only thirty of the total number of eggs were added. The proper understanding of the natural history of the salmon is still much impeded by unsolved problems; it is a peculiar fish, able to live either in fresh or salt water. No doubt, as we have seen, the breeders of one tributary water ever found, except from misadventure, in any other affluence. Salmon, it may perhaps be set down, exist in distinct races; a Tay salmon can be easily enough distinguished from one which has been bred in Tweed.

Let us now ask, as we near the completion of our labors, how many of our salmon are spared to die a natural death; or, rather, at what period of their lives they would die of old age, if they could escape from the toils of their most intelligent enemy—man? In considering this phase of salmon river economy, we shall exclude deaths from the mysterious epidemic which has for a season or two been depopulating our rivers of some of their finest fish—*Salvelinus ferax*. It has already, we will assume, been made sufficiently clear that the greatest mortality among our salmon occurs at a stage when they are least able to fight their enemies of life in thousands. As those which live grow older, they become more able to seek their food and to contend with their enemies. Of a hundred fish under 1 lb. in weight, it is certain that about a half will be killed or die of starvation; but of a similar number who have obtained a weight of 6 lbs., two-thirds probably will live and thrive for a given period; and so, as the fish grow older and escape the perils of their

youth, their chances of life increase. The average weight of the salmon now being purveyed for table use runs from 17 lbs. to 184 lbs. The 136 fish captured by anglers in Loch Tay in the beginning of the present season (1882) averaged 194 lbs.; last year had the year before that the weight was still higher, the average being 214 lbs. The heaviest salmon captured in Loch Tay this season was 35 lbs.

Big salmon are happily nowadays not a matter of great rarity. Every season two or three of the minor masters of the deep are captured, and this year has not proved exceptional, indeed some very fine specimens have been secured. The writer personally examined, within a week after the opening of the river Tay, a dozen fish, each of which weighed more than 80 lbs.; and his opportunities of observation were confined only to one source of supply from that river. Season after season the average weight of salmon has increased, and is still increasing, although at sixteen years ago the weight of salmon commenced to decrease in a way that gave rise to some alarm, and clearly indicated that the capital stock of fish had been broken upon. At the time indicated all salmon were, so to say, being prematurely killed, the average weight having fallen to a little over 15 lbs.—so that, as a rule, the life of a salmon was at that date not a prolonged one; thirty and forty pounders had become exceedingly rare, and in those days there were no giants to delight the ichthyologists; but now we have seen, as has been shown, salmon which weighed from 80 lbs. to 184 lbs., and even heavier fish, are captured every day during the season. And we know from indications equally unmistakable that the capital stock of fish in our rivers is undoubtedly increasing—hence the number of large salmon which are recorded as being occasionally captured. It is quite true, however, that both during this season and the two which preceded it, the take of salmon was upon the whole not up to the mark, but this probably resulted from causes other than the scarcity of fish; upon a late occasion we personally saw, in the course of about twenty hours, some fine fish ascending to the upper waters of Tay, not one of which would be less than 20 lbs. in weight. That was after the nets had been taken off the river; and an old fisherman with whom we conversed assured us that there was always a fine run of fish as soon as the close time began, "just for all the world as if the salmon had waited till the way was clear for them."

No official statistics of the number of salmon which are annually caught in rivers of the United Kingdom are taken, but from the number of boxes of these fish which in the season are sent from Scotland to Billingsgate, a pretty good guess can be made of the total salmon production of the land of "the provident hand the flood." Thus, in 1881, including fish from the Tweed, there reached the great wholesale house of London 25,724 boxes of salmon, each box of fish weighing 13 lbs., and the net wholesale average of one shifting her pound weight, the sum of money paid by London to Scotland in 1881 for its venison of the waters would amount to £192,930; and taking it for granted that our home consumption of salmon would be equal to about 8,000 boxes, a sum of £400,000 would thereby be added, making a total of £292,930 as the annual value of our Scottish salmon fisheries, from which have to be deducted the wages, wear and tear of fishing-gear, and profits to lessees of fishing stations, before the net result can be struck. The price of a shilling per pound weight, which we have quoted, is probably too low, as at certain seasons of the year salmon in London brings from half-a-crown to seven shillings a pound weight. The salmon rental of Scotland, while it is undoubtedly more than double that of England, is certainly not half that of France, as the latter country exports more than 100,000 salmon annually, and the value of the salmon exported every year from Ireland is over half a million of pounds sterling. From these figures it will be obvious that, if by some means we could add a few pounds to the average weight of our fish, it would tend to largely increase the money value of our salmon supply. Assuming it to be possible that four pounds could be added all round to the marketable fish, that would, at the wholesale rate of a shilling per pound, add 40 per cent. to the price of each fish, and at a rough guess, increase the value of our Scottish salmon supply more than £200,000 per annum.

And now to conclude. If the writer were to be asked to say, "on soul and conscience," how old the 50-lb. fish was which was captured this season in the river Tay, he would be loath to commit himself to an opinion, even after thirty years' experience of the fish of the salmon kind both on Tay and Tweed. It is out of the question, of course, to attend on other than the fish, that there exists a plentiful supply of figures with which to prove anything about that fish that wants proof! We have already given figures to show that salmon grow at the rate of at least five pounds a season, and that is a rate of growth which we have always found practical fishermen ready to admit. There comes, however, a period in its life, we believe, at which growth either altogether ceases, or becomes greatly slower than the rate of increase which is incidental to the early years of its life. Will there be any salmon over twelve years of age? We once handled an 80-lb. fish, but it bore upon it no mark by which we could find out its age; it might, for all that we could see by a careful examination, be twenty years old, or it might only be ten. It will be not a little curious if the problem of salmon growth should ultimately be settled at the antipodes. The salmon has been acclimatized in our Australian colonies. The date of its introduction into those colonies is well known, so that when a large fish shall be caught, there will be almost no doubt as to its age. The salmon, we are told by some experts in fishery economy, never adds to its growth while it inhabits the fresh water—it is in the sea it finds its productive feeding-ground; it is in the great deep it puts on its annual increments of flesh—"cleads its bones," as James Hogg used to say, and increases in size and greatly enhanced in value. Upon one occasion, when we handled a 33-lb. Tay salmon that had just been netted, we put the question to its captor, an old fisherman, "What do you think its age will be?" and he replied without any hesitation, "I would say, sir, that she's a six-year-old, if she's a day." There is every probability that his estimate was a correct one, and having given his reply, we shall, for the present, take leave of the salmon as an object of natural history.

\* At the close of the present season, a 50-pounder was taken in the Tay (by net); and more than one specimen weighed 45 lbs. was captured in that river. But the date of its capture was not ascertained. One of the Tay salmon which weighed respectively 70 lbs. and 55 lbs.; but these are all dwarfed by a giant of the salmon kind which was captured in the Tay last year. It was a fish which weighed 184 lbs. This fish was exhibited two years ago in Glasgow by a fish merchant of that city, and was seen and handled by the writer of this note.







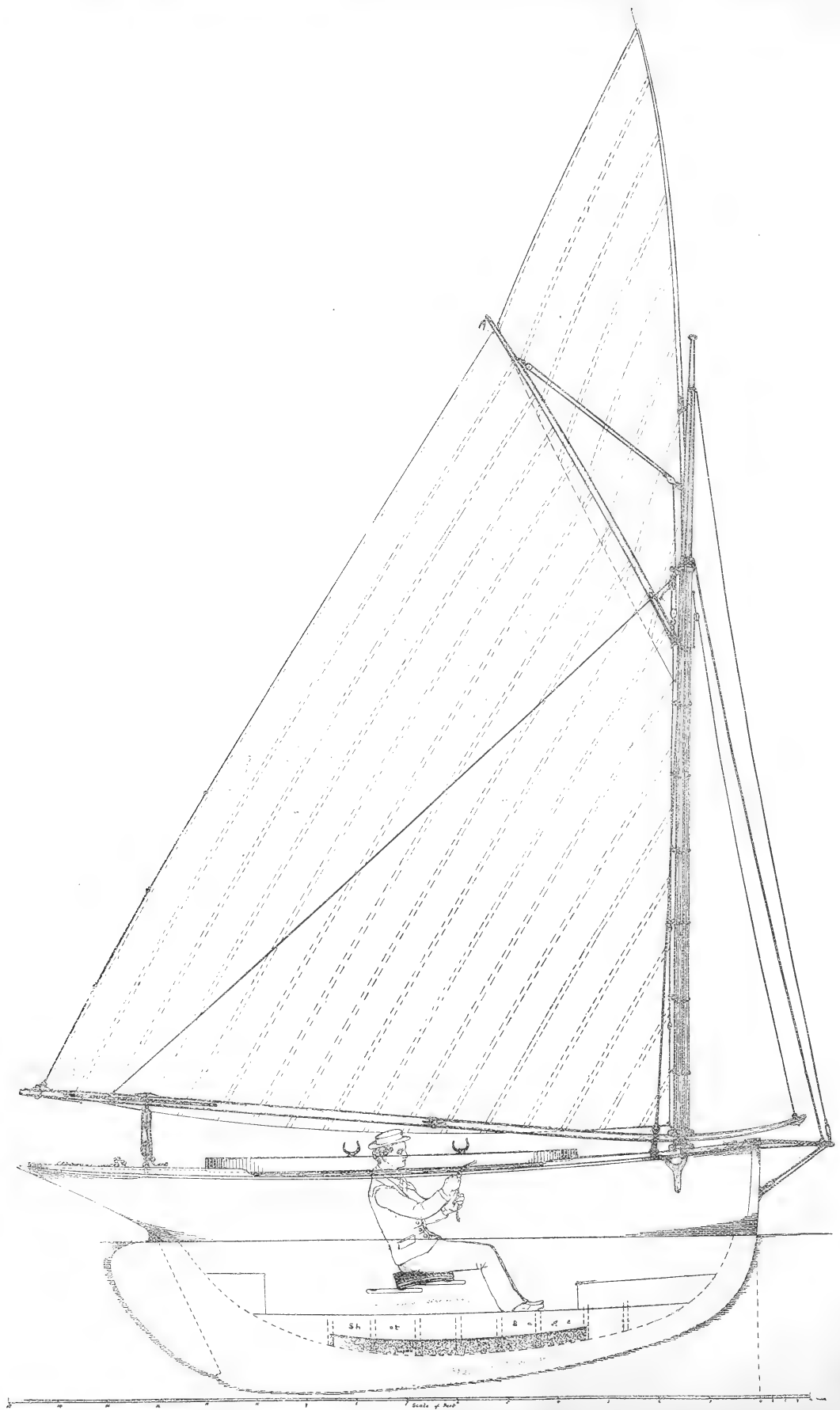














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## INDEFINITE CONDITIONS.

IN the management of the British interests in the International match Maj. Scriven has replaced Maj. Waller as secretary of the special committee having charge of the matter. With this change come intimations of a possibility of misunderstanding as to the exact terms of the match, and it is particularly unfortunate that in all the cloud of correspondence which has been going on back and forth for some time past between the two associations, no one should have taken the simple precaution of writing out the conditions of the match, and by an exchange of copies fix definitely the basis upon which the contest was to be fought. In the pettiest nether match the exact conditions under which each contestant shoots his string of shots is carefully laid down, but when an important match like the International contest is brought up, there are a lot of complementary generalities, and when a practical point in shooting is touched, the fact comes out that these hazy rules and regulations which are supposed to govern the match may mean anything or nothing.

In 1882 there were concessions on both sides. When the British team men reached here they found the Americans with pistol grip rifles, having sights which, while they were not fine enough to be styled match sights, were a great remove from a military model. The conditions of the match had been doubly at fault in failing to bar out what should not be allowed, and in omitting to specify, exactly and beyond question, what was to be permitted in the match. There had not been enough of knowledge on each side of what the other side was doing in the way of improving the military rifle. The British arms came as revelations to the American marksmen, and only the presumption which ignorance inspires could have led the Americans to hope for a victory under the circumstances.

It is an open question whether a victory was ever really expected or worked for. It is pretty certain that something very close to an assurance of winning had to be

held out to induce the British team to cross the ocean. Among the other pleasantries proffered the visitors was a well-arranged opportunity of breaking the line of American victories before the butts. The previous contests had been managed by the riflemen. The men who shot the match had control of the preliminaries, and did not go into the battle with anything like the overwhelming handicap which weighted down the gallant twelve who fought the match of September, 1882. With the end of that match came a demand that some chance be left open for a victory which Americans might hope to win if they worked for it in 1883. Changes in the rear and front sights were asked for, and also a modification as to the date of enlistment of men who might take part in the match.

Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM are familiar with the application of the American Board of Directors for a modification of the conditions and the reply of the British Committee. Secretary Seabury, for the American riflemen, asked for "the use of the wind-gauge," and Sir Henry Hallford suggested "that the wind-gauge on the back sight, which is likely to be adopted by our regular army, be permitted hereafter in all military breech-loading matches at Wimbledon." Now comes up a cloud of doubt as to the interpretation of what a wind-gauge really is. Shall it be an accurately graduated sight capable of the finest sealings, or shall it be some sort of a sliding cross-bar which is set with a push over and held only by the friction of the parts? The British council have been great sticklers for what they term a "service" arm, which means generally, when it is defined, a weapon which in some way has found favor in the eyes of the British army or volunteers. While the council were preparing the conditions of the match of 1882 it meant a rifle with a fixed rear sight so far as any lateral motion was concerned, though for years before the New York State model arm, and the arms sent out from the Springfield Armory, bore rear sights which could be shifted for wind by the turn of a screw. The same board which declared the thin barley-corn front sight of the American rifle did not come within their notion of a service arm, are ready to accept a rear wind-gauge which is nothing more than a bar held to the uprights by the pressure of a spring.

Suppose such an arm should fall on the ground, the heavy iron front sight would possibly get latticed, while the unstable wind-gauge would be pretty certain to slip out of position, whereas the thin steel foresight of the American arm would stand any amount of ill-usage, while the rear sight once set by a turn of the screw remains so until changed by the hand of the rifeman.

The fact is that the service arm of the future is to be something far nearer the match rifle than the snap-shooting weapons which have formerly made such noise in the hands of troops. At present there is no fixed standard. Surely the arms used at the last match will not be placed under that heading, for they were mere target appliances made to provoke bulleseyes over certain known ranges, fitted with ammunition which would not bear the rough transport of an active campaign, and in many minor respects far different from what an experienced army officer would select to put into the hands of the general run of soldiers. The use of such a shifting term as "service arm" is sufficient to keep the conditions of any match in an unsettled state, for the service arm of to-day may be the discarded arm of to-morrow.

## A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

LAST March the Litchfield, Conn., *Enquirer* published the following:

We hear a curious law point discussed. A man was driving across our lake recently, near where some holes had been cut and lines fixed by a fisherman. He noticed that there was a bite at one of the hooks, sprang out, pulled in a three and a half pound fish, hung it into his sleigh, and was off before the fisherman could reach him. Was it a theft; or, in other words, to whom did that fish belong? It seems probable that it belonged to the man who pulled it out, for the rule about game—fish, flesh, or fowl—is that it belongs to whoever actually gets possession of it, and to no one till in his actual possession. Pretty sharp practice, though.

The way in which the case is put renders it doubtful to whom the fish legally belongs. Legal right is often the reverse of moral right. If the fish legally belonged to the traveler in the sleigh who pulled it out, then a bird killed by a sportsman but not yet picked up will belong to the one who may grab it first, even though the shooter has advanced to it and is bending over to reach it. We know of many men who, while not qualified to administer law, would substitute justice in the case of a man trying to claim their game which, according to the code, has not yet been reduced to possession, by being placed in the bag. We probably know a thousand such men, and it would be worth a journey to see the man

ner in which they received a person who claimed their game between the shooting and the retrieving of it.

Anglers, as a class, have the reputation of being more gentle than other people, whether so or not the Census Bureau has no definite information, but we think we may possibly know a score or so of the contemplative fraternity who would not feel their blood flow faster at the sight of a man taking a three-pounder off their line, and if, near to him, something might drop, perhaps the fish alone, perhaps more than the fish.

The *Enquirer* asks, "Was it theft?" This we cannot answer. The man might have only borrowed the fish for scientific purposes, such as to learn how long it would take to boil it, or to find out what sauce was best with it. It might have been a fish that stole a hook from him last summer and he only wished to see if the hook was there yet, or it might have been a fish that had been taking off his young ducks; we cannot say. All these things would have to be fairly presented before a correct decision could be arrived at.

We notice the absence of a most important element in this case. We have only the bare fact that one man cut a hole in the ice and put in a hook, no line being mentioned, and that a passer by noticed a bite on the hook and pulled in a fish and drove rapidly off. The person who reported the case probably saw it from a distance through a telescope, for there is no record of any conversation. The failure to give the remarks of the fisherman is fatal to a correct understanding of the case. His views might have been expressed in few words, or at length, but what he said on that important occasion has been lost. We should have been pleased to have heard him sum up. What did the fisherman say?

## GUIDES AND TOURISTS.

THE relation of his experiences in the Adirondacks by "Piseco" is timely. He bewails the decadence of morals and manners among a certain class of guides, and the existence of a most pernicious system whereby the "hotel guides" bleed the unfortunate tourist who falls into their clutches. "Piseco" is undeniably right in his censures of this class of so-called guides.

It is equally true that the particular class of Adirondack tourists who support these "hotel guides" is a very different class from that of the old-time tourists, who could appreciate a genuine guide's services. It must be remembered that the majority of visitors to the Adirondacks are not sportsmen, in any good or bad sense of the term. Most of them are mere pleasure-seekers with no aspirations to anything other than idling away their time in the beaten round of summer hotel life. If the old guides have degenerated, or been superseded by a new class of designing flunkies, no one is more to blame for this than the summer tourist who has created the change. The greenhorn, who rigs himself out in buckskin toggery, with a feather flying in his scalp lock, does not want one of the genuine old-time guides, nor would one of those honest woodsmen care to serve him. The cockney generally has more money than brains, and dispenses the first liberally to conceal his lack of the second. He wants to be put out to the spring holes and to have his fish hooked and "hailed in" for him, and for this he is content to pay whatever the attendant may ask.

There is another class of men who visit the Adirondacks. They hire all the guides in a district, pay them four or five times as much as their services are actually worth, and often add liberal presents. Mr. H. Polhemus, of Brooklyn, is reputed to have given one of his guides \$1200 as a gratuity. These men employ a big force, pay big wages, secure a big slaughter, and have the satisfaction of a big brag. No wonder "Piseco" claims that the guides are demoralized. They are but human after all, and the same rule must hold good in the woods that obtains elsewhere; men who are paid extravagantly by rich men will not do the same work for other men for honest wages.

There are yet, however, as our correspondent is careful to say, many good guides in the Adirondacks. We have found that the Brown's Tract men are, as a rule, intelligent and trustworthy. They are alive to the necessity of proper game and fish protection and propagation. They are coming to understand that when the deer and trout go, their own occupation must go, too; and so they refuse the demands of the cockneys to be led to game out of season. The Brown's Tract guides have lately clubbed together, and have sent one of their number, John L. Brinkerhoff, down to the Cold Spring hatchery for land-locked salmon with which to stock Fulton Chain. The Brown Tract region is more difficult of access than some of the other Adirondack resorts,





knowledge of woods life and of congenial tastes, and share with them in the heart of the woods the labor and rest, the loneliness and quiet which are incident to camp life, and which form guides of its charms.

These guides should realize that in permitting these boatmen to compete with them on even terms they do themselves injustice.

The woods landlords should realize that in sustaining the extortions of these boatmen they do it at the expense of their own interests, for a large majority of those who now visit the woods care little for hunting or fishing, but who appreciate the delightful climate, the indescribable sensation of rest and freedom from annoyance of all kinds, which they best realize while lounging on the wide, shaded piazzas with books and cards or chess, and with ladies the occupation of fancy work, and for children the croquet, and all are contented to let the hot-looking lake alone during the day and spend their time in the cool woods gathering mosses and ferns.

Toward evening though, nearly all would enjoy a row. Two hours a day would cover the average need for this, and thus complete each day with another pleasure. But as I have shown this pleasure is denied them, unless, indeed, they are willing to submit to extortion, and to pay a man daily a big day's wages for doing nothing but to lie around the guides' camp smoking pipe.

There are some very pleasant places that I know of where the landlords have broken clear of this system. At Fletcher's, on Lake Lake; at Paul Smith's, on St. Regis; at Rude's, on Lake Piseco; at Andrews and Sturgis's, on Lake Pleasant, a boat or boatman can be hired for such periods as are desired.

Undoubtedly there are other places, and I would be glad if the list were increased, for by seeing from my list of available places noticed that I failed to get what I wished unless I paid for what I neither wished nor got, I have reduced my resources.

I hope that in this rather hastily written paper I have succeeded in making it clear that I fully approve of paying a real guide full wages, and believe that he more than earns them, and that my growl is at those only who, claiming to be guides, are paid as such for little or no guide service. My views in regard to a number of matters connected with this subject were very fully given in a letter published by you in July, 1876. If you will glance over that you may think it worth while in this connection to republish some of its statements upon which I based an argument that if the guides could be made game constables and protectors, many of the present evils would be diminished. PRESCO.

## INDIAN FOLK-LORE.

[The following stories have been collected during a residence of some years among Indians who have not yet come into contact with any whites with the exception of the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, so that these legends may fairly be considered to be free from the taint of civilization and to represent Indian stories in their primitive state. The first is a story of a man who, in accordance with the animals common to the country, especially as to the origin of anything peculiar as to size or markings on them. Animals having the gift of speech seem common both to stories of this continent and to the East, witness various stories in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," where animals have this power. I have taken great care to make no additions to the original, but to leave them as they were told to me. Many of them have almost a familiar look, such as the Climbing Boy, which certainly has some likeness to Jack and the Beanstalk, and the story of the Mesquito to the Roc in Sindbad the Sailor.]

### II.—The Climbing Boy.

A BOY and his two sisters lived together in a tent. One day the boy went hunting, as usual, and seeing a squirrel, he shot an arrow at it, but the arrow stuck in the tree. The boy climbed up after it, and when he came near he blew it to shake it down, but the arrow went higher up. So he climbed again and blew, but it went still higher. This lasted some hours, when he found himself able to step on to firm ground, covered with squirrel tracks and marks of all kinds of animals. After staying there some days, he returned to his sisters and told them what he had discovered. They agreed to go to his new country with him and determined to live with him. When they had packed up their things, he made his sisters go up first, telling them when they came near the arrow to blow it. This they did; and in time reached the country, where they built a tent. He hunted all day and never the game was scarce. Soon he had collected enough squirrel skins for a coat, which his sisters made for him. The first day he put it on and walked away from the tent until he came to a path in the snow. When he laid himself right across the track. After he had lain there some time he saw a great, fiery wheel rolling along the path toward him, but he would not move, so the sun stopped and asked him to get out of the way, but he said he should not, when the sun rolled right over him, burning his new coat, which made him very angry. He shouted to him that he would be revenged. When he got back to his tent he had his sisters make him lines of sinew, with which he made a snare right across the path. After a time it came quite dark, when he cried out, "I have done it, I have done it." His sisters asked him what he had done. He said, "Made it dark." But he found that he would be obliged to let the sun go, for he could not see to hunt. He found on trying to release him that he burned his fingers. Then he asked the animals to help him; but they found it too hot work. At last the mouse managed to gnaw away the snare, but in doing so burned his nose. After this he lived in the sun for a long time, and married his sisters and peopled the country.

### IV.—The Beaver Wife.

A man wanted a wife, so he looked about for one to please him, but could not find one among all the girls he knew. One day he met one called The Beaver. She had lovely teeth; this he was much pleased with, and he wanted her to marry him. He went to her father and asked him for his daughter, and was told that he might marry her if he liked, but that if he did he would have a lot of trouble; and the father refused to part with her unless the suitor promised to make a bridge across every stream he came to for her to pass dry-footed. This the suitor promised to do. He married the girl and lived very comfortably with her for two years, when he went as usual, leaving his wife to make a bridge over every stream, as usual, he made bridges over all the creeks he came to. At last he came to a dry one. Over this he made no bridge, but walked on for about a mile, where he hung up his bag to show where he wished the camp to be made. He then went on and made his snares. It rained while he was doing so, and he returned early expecting to find the camp. But when he came to the

place, there was his bag but no camp. Going back to look for his wife, he came to the creek which had been dry in the morning, but was full of water; and what astonished him more was that a large beaver house was built that he had not noticed before. He then determined to break it, but while he was trying to break in, he heard his wife's voice inside telling him to go away, for his neglect to put up a bridge had changed her into a beaver. He tried many times to take the house, but always failed. His goodness cost him his wife and his two children.

MOOSE FACTORY, Hudson's Bay, British America.

## RIPARIAN RIGHTS.

New York, April 30, 1883.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The season for salmon angling is at hand, and in view of the recent decision as to riparian rights in the Exchequer Court of Canada, and more recently confirmed by the Court of Appeals, also in the "Fox River" case, in the Supreme Court of Illinois, the following extracts from these decisions may be of service in preventing disputes as to such rights by many parties not cognizant thereof.

AS OLD ANGLES.

In the Exchequer Court of Canada, Christian A. Robertson and the Queen. Judgment by the Hon. Mr. Justice Gwynne:

Page 10.—"The public have merely the right to use the river for passing to and from upon it, in the same manner as they have a right of passage along a public road or foot-path through a private estate, but the right of fishing in such a river by the riparian proprietors is a right of property vested in such proprietors in virtue of their being seised of the 'Alicene' of the stream 'ad medium filium aque' (to the middle thread of the water), which *prima facie* all proprietors of land adjoining an inland river are. 'Riparian proprietors' is a term applied by the civilians to the owners of watercourses, and the use of the same significant and convenient term is more fully introduced into the common law, the soil of the bed itself, and consequently the water, may be, and most often is, divided between two opposite riparian owners; that is, the land on one side may be owned by one person and the land on the opposite side by another. When such is the case each proprietor owns to the middle, or what is called the *thread of the river*."

Page 11.—Audi Hale, "Jure Maris, p. 5 of Hengram's tracts," says, "Fresh water rivers, of what kind soever, do of common right belong to the owner of the soil adjacent, so that the owners of one side have of common right the property, that is, the property of the soil and consequently the right of fishing, 'aque ad filium aque,' and the owner of the other side, the right of soil or ownership and fishing unto the 'filium aque' on their side."

Chancellor Rush in his commentaries says: "It was a settled principle of the common law that the owners of lands on the banks of fresh water rivers, above the ebbing and flowing of the tide, and the exclusive right of fishing as well as the rights of property opposite their respective lands 'ad medium filium aque,' and when the land on each side of the river belonged to the same person he had the same exclusive right of fishing in the whole river, as far as his land extended along the same. The right exists in the river of that description, though they be of the first magnitude and navigable for rafts or boats, but they are subject to the 'jus publicum' as a common right of use or current."

Page 15.—"Crown grants of land adjacent to rivers above the ebb and flow of the tide are presumed to convey to the grantee the bed or soil of the river, and so to convey the exclusive right of fishing therein to the middle thread of the river opposite to the adjacent land so granted."

"When the exclusive rights of fishing does not already exist by law, consisting of ungranted lands, no exclusive rights of fishing could be legally established by any person."

And in the Fox River case, FOREST AND STREAM April 5, page 193:

"Where such proprietor owns the land on one side only of the stream, his right to the land and to the use of the water, whether used as a power to operate mills and machinery, or merely as a fishery, extends only to the middle thread of the stream as at common law."

### THE STATE OF OHIO vs. JNO. SHANNON.

Syllabus.—Under Section 33, Chap. 8, Title 1, of the Crimes Act of May 5, 1877, it is unlawful to shoot at, or kill wild ducks on the lands of another person, although within the channel of a navigable river, when the offense is set up in a conspicuous place on the shore, "a board inscribed in legible English characters, thus, 'No shooting or hunting allowed on these premises.'"

Exceptions to the Court of Common Pleas of Sandusky county.

Shannon was arrested on a warrant issued by a Justice of the Peace of Sandusky county on complaint of George G. Tindall, charging a violation of Section 33, Chap. 8, Title 1, of the Crimes Act of May 5, 1877. The section provided:

"Whoever, having received verbal or written notice from an owner of inclosed and improved lands, or any lands the boundaries of which are defined by stakes, posts, water courses, ditches, or marked trees, his agent, or a person in charge thereof, not to hunt thereon, shoots at, kills or pursues with such intent on such lands, any of the birds or game mentioned in Sections 27, 28 and 30 of this chapter, or whoever shoots at, kills or pursues with such intent any of such birds or game on the lands of another upon which there is set up in some conspicuous place, a board inscribed in legible English characters, thus, 'No shooting or hunting allowed on these premises,' or pulls down or defaces any such board, or the letters thereon, shall be fined," etc.

Among the birds or game mentioned in said Section 27, are "wild ducks," and the complaint charged Shannon with shooting and killing wild ducks on the land of Tindall, situated in said county, etc.

Shannon, having been bound to appear and answer said charge in the Probate Court, was there tried, convicted and sentenced. On the trial, a bill of exceptions containing all the testimony was taken, and upon proceedings in error, in the Court of Common Pleas, said judgment was reversed. To this judgment of reversal the Prosecuting Attorney, under Sections 38 and 39, Chapter 8, Title 2, said he took exceptions, and the same are now submitted to this court.

The uncontradicted facts appearing in the Bill of Exceptions are, in brief:

That Tindall was owner and in possession of a tract of land in said county bounded on one side by the Sandusky River, a navigable stream;

That Shannon on the 29th of October, 1877, when the killing of wild ducks was not prohibited by statute, was in a

skiff on the Sandusky River, between the middle thereof and the shore owned by said Tindall, from which position he shot and killed wild ducks swimming in and flying over the water between said shore and middle of the river;

That boards inscribed in legible English characters "No shooting or hunting allowed on these premises" were set up in conspicuous places on said shore;

And that Shannon had been duly notified by Tindall not to shoot or hunt on his lands.

It also appears, that the position occupied by Shannon on the river was within the limits of navigation as used by boats and other water craft engaged in commerce;

And also, that the public generally had been accustomed to fish, and kill wild ducks, in the same location, in and upon the river.

Upon this state of facts the State of Ohio seeks the opinion of this court, and the Court of Common Pleas err in reversing the judgment of the Probate Court.

John M. Lennon, Counsel for the State.  
Everett & Fowler, Attorneys for Shannon.

McIlvaine, C. J. This cause and June vs. Purcell, decided at this term and reported ante, having a question in common, were considered together. In that case it was held, that the title of a riparian owner of land bounded by a navigable stream in this State, extends to the middle or thread of the stream.

It follows upon the principle announced in that case, that the locus of the offense alleged in this, though upon the surface of a navigable stream, was within the boundaries of Tindall's land, and was embraced in the literal meaning of the notice, "No shooting or hunting allowed on these premises."

It is true, however, that the right of Tindall to so much of his land as was covered by the waters of the Sandusky River, the same being a navigable stream, was not exclusive, but subject to the right of the people to use the same as a highway, so that the entry of Shannon within the bounds of Tindall's premises, to wit: within the limits of this public highway, did not, *per se*, make him a trespasser; and clearly, an action against him for trespass, *quare clausum fregit*, could not be maintained.

Hence it was claimed by defendant, that his conviction was wrong, because, as is claimed, this section of the statute applies only to persons who wrongfully break and enter the close of another contrary to his expressed will.

The provisions of the statute were not intended to punish trespassers *quare clausum fregit*, merely because they have been guilty of a trespass; but were intended to punish the act of killing, shooting at, or pursuing game on the lands of another, against which notice may have been given as provided in the statute; so that a person rightfully on the premises of another may commit the unlawful act, as well as one who commits a trespass by entering upon the premises.

It seems to us, that whatever change this statute may have made in respect to the law in relation to trespass on real property, the main purpose of the Legislature was to confer upon the owner of land within this State the exclusive right to hunt and kill the designated game upon his own premises, and to protect him in such right, provided he complies with the prescribed conditions in regard to notice.

And with regard to notice, if the lands be "inclosed and improved," or if the boundaries be "defined by stakes, posts, water courses, ditches or marked trees," verbal or written notice "not to hunt thereon" will bring the offender under the operation of the statute.

When a water course, for instance a navigable stream, continues a boundary, it is the opinion of a majority of the court, that all persons who have received verbal or written notice not to hunt upon the lands of the owner, are bound to take notice that his land extends to the middle of the water-course, if such be a fact.

But if the lands be not "inclosed and improved," or if they be not "defined by stakes, posts, water courses, ditches or marked trees," as they are in this case, where the owner may bring himself and his lands within the protection of the statute by setting up in some conspicuous place thereon, "a board inscribed in legible English characters, thus, 'No shooting or hunting allowed on these premises.'"

And in such cases, all persons engaged in shooting at, killing or pursuing the designated game, must take notice not only of the statute, but of the setting up of such board, and also of the extent or boundary of the lands on which the same is set up. And in respect to this notice, it makes no difference whether the land or any part thereof be covered by water or not.

It is claimed, however, that this statute was not intended to protect lands covered by the water of a navigable river.

A majority of the court can see no grounds upon which lands covered by navigable streams should be excluded. They are as much the subject of private ownership as innavigable streams. There is no distinction made by the terms of the statute.

True, navigable streams in this State are declared to be public highways; but the right to use a public highway is not abridged by protecting the owner of the fee in the exclusive right of killing game therein. Travel and commerce are not thereby hindered.

And as the power of the Legislature to protect game, or the exclusive right of the owner of land to kill the same on his own premises, is as ample over land covered by water, whether navigable or innavigable, as it is over dry land, and as there is no attempt to distinguish between them in this statute, we must hold that all alike are within the protection of this statute.

Exceptions sustained.  
White, J., did not concur.

I. E. L. DeWitt, Reporter of the Supreme Court of Ohio, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the syllabus, statement of facts and opinion of said Court, as announced by the Chief Justice in the case of the State of Ohio vs. John Shannon, and is as the same shall appear in Vol. 36, Ohio State Reports.—E. L. DeWitt, Reporter Supreme Court of Ohio.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE LEAGUE.—At the annual meeting of the Fish and Game League the following officers were elected for the current year: President, John B. Clarke; Secretary, Chas. L. Richardson; Treasurer, Frederick Smyth; Vice-presidents, Marcellus Eldridge, Portsmouth; Luther Hayes, Milton; E. B. Hodge, Plymouth; W. A. Fletcher, Concord; V. C. Gilman, Nashua; W. H. Shurtleff, Colebrook; John Clement, Troy; Gilbert P. Whitman, Manchester; Herbert P. Norris, Manchester; G. V. Pickering, Laconia. The annual address was delivered by Hon. Jos. B. Walker, his subject being "The Forest and Game of Hampshire." Several essays were read; we print them elsewhere.



## AN ANGLER'S NOOD.

HERE by woods dusky shadows cling,  
Here bird notes through dim arches ring.  
While each musician seems to sing  
With joy, yet still unseen.  
With drops of molten silver bright,  
As clear as air, as dark as night,  
First calm, and then in sudden flight.  
See there the streamlets sleet.

The brown leaves carpet all the ground,  
By zephyrs stirred, their rustlings sound.  
The gray moss hangs from all around,  
Eternal without lull.  
Of red one sees a ruddy gleam,  
Where swamp-pinks in the sunshine dream,  
Reflected in the rushing stream  
A five amid the flood.

There down the dancing waters whirl,  
Swift o'er the rocks with sudden swirl,  
And in the pool below they part  
A naiad's ear to charm.

As 'tis a sylvan scene so sweet,  
That all the sounds and sights which greet,  
The one who comes with loving feet,  
Would darkest thoughts disarm.

'Tis here the angler loves to stand,  
With watchful eye and steady hand,  
Till skill at last brings rods to land  
The monarch of the brook.  
In vain the victim strives to hide  
In some cool cavern in the side  
See there! his scarlet-spotted side  
Comes glancing from the nook.

And he feels his pulvis stir  
To hear the woodcock's startled whirr.  
As feeding in a group of five,  
He springs in sudden flight.

And to the angler wandering here,  
In grottoes where lights green appear,  
There comes the dim, primeval fear  
Of loneliness and night.

As toiling pilgrims lift their eyes  
To where tall Mecca's towers arise;  
Or seamen wonder the tempest tries  
Sigh for a South Sea isle—  
So memory paints the place he craves,  
As life's long busy cares he braves,  
And dreary in his mind engraves  
His shroud with magic style.

L. V. P.

## Natural History.

## NOTES ON THE STICKFISH.

Verrill &amp; Blake, Stearns.

THE history of the discovery of this singular polyp is this: As early as 1868, or at least 1869, a Portuguese fisherman, by name Joseph Silva, who was at that time engaged in fishing for dogfish at Burrard Inlet, British Columbia, and the neighboring waters, brought some of the sticks to the saw-mills at Burrard Inlet as a curiosity. Being a new thing they attracted considerable attention, but as there was no one there resident of a very scientific turn of mind, no special means were taken to have them identified, and it was a matter of doubt as to whether they belonged to the animal or vegetable kingdom.

Although living at Burrard Inlet at that time, and seeing the first specimens brought there, I did not take any measures for their identification, as at that time I was not in communication with any scientific institution or natural history periodical. Some time subsequently, Mr. George Dietz, the resident partner of the firm of Moody, Dietz & Nelson, mill owners at Burrard Inlet, sent some of the "sticks" to Mr. F. G. Claudet, the chief assayer of the Government assay office, at New Westminster, a chemist of more than ordinary ability, who pronounced them to be largely composed of phosphate of lime. This set at rest the question as to which kingdom they belonged, and shortly afterward Mr. Dietz sent some of the "sticks" to the Academy of Natural Sciences at San Francisco, California, which led to their being placed before scientists in various parts of the world. There was some difference of opinion as to what they really were, some supposing them to be a species of gigantic sea pen, while many disciples of Darwin thought the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom was at last obtained. Numerous inquiries were made from various places for information respecting them, and requests made for specimens. Many specimens of the complete animal were sent to various scientific establishments, put up in different essential, alcoholic and other preparations, but none of these, I believe, reached their destination in good order, the happy medium for strength of the preparations not being arrived at, and in consequence some specimens in strong preparations were dissolved, while other weaker ones did not succeed in preserving the tissues. A Captain Lawson, of the United States Coast Survey Service, then stationed on Puget Sound, Washington Territory, applied to me through a friend of his and mine in Victoria, to obtain specimens, have them put up in a tin tube, and the tube then filled with glycerine, which he was of the opinion would answer the purpose of preserving them for transmission to California.

I caused the specimens asked for, some five or six in number, if I recollect rightly, to be put up in the tube, and eighteen pounds of glycerine was required to fill up the empty space; the tube was then sealed up, and forwarded to Capt. Lawson, and was by him sent to some scientist for identification. I was afterwards informed that the specimens arrived in perfect order, were classified, and received the present double name in honor of Prof. Verrill, of Yale College, and Dr. Blake, of San Francisco. As notes were not made at the time, dates, of course, must be approximate only, but they are as accurate as a person can reasonably be supposed to give after such a lapse of time as fourteen or fifteen years.

Now, as regards the animal or animals, so to speak, with out going into a scientific description, which I confess I am unable to do, perhaps a few remarks concerning them may be of interest in connection with the foregoing statement.

They are caught only at Burrard Inlet and vicinity, as far as is at present known, although the entire coast has been

fairly prospected by parties fishing for dogfish, from Queen Charlotte's Sound to Olympia, at the head of Puget Sound. The dog-fishermen are the only ones who do or would be likely to catch the animals, and they have only found them in this one locality. So far as can be ascertained, no other place produces them, and did they exist elsewhere, they would have probably been procured ere this.

Their mode of capture is in this wise: The gear for dog-fishing is a line or rope resembling the ordinary clothes line in size, of a mile or more in length, with pieces of cod line attached every two feet, or thereabouts, to which are fastened codfish hooks. The main line is anchored at both ends, and the fisherman takes a large skiff kept under running in taking off the dogfish, and rebaiting the hooks. When he has reached one end, he turns around and under runs to the other. The dogfish, in their endeavors to get loose after being caught, entangle the line about the stickfish, and the latter is brought to the surface when the line is lifted.

All circumstances seem to justify the idea or view that the stickfish, having no locomotive functions, are attached to the bottom. The fact that they are found at both ends of a very limited area, confirms this belief, for if they were detached, the strong tides prevailing where they are found, would necessarily disperse them over a greater space than they are known to occupy. Other circumstances seem to indicate that the stickfish in its normal state assumes an erect or vertical position, and not a horizontal one. For the dogfish, if the natural position of the polyp were a horizontal one, would be obliged, in order to entangle the lines about it, to swim under and over the stickfish, while if the position is an erect one, the same effect would be produced by swimming around it, which is more likely to be done. The large bulbous appearance of one end of the stickfish makes it seem likely that it is imbedded in the bottom, which is always of a sandy nature, and the belief that were it not so planted it would be of wider distribution, is not at all unreasonable.

Another feature favors this idea. The stick itself is spiral in structure, and this characteristic is associated with the idea of strength as exemplified in trees growing in exposed situations, they being of greater spiral construction than those in sheltered localities. If the position of the animal were horizontal no great strength would be necessary in the stick, while the reverse would be true were the position an erect one. This matter can only be settled by means of a submarine diver, as the great depth at which this animal is obtained—fifty fathoms—precludes any chance of the matter being studied from the surface.

The sticks which are the stem or base of the animal, average seven to eight feet in length, and at the thickest part are much the size of an ordinary black lead pencil; they taper at both ends, but much more abruptly at one than the other, and the smaller end is reduced to an extremely fine needle-like point. When stripped of their gelatinous or viscous covering (the living tissues) they present a white pitted surface, except that portion to which the bulb is attached near the large end, which is rough and coarse as contrasted with the other portions. After a short time the sticks split or check longitudinally, in the manner of wood, and they then present an appearance similar to that of a peeled osier or willow wand, hence their local name of "stickfish."

The sticks are elastic to a high degree, so much so that the idea has been suggested of using them as tips for fishing rods, but I do not know if action has been taken in this respect. When bent beyond a certain limit they break short off and do not splinter as does wood.

The sticks are covered with a gelatinous mass from one end to the other, which is the animate portion of the polyp, which, being composite in its character, is made up of an immense number of individuals united in one common whole, and resembles in some respects the coral polyp, which lives within its limy structure. The stickfish lies on the outside. In appearance the whole animal resembles to some degree the arm of the octopus or squid in color and texture, wanting, of course, the sucking discs of the latter animal. The thickest part will probably be about one and a quarter inches in diameter, and the larger end is furnished with a large bulb considerably thicker than any other portion of the polyp, and the appearance of the shape of the entire animal may be said to resemble an onion with a long single stalk. This bulb I take to be imbedded in the ground for the reasons before assigned.

When exposed to the air the gelatinous covering shrinks rapidly and dries hard, and then resembles dried skin or flesh.

These polyps are to be obtained at any season of the year, and procuring them is only a matter of slight expense. The places where they are to be had are comprised within a radius of a few miles. Burrard Inlet, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, lies in 49° N., long. 123° W. from Greenwich. The Shetland argus (*Asaphodes setacea*) is sometimes found clinging to this polyp.

The agent of marine and fisheries department of this place has forwarded some of these animals to the international exhibition to be held next summer, where no doubt many of your readers will have an opportunity of seeing them.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

J. C. HUGHES.

LARGE LEATHER-BACK TURTLE.—We are indebted to Dr. H. C. Yarrow, of the National Museum, for the following: Guaymas, Mexico, April 13, 1883.—S. P. Baird, Esq., Smithsonian Institution: Dear Sir—On the 11th inst. there was caught in this harbor one of the largest leather-back turtles (*Dermochelys coriacea*) I have ever seen. I tried to purchase it, so as to present it to the institution, but the fishermen said they probably would not let it go, and the idea, but nevertheless took its measurements and weight. This species is not known on this part of the Gulf, and, in fact, has never been seen near or within 100 miles of Guaymas by any of the fishermen or captains of the coasting schooners. There has been one or two caught at Altata, a small port down the coast, but they were quite small, not weighing over 150 pounds; but this one is the largest ever seen in the Gulf, and probably only the kind to be obtained ever seen in these waters. As he is still alive, the parties that bought him intend sending him to San Francisco by next steamer, and you may again hear of him from there. I next give you his measurements while alive, so you can better judge of his size: Length, 8 ft. 2 in.; height, 3 ft. 1 1/2 in.; width, 4 ft. 2 in.; circumference, 8 ft. 11 in.; circumference of head, 3 ft. 4 in.; circumference of tail, 2 ft. 1 in.; length of neck, 3 ft. 4 in.; length of tail, 3 ft. 9 in.; length of fore flipper, 3 ft. 10 in.; length of hind flipper, 2 ft. 4 in.; width of fore flipper, 1 ft. 4 in.; width of hind flipper, 1 ft. 2 in. It is a male turtle; weight, 1,102 pounds. I only regret that my means would not allow me to purchase him for the institution, for I am sure it would have been a specimen worth having.—H. F. ENERIC.

## SPRING BIRDS OF NEBRASKA.

BY A. HALL.

THE following is an annotated list of the birds that came under my observation while on a three months' collecting tour in the vicinity of the Platte River, in Southeastern Nebraska, from March 1 to June 1, 1880:

1. Wood Thrush—*Turdus mustelinus* Gm.—Arrives about the middle of May, frequents thick, wooded streams, where it breeds. Nest usually placed in the crotch of a low bush, although I have often seen it saddled upon a limb of a beech tree in the Eastern States. It is composed of grass and mud, lined with fine rootlets. Eggs four or five in number, of a pale green color. This species is apparently not very abundant.

2. Catbird—*Mniotilta carolinensis* Gr.—Arrives first week in May, breeds in low bushes, in which is built a very rough nest, composed of weeds and grass, lined with fine roots and hair. When nesting near a house, bits of cloth and feathers are often used. Eggs dark green. This species is very fond of its home or favorite haunts, never straying more than twenty rods the whole summer. To verify this fact, I saw one with a white feather in its wing that remained within such limits all summer.

3. Brown Thrush—*Harporhynchus rufus* Cab.—Arrives about the last week in April. Nests in low bushes, brush heaps and upon the ground. Eggs, pale green, dotted with reddish-brown spots.

4. Eastern Bluebird—*Sialia sialis* Hald.—A common summer resident. Saw them lighting upon weeds in a thin grove of cottonwoods.

5. Ruby-crowned Kinglet—*Regulus calendula* Licht.—A regular migrant. Breeds in high latitudes, and winters on our southern border. A very fine songster for so small a bird, uttering a very sweet, plaintive warble at short intervals the whole year long.

6. Western House Wren—*Troglodytes domesticus parkmanni* Aud.—This species is a shade lighter than its Eastern representative. Its habits are the same, but it can eclipse it in its song, which lasts from early morn till eve, and is much louder. This bird has a variety of nesting places. I once hung a coat upon a cherry tree, in one of the pockets of which a nest was placed, and the old bird reared her young there, securing well pleased with her novel home.

7. Long-billed Marsh Wren—*Heterothlypis palustris* Cab.—Shot one on the Platte in May, where they probably breed.

8. Horned Lark, Shore Lark—*Eremophila alpestris* Boie.—Resident and abundant in small, scattering flocks. I saw them in company with McCown's and chestnut-collared buntings. I am positive that they breed here, for I shot a female that contained an egg fully developed.

9. Titlark—*Anthus ludovicianus* Licht.—Not uncommon. I saw them near small pools of water and on fresh-plowed land, but never saw more than one at a time.

10. Missouri Skylark—*Scotocoryca squamea*, Sel.—This species arrives from the South early in May and breeds near the Platte River. They had already paired and begun to carry material for a nest by the middle of May. They were very shy and generally flew up out of range, therefore I took but a few specimens. I regretted that I was unable to resort to the usual means to study their breeding habits and hear their beautiful song.

11. Black and White Creeper—*Mniotilta varia* V.—Arrives about middle of May.

12. Orange-crowned Warbler—*Helminthophaga eulata* Bd.—A common migrant. Arrives in the last week in April in company with the Tennessee warbler. The *Helminthophaga* are the most active of the warbler family, and are always busily engaged collecting the insects which form their principal food. This species is easily identified by the concealed orange patch on crown.

13. Tennessee Warbler—*Helminthophaga peregrina* Cab.—Habits same as preceding. I think it is more common than the orange-crowned warbler.

14. Summer Warbler—*Dendroica aestiva* Bd.—Very abundant. Breeds in June. I once found a nest of the species made wholly of cotton batting which it had picked up in the hay-yard.

15. Yellow-rumped Warbler—*Dendroica coronata* Gr.—Very rare in this locality. Only one specimen seen in April, hopping about in low underbrush, and occasionally darting to the ground in pursuit of insects. Its habits here appeared to be strictly terrestrial, but in Ohio, early in April, they will be found in oak timber, darting about, high up in the tops. Late in the fall they are seen feeding upon various kinds of fruit, and occasionally winter in Ohio, where I shot one January 12, 1883, the thermometer standing then at zero. The stomach was filled with berries from the red cedar, and the bird was in a good condition.

16. Maryland Yellowthroat—*Geothlypis trichas* Cab.—Common. Breeds upon the ground. This species is terrestrial in its habits, but it is often seen singing from the tops of trees.

17. Yellow-breasted Chat—*Icteria virens* Bd.—This species is easily recognized by its bright yellow throat and breast and plain olive green back, wings and tail. One unaccounted to its loud, boisterous croakings would not believe that so small a bird was capable of making such a noise.

18. Searlet Tanager—*Pyranga rubra* V.—Rather rare.

19. Bank Swallow—*Cotile riparia* Boie.—Saw this species breeding in colonies in the sand hills on Loup River.

20. Bohemian Waxwing—*Amphisp. geryon* Sw.—A common winter resident, arriving in large flocks from the north. It is easily identified by the chestnut-colored patch on under-tail coverts. Breeds in the far north.

21. Townsend's Fly-catching Thrush—*Mniotilta townsendi* Cab.—A fine specimen of this species was sent me in the flesh, Feb. 9, 1880, by my friend, Frank W. Powell. It was taken on Wood River. I think its occurrence purely accidental and know of no other record of its occurrence in Nebraska. This bird is said to be one of the most beautiful in the sweetness of its notes. It is found throughout the Rocky Mountain range in the vicinity of juniper and cedar trees, as they feed largely upon the berries. They are also expert fly-catchers. But little is known of its breeding habits.

22. Bell's Vireo—*Vireo belli* Aud.—This is the commonest species of the family in this locality, and in fact it was the only one I observed. But there are several others found here which I did not notice.

23. Great Northern Shrike—*Lanius borealis*, V.—Not uncommon in winter. I saw them perched upon weeds watching for mice, which they pounce upon like a hawk and carry off in the bill. They often impale them upon thorn trees whence the name butcher bird.



vary from the slightest amount of poisoning to one fatal. This depends altogether upon the amount of venom absorbed in the system and the rapidity of its diffusion through the circulation—matters which turn upon the amount of venom in store at the moment of striking, the vigor of the animal body struck, and finally the state of health of the person attacked. No positive specific antidote is known. Surgical means of preventing dispersion of the poison through the system, and alcoholic stimulation to the highest pitch, are the usual resorts.

"While the venomous properties of these reptiles, not easily overated, should suffice to insure due caution in capturing or killing them, it is as well to remember that the utmost range of a rattlesnake's blow is less than its own length. They may readily be captured alive by pinning down the neck with a forked stick, and the animal is usually, when not too large and powerful, if seized immediately behind the head. In case of a strong snake, however, the power of constriction is sufficient to paralyze the muscles of both arms, as in the case of a person who had seized two of these reptiles at the back of the neck. He had to be relieved by a bystander. A method employed in the South to capture the diamond rattlesnake is, perhaps, worthy of mention. A silk handkerchief is fastened to the end of a pole, which is held toward the reptile, which strikes fiercely at it. The fangs and teeth become engaged in the flure of the silk, and a dexterous movement of the stick readily pulls out the fangs, and the reptile can be approached with safety.

"There seems to be a special and peculiar animosity existing between the rattlesnake and copperhead and the blacksnake and kingsnake, these two latter species waging a constant warfare against the former, and invariably conquering. After the conflict the vanquished is eaten by the victors. In one case a large blacksnake had seized a diamond rattlesnake, and entwined two or more folds behind his head, and several six or eight inches further back, then by muscular effort had torn the body. It is a well-known fact that both rattlesnakes and copperheads will endeavor to get away from the kingsnake, and in the South this beautiful and harmless species is protected in view of this fact.

"The peculiar life relations of the prairie dog, burrowing owl and the rattlesnake, are well known. When competent observers, familiar with the animals, disagree, as they have, respecting the kind and degree of relation between them, we need not be surprised at conflict of opinion in the books of naturalists who never saw either of them alive. No little bosh is in type respecting the harmonious and confidential relations imagined to subsist between the trio, which, like the Happy Family of Barnum, lead Utopian existences. According to nursery tales, in this underground elysium the snakes strike the rattles to the puppies to play with, the old dogs cuddle the owlets, and farm out their own litters to the grave and careful birds. When an owl and a dog come home, paw-in-wing, they are often mistaken by their respective progeny; the little dogs nosing the owls in search of the maternal font, and the old dogs led to wonder why the baby owls will not nurse. It is a pity to spoil a good story for the sake of a few facts, but as the case stands it would be well for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to take it up. First, as to the reptiles, it may be observed that they are, like other rattlesnakes, dangerous, venomous creatures. They enter by business in the burrows, and are after no good when they do enter. They wriggle into the holes, partly because there is no other place for them to crawl into on the bare, flat plain, and partly in search of owl eggs, owlets and puppies to eat. Next, the owls themselves are simply attracted to the villages of prairie dogs as the most convenient places for shelter and nidification, where they find eligible, ready-made burrows, and are spared the trouble of digging for themselves. Community of interest makes them gregarious to an extent unknown among rapacious birds, while the exigencies of life drive the plains cast their lot with the rodents. That the owls live at ease in the settlements and on familiar terms with their four-footed friends is an undoubted fact; but that they inhabit the same burrows or have any intimate domestic relations is quite another thing. It is no proof that the quadruped and the birds live together that they are often seen to scuffle at each other's heels into the same hole when alarmed; for in such a case the two simply seek the nearest shelter, independently of each other. The probability is that young dogs often furnish a meal to the owls, and that in return both the owl and the dog are benefited by the arrangement.

After the reading of the paper, Dr. Christopher Johnston showed by blackboard diagrams the peculiar formation, etc., of the fang of the rattlesnake.

## AMERICAN TAXIDERMISTS' EXHIBITION

THE annual exhibition of this society, now being held at 419 E. 11th St., Sixth Avenue, between Forty-first and Forty-second streets, is well worth a visit. There is much to be seen there that is interesting and beautiful, and yet it must be confessed that as an exhibition of the taxidermist art it is something of a disappointment. The visitor enters the hall expecting to find all the work of a high order of merit, and instead of this he sees much that is good, a great deal that is commonplace, and more or less that is positively bad, and unworthy of a boy who has not yet mounted a hundred specimens. On the other hand there are a great number of pieces, which, while they are like nothing in nature, are still extremely beautiful, and which show how the skins or horns or heads or hoofs of birds and beasts may be turned into most attractive ornaments for the parlor, the dining-room, or the boudoir. It is in this respect that the present exhibition deserves high praise, and is most successful.

The society this year exhibits with many excellent productions, much that is really very wretched. It could scarcely be otherwise, as it is a society of amateurs, and must be accepted, or else jealousies and heartburnings would arise, and the exhibitors whose pieces were rejected would feel that they had been badly treated by the society. We may first refer to the heads of the ruminants, which are hung high up on the walls of the hall. No. 705 is an excellently mounted head of a Virginia deer, not looking forward after the ordinary method, but somewhat turned to the right. The pose is a graceful one, and the work very creditable. Passing by the door of the side room, a beautiful caribou head looks out from the wall, and above it to the left is a moose head, which is a fine specimen. On the other side of the caribou, and above it, is an elk head, with the horns in the velvet, which looks like nothing in the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. The same is

true of the elk head and the mule deer head on the other side of the stage. They are hopelessly bad, and the men who put them up had never seen the animals in life. If they had they could never have distributed their stumpe about the skins as has been done, making the head so wide across the eyes and bringing them down to a gimlet point on the nose. Only two or three antelope heads are seen on the walls, and they are neither very good nor very bad. There is a capital mountain sheep's head and a good Virginia deer's head to the right of the stage.

On the stage at the rear of the hall, stand male, female and young moose, and a bighorn. The latter is excellent, and so is the young moose, but the same cannot be said of the adults. They are stiff, and their necks are not thick enough, and are too long. In the center of the room is a young elephant, a most excellent piece of work. A piece called Tartar hunter attacked by tigers, is very striking, and the horse extremely lifelike. The hunter has captured the tiger's cubs, and as he is riding away, the old ones have sprung upon his horse. One of them he has shot, and at the other he is striking with a dagger. The conception, though not a new one, is well executed, the only weak point being the man. In the front of the hall is a spirited group; two lions fighting over an antelope which one of them has killed.

There are three groups on exhibition representing dogs pointing birds, and we wish that we could say that any one of these is thoroughly good. A white with a little red setter, standing a very quail, is on the right of the door as we enter. The background and all the accessories are excellent, but the dog looks like no setter that we have ever seen. He is long and thin, and has a very small head, a minute head in fact. Evidently the skin has been very much stretched. The head is very fair, but the rest of the body is all out of proportion to it. Not far from this, but across the aisle, is another dog, this one a brown and white pointer, standing a pair of ruffed grouse. The case, the ground and the birds are even better than with the setter. The dog's head, neck, legs, and tail are extremely lifelike, but the body is not good. It is round and without shape; the body of a dog, in fact, which is so fat that not a bone is visible. The flanks are not drawn in, not a rib nor a vertebral spine can be seen. A dog shaped like this could not and would not hunt an hour. Just in front of a window is a black and white pointer on quail. There is no background, and owing to its being directly against the light it cannot be well seen, but it is the best stuffed dog on exhibition. The attitude is not nearly so well chosen as that of the other pointer, but it is all over a dog, and were it as well shown as the other two it would far surpass them. The group of smaller animals and birds are of all grades of excellence, from perfect to absurd. Two of the most strikingly beautiful are a group of duck bills (*Orythorhynchus*), and one of terrapins. In these the water is represented by glass, and the whole work is done so perfectly that nothing is left to the imagination.

Among the bad groups, had in taste and execution, are a group of blue-winged teal, and one of herring gulls and terns. Near the windows, Wallace has a remarkably fine series of owls, a handsome pair of black-backed gulls, and a good group of English pheasants. Some beautifully stuffed herons (Nos. 141-2) are deserving of close examination. Near the brown pointer and partridges, is a pretty group of game birds, ruffed and pinnaed grouse, and woodcock and snipe, very nicely done, though the association is, of course, utterly unnatural. There is also near here a beautiful group of woodcock and young. A number of dining-room pieces—ducks hanging on shields or panels—are to be seen, some of them very good, others only passable. A canvas-back and an old quail on the south wall are by no means satisfactory, while some of the stuffed harlequins on the north wall are very good. There are a great many stuffed single birds and animals. Most of the latter are very good, and so are some of the birds, but judging from the character of the work, we should imagine that most of the taxidermists had never seen a grouse or a quail alive. These stuffed grouse are pretty and graceful, and their feathers are beautifully smooth, only—none of them are shaped like grouse.

It is impossible to speak of all the pretty things that are here in the way of decorative taxidermy. On the north wall near the windows, and opposite it on the south, are a vast number of beautiful and tasteful objects. There are some beautiful peacock and owl screens, and some charming effects are arrived at by putting half a bird against an appropriate background in a frame. Thus a little white heron stands against a dark blue plush or a black velvet, a woodcock against a light background, a green trogon against white, and a northern hare in winter dress against black, a shoveler and a cock of the rock against blue and white respectively. Then there are all sorts of queer and fanciful devices, in which owls are brought into play, many of them ingenious and some very pretty. One of the most grotesque and things on exhibition is a dying little white heron, pierced by a golden arrow.

A noticeable feature of this exhibition is the plaster casts of fishes and reptiles, of which there are quite a number, all very fine. The society has also secured the loan of the working models of a number of Mr. Kemp's groups of animals, and these make a fine show.

Enough has been said to show that there is a great deal to be seen at the present exhibition, which we presume will be a financial success.

"NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN."—I have seen snow buntings since boyhood (and that is not a few years), but never until the 23d ult. saw them alight on a tree, and now "Pick City" and "Avalanche" say that "it is not uncommon for them to do so." I have also been informed by Mr. J. H. Langille that he has often seen them alight on trees, but I think he still has doubts of the horned lark doing so. I said in my last that I did not doubt that "Taxidermist" saw them in a tree, but when I see them do it I shall probably be just as much surprised as I was when the snow bunting did it. In the article "Some Southern California Birds," in your last issue, the last sentence in regard to horned larks reads: "Have seen them in a tree or bush." I presume it should have read, "Have never seen them in a tree or bush."

—J. L. D. (Lockport, N. Y., April 29).

"SHAMING SICK" AND "WHO SAID RATS?" the well-known pictures published some years ago by the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, of London, are issued as a colored supplement to that journal of April 14. The *News* is one of the handsomest papers published, is of a healthy tone, and reflects great credit upon its editors and publishers. The American agents are the International News Co., Beekman street, New York.

## Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive, for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

### LOST ON THE SNIPE MEADOWS.

THE old adage, "two's company, three none," for once at least was not true. Although it may have been applied to other parties, it certainly did not to ours.

On the 11th of September I left my house in Portland on a trip to the town of Raymond, for the purpose of spending a few days among the game birds of this State. Upon arriving on the grounds I found the birds quite thick and a prospect of good shooting. The next day I mailed a letter to a couple of friends in the city, inviting them to come up and spend a few days with me. By 9 P. M. we were making ourselves at home.

The next morning at 3 o'clock we were on our way to the Moose Meadow. It was quite dark when we arrived on the grounds and not a duck in sight. Five, ten and fifteen minutes pass. Whir, whir! splash, splash! and four birds alight on the water not thirty yards from us. Jordan gives it to them sitting and I take them on the wing. Result two birds. Another fifteen minutes pass. Two teal silently wing by White, who is on the other side, and drop into the water several hundred yards away. I cautiously creep that way and—whir! away they go; bang—a clean miss; bang—miss for Jordan. An hour silently passes away.

The place in which we were gunning is situated thirty miles from Portland, and within a circuit of several miles there are not more than fifty houses. It is one of the best places for ducks in this State. There are three large meadows, connected by means of a brook, and the outlet of all is into Sebago Lake. The upper, or Moose Meadow, is the smaller and the best and principal feeding ground, and here the birds congregate mornings and evenings. The center and largest is the Great Meadow, and the lower the Little Meadow.

Having watched the ducks for several mornings, I found that their plan was to come to the Moose Meadow mornings and nights to feed, and, if disturbed, to start the ducks during the day, and when started to proceed to the lower meadows. We formed our plans accordingly. Surrounding these meadows is a heavy growth of pine and oak, in which, if unacquainted, one is liable to get considerably "mixed up in his reckoning." Gray squirrels and partridges are plenty, and a few woodcock. There is one drawback to the duck shooting, and that is that the meadows are becoming rotten, and one cannot walk everywhere without some caution; but with a boat this is offset, and, if so provided, one could enjoy sport "fit for a king." There are several semi-put-hunters there, but, with three exceptions, they do not little harm beyond giving the birds a scare, and making them will enough to make a good score something to brag about.

The morning of the 15th was foggy and rainy; nevertheless we started for the Great Meadow, walking along the shore and starting a few birds, which went to the Moose Meadow. We soon reached the head of the pond, and, turning guide, inside of fifteen minutes we were standing on the dam at the foot of the upper meadow. We took our positions and awaited developments. A half hour slipped by with no birds. Leaving my blind, I cautiously worked my way along the side of the meadow, and proceeded to the head of the pond, starting a bird. Owing to the extreme drought of this year, the greater part of the meadows, which generally is under water, is high and, for the most part, dry. Still, one must proceed with some caution. From here I commenced to work down toward my companions, and had covered about half the distance when four ducks ro-ro from the middle of the pond, and proceeded straight away from me, too far for a shot, but going toward Jordan. A puff of smoke, and three swing to the right; another puff of smoke, and only two proceed onward, with increased speed.

Continuing on my way I start a bird from under a log, on which I had a very peculiar footing, and without thinking of the results (only on the duck), fired. Upon recovering so to speak, I found myself well deep in the soft mud under the log, and the duck proceeding on his way. I managed to get out, and vowing vengeance on all the ducks in creation, I walked on and managed to flush a woodcock and snap that empty shell on him, but marked him down, and upon again starting him he came to bag. Rejoicing my companions we wended our way homeward. That evening we watched and waited, but being without a boat it was too dark to find our birds if we shot any.

The following day we visited one of the adjacent towns. At daylight the next morning we were on the meadows, but at six o'clock left for a favorite partridge ground. Dinner time found us with two ducks, no partridges and four gray squirrels. As the morning was to be our last we decided to be absent all day. Leaving the house at 4 A. M., we scoured the woods and upper meadow, and were quite lucky. About noon we sat down on an old tree at the head of the Great Meadow, and while conversing on various topics I saw a bird drop into the brook not one hundred yards away, and noticing the others I started for him and Jordan followed. The duck rose some fifty yards, circled around to the right and passed directly over White, who coolly brought him down, and he is now mounted in the latter's room.

About three I started for the house, but the others remained, and on the way shot a hawk measuring forty-two inches.

After supper went to the post-office, and on returning home was astounded to hear that my friends had not yet arrived and that probably they were lost. After carefully considering we came to the conclusion that if they were anywhere in the upper meadows, or in fact this side of Glover's Ridge, they could hear a gun; therefore I heavily loaded six shells, and going to the top of a small hill fired two charges in quick succession and eagerly awaited a response. A minute passes; again I fired. Hullo-o-o-h!—no, that was a loon; again I fire. The echo runs through the woods seemingly with noise enough to be heard miles away. But no answer came to our waiting ears. Solemnly we wend our way toward the house.

For an hour we sit around the stove, and then the host and his wife retire, but for some time I sit with my head in my hands, and my elbows on my knees. About 10:30 I am about to retire, when I hear a whirr, and imagine I hear Jordan's voice. "Nearer they come, and I am not mistaken, for it is them, and a more dilapidated and thoroughly tired out



couple was never seen, but they were happy, for five ducks told the story of their skill. After they had stowed away their supper, we draw our chairs around the stove, and White told their adventure as follows: "After you left Sam he hunted me up and together we started to wade to a small island, and easily reached it, not going over our knees. A natural blind stood on one side, and of this we at once took possession about 3 o'clock. A green-winged teal started out of the lily pads (which are two feet high) and swam out into open water. I take a careful aim and fire, but he never kicks, and lies motionless on the water. As soon as retrieved we settle down again, but before sundown manage to get a diver. As soon as it grows dark the fun begins. The birds fly in all directions. Whirl on the right, whirl on the left. A long black streak can be seen in the northern sky, which soon develops into a flock of twenty-seven ducks, which I took to be black ones.

"Yes," said I, interrupting him, "they are black ones, and come from a small pond away over in the woods, where they stay during the day, and come to the meadows to feed at night and depart before daylight."

"We waited for them to pass by near enough for a shot, but they gave us a wide berth. We gathered up our birds and started to return to the shore, but to our surprise we could not see it. We had been looking at the bright sky so as to get the outline of the birds against it, and on looking into the dark were blinded for a few moments. Taking a long stick in one hand we felt our way toward the shore, which we succeeded in reaching in about a half hour. Once on shore another difficulty presented itself, *i. e.*, which way was home? Luckily we had set our compass before leaving, and holding a match, we soon found the requisite direction. We struck into the woods and traveled for some time, then we stopped and lit a match to make sure.

We were traveling very nearly in the right direction when we struck the old logging road which leads from the main road to the meadow. This we followed till we reached the tall pines where they logged last winter, and here we lost the path while in this growth, for it was as dark as night, and we could not see our way. We made a first match in order to make sure of our course, which, luckily for us, had been nearly correct. Stumbling on, over stumps and fallen trees, first one and then the other was ahead, and the blind one had to take the bushes as they switched back, which was very pleasant; speaking now and then to make sure we were together, at last we came out on the shore of the meadow."

"Yes," said Jordan, "and I swore that it was some one we had not yet visited, but White said it was the Great Meadow."

"We walked up the shore of the meadow until I found the rocks where the road comes in. Turning in here we followed it as long as we could, and several times we found ourselves in the brush, but managed to strike the road again, and after about a half-hour's work we came out in the main road. Our trials were now over, for in fifteen minutes we were here. Now, I move we go to bed, for it's most eleven."

The next morning was spent in packing, and our host, who owned a good horse and double-breasted wagon, offered to deliver us at our respective houses in the city for one dollar each, and we gladly accepted his offer. SMALL.

## OUR WOODCOCK SHOOT OF 1882.

LAST year Charlie and I invited Will, a gentleman (well known to many of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*) as crack shot, good talker and lover of the Irish red, to come and have a hunt with us for woodcock, which invitation he accepted, and we had a right jolly good time. On his return he had published in *FOREST AND STREAM* an account of the trip. That was the time when we got 'em.

"This year he came again and we didn't 'get 'em,' so I will undertake to tell it this time, and although he dubbed me 'little one' last year, I shall not make any allusion to his big 'giant,' if he is over six feet tall and weighs No. 12 boots.

From September 1 to November 11 Charlie and I had watched our favorite grounds for woodcock, visiting them as often as twice a week, and some days we did not see a single bird. The most we saw in any one day were four, and we had about made up our minds that there were no birds this year, and that we would not make any more runs, when this as an old villager for rail, woodcock and English snipe, as they did not appear to be any. On Monday, November 13, we heard that so many woodcock had been flushed by persons out walking the day before that we said, "It is all right; they have come at last and we must be off." We telegraphed Will, "If you have faith enough, come and we will go to the hill to-morrow." It was quite evident to us that he had the necessary faith, as he arrived early in the P. M. to find us with our dogs and traps ready, and very soon after we took another train. I have remarked before that he was a good talker. After the usual hand-shaking and looking at the dogs, he cocked his bat on the back of his head and opened up: "Say, we'll get 'em to-morrow; they are here. I saw them shooting rail on the river; say then from the car window, and just as I left home a farmer's boy brought in several woodcock and the woods is full of 'em. Oh, if it is pleasant to-morrow we will get them. He then they will lay out that warm side hill in the young alders. 'Til bet this minute there are fifty birds in the piece in front of the old school house." And so he talked on until the brakeman shouted "Jordan." We picked up our guns cases, and taking the dogs by their chains, alighted.

The first man we saw was our genial friend, the Doctor. The Doctor's house is a two-story frame building on Jones street. As to the size of it, in fact I haven't the remotest idea, but its stinging quality is something wonderful, and it is the general opinion of all of the Doctor's friends that he is doing himself a great injustice in not securing a patent on it. I have known every room in this house to be full, yet when some of the Doctor's friends would drive up, he would say, "Drive around to the barn; then come in and stay all night." I wondered where they would sleep, but the Doctor would go into the dining-room and talk with his wife, and presto! another room was added to the house and prepared for guests. This building has store-room, Doctor's office, sitting-room, dining-room, library, and sleeping rooms *ad infinitum*. The Doctor's wife is one of those large-hearted women who occasionally meet with just as ready and willing to entertain the Doctor's friends as he is to have them entertained. The Doctor—why every one knows him; his name is a household word for miles around him, and his Lake Hamilton country, with its fine camp and spends a portion of his summer vacation, he has hosts of friends, and many of the guides will testify to kindnesses shown them in visiting the sick, extracting teeth, and relieving their suffering.

On one occasion while at his house, having returned at about seven in the evening from an all day's hunt, he found that there was a call for him to go and see Mr. W., living about five miles from the village. The Doctor says, "Well, I am glad of it, as Mr. W. was here yesterday and wished me to come and see his house. And he did go; made both calls, and it appeared to me that he was more particular in his treatment of the house than he was of Mr. W."

The Doctor marched us to the dining-room, and after a good hearty supper we returned to the office, where we enjoyed our pipes and the evening passed pleasantly talking over the past, and receiving calls from our old friends Messrs. White, Allen, Jay and others, and our good Methodist brother that always says, "Well, look at all the dogs." And, by the way, there was quite a show. First, there was Charlie's Don, a first-class dog on all game. Will had Snap, a red Irish, winner of first prize in New York in puppy class in 1882, and first in open class in Washington in 1883. The Doctor's Fred (Laverack) and my red Irish bitch Daisy (litter sister to Snap) and Jay's water spaniel. At 10 o'clock we took a short walk to give the dogs a little exercise and see what the weather prospects were for the morrow, and then retired.

We were up bright and early, and found that the Doctor's wife had been making hot breakfast ready for us, and as usual (never forgetting the dogs, she had the pudding ready for them) the lunch basket and jug of coffee for us. Now, the Doctor's wife is such a firm believer in the coffee sign as to the success of a day's hunt that she never allows a sportsman to leave the house without it. The morning was clear and cold that we had known woodcock to be here later than this, and the black ponies took us along at a rattling pace, until we reached the old place, where Charlie and Will left us to hunt up on the south side. Doctor and I were to ride on a quarter of a mile further and then hunt the north side, and we were to meet at the old pond. John was to wait for us with the team at the old school house.

We climbed over the fence; Fred and Daisy went to work, quartered the ground high and low, and at last there was a faint showing of game. Daisy stopped, half pointed, but it was a false alarm, and we were obliged to get the way up and did not find either woodcock or grouse. This was not at all encouraging, as this piece afforded us some very fine sport last season. We separated again, Will and Charlie hunting on the north side of the pond, the Doctor and I on the south side, until we again met at the school house, and after comparing notes found that we had drawn another blank. We all climbed into the wagon and started for the piece at the head of Green Brook. "This was our last place for woodcock, and the Doctor remarked, 'Look here, boys, I told you there was no use of hunting for woodcock; they have not been here, and this is an off year.' We were soon satisfied of the truth of this, for we hunted this cover thoroughly, and not a bird did we find. In this place last year in about one hour we bagged twenty-five woodcock."

We returned to the wagon, and after spreading down robes and blankets sat down to lunch, such as we could only be prepared by a woman that knows the wants of hungry sportsmen. In Will's report of our hunt in 1881, he failed to mention the fact that his red Irish Larry ate up all the lunch, and when he jumped out of the wagon to hunt the first piece, he had the empty basket hanging on his neck, and if the present owner of Larry should happen to read this, I wish he would call to mind if at the time the dog was purchased he was warranted "Nary a West of his lunch." After lunch Charlie said, "If you boys are entirely satisfied that there are no woodcock, we will start and try the grouse in a small piece on our way home." We did stop and try them. They were up in trees, would not lay for the dogs at all, and we killed just one, although Will declares that he knocked off both wings and legs of another with his "far-killin' Greeney, and from the appearance of a pine tree (and since recovered) 'Nary a West of his lunch." After lunch Charlie said, "If you boys are entirely satisfied that there are no woodcock, we will start and try the grouse in a small piece on our way home." We did stop and try them. They were up in trees, would not lay for the dogs at all, and we killed just one, although Will declares that he knocked off both wings and legs of another with his "far-killin' Greeney, and from the appearance of a pine tree (and since recovered) 'Nary a West of his lunch." After lunch Charlie said, "If you boys are entirely satisfied that there are no woodcock, we will start and try the grouse in a small piece on our way home." We did stop and try them. They were up in trees, would not lay for the dogs at all, and we killed just one, although Will declares that he knocked off both wings and legs of another with his "far-killin' Greeney, and from the appearance of a pine tree (and since recovered) 'Nary a West of his lunch."

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MISSOURI.—Norborne, Carroll County, April 23.—This is one of the best, if not the best, resorts for snipe and general wildfowl shooting in Northwestern Missouri. Game has not been plentiful this spring, but some of the local hunters have been averaging their five dozen snipe a day for the past three weeks. The biggest bag I have heard of was eleven dozen killed in one day by two guns. I have been trying some Kynoch perfect brass shells, and find them anything but perfect. They persistently miss fire, expand after a few shots, and when crimped are an unmitigated nuisance, as it takes five minutes to get them into the gun. I tried a hundred. An off to California in a few days, where I hope to tackle some grizzlies, etc., next winter.—F. W. B.

BALTIMORE DUCKERS.—The Harewood Ducking Club, of Baltimore, Md., whose club grounds are at Harewood on the Gunpowder River, below the railroad bridge, numbers twelve members. The club score for the season from Oct. 16, 1882, to April 10, 1883, shows a total of 1,968 birds, divided as follows: 37 canvasbacks, 1,292 redheads, 134 blackheads, 98 wildgeese and baldpates, 329 coots, and 129 miscellaneous, including mallards, teal, crows, etc. One swan killed weighed eighteen pounds.

THE GRADY BILL was defeated.

## Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

—ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notices of good fishing localities. If not otherwise spontaneous favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

"Like Brad—for whom the Fowler spreads his net,  
And trawls them in with whistler and a steel;  
Or fish when bayted lookers old Anglers set,  
Which baiten, brings them some into their hole,  
So that old Angler-for-menus-comes, some wymes  
With sweetened bytes, and some with subtle gynes."

—Sir John Steadling, "Divine Poems." (1625.)

### PIKE FISHING IN FOX RIVER.

IN a river of some breadth and unequal depth, even "fishers behind the net" secure good luck sometimes. Though I am late with this sketch, several others having preceded me on the subject of wall-eyed pike in response to your invitation for contributions, yet I may have the good fortune to be admitted to your royally generous columns.

Fishermen are usually practical men, and I have noticed that the articles on this subject have not been of a theoretical or scientific character, but have had their birth in actual experience. The fish under discussion I have had the sport of catching and the pleasure of eating. The Fox River (Ill.) wall-eyed pike are as plentiful as black bass, and though not quite so gummy on the hook, they are, to my taste, more sweet and luscious on the plate. I recall one morning in the summer of 1880 when three friends drove up to my house in Batavia, with the shout, "All aboard for South Elgin fishing grounds!" Being too fond of the sport to allow such an opportunity to pass by unimproved, I abandoned my projects for the day, jumped into my fishing regiments, seized my fly-hook and rod, and joined the merry company, who had so kindly reserved a seat for me in the carriage. The morning was beautiful and the drive of eleven miles up the river delightful. We stabled the horses at South Elgin about ten o'clock, and then tried for bass, first with the fly and then with the spoon, until noon, with poor success. Neither would lure them. After lunch we took out our net and some minnows. With these for bait the fun commenced. One after another we landed them. This moment it was a bass and the next a pike—a genuine wall-eyed. Sometimes three or four would be taken in one spot in quick succession, several of the heaviest weighing four pounds each. It was easy to distinguish between the bite of a bass and that of a pike; the bass would take the bait quickly and move off rapidly, while the pike was more deliberate, when once "struck" and the fish felt the hook, he would at first resist and struggle with a violence equal to the bass, but tire out and yield sooner, seeming to lack the power of endurance that the bass possesses.

We enjoyed three hours of exquisite sport, and at four o'clock reeled up our lines and unfurled our rods with a feeling of reluctance, for the fish were still biting nicely. However, each of us had about as many as we could conveniently carry back to the village where the carriage was (we had fished a mile down stream), and we had a drive of eleven miles before us. It is hard, though, for a real lover of the sport to stop fishing while the fish seem unwilling that you should. But then my humane man, out of charity for the fish, and consideration for his fellow men who may fish after him, will stop when he has enough, and not stay to kill just for his own self-gratification.

—Apropos—"Does the muskellunge leap?" Yes, I've seen 'em, no mistake.

H. H.

FATHERSON, N. J., April 21, 1883.

### WHAT A DAY BROUGHT FORTH.

IT did seem to my impatient spirit that spring would never come. I had looked over my tackle carefully, found my faithful rod all right, packed my fly-hook, reel and bait-box carefully in my creel, had my old cod looked over, and was in every sense ready for the first of April and its attendant trout-frying. But imagine my disappointment when that day opened a veritable "All Fools' Day"—sour and wet, with patches of snow visible on the neighboring hills, telling of snow water in the streams and general bleakness. So what could I do but nurse my impatience and wait for better weather. In a few days it came, and two or three pleasant days made me resolve that "Providence and the weather permitting," the morning of April 10 would find me working off the accumulated biliousness of the winter, and trying, at least, to initiate that happiest time of all the year to me—the trout season.

Thanks to our new baby, who, like others of his kind, is an early riser, I was up betimes on the morning in question,

and could have shouted like a boy when I looked out upon the breaking of so fair a day as one could wish to see. The rosy fingers of the dawn were mellowing the east, and the birds were singing in that joyful strain that ought to soften the heart of the most confirmed misanthrope. Everything pointed to an auspicious time, and, swallowing a hearty breakfast, I was soon climbing the mountains to the east of the town.

When the six o'clock whistle sounded, I was (light hundred feet above the plain, and, pausing for breath, took in the beautiful scene below me, than which no lovelier was ever vouchsafed to mortal eyes. I will not attempt to describe it, that valley stretching away toward the Genesee, dotted with villages, hamlets and sinuous water courses. But as I stood on that lofty summit all aglow with my unwelcome exercise, the soft south wind fanning my face, I was happy and thankful to a kind Providence for the privilege accorded me of living in so beautiful a world, and having health and inclination to enjoy its beauties.

While resting, I was attracted by a rustling in the leaves over the fence in an adjoining wood lot. Peering through the fells I saw two large raccoons on the ground rooting like hogs for last year's acorns. So I held them there upon their foraging, that I at once made up my mind they were just out from my bygone dream, and although a trusty Deerling lay in my hip pocket, I was content to walk toward them in peace and watch their motions. Getting within about twenty-five feet, I heaved a small rock in their midst, and watched them scuttle away on their plantigrades, only to stop within easy gunshot and gaze at me wonderingly.

Leaving the "coons" to themselves, I took a brisk gallop, and in half an hour was beside a stream that for many years has yielded speckled trout. It was only a half a mile from the purring brook, beset by many a fisherman, struggling through the alder and sumach to hold its own, and keeping up nobly, despite its manifold harassments.

With trembling fingers I adjusted my tackle and, with a good fat worm for bait (don't talk to me of flies in April), made my first cast and drew a blank. Moving down the stream I found more or less ice overhanging the water, and after repeated casts with no results I came to the conclusion that I was too early. Still I was happy, and resting no time in regrets, started for the main stream. Stopping at the house of a farmer friend, through whose lands the stream ran, and who kindly allows me the privilege of fishing, I received the cheering (I) intelligence that the water was very high, and to fish would be folly. Nevertheless, I started for the bank-fall creek, and was soon busy casting here and there, but nothing rewarded my efforts. All the old holes I knew so well were totally obscured by the rushing torrent.

Arriving at an abrupt turn in the stream, where ordinarily the best pool for trout was located, I mechanically made my cast, thinking meanwhile of the sport I had enjoyed at the same place in times past, when suddenly came that delightful shock that no fish but the speckled trout can send tingling through one's nerves. Down bowed the supple lancewood, and in another moment an eight-inch lay on the bank, with a merry "whoop" an audible "the first trout of the season." I admired the beauties of my prize a moment, then consigned him to my basket.

Encouraged by my success, I went to work with renewed vigor, and by dint of careful angling had by noon ten beauties, the largest fully nine inches in length. Thinking this would do for the first time, I reeled up and started on my four-mile walk as happy as though my success had been phenomenal. And of course, as I walked, I indulged in the thought, "Wasn't I strengthened in body and mind by this communion with nature? Didn't I have trout enough for a nice breakfast for the little family? And, best of all, hadn't I got rid of that consuming trout fever that had been so persistently chasing me for a month, and all in a legitimate way, too? Yes, indeed. Now I could go about my daily duties, for a time at least, without being harassed by visions of angling that never faded."

The time is coming when trout fishermen must learn to be content with small baskets and large enjoyments. The success with rod and reel must be made secondary to the delights growing out of the outing. The guild must let "books in the running brooks" supply the place of trout. Then, and not till then, will the full delights of angling be ours to enjoy; and I have written the above little sketch of a day beside some troutless water, to tell what our "non-anglers" with nature can find to enjoy when schooled in the art of trout fishing where trout are scarce.

H. W. D. L.

### SHAD.

WE have several times expressed a personal preference for the shad as a table fish above any fish that we know. This, of course, is to be modified by certain conditions, as: the fish must be a large one of six pounds or over, fresh run, and properly cooked. A small shad is always dry and flavorless. The following poem by George Alfred Townsend (Gath), written from New York to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, we think worth repeating:

"Shad are now caught here. In an old country shad would come in with a fete day. The world has not their equal for fineness, indescribable fineness like a watercress, and delicacy, yet with satisfying potency. One shad is the measure of the representative family. The father's partiality is shared by the mother in the line of Herod. From birth to bones the shad's epic is like a silver spirit—less, translucent, unresisting, like the passage of the moon through the rivers and the sea. Migratory, but with childhood memories of locality; fruitful religiously, and even in the dream of young children and large gentle families, they seem like the spring laubs of the water, grazing the infinite fields of sheer. What dangers they pass through, going and returning, the legends in the line of Herod never had. Provided with nothing to make battle, with tiny teeth and miniature fins, they course the ocean like the silver galleons of old days, beset by pirates but protected by the saints. Although the royal guest at feasts and poor men's tables, they are, like all enduring nobility, peasant-born. The martyred menhaden is their cousin; the herring is their step-brother. To see them caught is like seeing angels fall—so peacefully, so fashionably, and in the butcher's shambles they can feel their delicate armor turn the light of skies. This is my only poem on spring this year."

With four feet of snow at Connecticut Lake, and the Connecticut River being fed by this lake, the water is so low that shad are slow in coming. In conversation with a prominent dealer, who handles about 50,000 each year, he says the shad increase in size every year. In 1852 they were very small, and decreased in size for a few years, and for a

time the dealers began to think that they were going out the little end of the horn. They catch many which weigh seven pounds, an occasional "barren" one weighing ten to twelve pounds. When the shad get up to Holyoke, Mass., considerable fun for the fly-angler is expected. They take the fly, a special one, quite readily. With 200 feet of line out, and a six pound shad, and to one end, it is no "boy's play" to land your fish; the water being very fast and many boulders in it, the chances rather favor the fish. "Whoops," or alive, are cheap, selling for about ten cents per dozen; they are used for dressing for land when they are much cheaper. FURCH PRICK.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 28.

### THE SUNDAY FISHING LAW.

*Editor Forest and Stream.*

I desire, as one of the minority, to enter my most earnest protest against the recent act of the Legislature, which emphasizes and attempts to galvanize into life the long-since dead letter-law making it a crime to go fishing on Sunday. I consider such act to be pernicious in its effects and reprehensible in its character, and I very much question whether any action of the Legislature for many years could be more so.

While it must always be conceded that religion and the keeping of the Sabbath (a part of religion) is entitled to the utmost love and veneration, it should be likewise observed that nothing can be more hurtful to both than even the appearance of hypocrisy in such matters. It would be difficult to find any amusement, pleasure, or recreation more innocent and harmless in its effects than fishing. Thousands are infatuated with the rest, absence of care, solitude, peace, and contentment of hope and fear that accompany it. They leave it with regret in the fall, and look forward to its coming in the spring. Many of our ablest, most prominent and best of men, including many of the clergy, whose names might be mentioned, have become stern votaries of its pleasures and influences, and have spoken in the highest and most eloquent terms of its healthful and beneficial tendencies upon body and mind, as the result of the open air exercise, and the sweet and pure air, and the rest and thought and reflection. It would be pedantic to cite them.

If any pleasure or pastime is permissible on Sunday, it seems to me this should be. It has nothing akin to "work" or "labor." It is "rest" in its clearest sense, carrying with it full opportunity for the admiration of nature and deep reflection upon the goodness of the Author. It affords an escape for one day in seven from the noise, bustle and care of the world, especially for those who know not the pleasures of more questionable nature. Yet with that determined zeal which seems to be chronic with the enthusiastic fanatic to do what does not belong to him to do, and which produces effects directly the opposite of what he claims, a Legislature solemnly, at this day, enacts that it shall be a crime to indulge in this recreation on Sunday.

The motive for this legislation is somewhat thin. It cannot be the desire to protect the fish, for we all know that this is based on voluntary action, not compulsory; besides, why permit public excursions, open gardens, Sunday concerts, boating, and a host of other matters, each one of which is clearly less innocent than fishing? How comes it that cars are run, engines worked, boat-house keepers actively employed, and a host of other activities allowed, on the same platform as week days, in pointed defiance of Exodus xxi. 10, which forbids the "work" and "labor" of men, women and cattle? Will any man have the effrontery to call these works of necessity or charity, as contradistinguished from fishing? Certainly none but the bigot, and the characters of whom Mazzell speaks as motivated in their opposition to bull-baiting, not by the pain to the bull, but as antagonistic to the pleasure of the spectators.

Let these men who talk about "moral grounds" honestly answer the question, What are men to do on Sunday who toil from early morn to dark during the entire week, compelled to do so for wives and children? To them Sunday is the bright spot of their existence. For them it was designed; to give them a right to be protected in the enjoyment of it, against the oppression of the wealthy and powerful, who, but for the high mandate, would give them no rest or recreation. Are they to follow the footsteps of these rich Sabatarians who have six days of virtual leisure? This is the logic of the law.

Such laws are evil in their effects. They engender a hatred to their authors and a determination to despise and defy a religion so oppressive. Well may a legislator announce himself as "an old fogey" advocating such a law based on the principles of that class of Puritans who came to this country because they were persecuted for being religious, and whose descendants are now attempting to compel others to adopt their crude, severe notions. Such laws have never been and never can be, wholly enforced. The multitude will not obey them. The few who are reached look upon the thing as despotic, and detest the despot. No country has force sufficient to carry them out, and therefore they become mere disgraceful, as confessed weakness.

As for their effects on the subject, an anecdote is not out of place. During the Southern rebellion a woman applied at one of the stations to obtain forage for her cow. She was presented with an ironclad oath of allegiance, and was refused because she would not take it. "Well," said she, "if you think to crush the rebellion by starving my poor old cow, go ahead. When that dies, I'll fight you till I die of starvation myself." So we say: If you can make religion by taking away the happiness of the poor, go ahead. The best solace of recreation is a necessity and charity to them. They cannot and will not follow the train of mournful, long-faced, pharisaical teachers, to whom many innocent pleasures are sin and laughter and bright smiles offensive; who revel in self-castigation, sackcloth and ashes, and come threatening with their (!!!) influence those who are otherwise unwilling to bow to their notions of what the true design of the Sabbath was.

No one will dispute that necessity and charity are exceptions to the Mosaic law. The courts have so decided. In one of the cases of prominence the judge distinctly says: "The object of the law is not the enforcement of the conscience, but the protection of those who desire and are entitled to the day." Is this only the rich? "It is a law of nature," says the judge, "that one day in seven should be observed as a time of relaxation and refreshment, if not for public worship. We are told that we know where is relaxation and refreshment is to come in to the slave of the week, if such pleasures as fishing are to be prohibited as crimes. I venture to assert that wherever and whenever laws have existed prohibiting innocent pleasures on Sunday, other than as dead letters, co-exist with them have existed compulsory

religion and oppression, forbidden by the constitution of this country.

That the Legislature has the power—that they should properly have the power—to regulate the Sabbath, can hardly be gainsaid. But that is a regulation to prevent a fisherman compelling a person who don't like it to go fishing, or in other words, preventing any person improperly interfering with another's peaceable observance of the day. It is a power which should be exerted, keeping in view the beneficial object of the Creator to distinguish Sunday from the other days of the week; when the fowler, who needs it, may have recreation and enjoyment, when he shall not be forced by the oppressor, who does not need the recreation, to do any manner of work, neither he, nor his man servant nor his maid servant, nor his cattle, nor the stranger within his gates.

The Sunday divine law is to check legislators themselves, and prevent them from oppressing the poorer classes and taking from them the "recreation and refreshment" they are entitled to, and any interference with them and their innocent enjoyment is a violation of that higher law, and should be so regarded.

New York.

## BLACK BASS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

[Read before the New Hampshire Fish and Game League by Hon. W. H. P. Norris.]

THIS game fish, *Micropterus salmoides*, or as classed by Dr. Henshall, *Micropterus togata*, the small-mouthed bass, now so well known to us as the bass in Central and Southern New Hampshire, was a stranger to our waters but a few years ago, and is to us the substantial result of the labors of the fish commission, and that board of gentlemen will pardon me if I say their introduction is the only practical result in which the fishermen has shared the benefit. To be sure we have demonstrated to us that the salmon will ascend our rivers through the several winding fishways, and being relieved of its weary return again to the sea, but he may be an erratic fisherman who would wish to ascend in the almost forlorn hope of capturing a specimen of this excellent fish; while in nearly all of our streams and lakes he may well expect to meet with success in bass fishing.

Bass were first introduced by the fish commissioners to our waters, from Lake Champlain in 1868, James Messersmith, Seneca, Penacook and Echid, and Buford, Wilson's and Peluchio were the first stocked. In 1870 and 71 waters in Meredith, Canaan, Westbury, Cummington, Hillsborough, Hillsborough, Warner, Sutton, New London, Andover, London, Croydon and Concord were supplied. Previous to that time I fear that they had been placed, by private enterprise, in ponds near Wolfeborough as early as 1844 or '65, and about the same time in Milton Three Ponds in Milton. Since 1871 about eighty waters have been stocked by the commissioners, including Black and Contoocook rivers, until now every stream of considerable size south of Grafton equally is well stocked by the fish running out from ponds and lakes. All this has been accomplished without aid of artificial hatching. Indeed, as Seth Green, that veteran authority on fishing and fish, well says: "Their natural increase is so great and their growth so rapid that it is better to leave an object to fish-hatchers to attempt their artificial propagation."

That the wonderful increase and prosperity to every stream of fish should be a cause of congratulation to every true sportsman would be expected, and that every lover of fishing should rejoice at the result, we would well believe; but, strange to say, the grumbling and croaking of some, either from malice or ignorance, have raised a cry against the bass, and prejudiced many against the fish that should be its warmest adherents and friends. I have tried to analyze the reason for this cry, and can only reach one conclusion. It is in short, "sucker game."

The traders of the fish are unable to catch them, for no one who has ever felt the rush of the bass, listened to the click of the reel and hissing line, seen the gleam of the fish as back and forth he rushes to escape from the cruel steel, watched him as he leaves the water with a mighty bound and with bristling fins shakes his open jaws to relieve them of the hook, and thus in ever-varying devices fights long and hard against the fish, till at last weak and exhausted, he rests in the landing net, could ever join the ranks of those who mourn the introduction of this fish, that by his peculiar fitness for our waters must be many years be acknowledged the game fish "par excellence" of America. The time allowed to me is too limited to be occupied in a criticism of those who say "Bass won't bite," and fear that chubs, suckers, horn-points, pickereel and flat sides will be exterminated by them, except to say that by a careful study of the bass and the use of suitable bass tackle, they are by and by led to see their mistake, they will then be as strong adherents to the right as they are now opponents. The habits of the bass should be studied well by the fisherman. Leaving their winter quarters in deep water, about a month or six weeks before spawning, they can then be found in shallow parts of the lake or pond in schools of large numbers, but soon afterward pair off and prepare for breeding. The spawning season in this State is a female deposit her eggs, generally from the 15th of May to the 15th of June, varying according to the lateness of the season, the spots selected for their nests being a gravelly or sandy bottom or rocky ledge in from three to six feet of water. These beds or nests are saucer-like depressions, usually about twice the length of the parent fish, and formed by the bass by fanning and scouring from the bottom all refuse and vegetable matter and the fins in the tail. Some fish have observed to say, whose eggs are hatched in about eight to twelve days, the young when hatched being almost perfectly formed and about one-half inch in length.

The instinct of the bass amongst almost to parental affection in the care of its nest, and later in the defense of its young. When frightened from the bed they at once return and resent the presence of anything thrown upon it. Taking advantage of this characteristic of the bass, some worse than pot-hunters have taken in large numbers by dropping the bait upon the bed and keeping it there till the fish, as if in sheer desperation, swallows it to get rid of its obnoxious presence upon its hatching-ground. An instance of this kind of fishing came to my knowledge last season, where a young man caught seventy pounds of fine fish in one afternoon, in Wakawan Lake, in Meredith.

Leaving the spawning beds the young grow very rapidly, a year of a year old seldom in large numbers, and at two years weighing about a pound, and gaining about a pound per year until they reach their maximum weight. Six to eight pounds are said to be the limit of their growth,

although I am inclined to think that under the most favorable circumstances they will grow still larger, as in a large, deep duck pond or lake well supplied with food.

In the winter bass are undoubtedly hibernating, burying themselves in the mud, crevices of rocks, under weeds or stunted logs in deep water, as you have all observed that with the increasing cold they work into deeper water, and upon the arrival of winter are seldom caught.

Knowing this much of the growth, increase and habits of the fish, to catch them one should first of all fishing select some gravelly or rocky point or ledge, which runs out boldly into the water, and where the water is shallow, and the sunken logs and crevices, and the shelving rocks, and the large bass; get your boat into position quietly, making no more disturbance than is absolutely necessary in anchoring and fishing, with face to the sun to avoid as much as possible the shadows of the rod upon the water, and then keep quiet, devote your whole attention to fishing. I believe quiet and careful fishing to be important if you would be successful.

You would ridicule the man who started out for trout accompanied by a band of music to escort him around the lake, or down the stream, yet many good trout fishermen fish for bass as though the fish were both blind and incapable of hearing. While less timid than the trout, which darts away at the sight of a shadow or a strange object, the bass is hardly less suspicious, and while standing his ground boldly, he seldom, if ever, is captured while his suspicions are aroused. For this reason his opponents, fishing for hours, perhaps, in plain view of the fish, singling and shouting the fish away, catch but exclaiming at his obstinacy in not willingly and foolishly coming into the boat, are heartily all sides, saying, "Bass ought to be cleaned out, they won't bite."

No reasonable man would expect a game fish to do so under these circumstances. That they are thus very much a breeze that will ripple the water almost a necessity, and one of the requisites of a good day for bass fishing.

One other word about the time to fish. Don't fish the next day after a severe cold storm, when the water has been disturbed and is cold and cheerless. Bass like best when the water is warm. Select a day after three or four days of extreme heat when there is a fine ripple on the lake, and you have the model day.

For bait the hellgramite, frog, minnow, cricket, grass hopper, worms and shrimp can be used, but I have found the most successful in the order named. The hellgramite, a flattened and repulsive-looking worm, generally two or three inches long, has six legs, and a head, while the body is composed of rings, has a fringe that has the appearance of legs, with two hooks for a tail. They feed upon decayed wood and vegetation, and can be found under flat stones, sunken plank and other submerged objects in the shallow portions of a stream. They are a reliable bait, living a long time on the hook, and can be kept alive a long time in a box of damp, decayed wood. Frogs are easily obtained and they are a bait that has been used with great success. The striped bass from its preference when the body is about an inch long. Hook them lightly through the skin of the back or through the body between the hind legs, so as not to injure them, and allow them the free use of the legs to swim about in the water. When rightly hooked, they will swim as readily as though not attached to the line, and make a very tempting and attractive bait. I have seen a bass rise for a frog swimming in this way, from a distance of thirty feet, as eagerly as they rise for a minnow.

When using the frog, or other large bait, be patient, and do not strike your fish too quickly. He will often start away with the bait and then stop in a manner that will lead you to believe he has dropped it, but on drawing up the line you will feel a succession of slight jerks; if so let him have it longer, for he has the bait crosswise or reversed, in his mouth, keeping your thumb on the reel so as to feel his every motion, and when he starts away after this short pause, then strike, and you have him well hooked. Then, of all times, the angler must keep cool. Don't hurry your fish; the longer he plays the more sport you have. Give him only as much line as he takes in his rushes and recover it as quickly as possible, being sure to keep the line taut at all times unless, after one of his magnificent bounds from the water, you lower your tip as he falls to recover the strain again as soon as he is in the water.

When he is thoroughly exhausted, and not before, take in your fish, I encourage to bleed him as soon as he is in the boat; then if you keep him in the shade, when dressed and on your table you have a fish of which you may well be proud.

A short, light rod is the better bass rod, a nine-foot lancewood rod with ash butt being the best I ever used for bait fishing. A rod of this length can be made light and easy to handle, and yet as strong as desired. It is elastic, strong, and the fish as a fly-rod, since it will more easily and securely than when longer and, as a consequence, heavier. Always have a good working reel with about a hundred feet of line and a good supply of leaders and hooks.

Of the great variety of hooks I have found the Smeek head the most desirable, although the sprout and the O-shaughnessy hook will always be found reliable. I will not discuss the fish as a fly-rod, since I have never learned that in fishing in this way any different rules should be laid down than those that govern flyfishing for trout or salmon, and for the additional reason that I have come to believe that the larger fish are more likely to be captured by bait-fishing.

When well equipped, treating the fish as an intelligent inhabitant of the water, and a prize well worthy of capture, and in whose capture you must use the best judgment, and all your cunning as a sportsman, one can find no better or more desirable sport than angling for this fish, that pound for pound is the gamest fish in America. He is eminently an American fish, with habits and characteristics peculiarly his own. With a hardiness far surpassing the trout, combined with all his dash and vigor, the strength and leap of a salmon, to which he has joined a system of fighting known to no other fish of his class, I believe, I think, to give him the place of our loved trout, that are yearly becoming less, by force of circumstances, occasioned by climatic changes, the gradual drying up of trout streams and the increasing number of fishermen, that from all parts of the Union crowd into our State during the summer season.

In what I have written I have not intended to eulogize the bass, but simply to give him the credit that I believe belongs to him as an excellent fish, and in the future destined to be the fish of our state, and if by this short essay some one who is now his opponent should be led to fish more understandingly, and thus meet with success, I shall be satisfied.

## LAKE SUPERIOR FISHING GROUNDS.

NOTICE that "Angler," in a recent number, inquires about trout fishing in the vicinity of Duluth, in case that does not permit of his going to the Neigong. If he will leave the boat at Bayfield, Wisconsin, he will be central to some good fishing grounds, both trout and bass. About one day's drive from Bayfield will bring him to the Brule of Woods River, said to be one of the best trout streams in Wisconsin, and which is visited by St. Louis anglers every season. The little river has fine pools which afford the fly-caster a fine field to try his skill.

The country is wild, and a camp outfit will be in order; also a boat or material to make a raft. Bass fishing is not good, but the fish are plenty, and fine ones, too. On the road will be passed Pike Lake, one of the finest lakes in the Northwest for bass fishing. I have fished in many of the Michigan lakes, but this, in the language of our tourist, "lays over" them all for bass. There are plenty of deer, and if the angler is possessed of a shotgun and ordinary skill he can have some grand sport jack-rabbit shooting.

If after landing at Bayfield he prefers easier work he can take the tri-weekly tugboat to Isle Royale, up the north shore, and will be assured of some fine sport and the largest speckled trout in North America, not excepting the Neigong beauties; or he may take a sailing yacht and skirt along some of the coast, and will be rewarded with a fine sport, with fine fly-fishing for large trout in the deep, shallow holes along shore until he reaches the mouth of the Brule (Iron-Range), mentioned, and which he may then ascend with his small boat for river fishing. Or if the angler would new fields explore, he can take his outfit aboard the train of the new railroad just completed to Bayfield within the last eight months, and go back in the Wisconsin woods where he will find the best of the whole streams stocked with now or less spotted trout. There are good hotels in Bayfield, with fish and venison every day. It is a high, dry, healthful location, with the best of water and central to any amount of hunting and fishing grounds. At least I found it so last August.

C. W. E.

BOWLING GREEN, APRIL 24, 1888.

## TROUT FISHING.

I HAVE been fishing, and after getting out the much abused angle-worm from the cellar, where it has been carefully and faithfully taken care of during the winter months, and seizing rod and reel, I started for a favorite stream. Everything seemed in my favor, for alas! my hopes were to be crushed. On coming to a favorite pool where the brush was too thick to progress, I gathered up my big boots, stepped in and waded a short distance and made a cast. As my line and fishing worm went over a little fall, oh! what a nibble. With considerable "supposed" caution I made one step, and the entertainment began. Kersche! Down went the supposed fisherman, and some of the contortions of body and high kicking would have secured a large amount of merriment could they have been repeated in the tumble. I had by a very nice movement stuck my rod in the opposite bank, and after gathering up myself and rod, I found the tip broken, not a very fine condition of things.

But to my "speckled beauties." On getting my line in hand I found that the fish was making things somewhat interesting. He must be a "whopper;" if he breaks away he would weigh two pounds sure. Now a dash under a rock, then under a log, now sailing. "Now you can come in and see your humble servant. Oh! what a fine — sucker!" Could my friends have seen my "pliz" they would have said I was about to visit a dentist. After going ashore and leaning against a stump I took a very careful inventory of dry goods, and found that wet goods were considerably ahead. My collar was the only thing dry about me. The music which issued from the base of that old stump was not "Pinafore" made by a long chalk.

But the cover gone, also my pal angleworms, rod broken, wet to the skin, and somewhat lame from the "contortions," what to do was an important theme. After mature thought and considerable exertion "Home, Sweet Home" came to my mind. Did I tell anybody? Not much.

A short time after I tried it again, and in endeavoring to eclipse all previous efforts in securing a larger creed of fish, I gathered up all the implements of warfare, including a number of worm hooks, which were undoubtedly manufactured in the upper story of the factory, for they seemed to have an inclination to "ascend upward" on the slightest provocation. I will warrant them to get three falls out of five on any ordinary occasion. On reaching the bank of a very nice looking stream I made my maiden cast, which consisted in casting myself, with the aid of the No. 123 and a clay bank, into the raging water.

It was a difficult piece of engineering, and after the absorbing process was completed, I made a break for the bank and at last stood on it. After getting drained I heard voices, and turning my moistened optics I saw some ever-present "small boys" were with me. Small boy says: "Fell in, Mister, didn't yer?"

Fisherman. "How the dickens did you know I was fishing?"

Small boy. "Marm seed you coming down the road, and she said, 'Oh, boys, there is that city fellow again; now you go out and see he does not break his neck.'"

Fisherman. "Now you run home, little man, for there is liable to be an accident to some member of your family right away."

Small boy. "Ain't you the fellow they make so much fun of, and say you can't catch frogs nor nuthin, and —"

Fisherman. "Get away! I don't want to hear no more of that. I'll go home and get you to come down, for everybody says you fear down more fences and scare the fish more than a menagerie."

Fisherman. "Not another word," and away skips the future president.

Another very difficult cast and away goes the line. In passing over a stone something seizes the bait, and the reel is humming, until my line is so taut that I can't move. On giving the line it does not stir the unknown, and I wonder what under the sun I have hooked, and I keep running down stream. Something has got to be done, or we shall be down to the Gulf Stream. Another twist, and had there been a young cat at the other end I could have stopped him just as well.

Ha, ha! he slows up a little; now for the work, for I must have considerable of it in me for there is surface water. I begin to reel in, and another start down the stream follows. Not having any rations nor boat, it was imperative to have an understanding with the other end of my favorite line.

When you get in that deep water you and Flick Flick



must settle the question who is victor. Slowly my fish makes for the opposite bank, and breaks water while I was wading out my eyes, which had become dim with perspiration, and could not see his gliding sides.

What's the trouble now? Everything is quiet except the writer. One more twist on the multiplying reel; not a start; snubbing I presume, and after cudgeling my brains for a reason why the fish did not do something, I followed up my line, coming nearer every moment to where the thing broke water. I threw a stone in and nothing moved; but something had a mortgage on my line, and I wished to foreclose.

How is this? My line is under the bank and I cannot see any fish; another wonder. My fish must have found a new route, as on close inspection there seems to be a hole in the bank and my line is in that. One whoop! and the aforesaid "par" came up; having been watching me at a respectable distance. "Now you be kind enough to go up to the house and get a spade, for this fish has got to come out." The spade duly arrived and also my very extensive family, and the fisherman was not feeling well leaving the "shakes," and wishing some of the visitors could indulge in them.

After much hard work we brought forth the "largest, plumpest"—muskrat you ever saw, being hooked in the stern.

P. S.—My gun boots and other fishing gear are for sale. HARTMAN, Conn., April 29. F. F.

## SALMON IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

FROM the "Guide, or Travels through British Columbia," by Newton H. Chittenden, Victoria, we take the following: "I have read, with much allowance, accounts of the difficulties of salmon fishing in the smaller tributaries of the Cnapqua, Columbia, and Fraser rivers, but after what I have witnessed to-day, am prepared to believe any fish story within the limits of possibilities. Arriving at Emory, five miles below Yale, two young men from San Francisco reported immense numbers of salmon at the mouth of Emory Creek, a small, rapid, mountain stream flowing into the Fraser just above. Going there I found it packed so full in places that I counted while standing in one position upon the railroad bridge, over four hundred fish, and salmon. Mentioning the matter to a resident, he remarked: 'Oh! that's nothing. If you want to see salmon go to the next creek beyond.' Reaching there, after a walk of about four miles, and taking a central position upon the bridge crossing it, I counted, without moving, over 900 salmon. This stream plunges down the mountain side with a fall of, probably, one hundred and fifty feet within a mile and a half, being from five to ten yards in width. For a distance of several rods up from its mouth, the salmon are crowding in from the muddy Fraser, now again rapidly rising, almost as thick as they could swim, and in their desperate efforts to ascend the successive falls above presented a spectacle never before witnessed by the oldest native settler. Mr. John Woodworth, who has lived here for twenty-four years, says he never heard of the like. The salmon is a fish of extraordinary strength and agility, and are said to jump and swim up perpendicular falls from ten to twenty feet in height. I stood upon the bank an hour and watched them in their desperate struggles to make the ascent of several of lesser size within sight. Of hundreds which made the attempt, only a few, comparatively, succeeded, but fell back exhausted, splashing and whirling among the boulders. Many were covered with great bruises, some had lost their eyes, a few lay dead upon the shore, others were dying, and all seemed nearly worn out. Stepping close to a packled with them, I easily caught two in my hands which offered but little resistance. Before leaving, a photographer, Mr. D. R. Juddins, of New Westminster, arrived and took two views of the remarkable scene. Mr. Daniel Ashworth, wife and family were also present. Reaching Yale I told a hotel-keeper about it, estimating the salmon at thousands. 'Thousands!' he exclaimed, almost with indignation, 'why, there are millions of them now running up the Fraser, within a few miles of the mouth of the river. One of London's construction train I rode along the river, fifteen miles to the end of track. Millions were probably not much of an exaggeration, for although the river was quite muddy, schools of salmon, numbering thousands each, could be seen from the platform of the cars, at short intervals, the entire distance. The Indians were catching and drying them in large quantities. Standing upon the edge of perpendicular projecting ledges, they capture the largest and finest specimens, either by means of hooks or scoop-nets, dress them upon the spot and hang them up on long poles to dry in the wind and sun. When sufficiently cured they are packed in caches made from cedar shakes, and suspended for safe keeping among the branches of trees from twenty to fifty feet above the ground. It is the opinion of those familiar with the habits of the salmon, that not one in a thousand succeeds in depositing their spawn, and that if hatching places were provided upon the river, and protected, that they could scarcely be exhausted, under proper restrictions as to catching them."

## STUNNING FISH.

FROM a paragraph in your April 12 issue, there seems to be a doubt, in the minds of some persons, as to the truth of the statements sometimes made that fish are killed by a ball striking the water near them, or of the influence of a wound. It is not uncommon for hunters, or shall I call them fisher-men, to take the black bass of the St. John's, in this neighborhood, by watching for them and shooting them with a rifle in the shallow water, in the spring of the year, and killing them by firing at them, but seldom hitting them. They will be stunned long enough for the sportsman to go out in a boat, if he is on-shore, and secure his game. They find that the best time to shoot is when the tail of the fish is toward you.

We also hear of persons having been killed or seriously injured by the wind of a ball, as it passes in close proximity to the head. This statement has, I think, never been corroborated; but what appears to have been a very remarkable instance of it, in the case of a lower animal, happened here this spring. A gentleman fired at an alligator a little over three feet long with a rifle of .32 caliber. The animal immediately disappeared without the usual connection to the water when wounded, and the gentleman found him at the bottom apparently dead. He could only have been wounded in the head, if anywhere, as that was the only part out of the water, and he was shot at very short range, but not the slightest trace of even an abrasion of the skin could be found. In a short time he completely recovered, and turned out to be a remarkably vicious specimen, jumping and snapping at persons coming near him, like an irritable dog. I had him

in my possession for some days, and he now adorns my hall as a stuffed and far less troublesome specimen. We might, perhaps, naturally expect that the concussion would be much more severe in the case of the alligator than most other animals, since its size, in a reptile of that length, would about equal that of the bullet, the brain of the largest alligator only weighing a few drams.

F. D. LESTER.

PALATKA, Fla., April 22.

## ROD AND POLE.

THE editorial on "Rod and Pole" touched upon an abuse of names that all anglers have suffered from, but on which they have been silent. I have heard men who owned fine rods call them "fish poles," and they were men who were informed on other subjects, and from whom one would expect better things. No matter what Shakespeare may have said on the subject, a rose would not be as sweet if called a skunk. As the late George Dawson has said, "it is not all of fishing to fish," and things used in sports should be called by their right names. We would not call a fine fowling-piece a musket, nor a canoe a scow. Many of our sports have names that have been in use since they were first thought worthy of being written about, and a misuse of them denotes either carelessness or an ignorance of the literature of sportsmanship. In most cases it is the former. Not long ago I heard a man who has read *FOREST AND STREAM* from its first number speak of the trigger of his gun as the "tricker," but I am confident that he would not have written it so. Mr. Endicott's definition of a pole, which you give as a stick with bark on it, is good as far as it goes. I would include all stiff natural sticks which haul a fish out by "main strength and stupidity" in the category of "poles," but I rebel at that term being applied to a rod fit to play a fish, whether it is in one piece or in six, or whether it is a manufactured article or a natural bamboo cane.

R. N. F.

CHICAGO, Ill.

"I would refer your correspondent, who wishes to know if 'rod' or 'pole' is the correct term for his angling implements, to Webster. Under 'pole' he gives us carriage-pole, liberty pole, may-pole and bean-pole, but not fish-pole. Under 'rod' he gives 'The shoot or long twig of any woody plant, a branch, or the stem of a shrub; as a rod of hazel, of birch, of oak or hickory. A slender stick; a wand. \* \* \* A support for a fishing line.' I do not remember to have heard an angler call his rod a pole, but I have heard country boys speak of a pole as a fishing stick, and I am calling my rod a fishing-stick as to term it a pole."

ROCHESTER.

I notice your editorial article of April 12 relating to "Rod and Pole." Please accept any good rod-maker if he makes fish-poles. If he does not jump up and dance around I am mistaken.

S. E. B.

REYNOLD V.

The question oft' asked by our angling friends  
As to where Rod begins, and where the Pole ends:  
Though a hard nut to crack, if you'll but give me time,  
I'll endeavor to answer the poser in rhyme.

There are many who hold that a stick with bark on  
Is a Simon pure Pole, in their learned jargon;  
So, per contra, the truth of their rule would be proved,  
If a stick were called Rod when its bark is removed.

There is one man I know, who I give to say leans  
To the belief that a Pole is a prop used for beans,  
But as he is a farmer of practical mind,  
His Rods, Poles and Acres are not of our kind.

But joking aside. As a rule I would move,  
And I hope all my angling brothers approve.  
To that settle the vexatious question in point,  
A Pole be called Rod, when it boasts of a joint.

W. R. W.

## BLACK BASS HABITS.

A WRITER in the Washington *Star* says: "The laws of Maryland prohibit taking bass during the month of May, and those of Virginia for a certain time commencing the 15th of May. I contend that the angler's rod exerts but a very small influence in thinning out the bass, and that consequently all legislation on the subject is wholly unnecessary as will be hereinafter more fully set forth. It has been about thirty years since bass were first placed in the headwaters of the Potomac, the facts pertaining thereto, as procured from one of the parties who assisted in their introduction, being as follows: Fourteen bass were procured from some of the Western waters and placed in a mill-pond near Cumberland. The stream was small, a mere creek. After some years the dam broke and a number of the fish finally found their way into the Potomac River. At this time there were no fish in the Potomac that fed on other species of fish to any great extent. The river being well stocked with tobacco-boxes (sun perch), mullets, suckers, etc., etc., the bass held a high carnival and, as a result, increased very rapidly. Consequently the river became well stocked with them before the people were aware of their presence, as they were not accustomed to fishing for this kind of fish. But, after a few years, their numbers in the vicinity of Cumberland began to tell on the fish on which they depredated, and it was noticed that as these fish grew scarcer the bass correspondingly grew scarcer. "The result of this is that in the vicinity of Cumberland the bass are not now so plentiful as they were a few years ago, and if the catch in this vicinity was totally prohibited I hazard but little in saying that they would never become as plentiful as formerly, unless some means be devised to increase the fish upon which they feed. When their supply of food gives out they turn to eating each other, and regulate their numbers in that way, even if there be not one taken with a hook or other means. I know that they eat each other, for the reason that one of the largest, if not the largest, bass I ever caught was found to have previously swallowed a bass some five or six inches long—large enough to catch with a hook. It could not swallow more than three-fourths of the little bass, there being from one to two inches of the tail protruding above its throat. Although thus gorged, it sought another bait and was caught, as stated. The swallowed bass was found to be a young one of the same Stubble Feltz, about three miles this side of the Great Falls."

"With such voracious fish prowling around how can the smaller fish maintain their requisite numbers, and unless they do this how can the bass procure the necessary amount of food without feeding on each other? Will our law-makers give us some information on this subject? The fact is that every bass taken leaves that many more small fish

for the others, and therefore correspondingly lessens the necessity for feeding on each other. Residents in the vicinity of the Great Falls tell us that suckers, tobacco-boxes, etc., etc. Keep the supply of food fishes up to the limit, and the bass will take care of themselves in spite of the angler's art. No mistake on this point.

"Another reason why the fishing laws should be abolished is that the condition of the weather and water is frequently such as to prevent spring fishing until about the time said laws take effect. During the time the fish are spawning they need no laws to protect them, for all anglers know that no kind of fish will bite at such times to amount to anything. They appear for a time to lose all desire for food, and will spurn the most tempting bait that can be offered. I have offered a hook to several species of perch while bed-ding. They would take the hook into their mouths and carry it out of their beds and drop it. No bait that could be found would tempt them into a bite. These same fish at other seasons would bite ravenously. I am credibly informed by the best that they have, in the same way, seen bass refuse the best bait that could be offered. What, then, is the use of laws to protect them at a time when they will not bite? There could be no harm in laws that would prohibit bass fishing from, say, May 15 to September 1."

"Adopt necessary measures to supply them with plenty of food and their numbers can never be materially lessened by hook and line."

"ANGLER."

DELAWARE RIVER NOTES.—The U. S. Fish Commission on the 24th deposited over 250,000 salmon fry in the head waters of the Delaware River, as I wrote you last week has done. But there is much to be feared from the black bass, which were placed in the same waters in 1870, and now occupy the stream in immense numbers. We learn that the Commissioner himself expresses a doubt that the restocking the river with the salmon which years ago naturally inhabited the Delaware, will not be attended with good results, owing to the presence of the voracious bass, which may not spare the salmon fry, and grow and propagate. Two or three years ago some of the streams emptying into the upper Delaware were stocked with California mountain trout, and protection has been given them. A few days since an urchin of Hancock took a fine specimen of this fish, which shows they have thrived. Suckers have commenced to run in numbers in the upper Delaware waters, and although before season, many large bass are now being taken. It is stated that bass were never known to be so plentiful as at present about Port Jervis. Trout fishing began April 1, but the streams have so swollen, and so much snow water is running, increased by the late storm, no one has been able to enjoy the sport thus far. Anglers may count on a good season in the Delaware valley as soon as the first spring-like weather sets in, as the storm just passed will put everything in order for a good campaign.—HOMO.

DYNAMITE FRIENDS.—While England is trying to suppress the murdering dynamite fiends who blow up buildings and endanger the lives of innocent people, our neighbors on the Pacific coast are complaining of the use of dynamite by the Chinamen, who use it to destroy fish. A writer in the Portland (Oregon) *Yer's* says: "The cunning Chinese often get up to an unlawful trick, and hope which they ought to stop to it. It is blasting fish. They do not exactly get a fish and blast it to pieces, as one might surmise from the phrase, but they first steal a stick of giant powder, then find a point in the river where they are cute enough to know the fish accumulate, and there set off a heavy blast on the surface of the water, which stuns the fish and causes them to float on the water. The long-fingered heathen soon racks in a load of fish and gets off to sea. It is really a cruel and wicked, somewhat mad, and his mouth to water, to merely waste fishing, one of these grinning, grunting gormandizers, with a bland smile of contentment on his greasy features, his little pig-eyes twinkling, his mouth split back to his ears, almost showing his long white teeth, while he trots swingingly, slowly along under a good load of fine fresh mountain trout strung at each end of a bamboo pole. If you ask him, 'What you catch 'em, John?' he'll tell you, 'I catch 'em deep 'em, long time; what four?' That's all the satisfaction one can get out of them. You go out fishing all day, but never get a bite, and come home cussing your d—ivile luck, and every pink-eyed, cruel knacker in the kuntry."

WORMS IN BLACK BASS.—West Springfield, Pa., April 23.—We have here a stream called Connetquot. It has a rocky bottom, swift current, and many deep pools. It contains black bass, rock bass, pickerel and many other kinds of small fry. As soon as the weather gets warm enough, the bass get wormy. The worm is about one inch long, and is in color a bright yellow; it is usually found under the scales, but I have often found them on the caudal fins. Later on in the summer they seem to become more numerous, and the fish are full of them. Can you tell me what they are and what causes them? The fish are unfit for use, and when so affected are not very gamy. The bass are the only fish they are found on.—MACK. [We have had several accounts of these worms, but no naturalist has worked out their life history. We have found them in perch also.]

GROWTH OF SALMON.—Manchester, N. H., April 28.—I am very skeptical as to the supposed enormously rapid growth of salmon in Scotland, as described in the article you have just reprinted from *Blackwood*. Mr. Atkins is a very careful observer, and his notes do not show any such increase; and also confirm the "biennial" theory, about which one of your correspondents, some time since, wondered at me for admitting there was to be any question. I have no doubt of it, and can take in the idea of a spent salmon increasing a pound or two in weight, and then returning the same season to spawn again, though it may be so.—SAMUEL WEBBER.

ANEST THE SALT MACKEREL.—As to that salt mackerel, skin it, and it doesn't make a bit of difference which side is up. By the way, you will remember that Anacron had supposed to say on this subject—*ὁ ἀνὰ πλάτος*, etc.—VIATOR.



AN ALL-AROUND ROD.—"Nessmuk" has defied the accepted tenets of the rod makers, and added a fly-typer where the rod makers thought it did not belong. He writes: "The rod is ready for pickerel, bass or trout. Of course, it is not a perfect fly-rod—no general rod can be. But it will take, first, pickerel, second, bass, third, catfish or bullheads, fourth, trout—either with bait or fly. I take no stock in fly-casting tournaments. Don't care to throw more than twenty-five feet of line, with five foot leader. Usually much less. Have my own notions about flies and 'casts.' My favorite cast is tail-fly, large, well-cleaned red anglerworm, with bit of white pork for head. Two feet above a red hackle, queen, or royal coachman, according to water and light. Fifty years' experience has proved to me that the above bait fly takes three-fourths of the trout. Red hackle is the best best.—NESSMUK.

TENNESSEE NOTES.—The glorious and wise law-makers in our General Assembly repudiated one-half the debts, compounding with the defaulting State treasurer, licensed gambling at poker, seven-up and horse racing, and amended the very lenient fish laws so as to permit giggering, schling, truppering, etc., to be carried on at will. Fishing and hunting may be considered dead here for years to come, and our sportsmen will either have to seek recreation elsewhere or burn up their tackle and accoutrements, for they will never need them more in what, with rational protection, would be the finest place for game and fish on the American continent.—J. D. II.

SALMON IN OREGON.—Vancouver Barracks, April 18.—The salmon catch thus far is reported as very light, \$1.10 being paid by the canneries for each fish. Four years ago fifty cents per fish was the price. Few if any salmon reach the Portland market. I was informed yesterday that there were 350 miles of seines stretched in the Columbia River every night except Sundays. Comment is unnecessary.—T. E. W.

BOOKS.—Mr. Westwood has written an introduction to the "Secrets of Angling," by John Denny, which will accompany a reprint of that poem. Mr. W. Satchell will print it, as also a new edition of the same gentleman's "Chronicle of the Complete Angler." The Orange-Jude Co. have republished the "Scientific Angler," by the late David Foster, with notes by W. C. Harris.

CARE OF WORMS.—Good, lively bait can be made in the following way: Wrap up some of the common earth worms in a piece of carpet or thick cloth, put them in a box full of dirt, and leave them for two or three days. At the end of that time they will be a bright scarlet color, and when you open the cloth they will spring about one-half foot in the air.—M. L.

THE TARPUM AS FOOD.—A correspondent writes to know something of the edible qualities of the tarpum. We have never eaten it, and do not remember to have seen any allusion made to its food qualities. It looks like a good, wholesome fish, and doubtless many persons have eaten it. Who can give us some information on this subject?

ROUTE TO THE NEPHEW.—Prince Arthur's Landing, Lake Superior, April 14, 1883.—In answer to "Angler," re "Route to Nepigon," in your last issue, come by way of Duluth and Prince Arthur's Landing, and take boat to Nepigon. Good fishing anywhere from mouth of river up stream.—J. J. O'G.

BLACK BASS IN THE POTOMAC.—Falling Waters on the Potomac River is said to be a prime ground for black bass. This point and all the way up to Williamsport, on the same stream, I am assured, can't be beat for large fish.—Homo.

THE GRADY BILL WAS DEFEATED.

## Fishculture.

### SALMON FOR THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON.

LAST week the United States Fish Commission sent a car of 25,000 salmon fry to the waters of the upper Delaware, and the shipment is to be followed by another of the same size. Prof. Baird intends to test the possibility of acclimating salmon in both the Delaware and the Hudson, and hatcheries to the headwaters of the latter river in a few weeks. The fish are the Eastern salmon, *S. salar*, the eggs of which came from the salmon breeding works of the United States Fish Commission at Bucksport, Maine. It is well known that the rivers of Connecticut and the southern limit of the salmon at the discovery of the country, but it is possible that in the Hudson and the Delaware the difficulties in the way of the salmon were merely mechanical. The falls on these rivers presented a bar to their ascent to the streams above, which contains insect and crustacean life necessary to the growth of the fry, as well as suitable spawning grounds. By placing the young in the trout brooks in the Adirondack region they should find all the conditions requisite to their growth and descend the river to the sea at the proper time. There seems to be no good reason why the rivers named may not become salmon rivers in time, if the stocking is carried on for a few years. The experiment is comparatively inexpensive and is well worth trying. Should the fish survive and return, they will be captured in the lower portions of the rivers, for obstructions above forbid their ascent to the brooks. We shall watch the trial with great interest, and hope that our country may find a new source of supply, may hereafter observe that show the presence of salmon in the rivers. Stray salmon have been taken in the Hudson as high as Troy, and a few years ago some four or five thousand fish were placed in the Delaware and several adults were afterward taken, showing that the temperature and chemical conditions of these rivers are not fatal to this fish.

My election to the United States Senate has been a great satisfaction to me, of course," said Mr. Knapp, of West Virginia, to some friends who were congratulating him recently; "and I, of course, am very grateful to my friends for it. But I tell you frankly, gentlemen, that neither it nor any of the steps rapid promotion may political career has given me so much genuine pleasure as the fact that my bound pup took the premium at the dog show the other night."

In the will of the late Richard O'Connor, Falls of Schuylkill, Pa., is a provision to the effect that \$10 a week be paid for the support of his dog Spot, the remainder of his estate being bequeathed to the German Catholic Society of St. Joseph.

## The Kennel.

### FIXTURES.

#### DENCH SHOWS.

May 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1883.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City. Entries close April 23. Chas. Lincoln, Sup't.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1883.—Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. For the Members' Stake, Nov. 17; for the All-Aged Stake, Nov. 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Long Island, N. Y.

December, 1883.—Kalamazoo Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

### THE NEW YORK SHOW.

THERE are, including the puppies, 1,130 entries for the Westminster Bench Show next week. These entries are distributed as follows: 41 mastiffs, 42 St. Bernards, 5 bergs, 8 Newfoundland, 20 greyhounds, 5 deerhounds, 112 pointers, 159 English setters, 50 black and tan setters, 97 Irish setters, 7 Chesapeake Bay dogs, 6 Irish water spaniels, 8 field spaniels, 15 cocker spaniels, 10 foxhounds, 10 beagles, 6 dachshunds, 71 collies, 25 bulldogs, 56 fox-terriers, 80 terriers of different breeds, 49 pugs, 6 King Charles spaniels, 2 Bluejays, 2 Japanese spaniels, 6 Italian greyhounds, 36 in miscellaneous classes. The judges, already announced, are:

For Irish setter, black and tan setters, John C. Higgins, Esq., Delaware City, Del.

For English setters, pointers and foxhounds, Maj. J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky.

For spaniels and small non-sporting dogs, J. F. Kirk, Esq., Toronto, Canada.

For mastiffs, St. Bernards, bergs, greyhounds, deerhounds, dachshunds, and other large non-sporting dogs, James Watson, Esq., New York City.

For collies and beagles, Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Frederick county, Md.

### FORM AND COLORS OF SETTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream: Col. Stuart Taylor condemns the setters and pointers exhibited in New York last year, because, with many other faults, they were "too narrow." Now, I would like to inquire if in this he speaks in accordance with the highest standards for which he professes such deference. "Stonehenge" says the chest should be "deep rather than wide." Idstone says, "I dislike a wide chest—I never saw a fast dog with one." And again, "The dogs that knock up and refuse to hunt in wet weather are always square-built, wide-chested ones. Those with a deep chest, ragged ribs, and which are as narrow as a rail, are always ready to gallop and never trot, which is a sign of distress." At the first trial in the field ever held, the worst goer was the strongest and squarest dog there—a white Dandy, a ragged, narrow dog, hunted bravely in spite of his "weak appearance" upon which some of the bystanders insisted. Has the view expressed by these authorities been discarded?

Col. Taylor also says the dogs at the New York show of '82 were a "wretchedly colored" lot. I wish he would be more drastic in his criticism, and tell us just how their color was faulty. From the 120 entries, the 172 entries of English setters may be classified as follows:

Black and white, blue belton, etc.	58
Black and white, blue belton, with tan	41
Orange and white, red and white, etc.	29
Lennox and white, lemon and white, etc.	17
Liver, liver and white, liver and tan, etc.	12
Black, black and tan	3
Color not given	3

The colors Col. Taylor particularly objects to seem to be lemon and white and liver and white. There does not appear to have been any preponderance of either. By the way, speaking of liver color, if he means to say that it is a color, the time when liver and white was not a recognized setter color, I think he is mistaken. He speaks of it as a color only for spaniels and pointers. But it is generally believed that the setter is a spaniel. A "setting spaniel" he was formerly called.

### BREEDING FOR SEX.

THAT there is a very general desire among breeders of domestic animals to possess the power of regulating the proportion of the sexes at will, I think, made evident by letters on the subject which appear from time to time in your Journal and others devoted to the interest of stock owners.

In regard to poultry, one tells us that the more globular-shaped eggs will produce pullets, and the more oblong the cockerles, while another says that if the eggs are looked through by a strong light, so as to show the position of the seminal clot, a whole clutch of hens may be secured by rejecting those eggs showing it on one side, and selecting those wherein its position is at an angle. I presume we may brush aside both theories as purely fantastical.

In regard to dogs, we are constantly being reminded of the old, and I had thought exploded, theory, that the sex of the produce of an alliance depends upon the position which the alliance takes place—that is that if the embrace is permitted during the early days of heat, the whelps will be mostly bitches; if about the middle of the period the sexes will be about equal, and if toward the end nearly all will be male pups.

In your American contemporary, FOREST AND STREAM of the 8th ult., a case is recorded of a litter by the well-known collie Marcus, the dam of the litter having visited him at the commencement of her heat, the result was nine puppies, all bitches but one.

I remember some months back seeing a letter in the Journal from the Rev. E. Spencer Thideman, recording a somewhat similar result in a litter where one instance with his Dandie Dinmonts; and all of your readers must have had instances in support of the theory brought under their notice.

I must say I can place no faith in the theory dependent for support on comparatively isolated facts when I find that the results are opposed to the largest collections of facts at our disposal.

No man would do so much to a summer—and if I may digress a moment, neither to five-for—in September, 1881, that number left my house, and beaten back by the gales, which readers will remember as exceptionally severe at that time, returned after being away just a month—returned to find his home occupied by the sparrows, who had filled it with hay and bits of string, and a piece of the latter getting run round around the leg of one swallow as he left after an inspection of the nest, he hung suspended for a short time, and so impressed the bird with such fear, as I presume, that all, after a short fly round, disappeared. Fear to pursue.

But to return to the dog question, it appears to me that to establish the theory, none but males in the one case, and none

but females in the other case, should be produced; or otherwise the theorists have contradictory fact to deal with which they will find hard to explain.

So doubt it would be considered a very convenient thing if we could arrange the comparative number of the sexes at will; but I fear the theorists have in this, as we are all apt to do in so many things, allowed the wish to be father to the thought.

Dairy farmers would take very good care to secure good breeding seasons, if they had it in their power to secure all quacy calves; and dog breeders, who sell, would take care to have mostly dogs, and only enough bitches to secure what is necessary to consider a sufficient multiplication of their particular variety.

Fortunately, as I think, fanciers can do nothing of the kind any more than they can produce colors at will by exposing to the vision of dogs excited by the sexual passion, such as they desire the progeny of the union to exhibit; for, however venerable that theory may be, I suppose it has, in most intelligent minds, melted like snow before the sun of a clearer knowledge and a higher appreciation of the wonders of creation, which is its natural and appropriate result.

To come to collated and registered facts as to the relative numbers of the sexes in dogs, there is one point which, in considering the figures I propose submitting, should not be lost sight of, although I am not prepared to say it has any effect or influence upon the results. The fact I refer to is, that in the system of dog breeding that prevails, the dog is computably more polygamous than he would be in a state of nature, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that procreation in the case of dogs from which statistics are taken is restricted to a comparatively speaking few that are of necessity polygamous; while the generative impulses of others are compulsively repressed. Darwin gives the births of 6,882 greyhounds, consisting of 6,035 males and 847 females; that is in the proportion of 110.1 males to 100 females.

I have lately counted up the number of puppies of all breeds (but, practically, greyhounds, foxhounds, harriers, beagles and some other breeds are excluded) to be 2,491, consisting of 1,794 males and 1,452 females, or a fraction over 1 per cent. excess of males.

What the proportion might be in a state of nature or even under domestication did unrestricted intercourse between the sexes and all sorts of sexual excitement, and all sorts of reason for supposing that the proportions would be materially altered. What we want is a far larger body of facts, and I wish now to appeal to you, sir, to give us the result of the registration of your dogs, and the statistics, and the interesting events. If I remember rightly, your registry has been in existence some three years, and the figures accumulated must be great. No doubt in your registry, and that of your contemporary, there will be some duplicates, but not, I should think, to the extent to materially interfere with conclusions to be drawn from the facts recorded.

I think, too, it would also be of great benefit if we could have statistics, from the heads of your several departments, of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, rabbits, cage-birds, and poultry, as these embrace both the monogamous and polygamous.

I should be glad to see the opinions and the experience of breeders expressed in your columns on this very interesting and important subject, so that by the free exchange of thought and of acquired knowledge we may each add to the store of the other.—Hugh Dalziel in Live Stock Journal.

### NEW YORK FIRE DOGS.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 252.]

MIKE J. McNAMARA, driver of Engine No. 23, at 255 West 43rd street, owns a nice little St. Bernard called Nellie. She is about four years old. She does not run to fire, but has been taught to trip the lever which connects with the machinery that unlatches the horses and throws open the doors of the engine house and around the engine, the dog jumps up and catches a rubber ring in her mouth. The instant her weight pulls it down the machinery is set in motion. She then darts behind the two horses in their stalls, which are situated on each side of the engine, barks at them until they go to the pole, and then runs back to the yard behind and drives the horse to the hosecart. When the reporter called at the engine house Foreman David Conner permitted Nellie to "trip the horse" a number of times. All these things are well trained, especially the officers, and in five seconds' time Nellie would pull down the lever, back out the horses and retire to a place of safety on the stairs. The horses were hitched to the pole and the men were at their posts in exactly three seconds.

One of the most famous dogs is Jack, a three-year-old coon dog, who was born and brought up in the service. He is wonderfully intelligent. Jack belongs to Hook and Ladder Company No. 6, at No. 77 East Canal street, of which John H. Kellogg is foreman. Jack goes to all fires, and is first to hear the buzz of the telegraph. If up on the third floor when the call comes he is the first member of the company down. He never dresses, but goes to the fire as he is. Jack always dresses in the first flight of stairs like an ordinary Christian, but in his anxiety to get to the horses he rolls down the second flight. He drives the horses to the pole and runs ahead of them, barking. Jack is known to thousands of persons, and his barking informs them that there is a fire in the district. He is clear-headed, strong, and game better than a man could. Jack is always first in the building. At night he looks for the fireman's light, and often when the smoke is thick and he cannot be seen the men know he is about by hearing him sneeze. If there is a fire and the apparatus does not go out Jack sits down and howls in his disappointment and cries as if his heart was broken. Sometimes the horses slip on him, but he keeps on three legs and goes to the fire. One time he gets home he is laid up for days. He has been known to go up and down the fire escape and walk up and down a peaked roof that was at an angle of forty-five degrees. He will go anywhere the men do. At home he is fastidious, disliking the smell of the smoke and the noise of the fire. He is very clean, and when he goes across the street, where he sets up a howling until the cleansing is over. But at fires he does not mind the densest smoke or the heaviest shower bath. About a year ago Jack was in a fire in Gold street, where he was on the fifth story down to the floor beneath, but he was not injured. A short time after this there was a fire at the corner of Albany and West streets. The water was about five feet above the fire. Jack saw a large armchair in the room, which he proceeded to occupy. The smoke began to dense the men were driven out, but Jack refused to leave and the men had to go back and carry him out. In domestic life Jack is looked upon as a great asset. He frequently accompanies his master to dinner, and sits at the table, and is a great favorite, and if all the stories told of him be true, he is "one of the boys" and the first water in the district. The story goes that he was the first to startle the men. Should any of the men be at the barber shop a block off they always hear Jack's warning bark in time to jump out of the chair and to catch the apparatus as it runs out.

One remarkable dog that has died in the service, Bill, of Engine No. 14, is remembered by the whole force. He was a large black mongrel, and originally belonged to State Senator Baulen when he kept a baker's shop in Ludlow streets between Broome and Delancey streets. One of the boys of the Bill away from his owner in the shop was kept, and he was killed by the company until 1880, when he died. He was then buried with much ceremony in the yard back of the











boom being very long. From the accompanying diagram it will be seen that this class of boat when hove down is virtually a flat-bottomed craft, and is anything in the world but a cutter, which the word means; *Fendur*, to split, and "Fendur," a splitter, or as we say in English, a cutter, which in the general sense and with respect to the principles involved means a vessel whose speed is mainly due to her facility for cutting the water; her comparatively narrow sectional area offering but little resistance, such a boat being narrow and deep.

Distinctly opposed to this class are those of great beam and light draft, or what is the same thing, those boats which have a comparatively large and broad sectional area.

It is manifest that boats of this latter class cannot rely for their speed upon the facility with which they cut through the water, but on the contrary are forced to depend upon the ease with which they glide over its surface.

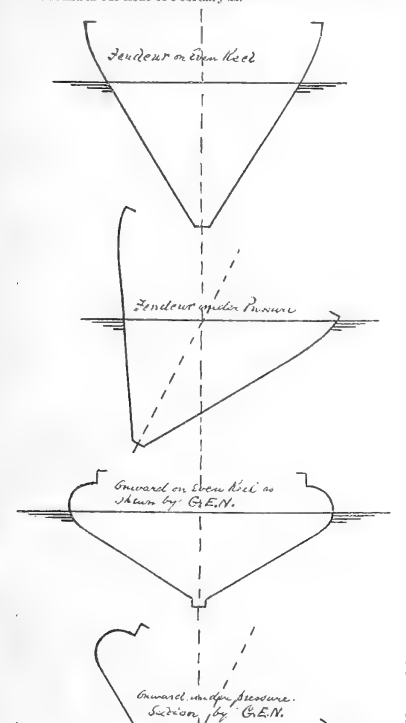
All yachts and smaller-sized sailing craft fall, by virtue of their shape and weight, into one of these two classes. These two factors determine the displacement of the vessel as well as the relative positions of the centers of gravity of the vessel, and the displaced fluid upon which the stability of any floating body depends. No mere similarity of detail of any kind in construction will render similar in principle two boats belonging respectively to these two classes. They may both be, for instance, straight-timbered, as in the case of the *Fendur* and the *Onward*, but they are as widely separated in the principles governing their action as it is possible for them to be. The *Fendur* pattern, and all the deep draft boats, depend for their stability upon the low position of the center of gravity of the entire system, while the other class for the same property depend upon the buoyant effort of the displaced water, which is crowded away by the submerging of the lee side of the boat.

Carrying the analogy a little further, it will be seen with respect to the displacement of these two classes of vessels, that while one in all positions has the figure of the displaced fluid symmetrically divided by a plane through the stem and stern posts, or nearly so, the other only fulfills this condition when on an even keel; in all other positions there being a great difference in the amount of water displaced on either side of the plane referred to, until, in the extreme cases, when the light draft boat is hove down, we find the displaced fluid almost entirely to one side of this plane. To illustrate this I ask how often boatmen have looked over the windward side and seen the upper edge of their centerboard above water? and how few, on the contrary, ever saw an iron keel in that position? Did it never occur to them to consider at such a time what were the relative displacements of two such boats? In all discussion of nautical construction it should be ever borne in mind that we are dealing with mechanical forces. Their intensity, points of application and direction give us the results. The principal factors determining these points are the displacement of the vessel, and the figure or shape of the displaced fluid, as well as its position with respect to an axis or plane of symmetry.

These things make a boat's stability.

F. JARVIS PATTEN.

[We give below the midship section of the *Fendur* as it appeared in our issue of the 8th February, and a copy of the section our correspondent "G. E. N." sent us of the *Onward*, the original of which will be found in our issue of February 22.]



The *Fendur* section, and the section represented by our correspondent "G. E. N." to be that of the *Onward*, are also shown careened to the same angle as our correspondent, "F. J. P." has shown the corrected section of the *Onward*. Reading carefully the comment of "F. J. P." on this type of model, represented by *Onward*, as compared to that of the *Fendur* type of model—independent of the difference shown to exist in what the *Onward* is to that which "G. E. N." represented her to be—we need only add that all our correspondents on this *Fendur* type of model will feel satisfied that "F. J. P." has not alone made it plain that *Fendur* would be a safe sea-going boat, while *Onward* belongs to that class of model which are dangerous even in the hands of experts, but that his knowledge of the principles which should guide the naval architect is based on a thorough cognizance of the subject at issue.]

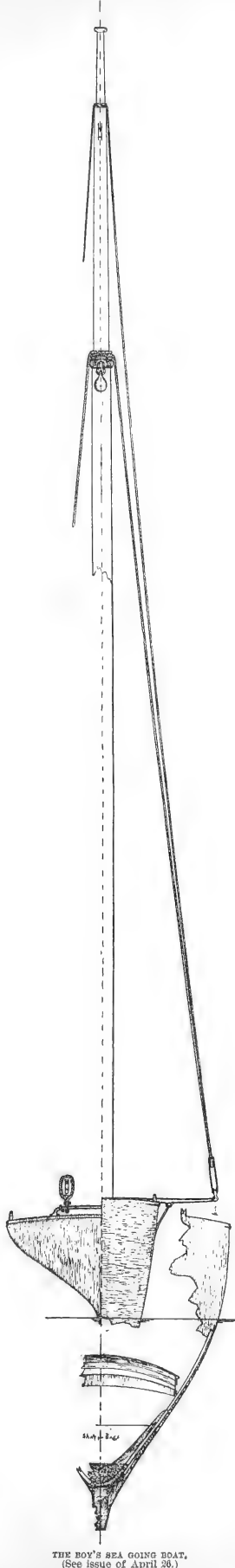
#### THE RATING OF YACHTS BY SAIL AREA AND LENGTH.

THE following remarks appeared in the *London Field* from the pen of Mr. W. Baden-Powell, of canoe reputation, will be read with great interest by all our leading yacht committees.

FOREST AND STREAM has repeatedly advised that the rule of admeasurement known in America as Commodore Lee's be adopted. It is a rule of admeasurement adopted after much investigation by the officers of the Seawanhaka Y. C., of New York, and found to work well with the many classes of boats that meet in our races—some deep and narrow, with lead keels and small area of canvas, and others of broad and shallow proportions and large area of canvas.

We quoted the Seawanhaka Y. C. rule in our issue of April 12.

Mr. Baden-Powell is evidently right in his conjecture that large displacement and small sail area will be the result. This will encourage good modelling and insure good sea-going qualities, if the design is properly calculated and balanced. It will not at the same time give all the prizes to the man who spends the most money for lead



and canvas, as long, narrow and deep boats with any quantity of lead will pay for their ability to carry more canvas than those ballasted in a manner which will leave them ships to start with, and ballasted in such a manner that the ballast can be removed for the purpose of lightening their hulls for repairs, or in the case of grounding where it is not pleasant to stop.

The boat with statical stability alone will be heard no more of, as yacht owners will soon be tired of having for their sails and crews if they cannot have accommodation somewhat equal to the cost of maintaining such flat iron types of model.

Mr. Baden-Powell's remarks about ketch rig versus yawl rig, scarcely call for comment further than our protesting against advising any more hideous rig than the yawl rig being supplanted by the ketch rig. If a man is afraid of his boat's stability, let him put a cutter where it blows hard and the sea is rough, and keep her under command until he gets the trysail out, or, if he wants to save the expense of an extra hand, let him let her go. Wind will spoil his cutter by rigging her a yawl, but a ketch rig belongs to traders, not yachts.

To do away with these wretched rigs it would be best to rate any rig a cutter if she was not over fifty feet on the water line. Mr. Baden-Powell writes as follows:

"Since it was announced, a week ago, that the first step had been taken toward taxing sail area, many bright visions have been enjoyed by those who, so to speak, inhabit the yacht racing world. The fantastic nature of some of these visions is simply appalling. With one it is the solemn funeral of the whole yawl family; with another, the glorious descent to warmer regions of those spar-breaking spirits, jib-topalls; while with a third, the 'dead March' of the 'Dead March,' especially arranged for the condemned 'lead mines'."

"That a rating by sail area—L.W. length, may, and probably will, have a beneficial effect on racing is scarcely open to question. The precise result of such a rating—in regard to its effect on construction, equipment, and performance—can only be asserted on conjecture. Apart from any possible injury to the character of the sport, any particular rig, probably the straightest conjecture is that such a rule will foster large displacement, small sail area, and moderate ballast (using the last two terms adversely, as in comparison with the present forecast, under the tonnage rule, of extraordinary displacement and lead keels; not by any means that it will place 'duffers' on a footing with 'crackles'; the main advantage of the latter performance can do that, for those who are unsportsmanlike enough to 'enjoy' witnessing such farces or to benefit by them."

"The question of rig allowance will, of course, be carefully reconsidered. Under the racing rules up to the present time success has chiefly been gained by 'setting every stitch of canvas to meet the freshening wind,' and, in consequence, many owners of lead to keep every stitch of canvas drawing. But will not the effect of the proposed rating rather incline our hearts to set less canvas, and perhaps to carry less lead? If so, we at once come to those yaws. A yawl's sail area is generally about the same as a cutter's. What she leaves off her mainsail and topsail she puts on in her mizzen. Now a very small reduction of the jib and slight increase of fore-foot will keep the balance of center of effort and center of lateral resistance right, so as to permit the reduction of the mizzen and its spars to 'sweet-by' size, is such a rig—which is practically a snug cutter—to receive both a yawl's allowance and also allowance for smallness of area? From a seaman's point of view, I have always had an aversion to the 'yawl' rig, and naturally dread giving a bad rig benefits which may tend to foster its being, and cause it to increase and multiply. But the sailing at a certain tonnage, and under the existing racing rules, the yawl rig, if not a necessary evil, is, at any rate a successful evil; a 30 or 40-ton cutter's main boom is not a pleasant size of stick to play with, and at say 25 tons of modern construction—well, the sooner she's turned into a schooner or yawl (for racing) the better for life, limb and peace of mind, and probably for success. But the same information is the small yawl, why she should be pandered to, and encouraged by a time allowance for 'inferiority' of rig. I can't imagine; it is said that it's a snigger rig, but what has that to do with racing? It cannot be said of her, that as a cutter her boom would be dangerously large and unmanageable. If, however, it is acknowledged to be an inferior rig, why should it be pandered to by racing?"

"The really snug and useful rig for cruising is the 'ketch,' a thoroughly seaman-like rig. Why should not a ketch boat have an allowance, intermediate between a yawl and a schooner's allowance, or even a schooner's allowance?"

"If 'inferior' rigs are to be patronized by a time allowance for 'inferiority,' in the classes of 30 tons and under, then certainly create the 'ketch' class with a suitable allowance, and in a short time, no seaman would be found owning a yawl."

"But the important question now is—if racers are to be rated, for time allowance, by sail area  $\times$  length, must not the minimum area of mizzen, compared to an area of mainsail, be a yardstick for the sail to mainsail in a schooner, be clearly defined? If not, 'sail area coupled with rig allowance' will soon produce, at all tonnages, especially in the small classes, 'schooners' with a dandy rig and a small plan, but with a small 'sweet-by' foremast and foresail; and 'yaws' carrying the smallest apologies for mizzen."

"In my opinion the yawl's mizzen should not be less than a quarter of her mainsail area; the 'ketch's' dandy not less than one-third of her mainsail; and the schooner's foresail not less than half her mainsail."

"Yaws, ketches and schooners of under 30 tons' measurement, should receive the 'rig allowance' only when competing in 'cruising' or 'ocean' matches; of course, 'inland' races for 30 tons and upward must be tolerated, though the arbitrary allowance between rigs creates no true test of relative speed in different states of wind and sea. Class racing should be by all means 'done by the yard'—'fancy' allowances for supposed inferiorities, the prizes should go to 'perfection,' not to 'imperfection.'"

"The proposed rating by sail area, multiplied by length on the load line, will not be far off being a 'rating by stability'; it is as simple a rule as could well be put forward, and, at any rate, is well worth trial; curves of stability and data as to netting and construction of the racing yachts and 'fast cruisers' would produce more accurate results, and perhaps satisfy theorists; but for practical and quick working at regattas, the simple sail and length rule is the best."

"It must, however, be borne in mind that this 'rating' rule is only put forward for the purposes of time allowance at present, and the suggestion is accompanied by a recommendation to continue the rating by tonnage rule. If the rule is freely utilized during this season, ample data will be at hand to guide in the consideration of its future status—whether as a time allowance indicator only, or as the rule of classification or power gauge."

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#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—(Continued.)

F. LAKE, Minn.—Can you give me a few hints for catching salmon said to have been planted in Minnesota lakes? Should I fish deep and in what month? Ans. If the fish are there they should rise to the fly in June or July, or you might try trolling for them in deep water if the waters about the shores are warm.

M. L., New York.—I. Can you tell me of a good place to go fresh water fishing, within 25 or 30 miles of New York City? 2. What kind of fish will there be at the Fishing Banks in May, and what is the best time of year to go there? Ans. Go to Long Island straits. Perch can be taken in Croton Lake. After June 1 you can take black bass in Greenwood Lake. 2. Porgies will be on the Banks in May, but not as plentiful as a month later. The fishing is usually good there all the summer.

A. J., New York.—Will you kindly let me know if it is impossible to drown a fish when it is in the water on a line? Ans. If a fish is towed behind a boat, after it is tired and cannot keep its mouth open, I think that it would be drowned. Ordinarily a fish is reeled in exhausted, but not drowned. We think it possible to drown a fish under the conditions named, because the breathing apparatus is so weak that on the action of the gill covers, which open and close with the mouth.

GUY FLINTS, Norwich, Conn.—"J. A. S." asks for gun flints. I have a flint-lock gun that was carried in the war of 1812 that is in good order yet. A few years ago the gun and a handful of flints came into my possession. If "J. A. S." will send me his address and a stamp to prepay postage, I will send him a couple. I tried the old gun on woodcock once, but found it rather slow for snip-shooting, but I did manage to kill one, the bird going straight from me.

J. R. TRACY.

C. R. W., Halesy, Idaho.—Suppose two gun barrels are identical in respect to material, gauge, and style of bore; with the exception that one barrel is 30 inches long and the other 32. Will the 32-inch barrel shoot better, or throw shot a greater distance? Ans. The 32-inch barrel, like charges to be used in both. Ans. Practically there may be difference; for actual service in the field one gun will do just as well as the other, the 32-inch barrel will have a slight advantage over the shorter one. A charge suited to the shorter barrel will also practically do for the larger one.

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15. Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains, &c.	25
16. Fever and Ague, Chills, Fever, Ague, &c.	25
17. Piles, Inland or Bleeding, &c.	25
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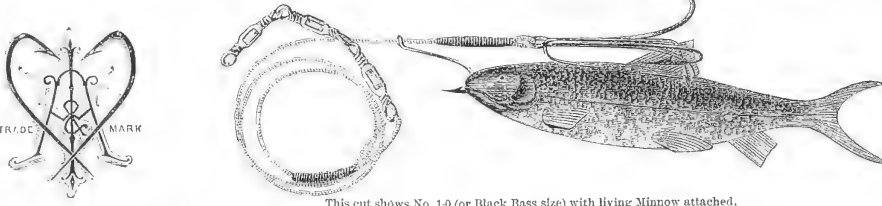
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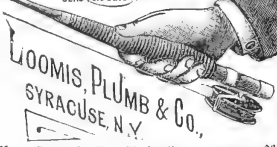
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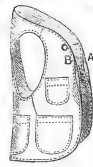
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# FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. {  
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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## SELECTING THE TEAM.

ON Monday morning next, at Creedmoor, will open the series of four competitions which are to determine who shall make up the American team of 1883. The general preliminary conditions of those test shoots are already well known through the notices which have been sent out calling upon riflemen to compete. The committee in charge have fixed an admirable working plan for each day's work, and every precaution has been taken that the shoots shall be scrupulously fair to each contestant. On each day the six ranges will be fired over, seven shots per man at each. There may be practice up to 10 o'clock, but none from that time until the opening of the competition at half-past 10. Then the men will be called to the firing place by lot, two at a time, and fire through their seven rounds alternately. No one except the scorer will be permitted within twenty-five feet of the firing point, and it will thus be a test of individual merit of the most exacting sort. Fair weather is to be hoped for, and then with these scores before them there ought to be no difficulty in determining who are the most available men to put into the team ranks.

It is imperative that no time be lost in having a captain selected to head the team, so that practice on a sensible working basis may be at once proceeded with. Time is short, and while the shooting thus far this season has been most encouraging, yet it is idle to suppose that victory at Wimbledon will be ours unless to that individual ability be added the strength which comes from a united front against the dangers of tricky winds and shifting lights. Luckily, there is to be no experimenting on ammunition by each man for himself; that senseless proceeding has been cut off and uniformity on this very important point was assured from the very start. The Americans have been granted a very important concession from the original conditions in the use

of the windgauge, and the absurdity of having a match fully a decade behind the times will not be repeated as in 1882. British conservatism has been broken down to this extent, and it now remains to be seen whether or not our team can secure a winning score. If defeat comes, then it is difficult to see where another match is to come from. With the return of a victorious American team there ought to be no trouble in keeping up a series of international shoots.

The forlorn hope of a victory which many of those who watch rifle practice here indulged in last year has changed to a very fair prospect of a successful trip this year. With shooting appliances greatly improved, the men have shown a steadiness which augurs very well for an excellent result. It is now merely a question of individual merit and a long, strong pull together. The rifle will do everything which can reasonably be expected. It is not one whit behind the English weapon, so that the question now is whether the twenty odd years of persistent drill and practice before the butts which each member of the British team will have enjoyed can be overcome by the pluck, intelligence and hard work of the American. With a good team system put into play we feel safe in looking for an American victory.

## THE RIGHT MEN FOR THE PLACE.

THE interesting relation of his Arctic adventures narrated in FOREST AND STREAM by Lieut. Fred'k Schwatka, teaches more than one lesson. One of the most important of these is in strong confirmation of the views set forth by our correspondent, Mr. J. C. Hughes, in our issue of June 29, 1882. In this communication the author called attention to the folly of placing the attempts to reach the high northern latitudes wholly in the hands of men who by education are unfitted for a struggle against adverse circumstances on land. He says:

In connection with Arctic expeditions that have from time to time been undertaken by various countries, one especial feature has always presented itself to my mind. It has always appeared to me that the expeditions have not been composed of the right kind or stamp of men, and I have always, when reading the journals of any expedition that has fallen under my notice, been strongly impressed with the belief that, had the members of the expeditions referred to been composed of a different class of individuals, much better results would have been obtained, and much suffering and, in many cases, loss of valuable life avoided. My idea is that each Arctic expedition should include a certain proportion of a class of men commonly known as North American trappers, who for a trip of this nature possess certain qualities eminently fitting them to assist in undertakings of this kind.

Were seamen not among the bravest of the brave, they would naturally shrink from undertaking a voyage that at any time is liable to be changed to a land or ice march, when all their nautical lore and experience does not tell for much, and perhaps be thrown upon a land trip in an inhospitable country where to save their lives might be a matter that would tax the abilities and best efforts of even the very natives of the country, who, notwithstanding a life of study of the various contrivances possible to be accomplished, have often sufficient to do to eke out a scanty subsistence during the long and dreary winters of northern latitudes.

Reverse the position and place men of the type of Kit Carson, Daniel Boone, Joe Meek and other prominent trappers, at sea in a vessel of the best class, equipped and fitted with all the appliances that science could suggest and money procure; leave them to their own devices, and what would they make of the situation? Go still further, place them at a moment's warning in mid ocean in a ship's boat with scanty supply of provisions, insufficient supply of water, and what would they accomplish, or be expected to accomplish under such circumstances? And yet the hardy and intrepid navigator cast upon the ice is placed in almost as bad a situation in many ways as the landsmen would be in the former mentioned case.

One very noticeable circumstance is apparent to readers of the various narratives of all former expeditions, and this is, that to such men as Eschberg or Esquimaux Joe, who accompanied Capt. C. F. Hall, were due the salvation of the party, who, unaided by their efforts, would have surely perished by starvation, while Hans and Petersen, in the voyages of Kane and Hayes, showed no less prominence in their admirable fitness as members of a northern expedition. Indeed the annals of all the different exploring voyages team with abundant evidences of the necessity of incorporating men of different classes in parties of the kind alluded to.

While reading Strain's narrative of the trip across the Isthmus of Darien, which terminated so disastrously to several of the party, I could not help being struck with the disadvantages he labored under for want of practical men as a component part of the command, for, while they were traversing a country having considerable game, the rivers of which affording a generous supply of fish, although provided with arms and ammunition, they were unable to secure enough food for their maintenance, and while possessing personal bravery, indomitable courage, ability to encounter and endure great hardships, a large portion of the command died from hunger, after the loss of their single and only fish hook. Had such men as I have mentioned been attached to the party, how long would it have taken them to make other fish hooks out of their guns or gun carriages, bones, etc.? The knowledge that a piece of wood or bone, pointed at both ends, tied by the middle to a line, and when baited, laid alongside or parallel

to the line, but when swallowed by a fish and a sharp twitch given would become a toggle fastened in the fish's gullet or maw, and consequently with gross feeding fish, such as catfish and others inhabiting tropical waters, becomes one of the most efficient fish hooks to be had, might have been the means of saving the entire party. Spears, catfish, nets, traps and other appliances would have been within the scope of such men, who would have needed nothing but the wood that grew on the banks of the streams and an ordinary knife to fashion them into appliances for the capture of fish and game. Many of the animals of North America being nocturnal in their habits, seldom offer an opportunity to mankind to secure food by shooting them, but traps, when set by experienced trappers, meet the difficulty and supply food and clothing obtained by no other means.

Nobody ever makes a trip, takes a hunt with, or remains in the company of an experienced hunter and trapper, without learning new wrinkles and contrivances. Books do not treat of forest lore as they do of other sciences. The only place to obtain education in this branch is the school of experience, and the study is of such magnitude that it is never completed. Necessity being the mother of invention, perhaps there is no other class of men who are so often placed in positions requiring success ability to adapt themselves to circumstances; hence the value of their services in all matters requiring prompt measures, decision, and capacity to make the best of the situation. How important it is, therefore, that the very best material should be selected for all such hazardous undertakings as Arctic explorations.

How many men of even average intelligence can procure fire without matches? and when procured, does it strike one man out of a thousand, when needing fire for warmth at night (clothing being insufficient), that the proper plan is to build two or more fires, and lie down between them and thus almost do away with the necessity for blankets at all? No, it does not; but he builds one big fire that he can't get near, if fuel be plenty, and the unfortunate person presents the unhappy condition of being nearly roasted on one side, while being nearly frozen on the other, and after various feats of ground and lofty tumbling, morning returns to find him more tired than when lying down the night previous. Many other examples of the devices, contrivances and shifts appertaining to a knowledge of forest life might be introduced here as illustrative of the correctness of the theory involved in this article, but those mentioned will perhaps suffice.

There are representative men of the class spoken of who will leave the settlements, make a trip through an uninhabited region (occupying months in duration) alone, and live well and be clad warmly, no matter how rigorous the season or inclement the weather, where to a party provided with a much better outfit such a journey would simply mean death by starvation, unless some of the party were skilled in the mysteries of woodcraft. The one would live, so to speak, upon the fat of the land; the others would scarcely see a bird or beast on the trip.

It is enough in all reason to send out men who are willing not only to brave the dangers of the seas with which they are acquainted, without endangering their valuable lives in a land or ice march of which they must, from the condition of their past lives, know little or nothing.

It may be said that the natives of the country are the best persons to be had in the capacity of guides, hunters and auxiliaries. This is decidedly wrong, the argument being good to a limited degree only. The white race the world over is superior as a class to any other; they are better skilled in the use of firearms, means of travel, endurance, and in many other ways. What a white trapper would learn in a few days in Greenland would enable him to discount the average native in anything except perhaps the management of a kayak or something of like nature. Then there is a moral courage that is associated with education and intelligence, that frequently is of the utmost importance, which in matters requiring decision of character and judgment, more than makes up for a large amount of physical courage, since superstition, going hand in hand with ignorance, renders the uneducated native of very little account in many affairs.

The heroism of seamen is too well understood to need any praise, but from the very conditions of their education and training, it is apparent at once that they are at a great disadvantage when forced to face on land a condition of things which might appal even the natives themselves. They are not accustomed, as are the trapper and mountain men of the West, to depend for their comfort, and even life, on the country and its indigenous animals. They know nothing of the game and fish, nor of its habits, and so may starve in the midst of plenty. That landsmen, and especially those brought up in the rough school of the mountain and forest, would add inconceivable strength to any Arctic expedition is very clear.

If I remember the story of the hardships and dangers undergone by the early explorers of America, we see an analogous condition of things; the early Spanish and French explorers in Florida and the South, though passing through a country swarming with game and abounding with fruits and vegetables, often starved to death, or only relieved their wants by robbing the Indians of their maize.

How different is the case in the last Franklin search expedition. Lieut. Schwatka and his men lived on the country, adapted themselves to the customs of the natives, took lessons from them in hunting, house building, dog driving and a dozen other subjects, and really underwent little or no suffering. This shows very clearly what can be done by men thrown on their own resources, who take advantage of every circumstance, even in the frightful climate of the extremest north.

The article from which we have quoted has been exten-

sively copied throughout the country, without any credit to the author, however, and upon the text thus furnished a number of sermons of considerable length have been preached. The closing articles of Lieut. Schwatka's series make a reference to it, at this time very appropriate.

Although the U. S. Government has in no way recognized Mr. Schwatka's important services in the Arctic, other nations have been more appreciative. The French Geographical Society has awarded him the triennial gold medal for Arctic exploration. This honor has fallen three times before to Americans, Dr. Kane, Dr. I. I. Hayes and Captain Hall having each received it. It is interesting to note that this medal was awarded to Mr. Schwatka over Professor Nordenskjöld. As has been well said, the only order Schwatka had conferred upon him by a grateful republic was an order to join his regiment.

#### ADIRONDACK SURVEY NOTES.

##### XVII.—YOUNG FROGS.

IN Harrigan's play of "McSorley's Inflation" when the hero of the piece wants the nomination for corner and addresses a meeting of colored men, he says: "When the learned gentleman who spoke last came from Africa—" and when the whole meeting rises to smite him, he exclaims: "Hould on, gentlemen; it is not of the gentleman himself that I'm speaking, but of his pra-historic progenyators." So it is not of the frogs themselves that I propose to write this time, but of their "pra-historic progenyators," the tadpoles.

Whether you call the larval frog a tadpole or a polywog, for the names vary in different places, it is a queer fellow. What round, well-fet punches they have, and what an innocent look beams from their eyes, and how they wiggle off in schools from the warmest water they can find near the shores when you approach. A serious-minded person once asked me: "What is the difference between a tadpole and a polywog?" I answered him that it was a disputed point among naturalists; that one school held that the animal was a tadpole only in its first few days, while it had external gills; another, that it was a polywog for some months, until the legs sprouted and the tail began to shorten, and then it arrived at the tadpole stage, but that the latest authority, the learned Rona Palustris, held that the tadpole was the male and Miss Polly the female. This left him room to ponder on differences and to practice some original investigation.

One day I was down by the outlet of a pond with a landing net collecting small fishes, and among the weeds and other things there were some tadpoles at every haul. They were remarkably fine ones, and in the hope of finding a specimen far advanced toward froghood, I sat down and looked them over. Some boys came down to see what was going on. They were bright little fellows, full of questions about everything around them, and of course they wanted to know about the polywogs. I never could find it in my heart to guy a boy of that kind. Bless them, if their minds would always remain as bright, and their love of nature always cling to them, how happy they would be. So I gathered them all around me to tell them about the tadpoles, when one opened the subject with, "Now, honestly, Mr. M., are these polywogs really and truly young frogs?" "Yes, really and truly; they are young frogs. See! here is one that has its legs already visible under the skin." They could not quite make it out, however, and with a scalpel I removed the skin and showed them a rudimentary limb. That roused their desire to know all about them, and I was led into a lecture on the subject, and had a most attentive class, for the boy is always a naturalist, and only by the withering touch of "business" does he lose his taste for natural history. This is what I told them:

In April the frog lays her eggs in the water. They are surrounded by a jelly-like substance and all hang together, making a bunch often three times as large as the frog that laid them. They float among the weeds, usually near shore, and hatch in a week or ten days. The green scum that you see on the water, and which is called by many "frog spawn" and "frog spittle" is a vegetable growth with which the frog has no connection, except that it grows in the water where he lives. When the eggs hatch the larval frog is shaped much as these tadpoles are, but the gills are outside of the neck; they are afterward inclosed by the outer skin which closes around them, leaving this little opening for the water to pass out. The change from a caterpillar to a butterfly is not more wonderful than the change from a tadpole to a frog. The whole structure is changed. A frog is a lung-breathing animal that was formerly classed with the reptiles, but is now, with the tritons, salamanders, toads, etc., in the class Batrachia. These are all cold-blooded vertebrates whose nearest relatives are the fishes, and whose young are all tadpoles. Now there is no definition of a fish which can exclude a tadpole, and we only deny that it is a fish because we know that it comes from a batrachian egg and will in time change to that higher class. It has a fin, as you see, all around its tail; it has a skin like some fishes, and now you see where I have laid its head open there are beautiful gills. You may have heard people say "a tadpole grows some legs, his tail drops off, and he is a frog." That is all true except the tail part, this is absorbed, not shed. The tail is of great use to the tadpole, but the frog is a good swimmer without it, and it would be a great waste of material to throw away the tail after grow-

ing it to such a size. The fact is, that the tadpole first sprouts a small pair of hindlegs, then the forelegs appear and the tail begins to shorten. After this, the little sucking mouth which you see in the tadpole, which is formed for sucking the slime from plants and the flesh from dead fishes, begins to change into the broad mouth of the frog, which is better adapted to catching insects. These are the external changes which any careless observer may note, but more wonderful changes are going on inside. The gills are also being absorbed, and a little pair of lungs are growing, and at first the adolescent frog comes up to the surface and takes a mouthful of air just to try his new lungs and strengthen them. In time the gills are gone, and he can breathe the air at any time. The intestines are changed from this great convoluted mass, suited to a vegetable diet, to a shorter arrangement, better fitted to a carnivorous menu. So you see, boys, there is more in the growth of a tadpole than you thought for, and if you will only watch the growth and habits of all living things, you will not only be interested, but will better understand your own life.

The boys showed the greatest interest in the dissection and the explanations and will never forget the lesson. No doubt they will instruct other boys in the beautiful changes that are going on in the larval frog and teach them to see beauty even in a polywog.

I have been tempted to write out this incident because I have found boys of sixty years old who have been fishing all their lives who knew no more of tadpoles than the class I found that July day on the shores of Clear Pond. They had a tradition that a tadpole became a frog, somehow, and they believed, but never absolutely knew it, because they never took the trouble to keep some specimens and note the change. They were content to take the word of others that the change was made, but only had an indefinite idea that to grow legs and lose the tail was all that was requisite. Some of these jolly old boys, I hope, will be glad to know what I told the young boys who were my students for half an hour, and whom I hope to meet again with an increased appetite for knowledge of nature and of the "pra-historic progenyators" of frogs.

F. M.

THE "WINTER TALKS ON SUMMER PASTIMES," which were contributed to our columns by the late George Dawson, have been collected into book form, and are published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

### NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY LIEUT. FRED'K SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

#### VI.—Dogs and Dog-Sledging—Part One.

I DOUBT very much if there is a domestic animal in the world that is so essential to the welfare of a people as the dog is to the natives of the north, especially those of the American Arctic. It is their horse for drawing vehicles, their mule for packing their effects, their hunting dog for the chase—and by the chase alone do they subsist—and in case of great extremity the bitter morsel by which they avert starvation.

"How large are the Esquimaux dogs?" is a question I have been asked more than a score of times for every Esquimaux dog I have ever seen. I always answer that they are about the size of a rook. There is a general impression among people of the temperate zone that these dogs are a distinct breed, and that a description of any one taken here or there would, with very slight modifications, serve for any. The Esquimaux dogs are about as distinct a breed as the breed of cats at home, although a far more useful animal in every respect. There is a sort of general similarity in their pointed, wolfish ears (if they have not had them broken in wrangles over food, as the great proportion of those that I have seen in North Hudson's Bay seem to have) and in their shaggy coats of warm hair. But, after all, I have seen them when full grown of all sizes, from a small pointer to a small Newfoundland, and with coats as shaggy and beautiful as the latter and again as coarse and straight as the veriest mongrel; while one may have a muzzie like a fox and another a mug like a bulldog, although the latter is rare and a medium between the two very common. A dog painter visiting the Arctic would have to bring every color that he had ever used with all the combined breeds at home, while one who trains these animals would find enough variety of dispositions to exercise the brain of a genius. So different are their sizes that the native dog-driver generally has a harness for each, and he always knows its assignment when the dogs are hitched up in the morning for the day's work, as the collar of one that would pull his ears as it was put on might be almost too large for the shoulders of some little runt that had been dwarfed in his puppyhood by too good or bad treatment.

The big dogs lord it over the smaller ones in a thousand disagreeable ways, although their pugnacious insolence does not always reward them with the best to be had. If in the way of food the morsels be made very small, the active little fellows will be almost sure to get the greater part of it, for the very first reception of food among a number of them is a tussle among the belligerents, in which the conservative reap the harvest. This the native dog-driver knows, and as his partiality is all toward those that do the most work—that is the big fellows—such distributions are not very common. Another source of common annoyance to the little dogs and the masters of both, is when the snow-house is completed, and its long passageway of snow blocks has been built, and the little ones crawl into it for the night's rest, in which they are usually not disturbed by the larger dogs unless a storm comes up and then they are sure to want this protected berth, and walk in to take it on the general principle that "might makes right." A fight of course ensues, for even the small dogs, knowing the inevitable result, feel that they can hardly give up such a warm berth without some show of rights. The result is that the snow block closing the igloo door is generally knocked in, and

the inmates, or some one of them, gets up, stick in hand, and with vigorous blows clears the passage of all dogs, without regard to "age, sex or color." This is repeated at interesting intervals throughout the night if it continue stormy.

FOREST AND STREAM, that the well-trained Esquimaux dog never barks in the presence of game, and in fact, seldom barks at all; but it must not be inferred thereby that they are not a noisy race. Their half-starved condition keeps them in a chronostate of belligerency, growing and fighting over everything that bears even a resemblance to food. During the night, especially those cold, bright, moonlight ones so common in the Arctic winter, they will frequently favor you with a prolonged howl, that makes sleep almost impossible. The native driver, awakened by the fearful din, may attempt to suppress it by sharply shouting *Yuger! Yuger!* at the top of his histenterian voice. This in the small closed igloo sounds not unlike a 15-inch gun in a turret, and one feels like the small boy that would rather have the chills than take the chologogue. They are particularly prone to these midnight revels when tied up, a course which it is necessary to pursue in the early autumn to prevent them scampering after the reindeer that may be grazing nearby, and driving them away. At this time they are muzzled, so that their howling noise may not frighten the game, and unless some very energetic canine liberates himself, the sleepy man may have comparative quiet.

Every time they are harnessed to the sledge, the first crack of the whip to start is a signal for what might be called in frontier parlance "a free fight." The first dog struck makes a belligerent spring for his nearest neighbor, who in turn retaliates on the next, and so on until, like the proverbial row of upright bricks, they are all down in a matted mass of hair, harness, and howls, which the native driver at once proceeds to unravel with the butt end of his whip. Having taken their preliminary "bitters," they are then ready for a serious start and trot along the rest of the day in a manner worthy of Baranov's happy family.

There are in general a most unmerciful nuisance. Two or three heads can always be seen closing the igloo ready to steal anything eatable that may be left unwatched for a moment, and then ensue a noisy wrangling over the capture which generally ends in some big aggressive dog, which, by the way, has not risked getting his head broken at the igloo entrance, walking off with the spoils, unless speedily recaptured by the inmates, which in case of eatables, unless made to get up once or twice during the night, will make quite small igloos, just large enough to hold everybody when properly "spooned," and store all the harness, meat, and so forth, in as small an igloo as possible alongside. When everybody has retired the dogs commence their engineering to get the contents, scratching away as if for dear life, until a punther-like yell from the native driver frightens them away; but he is very lucky indeed if he is not compelled to get up once or twice during the night and repair some damage they have done. This can be forestalled by pouring water on the snow, converting it into ice, but with the careless indifference so characteristic of the Esquimaux, they seldom do this until the dogs have demolished several small store igloos and stolen their edible contents. When one reflects that these animals are only fed every other day even when there is plenty of food for them, and oftentimes only get a few scraps of food, if any, for a day, it is not very full, their voracious ferocity is easily understood.

On King William's Land at one time, the dogs of Henry's party returning from Terror Bay to Gladman Point, were seven days without food, doing hard work all the time; the party itself, meanwhile, being nearly three days without anything to eat. I have known them to eat sole-leather, pistol holsters, canvas gun-covers, all-cloth clothes, birch rope, cloth saturated with grease, and on route to Back's River had them devour a pair of India-rubber overshoes that I was depending upon for summer wear, as if their consciences were not sufficiently elastic without them. We had been fortunate in securing a few reindeer while returning homeward along Back's River, most of which we found well inland from the river, and it was also this fact, added to many other reasons not of a sporting character, that induced two weeks of our five-hundred-mile journey. The supply of reindeer meat, with the rapidly disappearing fish that we had bought of the Esquimaux at the mouth of the river, gave the poor dogs but few scanty meals, which, coupled with the razor-edged weather in the depth of an Arctic winter, told terribly upon them, and before we had left the river we had lost one fine dog, and so drained the vitality out of the rest that we increased the mortality to two weeks of our five-hundred-mile journey. It was pitiable, indeed, to be compelled to notice the silent sufferings of these faithful companions as they slowly fell by the wayside, with a seeming devotion as if this sacrifice was self-imposed to aid as much as possible on our uncomfortable journeyings.

Ravenous as they are, tearing everything to pieces not actually wood or iron, or raiding fearlessly into the igloos in quest of food, they are faithful protectors of their human companions, not even once attempting to harm the little children who wander innocently among them, pelting them with toy whips, when half an hour afterward they would be savagely tearing a dead starved companion, limb from limb, to secure the hide, which was nearly all that was left of him. Every time one of the party entered the igloo they wedged themselves in along with him, so tightly that it was almost impossible to move, hoping the fierce steel snow stroy more or less, and when outside every motion made was intently watched, and if it bore a resemblance to giving them anything eatable, they would make a rush that would pile the pack around you in a most alarming-looking but harmless way, until something else drew their attention in another direction. 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appendage or arm hanging down into the water, which, from his acquaintance with the squid, he concluded to be that of the squid, being probably the only one left after the rest had perished or been devoured.

Such was likewise the opinion of a navigator of much experience and long observation in the scenery of the North Atlantic then on board, who remarked that the corrupting lump was intolerably fetid and offensive to man, and would, if the luge was suffered to run against it, impregnate her with the foulness and stench for the whole voyage. She was accordingly kept to the windward for the purpose of avoiding it, but the smell was, notwithstanding, extremely nauseous and disgusting.

On conversing with mariners in the White Sea, such occurrences were spoken of by them as too common to excite much attention or any doubt.

Afterward, while at Drontheim, in Norway, Capt. N. discoursed with practical men concerning things of this kind. The prevailing idea was that such drifting lumps were by no means uncommon; that they were bodies or fragments of huge squids; that these were sometimes borne away by the Madroster current, and engulfed and dashed to pieces by its whirlpools, and thus these broken trunks and limbs sometimes cast on shore and sometimes tossed about on the sea.

It is supposed that squids and whales inhabit the same tracks of ocean, because the former furnishes food for the latter, at least for the caracalots, orca, and other toothed and voracious species.

## SPRING BIRDS OF NEBRASKA.

BY A. HALL.

32. Common Crow—*Corvus frugilegus* Bartr.—This species is a very shy bird in Ohio, but here it is quite tame, and takes but little notice of man. They are often seen following the plow like blackbirds.

33. American Magpie—*Picus varius ludovicianus* (Cah.) Ridg.—An irregular visitor. I am told that they were quite common years ago, but now they are rarely seen in this vicinity.

34. Blue Jay—*Cyanocitta cristata* (L.) Strickl.—This species is rare in this vicinity, but once seen, April 30.

35. Kingbird—*Tyrannus carolinensis* Bd.—Common; breeds. Arrives.

36. Arkansas Flycatcher—*Tyrannus verticalis* Say.—Saw this species in open prairie, perched upon weeds, watching for their insect prey. Habits like the preceding, but not so common.

37. Say's Pewee—*Sayornis sayi* Bd.—Saw this species only on wooded streams. It was very shy and I was able to procure but one specimen.

38. Night Hawk—*Chordeiles papilio hergei* Cass.—The night hawk is exceedingly abundant here. I have counted upward of fifty at one time as they were darting about in the air catching insects. When perching, this species sits lengthwise of a limb, generally roosting upon a tree, while the whip-poor-will roosts upon a log or the ground. These two species are often confounded, but are distinguishable by the conspicuous white wing bars of the night hawk. This variety, *hergei*, is lighter and grayer on the back than its eastern representative, but there are no other marked differences. It nests in the ground, and lays but two eggs.

39. Belted Kingfisher—*Ceryle alcyon* (L.) Boie.—Common, breeding upon suitable streams of the West. Nests in a hole in bank, excavated by the bird. Eggs pure white.

40. Hair Woodpecker—*Picus rufinus* L.—A regular migrant, but not abundant. Specimens taken.

41. Red-headed Woodpecker—*Melanerpes erythrocephalus* (L.) Sw.—Not uncommon in spring. I saw no woodpeckers in this vicinity until April.

42. Golden-winged Woodpecker—*Colaptes auratus* (L.) Sw.—Abundant. Breeds.

43. Hybrid Woodpecker—*Colaptes hybridus* Baird.—Abundant in company with preceding. Examined several specimens. The one now before me has red maxillary patch (black feathers hardly noticeable), wings and tail underneath, yellow orange, shafts reddish. I may be wrong in placing this as a distinct species. Would like to hear from some one upon the subject.

44. Red-headed Woodpecker—*Colaptes auratus* Sw.—This species is rather rare here, but I succeeded in taking an undoubted specimen of this species.

45. Great Horned Owl—*Bubo virginianus* Gm.—One specimen taken. I think its occurrence here accidental, as there is no heavy timber suitable for breeding.

46. Short-eared Owl—*Isio asperipennis* Pall.—Resident and abundant. Breeds in May. Nest in hole of willow stub, fifteen feet from the ground, in which about two feet from the top, upon decayed wood, two white eggs were deposited. This species generally nests upon the ground in burrows.

47. Burrowing Owl—*Speotyto cunicularia hypogaea* Cs.—This species is exceedingly abundant, breeding in the burrows of the prairie dogs. On approaching one of these dog towns, you will see these little owls perched upon one of the innumerable little eminences that mark a village, standing erect upon their long legs, bowing and nodding until their breasts almost touch the ground. They are quite tame at first, and are then easily secured, but after a few shots, they become very shy and fly up out of range. I never saw them take to the holes unless wounded. I dug into several of these holes for eggs, but failed to obtain any; I succeeded in finding one, however, within a foot of the entrance of a hole. It was pure white and fresh. This was last week in May.

48. Marsh Hawk—*Circus cyaneus hudsonius* (L.) Cs.—On the great plains of the West I saw this species in great abundance; skimming about in all directions in quest of food and small birds upon which they subsist. The nest is placed upon the ground and is composed of dry weeds and grass only. The eggs are five in number, of a dull white color, with light bluish tint. Upon approaching a nest of this species the old bird flew off and crept about just above my head, uttering in rapid succession the notes *too, too, too*, and as soon as I had retired a few rods, she at once returned to her eggs. I did not remove them for several days, but visited them daily, and at each approach the same performance would be gone through with. Occasionally the female would fly off and bring her better half to the rescue, but he being a great coward kept at a respectable distance.

49. Swallow-tail Kite—*Elaenoides forficatus* Cs.—A regular visitor. While walking along Wood River one very windy day, I saw a fine specimen of this beautiful species dart into the brush and light upon a small tree, and as he sat there struggling with the wind, I easily crept to within

easy range and added another rare bird to my list. This is the only one I saw.

50. Louie Falcon—*Falco naevius* Licht.—This species is apparently not very abundant in this locality. I saw but two, and they were following up the streams. It was impossible for me to shoot one or even to get a shot. The pair I saw flew directly over my head, but before I could raise my gun they were out of range.

51. Richardson's Hawk—*Falco richardsoni* Ridg.—Not uncommon. Plumage lighter on back than its Eastern ally; no other marked difference; size about same.

52. Sparrow Hawk—*Falco sparverius* L.—Abundant. Breeds. The Ohio hawk which offers a bounty on all hawks, ought to be heeded so as not to include this beautiful and useful species. The sparrow hawk kills great numbers of mice and noxious insects, and therefore should be protected instead of being killed.

53. Saw-whet—*Ninox scintillans* Bp.—This species is very abundant. During migration, almost every tree contained one. They were quite tame, and easily approached. They do not tarry long before leaving for their breeding places in Northern Dakota and Northwest.

54. Rough-legged Hawk—*Archibuteo lagopus sancti johannis* (Gm.) Ridg.—This species is very abundant in winter, and subsists entirely upon mice, frogs and small rodents. It seldom if ever preys upon birds.

55. Porcupine Quill Hawk—*Archibuteo ferrugineus* (Licht.). Its occurrence here is accidental. One was taken near Grand Island, Neb., in winter of 1881.

56. Fish Hawk, Osprey—*Pandion haliaetus* Sav.—Not uncommon on Platte River.

57. Golden Eagle—*Aquila chrysaetos* Cuv.—An irregular visitor. I received a fine specimen of this species in the flesh, shot January, 1881, from my friend F. W. Powell.

58. Turkey Buzzard—*Cathartes aura* L.—Common. Arrives from the South early in April, and probably breeds.

59. Carolina Dove—*Zenaidura macroura* Bp.—Abundant, nesting upon the ground, on the banks of wooded streams. Found none nesting in trees.

60. Sharp-tail Grouse—*Phasianus phasianellus columbianus* Cs.—This species is no longer a resident of Northeastern Nebraska, where it once used to breed. A few winter in company with the prairie hen, breeding in North Nebraska and Dakota.

61. Pinnated Grouse—*Capidonia capido* Bd.—Abundant, and becoming more so every year, notwithstanding the destruction of thousands of eggs every year by prairie fires. I found several nests of eggs destroyed in this way.

62. Virginia Partridge—*Ortyx virginiana* Bp.—The quail, or Bob White, is quite abundant, but is confined mostly to thick wooded streams. I have, however, seen them far out upon the open prairies. They are seldom shot by the residents who say that they are too small to kill.

63. Killdeer Plover—*Epipeltis caerulea* Cass.—I was very much disappointed in not seeing more plovers. I had expected to get several species, and this is the only one of the family I saw. The killdeer arrives the last week in March, and breeds in May.

64. Avocet—*Recurvirostra americana* Gm.—My friend F. W. Powell shot a fine specimen of this species upon the Platte River, the first of the spring.

65. Wilson's Phalarope—*Scopelogadus wilsoni* Cs.—Apparently not very common. I took two specimens, male and female, which were the only ones I saw. They probably breed upon the Platte.

66. Wilson's Snipe, English Snipe—*Gallinago wilsoni* Bp.—Apparently rare in spring; but one specimen was seen on the Platte River.

67. Semipalmated Sandpiper—*Ereunetes pusillus occidentalis* Cs.—A very common migrant. I have examined several of this so-called Western semipalmated sandpipers, and I think it identical with *E. pusillus* of the East. Would like to hear from others upon this subject.

68. Least Sandpiper—*Aerotramas minutilla* Cs.—Common on Loup River, feeding upon the mud bars. When standing perfectly still upon these bars they would run around me like chickens.

69. Baird's Sandpiper—*Aerotramas bairdi* Cs.—This species arrives from the south in small flocks in April, and is the most abundant of the family.

70. Great Marbled Godwit—*Limosa fedra* Ord.—A common migrant, frequenting the sand bars of the Platte.

71. Greater Tattler—*Totanus melanoleucus* Gm.—A regular migrant; common. This species is easily identified by its long, yellow legs—hence the name. From the throat of one I took a fish three inches long.

72. Lesser Tattler—*Totanus flavipes* Gm.—Regular migrant. Common.

73. Bartramian Tattler—*Bartramia longicauda* Cs.—Commonly known as upland plover. Arrives last week in April. Breeds in May. They are very tame and are often killed by the herders with their long whips.

74. Long-billed Curlew—*Numenius longirostris* Wils.—Common on the Platte, and also upon dry places, where it feeds upon various insects. It utters a prolonged whistle that can be heard a great distance. Breeds on the Platte in June.

75. Eskimo Curlew—*Numenius borealis* L.—This species arrives upon the wheat fields in April in small flocks and is then very shy. I succeeded, however, in shooting five by getting a horse between myself and the flock and urging him sideways until within easy range.

76. Great Blue Heron—*Ardea herodias* L.—A common migrant, seen on wooded streams only.

77. Zetteren, Sandpiper—*Batrachus mugilans* Cs.—Common. Breeds in May.

78. Whooping Crane—*Grus americana* (L.) Temm.—A common migrant. While camping upon the Platte River, I had a good opportunity to watch these beautiful birds as they came in from the prairies every evening. Usually fifteen or twenty were seen together, flying close to the water's edge in single file. They would alight upon a sand bar at a distance of perhaps fifty rods from me, carefully folding their beautiful wings and strutting proudly about. This species is very shy, and impossible to take with an ordinary shotgun. I offered a bounty of five dollars apiece, but failed to secure a single specimen. The white crane arrives about the middle of March, and none are seen here after April 20.

79. Sandhill Crane—*Grus canadensis* (L.) Temm.—This species is as large as a turkey, and is especially as good eating. They seem to delight in mounting high in the air, and soaring in a manner as the turkey buzzard, uttering, as they go, a coarse, rolling, rattling note, somewhat like that of the tame pigeon, but very much louder. They breed upon the Platte in June.

100. Carolina Rail—*Porzana carolina* (L.) V.—A very rare

migrant. I saw but one specimen on the Platte. My friend, F. W. Powell, a very close observer of birds, tells me that he never saw it before.

101. Coot, Mud Hen—*Fulica americana* Gm.—Common. Breeds upon small lakes near Loup River.

102. White-fronted Goose—*Anser albifrons* Gm.—A rare migrant. One specimen was taken upon the Platte by F. W. Powell in spring of 1881.

103. Snow Goose—*Chen hyperborea* Boie.—Locally called brant. It is the most abundant of all the geese I saw upon the Platte, and the most difficult to shoot, as they fly very high and seldom come within range. As they sit upon the sand bars they look, in the distance, like huge snow banks. They leave the Platte for their northern breeding places the last week of April.

104. Canada Goose—*Bernicia canadensis* Boie.—Regular migrant, but not so common as the following. Locally called "Mississippi goose."

105. Huthins Goose—*Bernicia canadensis hutchinsii* Cs.—Same as preceding, but smaller. Hunters who make a business of shooting geese for their feathers tell me that one man has been known to kill forty in a single day with a shoulder gun. I saw hundreds of them sitting upon the ice early in March. All geese leave the Platte by the last week of April. I do not regard a spring goose as fit to eat. They are clean and taste very fishy.

106. Mallard Duck—*Anas boschas* L.—Regular migrant. A few remain to breed.

107. American Widgeon—*Mareca americana* Gm.—A regular migrant, but not common.

108. Green-wing Teal—*Querquedula carolinensis* Steph.—A common migrant, frequenting the small streams. Are considered worthless as food, being too small.

109. Blue-wing Teal—*Querquedula discolor* Steph.—A regular migrant, but not so common as the preceding.

110. Shoveler Duck—*Spatula clypeata* Boie. Saw them in company with teal. Not common.

111. Merganser—*Mergus merganser* L.—A common migrant.

112. Hooded Merganser—*Mergus ecaudatus* L.—Occasionally seen in winter, but rather rare. Mr. T. W. Powell shot a pair in the winter of 1881.

113. White Pelican—*Pelecanus erythrorhynchos* Lath.—Occasionally seen on the Platte River.

114. Herring Gull—*Larus argentatus* Bu.—A common migrant.

115. Franklin's Rosy Gull—*Chroicocephalus franklini* Rich.—Rather rare. Saw a small flock of five flying up the Platte River, which were the only ones I saw.

## THE MAINE TAXIDERMIST LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Maine Legislature of 1883 has repealed "all acts and parts of acts authorizing the appointment of taxidermists," and also Section 17 of Chap. 59 Pub. Laws of 1878. Chap. 59 relates to "game and birds," and Sect. 17 reads as follows: "The provisions of this act shall not apply to taxidermists commissioned by the Governor with the advice of the council, to take and kill birds for scientific purposes, provided they kill the birds for such purposes only."

No law has been enacted as a substitute whereby the cause of science may be legally advanced, and so far as I can learn, the only argument in favor of the repeal of this law was that it had been violated and its privileges abused. Such an argument can be applied to some of our most wise and beneficent laws, and the policy of total prohibition of reasonable privileges not only fails in practice to remedy abuse, but really aggravates and increases evils arising therefrom. Yet the obstreperous advocates of such a policy are seldom convinced, even with constantly repeated examples before them, of the fallacy of their theories. Upon such a reasoning one might advocate a perpetual close time for game, because the privileges allowed by existing laws have been, and always will be to some extent, abused; and, indeed, the constant efforts for the enactment of more rigid laws, so often urged by these advocates, for little or no practical knowledge and experience, tend toward extreme prohibition and the final abolishment of field sports or the alternative revulsion of the popular sentiment in favor of legal restrictions. In regard to this taxidermist law I may claim to have some practical knowledge, both as regards its bearing on the cause of science and the effect of the law in practice.

In the Fish and Game Commissioners' report for the year 1880 I initiated a list of fish and game law violations prosecuted during six months of that year. In that list was the following item:

"Killing song birds in June, 1880. Fines and costs paid." In this case an example was made of a taxidermist who was shooting birds during the breeding season for the sole object of selling their skins for millinery purposes. And such abuses are much more easily detected and punished by the taxidermist than by the sportsman. It is an ordinary violation of our fish and game laws. It is not possible that in a few instances there have been taxidermists' licenses issued to persons who neither practice taxidermy nor seek to attain, for themselves or others, any information or a collection of a scientific nature. This matter could easily be guarded, however, by a requirement for all appointments and licenses of taxidermists to be approved by the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game, either upon each application before appointment or upon each license to render it of effect.

Omitting those who might attempt to procure taxidermists' licenses for a fancied shield of game law violations, there are two classes of persons to whom such licenses have been issued heretofore, and by whom such would be sought (if possible to be obtained) in the future. These two classes are the professional taxidermists and the students of ornithology, the two often being combined in one.

The professional taxidermist, who, by his skill, can preserve in natural form and appearance specimens for our natural history societies or game birds for sportsmen, and by his labor add to his needed income for a maintenance, and the ornithological student who must necessarily kill birds to learn by close examination what cannot otherwise be determined. It was my pleasure to personally solicit and obtain the appointment of a non-resident of Maine as a taxidermist, one who has for several years visited certain localities here each year for the purpose of studying the birds to be each found, a gentleman known as one of the leading ornithologists of the United States. Yet this year he must abstain entirely from further pursuit of his scientific investigations of the small land birds in Maine, else render himself liable to the odium and possible penalties of violating our laws. In my catalogue of the "Birds of Maine," a taxidermist, one who has for several years visited certain localities here each year for the purpose of studying the birds to be each found, a gentleman known as one of the leading ornithologists of the United States. Yet this year he must abstain entirely from further pursuit of his scientific investigations of the small land birds in Maine, else render himself liable to the odium and possible penalties of violating our laws. In my catalogue of the "Birds of Maine," a taxidermist, one who has for several years visited certain localities here each year for the purpose of studying the birds to be each found, a gentleman known as one of the leading ornithologists of the United States. Yet this year he must abstain entirely from further pursuit of his scientific investigations of the small land birds in Maine, else render himself liable to the odium and possible penalties of violating our laws. 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birds, and among these correspondents are gentlemen of scientific attainments well known here and elsewhere. Are all these persons to be classed with poachers, absolutely prohibited by law from further observations and study of our birds, or obliged to restrict themselves to "hawks and crows?"

I have been in the habit of obtaining birds for study, often preserving their skins and skeletons, either for my own ornithological collection or for that of the Portland Natural History Society, of which I am a member. As for game, I am not loath to seek it elsewhere than in the State of Maine, but it is with reluctance that I am prohibited the continuance of the study of natural history at home. I am already an involuntary offender against the law, and am likely to be so in the future, by "having in possession" specimens of insectivorous birds.

Birds are sent to me for identification or examination, freshly killed ones as well as skins, from North, East, South and West, often from regions far beyond the limits of Maine or New England; yet now I am liable to arrest and a heavy fine for having in possession any "insectivorous" bird. What shall I do when dissection reveals to me insects in the stomach of a bird in my possession? Even the strikes or "butcher-birds," which attack canary birds if exposed in their cages at windows, and kill many of our small native birds, are insectivorous, and cannot now be killed either for scientific purposes or as a nuisance, except under the liability of heavy legal penalties. The law now stands as follows:

"No person shall kill, or have in his possession, except alive, any of the birds commonly known as larks, robins, swallows, sparrows, or orioles, or other insectivorous birds, crows and hawks excepted, under a penalty of not less than one dollar nor more than five dollars, for each of said birds killed, and the possession by any person of such dead birds shall be *prima facie* evidence that such person killed such birds." (Approved Feb. 26, 1883.)

This enactment and the repeal of the taxidermist law effect a legal prohibition, under severe liabilities, of the practical study of ornithology as applied to the larger part of our small land birds, forbids the capture or possession at any time of such birds, for any purpose whatever, and provides a penalty for shooting some of our game birds, even in the open season provided by our game laws.

Such extreme measures are to be deplored by all who have a practical interest in, or knowledge of, this subject. To the advocates of such prohibitory laws having no practical knowledge, or sympathy with, either field sports or scientific study, probably there will seem no room for regret at these recent enactments. But all better informed persons deplore such extreme and undesirable measures. As a class our farmers are always interested in the protection of little birds, yet they have sufficient intelligence to know that it is only to the scientific observations of such subjects that attention to the study of ornithology that the public generally is informed as to what birds are beneficial to agriculture, and what ones are injurious to crops. And to learn this it is necessary to kill many birds, at all seasons, and by dissections learn just what forms the food of each species in certain districts, what kinds of birds subsist upon noxious insects, what ones subsist upon grain, buds, etc., and many other facts of which a thorough knowledge has not yet been fully developed.

Even the old taxidermist law, imperfect in some respects, may be deemed preferable to the extreme laws recently enacted, if energetically enforced. The enforcement of the old taxidermist law in regard to "scientific purposes only" would alone correct many of the alleged abuses.

To those inclined to commit abuses, if there are any such among our taxidermists, this new law will barely prove even a scare-crow.

Others may hold such extreme laws in open contempt, and the large class of ornithological students, sportsmen and others taking a practical interest in birds, who feel under a moral restraint and strive to respect our laws, will be the ones to suffer by being deprived of favorite pursuits.

Let our birds be protected by practical laws, such as can be enforced. Such laws should be framed with all the liberality consistent with the object in view, and then will be supported by the public, both in sentiment and deeds.

I would suggest to all interested in the subject that active steps be taken toward remedying this matter as it now stands by presenting a bill for enactment at the special session of our Legislature next August. Provision should be made for the appointment of taxidermists as heretofore, and it might be well to provide that all such appointments should be based upon the recommendation of the committee of officers of some natural history society incorporated in this State. A clause prohibiting the taking of moose, caribou, deer, woodcock, grouse, quail, dusky ducks, woodpeckers and Barmian sandpipers, or "upland plover," for any purpose whatever, except during the times allowed by the current game laws of the State, would be a guard against attempts to shoot game under false pretenses. A well-drawn law properly presented to our Legislature by some one thoroughly informed on the subject would probably be readily enacted.

EVERETT SMITH.

PORTLAND, Maine, April 28, 1888.

## HOW SNAKES SWALLOW.

**S**PEAKING of snakes and their elastic throat capacity, it occurs to me that sixty years as naturalist and half a century as taxidermist would not be likely bring several points of interest under an eye not totally blind. By practice a man will get or stand motionless longer than he can at first believe possible, and it is only when this art is acquired that animal life is fully over-reached. They seem to recognize life in a great measure only by motion.

I have had a creature touch my boat with his nose and pass on only a little suspicious. I have had a humming bird land on a branch within a foot of my own nose for half a minute looking me squarely in the eye, and as I did not even wink, return to flowers within an arm's length, with the very proper conclusion, You look like a man but I believe you are only an old stunp.

Snakes approach their victim like the hour hand of a clock. There is no perceptible movement. One little spot of the body moves, while all the rest is fixed. The head moves by an impetus from the tail perhaps, and when striking distance is reached, the muscles are gathered for the final spring. This is made with no regard to what part of the object is reached. If a frog is caught, as is often the case, by a hind leg, that leg goes down first, while the body follows in a bunch. If a snake catches a neighbor by the head, as the water snake, lately referred to, was caught, he goes down head first; if

caught by the middle, as I once knew to be done, he is swallowed double, and in this case the swallower was but six inches longer than the swallowed. The seven red squirrels I took from the body of my black snake followed each other head first, a most positive evidence of fascination, since it is hardly possible that such unbroken succession could be the result of any other process. But the snake is not the only creature that swallows "big things." I once cut from the throat of a hawk the foot, leg, shoulders and shoulder blade entire of a muskrat. I once took from the neck of a weasel a sucker thirteen inches long whose head girth was double that of the duck. I cut from the throat of a heron a chicken as large as a woodcock, and sat almost an hour as "Crownen's quest" before it got through my thick skull what those soft yellow feet and bill belonged to. This capacity for extension is common among birds and reptiles, owing to the flexibility of the posterior connection of jaws, or mandibles, they being held together by muscular contraction, and not by bony joints as in mammals, discussion does not produce dislocation.

B. HORSFORD.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

**NOVA SCOTIA SPRING NOTES.**—As I expected, our spring has commenced earlier than usual, and I think it will be generally found that after a steady cold winter like that we have experienced, which is a somewhat rare phenomenon in our province, the succeeding spring will have a fairly even and high temperature, speedily calling into existence both animal and vegetable life. The first harbinger of spring, a snow-bird (*J. hyemalis*), put in an appearance on April 30, and, on the 31st, the first creeper (which I observed was the well-known caterpillar, of *Pyrrhastria isabella*). The temperature, however, hardly rose above 32 degrees until April 3, when, with the thermometer at 38 degrees in the shade, and a warm sun making itself felt in sheltered south aspects, the common housefly and a few other species of *Diptera* began to buzz about. April 4, the first "cuckoo" or "puck" willow (*Salix*) began to open its catkins. April 5, silver sparrow (*M. melodia*) first heard singing. April 6, white-clover (*T. repens*) leaves just opening. April 7, plenty of robins (*T. migratorius*) about. April 10, thermometer at noon 57 degrees; a lovely, warm, summer-like day. First croak of frog heard this season, about 6 P. M., in a neighboring swamp. Last year the first croak at same place was heard April 18, so that the frogs awoke from their winter nap eight days earlier this year than last. There is an unusual occurrence, from close observation for many years, I have found the time of first croaking to vary, as a rule, but a few days either way. In 1878, first heard April 18; in 1880, April 16; in 1881, April 17; in 1882, April 18. In some especially early seasons I have heard them even a few days earlier than this year. In 1885 I registered April 6 as the date, but that is the earliest I have. On April 12 the first purple grackles, called the "swamp robin," (*G. purpurea*) appeared. This was a cold, damp day, with a heavy southerly wind, and thermometer at 58 degrees. In the evening we had a perfect serenade from croaking frogs in the swamp. April 13, first butterfly (*V. atalanta*) of the season seen—one of last year's stock. April 15, a glorious day, with the thermometer standing at 60 degrees in the shade, and 94 degrees exposed in south aspect to the sun—a general awaking of animated nature: woodpeckers hammering, frogs croaking, several *Camembert* (*Camembert*) flies about, while many small hordes of insects, especially small *scarabæi*, filled the air. At last, therefore, after one of the most severe and steady cold winters we have experienced for years, we may congratulate ourselves that we are commencing a glorious spring, which I trust may prove the forerunner of still more glorious summer. I must not omit to mention a singular fact in regard to the Northern migration of the wild geese this spring. Not a single flock has been observed passing over this portion of the province up to date (April 10). They were kept to the eastward outside the coast line, or have they taken a line more to the westward—over Maine and New Brunswick? I have never known them to fail us before.—J. MATTHEW JONES, (Fern Lodge, Nova Scotia.)

**A PARTRIDGE MYSTERY.**—It is hardly safe to brag of personal charms and accomplishments; one is apt to exaggerate, but I do think a good deal of my eyes, especially when directed along the gun barrel with game in the distance. Once, however, I must acknowledge they came near proving a failure. I was out shooting warblers in May, looking at trees rather than at birds, and thinking about white mud-partridge almost under my feet. I thought nothing of it at the time, but the next morning in the same place, up flew a partridge in the same manner. Looking down I discovered a nest full of eggs. "Well, old Biddy, I came near stepping on you; I will keep away and not disturb you again." The third morning I thought I would look at the bird on her nest. There was a cow path not five feet from the nest, which was close against a pine tree, and along this path I had passed a dozen times without seeing her from my home. I walked slowly along the path, looking squarely down on the bird, but saw nothing. "Well, that is great, anyhow." I turned about, walked again past the tree, and was again at fault; I could not see the bird, I did not see the leaves about the nest, "I couldn't see nothin'." Like Tip van Winkle, I began to doubt whether it was me or somebody else. A third time I came abreast of the nest and stopped. I stood half a minute in a daze, and could see nothing, but here the bird flew herself and whistled, saw the motion of the eyelid, then I saw the bird. Now, "my brothering," if you can explain this phenomenon please do so, for I cannot. I will only forbid personal allusions as to what might have been the cause, and say it was nine o'clock A. M., and I had no empty flask in my pocket.—B. HORSFORD (Springfield, Mass.).

**RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.**—Received by purchase.—One female tiger (*Felis tigris*), one male leopard (*Felis pardus*), one male oryx antelope (*Oryx leucorhinus*), two crowned cranes (*Bucconas*), two crested pelicans (*Pelecanus onocrotaphus*), one rhea (*Rhea americana*), seven male swans (*Cygnus*), two summer ducks (*Anas boschas*), one male and one female mallard ducks (*Anas boschas*), six male and six female, one male American vulture (*Morone americana*), two yellow-bellied songsters (*Helminthophila*), and one yellow-bellied sapsucker (*Caprimulgus*). Received by presentation.—One male Virginia deer (*Cervus virginianus*), two opossums (*Didelphis virginianus*), one red fox (*Vulpes fulvus*), one weasel (*Mustela putorius*), one great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), one mockingbird (*Mimus polyglottus*), one duck hawk (*Falco conspersus*), one sharp-shinned hawk (*Falco aculeatus*), one winged blackbird (*Agelaius phoeniceus*), ten alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), ten water snakes (*Prodonotus fasciatus*), one black and white snake (*Liasis fuscus*), one yellow snake (*Liasis fuscus*), one black snake (*Liasis fuscus*), one king snake (*Ophiodon reticulatus*), one blacksnake (*Liasis fuscus*), one blacksnake (*Liasis fuscus*). Born in the Garden.—One male and one female (*Camelus bactrianus*), and one ring dove (*Turtur risoria*).

**NORTH AMERICAN REPTILIA AND BATRACHIA.**—Number 21 of the Bulletin of the United States National Museum consists of Dr. H. C. Yarrow's Check List of North American Reptilia and Batrachia, with a catalogue of specimens in the U. S. National Museum. Such a check list as the present was greatly needed, for it is nearly eight years since Cope's similar publication appeared, and within that time there have been many additions to that list, and many new discoveries, necessitating changes in it. Happily the work has fallen into good hands, and has been well done. Dr. Yarrow's qualifications for the laborious task which he has just completed are well known to laborers in the field of science, and the pamphlet shows everywhere evidences of ability, experience and general fitness for the task. The collection of reptiles in the institution has been divided into two series, called reserve and general collections. In the former are included all the type specimens that have been described by the earlier writers on North American herpetology; all those specimens identified by Prof. Cope, at the time he studied the entire collection of the museum; specimens of the same species from different geographical areas; specimens which show abnormalities from the type descriptions or variations of color or scale formula. This collection now embraces 469 species and over 4,000 specimens—an unrivalled collection of North American reptiles. In preparing this list the geographical limits of "North America" have been somewhat extended, and for Dr. Yarrow's purposes all land drawn from the extremity of the California peninsula easterly to the mouth of the Rio Grande, forms its southern boundary. The nomenclature and classification employed in the list are substantially those employed by Prof. Cope in his list published in 1875. Besides the bare check list, the following important lists are included in this paper: Check list of the reserve and general series of North American Reptilia and Batrachia; notes on Testudines; list of specimens of North American Reptilia and Batrachia described by the National Museum, and indices to the generic and specific names of the Reptilia and Batrachia mentioned, to their common names, to the localities whence they have been obtained, and to the contributors to the collection.

**TENNESSEE OWL.**—Portland, Me.—This little owl of the north, but slightly larger than the common Scadian owl—that is the smallest owl known in the New England States—is not a very common species within the limits of the United States, although it may be a regular winter visitor, and it is not improbable that it will be found breeding in the northernmost part of New England. I am indebted to Mr. Montague Chamberlain, of St. John, N. B., for notes concerning the occurrence of this species in New England. In 1881, Mr. Chamberlain "One shot by Mr. James Garnett, of Grandville Stream, ten miles east of St. John city, in the middle of August, 1880. Mr. Garnett shot another at the same place December 31, 1881." Audubon recorded the occurrence of this species at Bangor, Me., "in the beginning of September." For a note of its capture in spring I am indebted to Mr. A. M. Tufts, who obtained a male specimen taken at Dexter, Me., in April, 1877; also a female specimen taken near Lynn, Mass., November 1, 1882. Mr. E. S. Boyler writes me that he obtained one taken in Penobscot county, Maine, January 15, 1882, and two taken in the same county January 23, 1882. Two were taken near St. John, N. B., and sent to that city February 17, 1882. Mr. C. A. Creighton has informed me of one taken at Waldo, Me., in January, 1881. And I am indebted to Mr. Ralph Miller, of Portland, Me., for a specimen taken by him alive, by hand, in this city, March 3, 1882.—EVERETT SMITH.

**THE CRUSADE AGAINST THE ENGLISH SPARROW.**—The question as to whether the English sparrow is an insectivorous or granivorous bird is receiving a great deal of attention at the hands of scientific bodies and the farming community throughout Pennsylvania. The opinion prevails that it is a granivorous, and not an insectivorous bird, and living when there are no buds or seeds to subsist upon. At a recent meeting of the West Chester Microscopical Society, an organization having among its members a number of gentlemen well versed in ornithology, the merits and demerits of the English sparrow were fully and freely discussed. The sentiment of the society appears in the following preamble and resolutions: *Whereas*, Outward observations and post mortem dissections have demonstrated that the English sparrows are not insectivorous birds, but are destructive to some of the cereals and the buds of the plum, peach and pear trees and grape vines; therefore, *Resolved*, That our Senators and Members of the House of Representatives at Harrisburg be requested to urge the repeal of all laws that prevent the destruction of English sparrows.—OCCASIONAL.

**VULTURES IN MAINE.**—Portland, Me.—In the autumn of 1874 two vultures (*Corvus aeneus*) were seen in the town of Standish, Cumberland county, Maine, and one of them was caught in a trap. My friend N. C. Brown, of this city, has publicly recorded the capture of a vulture of the same species in Union, York county, Maine, in December, 1876. Another specimen was taken at March 1882, near Mt. Pleasant, in East Fryeburg, Oxford county, Maine, by Mr. Abel Sanborn, who reports the fact to me as follows: "A dead lamb had been thrown out, and was visited by the 'turkey buzzard,' which I shot through an auger hole in my barn." This is the third vulture of record as taken in Western Maine. Its skin has been preserved.—EVERETT SMITH. [The capture of this last specimen was announced in FOREST AND STREAM of April 26 last.]

**THE LATE MIGRATORY BIRDS.**—We shall doubtless have this spring a migration of all the late-coming birds in a body, as it were. May 5 to 12, when the season is an average one, are the dates the writer has always looked for the warblers to appear. If the spring has been an early one, warm and pleasant, their passing through occurs in separate bodies, gradually; but the backwardness of this season will delay the little songsters until the last moment, when they will all go through together. So, likewise, we may expect the spring flight of shore birds, especially the robin, snipe, brown-backed and black-breasted plover, and those who will kill them in May must catch them during the few days they will be seen on the coast.—HOTO.

**THE MURRES.**—In my closing remarks about the two species of murrets known on the coast of Maine (FOREST AND STREAM, April 19, 1888) there occurs an error in application of the descriptions of the "Tomia." Tomia of upper middle size, with dusky bill, dusky yellowish, and dusky short-billed species (*brimicollis*), and "Tomia" (leathered at base) applies to the long-billed species (*triale*).—EVERETT SMITH.



## Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS—If we are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

### TRANSATLANTIC NOTES.

I ENCLOSE some extracts from a letter received lately from a friend, who is now traveling in Europe:

"I have been away now more than eighteen months, and can hardly realize that it is so long a time. Last winter we were quite busy traveling in Egypt, going up the Nile to the second cataract, and in the spring through Palestine and Syria to Greece and Constantinople and up the Danube to Vienna.

"On the Nile I found game birds much less plentiful than I expected to see them, although if one took the time a good deal of sport could be had along the banks. There are a great many birds of fine plumage, herons, penguins, cranes, etc., and any quantity of pheasants.

"We traveled through Palestine and Syria, camping out on our way to Damascus, and in one section of the country we passed through we secured up any number of quail; but as I had neither dog nor gun it was only an aggravation.

"Here in France [writing from Paris] guns generally used are of 14 and 16 bore, 12-bore are rarely seen, and 10's are absolutely unknown.

"Waterfowl shooting in France is very little, if any, practiced. I see ducks going for sale, but they come from Holland. The only kind I have seen have been redheads, and another that is a mallard or looks like it, they sell at about one dollar each. Partridges, which are considerably smaller than ours, bring about seventy-five cents each, and quail, at this season, forty-five or fifty cents each; earlier, when more plentiful, thirty cents each. A great many pheasants are sold here. I don't think we have them in America, at least I have never seen them; they are birds of fine plumage, but I don't think they are worth the much better eating, they sell at eight to ten francs each. All kinds of game and poultry here are sold by the piece, and as you can judge are very dear.

Mc.

### THROUGH THE WILDS OF TUCKER.

HEARING of an undiscovered country in the Cheat River district in Tucker county, West Virginia, I assembled three congenial spirits to accompany me in an exploration and hunt.

Ed. J. Clair, Syd, and myself left here on September 27, via the Pittsburgh division of Baltimore & Ohio Railway, and after four hours' ride along the banks of the Youghiogey River, through some very grand and lofty mountain peaks, we stopped one hour at Cumberland, Ind., for dinner and change of cars; and at four in the afternoon were bowling swiftly toward Rowlesburg, W. Va. There we disembarked, to the immense edification of the well-dressed passengers, for we were truly most wonderful to behold. Ed. J.'s gold-rimmed spectacles sadly accorded with his togery, which was made up of a part of a painfully ragged and short tunic, a shirt with worn, a battered rubber hat, and a satchel slung to its utmost. We were all dressed much after this fashion, Clair and myself excepted, for we two were distinguished by heavy leather leggings and two murderous looking rifles, his a repeating Winchester, and mine a .45-caliber Sharps.

The train moved on amid three rounds of applause; and here we were at a place that looked the "abomination of desolation"—a wooden platform well whitened with wind and rain, two wet wooden houses which answered the purposes of general stores, post-office and doctor's office. This scene was enlivened by four plain frame dwelling houses perched prominently upon the ledges of the surrounding rocks—and well, we saw five men walking around languidly and smoking home-raised tobacco in the leaf.

We procured some crackers and cheese, but failed to get a team to move our luggage to St. George, the county seat twenty-five miles distant on our route. After a short delay we decided to leave our satchels and blankets to be hauled over the next day, and we would move to St. George by means of the poor man's steed—"shank's mare." We slung our rifles across our shoulders, placed our revolvers prominently in the belts and started to foot it, 12.20 P. M., expecting to make the town by dark (7.30 P. M.). We were in good spirits, for the day was bright and warm, but after the first seven miles up and down innumerable wild spurs of the range we began to take a chill and perspire more. At the eighth mile we came to our third inn-house, and one and all concluded that we must have bread or blood. The former being more after our stomachs we knocked at the door, which frowned upon us from its second story down in all its faded country glory. The first knock brought no response; at the second a small girl came to the door. She stared at us for nearly one minute and then said, "What do you want?" We insisted that we would like to buy some dinner and have some milk. "You better get no milk, but I'll see," the small girl came to the door and said, "Youns folks 'll have to take dry bread and apple butter." "Bring it out," we chorused, and soon we were refreshed and prepared to do the rest of the twenty-five miles.

Again we trudged along the monotonous road, lined on either side by dense forests of oak, beech and hemlock. About three o'clock in the afternoon a drizzling rain came on and added to our many discomforts; and at four o'clock we were all wet through to the skin. By this time I had contracted a severe cold and my back and legs ached fearfully. But I bore up until darkness set in; and then told the boys I was unable to go further on account of my back. As happy fortune would have it, we now saw a small light through the brush, away down the mountain side; and going to the log shanty we engaged a mule from Mr. John Gordon, the bearded proprietor, and in his company the procession moved on, your humble besetting the mule.

At 8.30 we forded the Cheat River twice and entered the populous town of St. George. Being too tired to look about, we stopped before the hotel, a long two-story white frame, with flagstones in front of the porch, and entered the common room of the house, which was destitute of carpet and furniture, if we except two old chairs and a kitchen table. Mr. Hawkins, the proprietor, greeted us cheerily by a hearty shake of the hand, and said: "Gents, supper will be ready in ten minutes. My ole woman wasn't expectin' ye, but I'm

glad you've come. Set down and take off your shoes." Soon we had dried our clothes, eaten supper, and were ready to retire. Clair and Ed. were assigned a double bed next to Syd, and myself; and at eleven o'clock we were neatly tucked under the sheets. At midnight we were aroused by a smothered groan from the next room, followed by horrible imprecations, while the wall resounded with peculiar knocks. This continued until daylight, and then we dressed and called upon our restless neighbors—a slight pillow to look upon. Ed., completely dressed, was seated stoically upon the only chair of the apartment, smoking a cigarette, while poor Clair, in his shirt and socks, was making a bloody onslaught upon an aggressive bedbug.

"Hello, fellows, what's all the racket about?" we cried as we entered. "Well, come to bed and look. I'm going to leave right after breakfast," said Master Ed. "Look at this sheet," he continued; "we have been fighting bugs ever since we went to bed, and I killed thirteen with mine own hand. You see Clair is half frantic," and, indeed, he looked hideous, his face covered with bites and a dangerous light in his eyes.

After breakfast we met our friend Gordon, of the night before, who laid some of our gear on the team. At 8 A. M. we were all under way in "Luke's" two-horse rig, and old Hawkins waved us a farewell as we bowed merrily out of town. At the end of the first three miles the road was simply a trail six feet wide, winding along the edges of tremendous precipices, and through fertile bottom lands watered by the beautiful little river Cheat, which we crossed six times within the next thirty miles. This river is so grandly picturesque that it deserves special mention. It originates near the St. George region, drawing its volume from many small mountain creeks and springs. It is very shallow and pebbly in some parts, and very frequently we find deep, quiet stretches of perhaps a half mile in length fringed on either side with noble trees and hemmed in by the lofty peaks of the Blue Ridge. The river in places is very swift and contains plenty of trout and black bass. For two hundred and fifty miles it flows onward through this unbroken forest and scenic solitude. The Monongahela River, four miles above the town of Geneva, W. Va., and one hundred and four miles above Pittsburgh, Pa.

The end of our journey was the region thirty miles from St. George, called "The Canaan," or as the natives pronounce it "Canaan." We had covered twenty-five miles of this rocky road without meeting a single team, when we espied an old square log shanty to the left of the road in a small clearing on the mountain side. "Guess we'll have to bunk here, fellows," said Luke, and I approached the house while the rest watched the team. When we were close by we saw a hoary-headed fellow working away at a sawhorse, his old flannel shirt thrown well open, showing his hairy bosom, while his feet were displayed in all their pristine glory, naked and large. We saluted, and he, with a cool nod, continued to saw. "Can we put up here for the night?" we quavered in weak voice.

"Go along the house and as the women folks, I hain't got nothin' to do with it," responded this ancient creature; so we knocked at the back door and found his wife, Mrs. Long, very old and very homely, but withal very pleasant. She said we might stay, but added, "We kent give you much."

Up we came with the team, unlatched near the front door and tied the horses to the wagon wheels, giving them some oats which Luke had brought with us. We sat upon the front door step and long sawhorse waiting for supper, and soon the boys began to come in from the field. The clans gathered steadily until we had an admiring crowd of six people, who proved to be members of the immediate Long family. There were Jake and Pete, and last, but not least, among the boys Charles, a cadaverous rustic of eighteen summers. The boys, as usual, gathered around the guns and examined the Winchester repeaters; but neither seemed to step upon the old breech-loading shotgun in the crowd. Mr. Jake, who was rigged like his companions in a short pair of pants and a nondescript garment which looked to me like a cotton flannel night shirt, took me aside and spoke as follows:

"If you men want to get shot of that 'air shotgun, I kin sell it for you."

"Ask Syd," I replied, and soon S. was undergoing a confidential examination. The old man of the sawhorse, the patriarch of the Long progeny, looked at the breech-loaders coldly and said "he had seen them new-fangled guns twenty years afore," which was an astounding revelation to us.

After each man had fired a ball at a knot on an old tree, the old woman opened the door and invited us in. "Come in, men, and eat; you her been toin yourselves aroun' a heap, and I ain't got much though."

We needed no second bidding, but went in and sat solemnly around a table of boiled chicken, boiled cabbage, and corn pone. The old man and the two boys pitched unceremoniously into the viands, and used their knives in place of forks, and being in Rome, we followed suit. After our meal was finished, Mrs. Long called the two young ladies of the house in, and they shyly sat down to the dismantled tables, and made a clean sweep. About half-past eight that evening some neighbors from South Fork arrived, and soon we were deep in the pleasures of "an apple paring bee." The young ladies, their faces dirty, hair unkempt and clothing scanty, were good workers, and we all parried away in silence. This monotony was broken twice by Pete informing Chas. E., Sr., that "Ball Duncan would be over tomorrow to git them potatoes," which piece of information the patriarch acknowledged by a grunt.

At 9 P. M. we monopolized the only lamp and ascended the rickety stairs to our bedroom. Here we anticipated the beds stared us in the face, but we had learned our lesson at St. George, and all fought hard for the third couch in the middle of the floor, preferring it to the beds. Luke and Ed. were the lucky fellows, so I proceeded to undress, or rather to dress, for the coming fray. I buckled my leggings tightly, put on an extra coat, and enveloped myself in a rubber blanket. Then I climbed upon the undisturbed bed and sought pleasant dreams. Owing to these precautions I lay awake, uneasily, but untroubled.

The next day we rushed on to Mr. John Eason's house, upon the top of the Alleghenies, and in the heart of the Canaan region. We found he had been burned out completely, but had rebuilt his house and barn upon a smaller scale. He was unable to keep us all in his one extra bed room, so, as we were five miles from the next neighbor, I slept in the hayloft. At midnight or thereabout I heard a faint rustle in the hay. I lay still and listened. A light crawling race of a horrible thought, the copperhead snake

and to my intense relief found it to be one of Eason's old foxhounds, which had come up for company and warmth. Next morning a cold drizzle and plenty of mud made the outlook anything but cheerful, and notwithstanding that Eason assured us of some black bear and a couple of bucks back on the mountain, we concluded to beat a retreat from this howling wilderness. After breakfasting upon some delicious venison steaks (our first decent meal since leaving Cumberland), and after a pleasant chat with Mrs. Eason, who was, like her husband, an educated and refined person, we left at nine o'clock and stopped for a short time at Long's to trade my Sharp's for a little black bear, Chas. E. said: "I kalklate I'll fetch some bear meat in with this 'ere. If youns fellers want to get shot of your shotgun, I kin sell it." From here we passed slowly to Cumberland and thence to Pittsburgh, saddler and wiser men. E. P. HONGES

Pittsburgh, Pa.

### TRAP AND FIELD SHOOTING.

"The time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

NOTWITHSTANDING we have no game laws in this State worth the trouble that the apprehend of warm weather gives the birds rest until another sporting season shall come. Mating has about commenced, and there are quail enough left in all parts of our country to raise an abundant crop of young. If the weather shall prove propitious for formation and rearing, and no enemies shall prey upon the eggs or chicks, we may reasonably hope, when November comes, to have the opportunity of using many a shell in the field. Indeed, in some localities there are rambunctious birds are more numerous than they have been for several years past.

Our summer pastimes will soon begin. We have not patience enough to wait for frost for shooting, and will, in consequence, commence at an early day to rig up our trap and try our skill at puff or glass balls. I confess I do not like either, and would be glad to get some of another kind, which I have seen advertised—made somewhere in New York—but the place of manufacture of which has escaped my memory. The article is a small, round, white pigeon, nor the explosive ball, and you can, perhaps, give me such information as will place me in communication with the manufacturer or some dealer from whom they can be had.

We have no club here, and can raise only four persons who can be relied upon to enter the lists for a friendly competition. For this reason, and for no other—and we have other reasons—we have no contests for medals, badges, or prizes, or, in other words, we shoot "for the fun of the thing," and need no special stimulus to "prior the success of our intent." Our ambition is of that barren sort which delights only in honor. "The almighty dollar" does not sharpen our vision or steady our nerves. Sometimes when one or more of us get away from home, and meet with those who need the other incentives, we try to be not deficient in politeness, and get up a "scrub team" to shoot against organized sets. In such cases we do not expect any success, and by the chance of our coming out of the contest on the middle, we feel that we have achieved "glory enough for one day," and are fully compensated for the loss of the "entrance money." None of us have guns larger than 12, and nearly all use 16s. This size is ample for small game, and being light, our physical powers are exactly suited. We want no chokebores, but guns which will allow considerable margin or freedom of aim. Of course we do not calculate on killing at long range except by accident, and upon accident we depend largely for our success.

In our trap shooting we pull the string for each other, and the party who sits at the cord acts as judge. Nor do we care very much if the butt of the gun is a little above the elbow, or, indeed, how the gun is held, so that it is below the shoulder. In other words, we allow all the advantage which a sportsman takes when he is in the field hunting birds. On that score, such stringent rules are not recognized, and I confess I have never seen any reason for their requirement in the sham trials at the trap. I have seen many cases where an expert at glass balls or pigeons failed most disastrously in the field, while others who showed no remarkable skill at the trap were very effective at game. Birds in the fields or woods should be the standard upon which all other competition is based, and, as before remarked, the position of the gun used by the hunter when he approaches his prey should be all that is all that is expected. No one "walks" in on the birds thinking whether the butt of the gun is below or above the elbow, but holds as may suit his convenience. WELLS.

### "BALTIMORE DUCKERS."

AN article in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 3, headed as above, and giving a free advertisement to a place on the Gunpowder River, locally known as "Harewood Farm," is calculated to mislead a portion of your readers. In the first place, there is no such club in existence as the "Harewood Ducking Club." Ten gentlemen did pay a small fee last season for the privilege of shooting at this place, so cleverly advertised. I am personally acquainted with the "members" and will wager a handsome sum I can name five of the ten, whose aggregate bag for the entire season did not number 800 waterfowl, of every description—coots, old squaws, baldpates and redheads. I am quite intimate with two of the "club," one of whom told me only this morning, that he had not killed as many as fifty ducks during the season, and that he was in the blind one day in every week. This gentleman says he has had enough of ducking shores on which market game are privileged to shoot. The man in occupation at Harewood is a market gamester—he sells his duck. That so many ducks were at Harewood as is claimed in the article alluded to, is doubted. Certainly not half that number were brought to bag by the "members" from this city, and they, everyone, live here. But as the renter and his brother were in the blind from daylight until it was too dark to shoot, and permitted the decoys to remain out on Sundays as well as every day and night in the week, they may have killed ducks that none of the "members" know anything about.

The writer of the puff already alluded to, forgot to state that tolling is the chief feature at Harewood, and that a majority of the ducks were killed in that way, and not over decoys, for when the winds are adverse and the tides are low, the decoys are high and dry, and so remain for hours. Now, some "true sportsmen" consider tolling fun. I regard it as being exactly the same as shooting quail while yet sitting—a dog in a covey—on their roost.

The shooting privileges at Harewood are for rent. The writer has been informed that it is the intention of the man who rents this farm, to endeavor to get up a club of New



York or Philadelphia sportsmen, and reserve the privilege for himself and brother to shoot as heretofore.

My advice to whoever rents it is to expressly stipulate that no one save members of the club are to be permitted to fire a gun on the shore under any consideration.

A shrewd market hunter, up to the sharp practices of a head duck, for the last year has placed to a club of gentlemen for three or four hundred dollars—enough to pay expenses if the ducks do not come in remunerative numbers, as often happens—and by casually remarking as the contract is being drawn up, "I would like to reserve the privilege for myself and a friend to shoot when none of you gentlemen are around," will manage to sell more ducks than the ten or a dozen gentlemen will kill during the season. Has not this been the experience of every sportsman who has been caught in the trap so ingeniously baited?

GUNPOWDER.

### THE GAME OF CALIFORNIA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the enterprise and extensive circulation of your paper, I have noticed in its columns few if any contributions from the sportsmen of this State. California. I do not believe that any State or Union is favored with such abundance and variety of game, both small and large, as this.

From the little striped chipmunk—a minute simile of a squirrel—to the ponderous grizzly bear, almost any species of game native to North America may be found. For game birds we have numerous varieties—valley quail, mountain quail, doves, pigeons, grouse and sage hens, and for water-fowl almost everything desirable from the wild with mallard to the wild goose, honker and swan. Our rivers are stocked with many kinds of fish, principally salmon (for two or three months of the year), salmon trout, whitefish, suckers, catfish and shad, the two last having been transplanted from other waters, while our mountain streams afford unequalled trout fishing, and contain several species of brook trout both large and small. Were I granted space I could not do half justice to the subject in describing the many varieties of game and fish of the forests and streams of California, and will confine my remarks to such sections of the State as I am the most familiar with only—the foothills and mountains.

The northern portion of the State is for the most part broken and mountainous. From the Coast Range on the west to the Sierra Nevada on the east the country is broken and comparatively thinly settled. There is ridge after ridge of high mountains and lesser hills, and comparatively little level land can be found, except as a range or stock. The mountains and ridges are more or less covered either with heavy timber or dense undergrowth, according to their altitude. Throughout these mountains game abounds, comprising deer, bear, grouse, quails, rabbits, etc. In some sections trappers succeed very well in their season, the best grounds for fur being high up the mountain streams.

For deer and bear, probably, the counties of Shasta, Siskiyou, and Trinity are not excelled by any in the State, although the character of the country renders successful hunting more difficult than in sections where the game is less abundant but more easily accessible. During the fall and winter deer are driven from the mountains into the valleys by storms and snow, and generally seek localities where the mast is heaviest. They are tamer at such times than others, and are often found within sight and hearing of the settlements. It is no uncommon occurrence for residents of the cities and towns to be able to shoot deer, or occasionally a bear, from their doorway. In fact, I know of a stockman, who, when he desires a venison, has only to take a lookout in the morning and evening and wait for one to come within gunshot, and he is rarely without a supply of such game in his larder. So plentiful are deer in places, that they make themselves obnoxious by their raids upon gardens or grain fields, paying their visits by night. An ordinary fence is no impediment to these nimble animals, in fact they frequently choose the highest portion of a fence for their crossing places, and ignore a gate even when left open. A deer will stand outside a fence, look around awhile, flap his mule-like ears, wag his piece of a tail, and then merely fold upward and alight upon the inside with exceeding sang froid. He will then express satisfaction with another wag of his tail, and proceed to prospect for such garden "ruin" as he may prefer.

In many parts of the State, however, where deer were once plentiful, they are now scarce or extinct, and, unless the laws provided are more strictly enforced, they are likely to be entirely exterminated in time. Although the mountains afford a comparatively safe retreat, the deer are driven out by snow to the valleys and foothills, and are there killed in great numbers. Parties frequently kill them for their hides alone—making a profitable, although despicable business thereby. The result of this practice is becoming obvious, and all true sportsmen are endeavoring to enforce the laws and prosecute these infamous characters in the future.

The Sacramento River is an able ally of the sportsmen of the State and is doing good in denouncing transgressions of the game laws and in aiding to establish such laws as will protect fish and game from unlawful destruction and extermination, and its efforts are greatly appreciated.

Bears are found over a large scope of our country and occasionally trouble stockmen to great deal. They exist principally on berries, roots and acorns, but manifest a fondness for pigs, calves or sheep, when opportunity offers. The California lion is the most destructive of our varmints. They attack cattle, colts, hogs, or almost any kind of stock and frequently do much damage, although they are not plentiful except in some parts of the mountains. The so-called lion is little different from a tiger, of a light red-yellow color, long tail and the size of a large dog, only longer, and is as like in stealth and treacherousness as they seldom attack persons, but to hear one howl, and know what it is, is sufficient to terrify a person considerably. I have heard them when alone in the mountains, several miles from everywhere in particular, and I have been terrified—to state it mildly—and have regretted that such unnecessary animals existed.

There are a few lions of a human—a woman, in distress, and I blandly proclaim to the world, "a thing soothing about it, and to make it worse you can't tell exactly where it comes from, nor how far off it is. They are not good to eat—but they are good ears. They are game in one sense, but are not much sought after. I do not seek any—always inclined to leave them alone—or together, or any way to suit themselves. So I abstain from arraying their affairs before the public."

I intended to detail a hunting excursion, but will reserve it for a future letter, as this is already long. EAT.

SALIDA, California, April, 1893.

### GAME AND FISH PROTECTORS.

SECTION four of the law reads: "For the purpose of the more effectual enforcement of the provisions of this act, the game and fish protectors shall be subject to the supervision and direction of the commission of fisheries, who shall divide the territory of the State into protection districts and shall assign to each protector his district, and shall have authority, also, to assign for temporary duty in any district, a protector from any other district. The said commissioners shall require of each protector, at the close of each calendar month, a report in writing, and in detail, stating the service performed by such protector during the last preceding month, including an account of the suits commenced at his instance, the disposition made of such suits, the result of any brought to trial, and the condition of any undisposed of; and no payment for services performed, or traveling expenses paid by any protector shall be made until the claimant shall present to the comptroller, in addition to the usual oath of performance and payment, a certificate from the said commissioners that he has made the report required by this act, and has in all other respects faithfully performed his official duty. The commissioners of fisheries shall report to the Governor all cases of dereliction or neglect of duty of any protector which shall come to their knowledge, together with such evidence as they may have touching the case, and the Governor shall have authority to remove from office any protector so reported to be delinquent, after giving him an opportunity to be heard in his defense."

TEMPERATURE AND SHOOTING.—In the report of the Chief of Ordnance for 1882, which has just come to hand, we find the following interesting report of some experiments made at the Frankford Arsenal: "During December, 1881, and January, 1882, very extensive experiments were undertaken to determine why our velocities obtained in summer were so much higher than those obtained in winter, when the same charges were used, the only seeming variable being the difference in temperature of the atmosphere. Some 365 velocities were taken, with the cartridge and rifle both warm and cold, the air through which the bullet passed being about the same temperature. With the cartridges and rifle warmed by a temperature equal to that obtained in summer, and cleaned between each shot, our velocities were 1,356 feet; and with cartridges and rifle cold at a temperature of thirty-two degrees, the cartridges being kept at that temperature long enough to insure their powder from the case having that degree of heat only, gun not cleaned between shots, we obtained only 1,295 feet velocity; a difference of some 61 feet. We also found that the pressures under these different circumstances varied between 29,300 pounds when warm to 25,050 pounds when cold, and the fouling varied from 7.6 grains with cold gun and cartridge to 5.4 grains with warm gun and cartridge; our conclusions from these experiments being that the effects of heat upon both cartridge and rifle are to decrease the amount of the fouling and increase the pressure of the gases and the resulting velocities; also, that the temperature of the air through which the bullet passes has very little effect upon the velocities, and that care should always be taken to have cartridges and rifle at a uniform temperature when taking velocities."

THE GUNXONIAN COUNTRY.—During the year 1880 I spent about eight months in the Gunnison and San Juan country in Colorado. My headquarters were at Mountain City, about sixty or seventy miles from Leadville. Such a paradise for large game I have seldom heard of. My "pard" and I had a cabin on the banks of Castle Creek, which emptied into Roaring Fork River, two streams of which I could tell many wonderful trout stories. There were three German brothers, who were working a claim seven miles above on the Maroon Creek. Theo. carried a Sharps rifle, Jim carried a breech-loading shotgun, an excellent shooter, too, the other carried a double-barreled shotgun. They had started bear one afternoon about five o'clock, but had not been gone more than an hour when they came back very much excited, saying they had killed a grizzly bear. It seems that when a mile and a half from the cabin they heard bushes crackling behind them and saw the bear following them. Theo. fired at once and struck the bear in the right side of the face. Jim, scared nearly out of his senses, fired both barrels of his shotgun loaded with buckshot and fortunately broke the bear's backbone. They soon put an end to him. Three such scared Dutchmen and we all had a feast on bear steak.—P. S. (Buffalo, N. Y.).

ONONDAGA COUNTY, New York.—I believe I could yoke in with "Nessmuk" on many points. I observe he don't have the "whisky bottle" among his equipments, and own that I am at a loss to understand why so many sportsmen cannot go out for a day's shooting, even at glass balls or clay pigeons, without a whisky bottle or a keg of lager. I have been fox-hunting the past winter where some of the party were drunk carried today and the next day. I wonder that some men objected to such parties, and I don't wonder that some men acquiesce in such parties, and concluded they didn't care to have their sons acquire a taste for hunting and whisky combined. Game of all kinds has nearly left these parts. We found where four partridges had been eaten by foxes this winter, and I believe foxes eat more than are killed by sportsmen.—NOVICE.

NOTES FROM COLORADO.—Como, Colorado, April 30.—Duck shooting here in South Park has been rather poor this spring. The ducks have been plenty, but very wild. However, I have shot twenty in three days' hunting. Most of the ducks are redheads, mallards and gray ducks. Yesterday I drove to a lake six miles from here to dig me a blind, and saw the first flock of curlew I have seen in the park. I find it very difficult to judge the distance of game at this altitude (9,800 feet). The air is so clear, that the game appears much nearer than it really is. This makes duck shooting much more difficult than on my old hunting grounds, on Lake Champlain.—F. B. J.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.—May 3.—I have found plenty of duck down the Mississippi, that is as far as I am. The first day out from Louisville I saw three flocks of mallard, the third day out while I was sitting on the boiler deck I saw three single ducks, four pairs, and nine large flocks within a half hour; the fifth day out I saw seventy-five ducks within five minutes and within four miles of Vicksburg. I expect to see many more before the trip is over.—JEM.

SNIFE SHOOTING.—The snipe have made a late appearance on the Jersey meadows this year. Mr. Justin Von Lengkerke was out the first of the week, and reported nine killed out of ten found; and this in the wake of two other gunners. In Connecticut, we are informed, Lyme is a good point for snipe shooters. Go to Clark's Hotel and engage the services of "Bill" Flint, who is a good guide for the Essex meadows and the Ely meadows near by.

A GALA DAX.—Muncy, Pa., April 22.—The oldest sportsmen say that for a great many years so many ducks have not been seen on the river at this place as on Friday last. It was a grand old holiday for sportsmen. The little steamer Full Moon, owned by Captain John M. Bowman, steamed down on Muncy Dam, a beautiful sheet of water, and on their return home the captain and party shot forty-seven ducks.—FULL MOON.

MISSISSIPPI.—Brookhaven, April.—Quail shooting the past season was unusually good. The freedman of this section is one of Bob White's most harmless enemies. Neither his trap nor army musket has much to do with the extermination of our favorite game. I know of but one darkey in the county who shoots on the wing, and he being an industrious fellow spends very little of his time hunting.—I. L. G.

TEXAS QUAIL.—Indianola, Calhoun County, Texas, April 30.—We are having a very cold, backward spring, and there are some ducks here yet. If some of your readers wish to shoot quail they ought to come out in this section; across the bay from us, three miles, there are thousands, and they are hardly ever shot at.—A.

THE OWL CLUB has been organized at Lynn, Mass., for the promotion of gunning and fishing. The membership is limited to eight. The constitution is printed in a dainty little pamphlet, with a design on the cover like a *Psi Upsilon* initiation card. We wish the *Bubo* a long life.

BLACK FLIES AND MOSQUITOES.—To the many repellants already noted in these columns, we add another, namely, citronella, the oil of the lemon verbena. This is agreeable to use, has a pleasant odor; and our informant tells us it is as effective as the oil and tar combination.

THE SEDALIA GUN AND SHOOTING CLUB held a meeting at the Park, Sedalia, Mo., last Monday. The officers are: J. W. Trader, President; E. C. Evans, Vice-President; J. C. Parmelee, Secretary; John Montgomery, Treasurer; F. Houston, Attorney.

### Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

SPEAKING of digging a blind "reminds me" of the old method of concealing himself used by an old friend of mine, "Hank" was possessed of an extraordinarily large understanding, and was never known to black his boots. When duck hunting, he would lie down on his back, and put his feet up in the air, which would effectually screen him from the observation of the ducks. In this way he would often come home with his bag well filled, where others would utterly fail. F. B. J.

COLORADO.

### Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

"Fishing, if I, a fisher may protest.  
Of pleasures is the sweetest; of sports the best,  
Of exercises the most excellent;  
Of recreations the most innocent.  
But now the sport is marred, and woe to why  
Fishes decrease, and fishers multiply."

—Thomas Bastard, in Collier's "Poetical Decameron," Vol. 2, p. 105.

### A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you accept a short story? I was going to add "a fishy" one, only some might accept that adjective in its wrongful sense, and imagine that truth was not the basis of the narrative, which it certainly is.

Colonel D. T. and Mr. H. were spending a few days at their fishing and shooting lodges on the island of Long Point, Lake Erie, some time ago, and one afternoon were quietly yet quickly, capturing some fine green bass, and enjoying their sport.

The Colonel hooked what he deemed a three-pounder, and gave the gamy fellow plenty of time and line, inasmuch that uninitiated onlookers might imagine almost that he was tying a kite in the lower world, or exercising some fractious phantom colt, which, like the solar eclipse this year, is invisible to us; but nevertheless the Colonel's head, like his hand, is calm and cool, and experience has taught him the value of the maxim, "a lost fish is cheaper than a broken rod." At last it does its work, and the apparent three-pounder begins to show himself on top of the water. I say "begins" because it took quite a while to show all of himself, for he was no longer a three-pounder, but a thirty-pounder; he had grown in the struggle; he had likewise changed his name from bass to muscalonge. A wonderful life he must have led during the past ten minutes. Silently did the gentlemen look at one another, then at the fish. Quickly did the attendant exchange the landing-net for a gaff-hook. With a word was spoken not a muscle moved, only the color in the angler's face, yet I doubt if all the glory fields of glory through which the gallant Colonel had passed found him thinking more in the same period of time, than did this change in his piscatorial luck. The gaff-hook is softly lowered by a somewhat shaky, excited hand, and the fish is also lowered by a somewhat similar disposition, and both disappear, the first into the scow and the latter into twenty feet of water, and

once again the Colonel finds himself obliged to exercise his patience and discretion, but at last succeeds once more in guiding his prisoner sufficiently to bring him in view, which strange to say, is no longer the same third-pool muscunole, but he has retreated within the skin of the three-pool bass again.

Oh! horrors! Is my mind wandering? Is it April? Are my eyeglasses telescopes, that I have turned end for end and seen deceptively? or are any other kind of glasses to blame and account for the phenomenon?

We give it up, as the Colonel did, in a sort of "lance-fer" manner, and content ourselves watching the hand lower the once discarded net, and take possession of the first-supposed three-pool bass.

If I may be allowed to speculate on the above, I should guess that the muscunole mistook the bass for bait and caused the whole mistake, which when discovered he disgorged and so did the Colonel disgorge (not the bass), but a few words and epithets.

—T. W. BOWEN, Ontario.

## QUIET SPORT.—II.

BY MULLARD.

**K**ISSING his lily-pads, waltzing with ferns and buttercups, nodding to every bug, rippling the lake and deliciously pungent with the resinous odor of pine and balsam, came the early morning breeze. The morning light shimmered over the lake, and struggled among the trees before the rising sun gave it a few hours of solidity. "Birds with music-making ho-oms" were pouring forth their treasures of wild melody; and then came the softest blush in the east, as our cook prepared to struggle with flamed flap-jacks.

Such mornings belong only to the forests, where each one comes "like a maiden's love, full of bloom, purity and freshness." There is wine in the air, which produces an exhilarating effect, but does not put your eyes in mourning. It is not associated with headaches, nor will it cause you to be fined ten dollars and a promise of future good behavior. It is a cordial of almost incredible virtue.

Cook's flap-jacks were light and tender, the coffee clear, the bread tolerably light. Roy had caught four fine trout, which the cook hurriedly disguised in a salt and pepper suit, with pork trimmings; and we scattered over lake and inlet and outlet, as we fancied.

Ward, as we remarked when we left the stud old town of Goshaw, was a true lover of the woods, but he was a median angler, ignorant alike of the dancing fly and the lightning-bug of the trout. He knew naught of trout fishing in its excellence. The slimy angle worm, the fat grub, and the dull thud and steady pull of bottom fishing, were to him the beginning and the end of his piscatorial experience.

He had always spoken depreciatingly of the little imitation gnats, fly-lines, and light rods, but had been prevailed upon to invest in an outfit, and had accordingly provided himself with a most formidable lot of fishing tackle, always insisting that he expected to derive about as much sport and pleasure as a mosquito would extract from a snow-bank. But when he saw the ease and grace with which Glen delivered his flies, the intensity of his faith in his own ability to perform as well, and the fervor of his zeal approached the sublime. He knew he could do as well with an hour's practice. He paddled his raft to one of the favorite parts of the lake and commenced to flourish his flies, which he did as awkwardly as a cow would dance on ice or a nut eat corn from the cob.

Glen, without speaking distance, advised and cautioned him, and noted a gradual improvement in his method; and after he had snapped off a few flies he thought he began to get the "hang of the thing," and took it up—in fact went it alone. It was a fishing day every inch of it. The trout were in feeding mood all around, but Ward missed three rises with an accuracy and precision really wonderful.

His rocate predictions were fast vanishing. His patience and his fly-bait had been well tested, and he began to think fly-fishing was not as easy as his fancy painted it. There he was, during the long morning, squatted on his raft, a premium specimen of a piscatorial dilettante. Mr. Miacawber would surely have stopped waiting for something to turn up. Job would have lost his submissive reputation and said, here, old fellow, take my hat; and Patience came down from off the mountain and said, "The handsome fellow is competing with Ward would surely have been awarded no honor above highly commended.

After long waiting, and when even he had commenced to flidget with anxiety, presto—a flash, and he had accidentally struck. The trout's movements were quick and subtle enough to disconcert a tyro, and he had his own peculiar way of dealing with matters and things. As he "flashed from the full-flashed wave" our friend was not polite enough to drop his fly, and a gentleman. The handsome fellow deserves your most obsequious bow. Do not let him injure his tail by having it come in contact with your leader. Ward was suddenly seized with a nervous and excitable paroxysm, and consequently his first impulse was to grow the least mite pale, which paleness rapidly developed into as near an approach to whiteness as a living face can. His cheeks changed from eagerness to uncertainty, from uncertainty to despair. He was as badly off as a man with two dollars and no wires. All these colorful and surroundings increased it showed that his case had developed into buck-ague—the tip of his rod broke, and the leader parted. "Great Caesar dead and turned to dust; could that little trout have escaped and left me thus?"

Ward was as pious at home as he was excitable here. He read his Bible in preference to Boccaccio, and his walk was upright. Let us draw a veil before him and forget the strong, nervous Saxon he employed in depicting his lack, lack of nerve and excitability. He did not relax in expressing his own opinion of himself, but we will, for others have forgotten themselves. The rise, strike and escape were so sudden that it seemed a dream, but here's the tangible evidence that mischief had been done. A man as sadly demoralized as the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance after his attack on the windmills, a missing leader and a broken rod, were more than circumstantial evidence of trout's late presence in the air.

Despondent, yet resigned supreme in his corporosity, and deprecatingly dubbing himself the Jonah of the party, he paddled ashore to seek the comfort the shanty afforded, and there we found him when our morning fishing was over, and we returned for a bite and a boat until the late afternoon fishing on the lake. As Ward's rod was broken and there were several others to be repaired, Roy, a good amateur workman, offered to supervise the putting of them in order. It was a delightful lounging place; and not thoroughly

rested from yesterday's tramp, we employed our time between looting and the little trifles that help make a camp a pleasant place.

Beds of boughs were made; the roof of the shanty patched up; some unbrushed, which had a bad habit of switching us as we went to and from the lake, cut out; the spring was despoiled, and several seats made; but the great master job was the table which the cook erected, yesterday, for it was away up in the air. It was a grand looking off place for the birds. If we leave it so, perhaps some one will stumble across its magnificent ruins in the ages yet to come, and will say of it: "There were giants in those days, for here is the evidence of their one-time existence. How wonderful, and to what puny dwarfish growths have we descended." How they would have mourned the decadence of the human corpus. However, as posterity had never done anything for us, we consulted our own convenience, by chopping off a few feet from the table and lowering it to a level with our chairs.

Meanwhile Roy was busily employed in repairing the rods that had suffered during the morning's sport.

"Twixt the camp-fire and the shanty  
Sat the expert tackle-mender,  
In the land of spruce and hemlock,  
In the land of running water,  
Mending fishing-rods of bamboo,  
Rods of lancewood and of greenheart.  
Some were pretty badly busted,  
Busted at the tip or reel-place,  
While some others scarcely scratched were.  
He was thinking as he whittled,  
Whittled on the joints and whittled—  
Doing these three things at once—  
Of the sport he'd have to-morrow.  
When the morning sun was shining,  
Shining if it wasn't cloudy;  
If 'twere cloudy, all the same,  
When it rains we're higher water.

But to catch the Fontinalis,  
Speculated brook-trout, prince of fishes,  
Could the old man surely chance it?  
Would the old man go a-fishing?  
When the brook was rising higher,  
Its waters creeping up the bank,  
"Whirling round and round and downward,"  
You can shout your affirmative.  
You can take your affidavit.  
He would take his rod and chance it.  
Where the rod was badly damaged,  
Where the pole was busted badly,  
He'd kinder pestered up with glue  
And sent around it thrills of stings and  
Winding round and round and tying.  
And then kind er kalsomine it,  
Kalsomine it with some varnish  
That he carried in a bottle.  
Soon the rod grew convalescent,  
By-and-by grew well as ever;  
Then the old man stopped his whittling,  
Stood erect and stopped his whistling,  
Handled Mr. Ward his greenheart.

"There's your rod, old fellow, with a new lease of life, but don't do any more quick, heavy lifting with it. A slight movement on the wrist, produces a wonderful movement at the tip of the rod. But it away until to-morrow and it will serve you many a good turn if you treat it right."

## ANGLING FOR WHITEFISH.

**I**N your issue of April 26 is an article on angling for whitefish. I have seen a great many whitefish taken in various ways, with pound nets, gill nets, seines and with spears. But I have never seen one taken with the hook, or rather I do not know of one instance where this fish has taken the hook. They are sometimes hooked in the body and taken from the stream in that way, but that is not of very frequent occurrence. I know of different persons who have angled for them in the Detroit River in the fish pens where there were thousands of whitefish, and I do not know of one instance where they have been successful in taking one. It is an established fact that the fish does not feed on animal food. I have made inquiries of different fishermen on Lake Erie, Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, and only one opinion is found to prevail among them. They say the whitefish will not take the hook.

This fish is sometimes speared among the ice at night, by cutting a hole about two feet in diameter on top of the ice, and three feet underneath, the object of this being to better facilitate the landing of the fish. The hole made, a stake is usually stuck in the ice to support the light. Everything being ready, the spear is taken in hand and developments awaited. The light attracts the fish, and as he slowly rises to the surface, the fisher ever on the alert, plunges the spear into him and the fish is taken.

The natural home of the whitefish is the great lakes and rivers, although they will live in inland lakes where the water does not reach a very high temperature. The average weight of this fish is about two pounds, although I have seen specimens taken that weighed from twelve to fourteen pounds. It is possible that there may be instances where this fish has taken the hook, but it is not probable. A great many persons have confounded the whitefish with the lake herring; and in fact if you take a whitefish weighing one and a half pounds, and a herring of the same weight, it would require an expert to tell which is which. They are nearly of the same color, their fins and scales are nearly the same, and a whitefish and herring weighing one and a half pounds each would be nearly of the same structure or form. There is one way by which the whitefish can be distinguished from the herring. The upper part of the whitefish's mouth is the longest, which is the reverse with the herring, the lower part being the longest. The herring are often taken with the hook during both summer and winter, and I do not think it matters what kind of bait is used. They are a very good food fish, taken when the water is cold, but if taken during the months of July and August from streams where the water is warm they have worms in them. This fish is not to be compared at any time with the whitefish. Those who cultivate whitefish for their sporting qualities will find their labor lost. But as a table fish it has no superior among our fresh water fishes.

MARTIN E. O'BRIEN.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

[We have been told of two or three cases in which the lake whitefish have been taken on the hook, but such occur-

rences are unusual, and, we presume, accidental. We know, however, that the Rocky Mountain whitefish will readily take a fly, for we have caught a great many of them in Montana in this way. Standing on the rocks in one creek we have, in three successive casts, taken, on a red bib as a tail fly, a trout, a grayling and a whitefish.]

## WOODMONT ROD AND GUN CLUB.

**W**E supplement the frequent notices in these columns of the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club of Washington, D. C., with the following particulars, which are extracted from the Washington Star:

The character and purposes of the club will be pretty well understood by its title; but they are still further emphasized by its corporate suit, which includes as its appropriate device an antlered deer's head and two conventional dolphins on a shield, which is supported by a heraldic scroll bearing the legend "Protect and Enjoy." This is in plain English, as it ought to be, in order that the honest unlettered hunter or angler may be able to understand it without securing the services of an interpreter or referring to an English-Latin dictionary on the fly.

Like most of the successful and useful organizations of its class, the "W. R. & G. C." began in a modest and humble way, though its founders took the wise precaution to secure at the beginning a well-located and ample field for its operations. This was found in a large old estate situated in Washington county, Md., bearing the appropriate title of "Woodmont." It lies a little above and nearly opposite Great Cacapon station, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, about one hundred and sixty miles west of Washington. The original purchase consisted of 2,022 acres, but the amount has since been considerably increased by later purchases, and in order to extend the hunting privileges as well as to properly protect game, etc., the control of a large additional acreage has been secured by lease. The estate is situated on the north or left bank of the Potomac, as already stated, and extends from the river on the front to the old National Road in the rear, and from the base of the Tonoelway Mountain on the east to the foot of Mt. Solon on the west. Less than ten years ago this estate was valued at and was sold for \$22,000, but of course it cost the club no such sum. With the exception of about one hundred acres the entire estate, with its leased dependencies, is heavily wooded with fine large timber, and in places with heavy undergrowth, which furnishes a most excellent cover for game of all kinds to be found anywhere in that section of the country. Deer and turkeys are by no means scarce, while small game, both fowl and animal, abounds in the woods, and in season ducks are plentiful on the river.

The advantages presented by Woodmont as a resort for anglers may be at least partially understood when it is stated that the estate has a frontage of three-quarters of a mile on the famous Potomac fishing grounds in the vicinity of Dam No. 6. The locality affords opportunities for both deep or still water and rapid water fishing. Below the high dam the river runs for several miles over a rocky bed, thus furnishing a long stretch of tumbling cascades, circling eddies, and quiet pools, ever greatly affected by game fish of all varieties, and always so tempting to the angler's eye. Above the dam there is a level or pool extending some three miles to the westward, in which the water is always deep and still, and beyond this lake-like sheet of quiet water shoals and a swift running current meet again. All these several divisions are filled with the small-mouthed black bass, which is now recognized by both scientists and anglers everywhere as next in game qualities and delicacy to the spotted trout, and by some placed even above that universal favorite. Something of the quantity and size of the fish in this particular locality may be inferred from the statistics of the club for last season. The summer of 1882 was not regarded as favorable one for anglers, nor was the next season, as fishing done by members of the club, or its guests. In fact, there was seemingly less than the usual indulgence, whether numbers or time be considered, yet the catch for the summer added up 1,296 bass, weighing 956 pounds, or nearly half a ton in all. Perhaps the majority of these were taken with live bait, but a very fair proportion fell a victim to the seductive fly—not a few of the members declining to use any other device.

In business as well as in sports, having been there for nearly thirty years, may now be considered as acclimated and thoroughly at home, the Potomac at this point has been liberally stocked during the past two years with land-locked salmon, and large numbers of young brook and California trout have been placed in the streams emptying into it at that locality. It is too early yet to judge of the final results of these experiments, but a number of small salmon year at least that at least doubtless are now alive and thriving, and there is every reason to believe that the enjoyment of the angling fraternity will be soon and greatly augmented from this source.

The living accommodations of the club consist of a large new and fine club house, situated on a high bluff, overlooking the river and a beautiful range of country beyond, which cost, with its substantial fittings, about \$6,000. The building contains a fine club room, a large dining hall, a magazine room, store room, linen room, servants' room, and ten large, fine chambers, all comfortably furnished. In front, and running around each end of the building, is a covered portico twelve feet deep. In the rear of the main building, and connected therewith, is the kitchen, and also ample quarters for the superintendent and his family. In connection with this establishment there is a stable and other necessary outbuildings, an excellent cement-lined cistern, holding more than 12,000 gallons of water, and an ample icehouse, in which is now stocked upward of 100 tons of excellent ice. Near the center of the estate, two miles back from the river, and in the midst of the best shooting, is a comfortable hunting lodge, containing six rooms, suitably furnished. This and two or three other houses situated at different points on the estate are occupied by the game wardens of the club, who look after its interests generally, and see to the enforcement of the game and fish laws of the State.

Already the efforts of the organization in this direction have been productive of the most encouraging results. Immediately upon entering upon proprietorship it turned its attention to the general protection of game in the vicinity, under the provisions of the Maryland laws, and the prevention of poaching on its own premises, which are formerly "posted," in accordance with the legal requirements. Through the efforts of the club, and the aid of the State, poachers and trappers and law-breakers have been arrested and punished so that now close seasons are beginning to be observed, and private rights are respected to a greater extent than ever before. In consequence game has steadily





All the above are sent free on application to the roads publishing them.



Don, Samuel Seaborn's Don, G. E. Spear's Dick Turpin, A. McCollom, Jr.'s Professor Don, Dr. A. McCollom's Tally-Ho, R. Lamb's











**Q**UICK recent visit to Boston is quite a refresher, after reading the following extract in a New York publication: "As a watermaster of fact, the late John W. Aldrich, of Franklin Dexter, is the only cutter that is now building in the United States." The writer goes on to say that when he puts such nonsense before his readers, must know it is purely untrue. We have only to quote another extract in the same issue to show this to be the case, for he goes on to say: "Mr. Byles, of City and Northborne, from design by Mr. Harvey, the designer of the cutters Redoubt and Wenonah. This is the only boat of its kind that we have heard of thus far this season." Now this cutter yacht for Messrs. Zerega and Northborne is 35ft. by 7 ft. 6in. on the water line, and will have a draft of water of 7 ft. Surely these are proportions







## The Fishing Kit

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.....	5055555545-49
.....	555555555-48
.....	455555555-48
.....	5455555545-48-310
Ed F. Hovey, Sr.....	5455555544-46
.....	5455555555-49
.....	4555555545-45
.....	554445555-46
.....	5555555545-45-231

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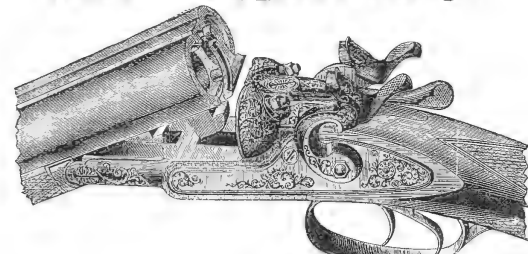
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{ VOL. XX.—No. 16.  
} Nos. 39 & 40 PARK ROW, NEW YORK

already opened the eyes of many to the inefficiency of our local rifles and military rifemen. The match will, at least, act as a guide toward the better arming of troops, whether regular or volunteer. How generally that guidance will be followed remains to be seen.

THE BURRO AND THE BEAR.

Heels and the jack I sing, who first on Mariposan hills, etc.

—After Virgil.

TO the layman the formalities of the law are mysterious and awful. The court and its satellites, the counsel for the opposing parties, the spectators, and even the building itself seem all parts of a gigantic and insatiate monster, which devours alike the substance of the well-to-do, the hard-earned earnings of the poor, and the scanty savings of the widow and the orphan. It is never satisfied. It always cries for more. Often it foments quarrels and disputes which might well enough be adjusted in a pleasant and friendly way, without recourse to its terrible process.

It is in the outer sections of our country that the law is most to be feared. In newly settled regions and on the frontier, the sense of justice innate in the human heart, makes speedy decision in criminal cases, and in those where one individual has wronged another, the rifle or the side shooter is the sharp arbiter of quarrels. There are none of the proverbial delays, no interminable cross-examinations, no long-winded speeches or proxy charges, no looking up of juries, no appeals or requests for a stay of proceedings; above all, no fees to be paid the court, no retainers to counsel. The settlement is short; there are a few sharp reports, a little whizzing of balls, and the plaintiff or defendant either falls, or limps away, satisfied, or, at least, willing to wait until such a time as he can get the drop on his opponent and make his appeal with better chances of success. In older countries there is a sadder state of things. It takes years to try a simple suit, and usually costs the parties more than the amount in dispute. Besides the wrath that one naturally feels at being deprived of his money, there is the heart-shaking suspense and anxiety of the delay—that hope

WITH the opening of the formal trial shoots between competitors for places on the American team, the outlook becomes more and more encouraging. Very well sustained scores have been shown by many of the contestants, and although the field is not a very large one to select from, it is quite evident that the committee will have no difficulty in drawing together a body of a dozen shooters which the British team will have hard work to beat. We hear of no complaints thus far, and it seems likely that the men will go on the team because of their ability as shots. With such a team, organization and discipline will be easy. Riflemen respect a brother shot who can stand fairly and squarely up and beat them round for round on the record, and they are willing to step down and out when the record is against them; but no team can be brought into a good working body when it is gathered up by a series of appointments. Rivalry is too large an element in the success which has heretofore been met with by American riflemen to permit it to be placed aside now. With a team picked out as the team of 1883 seems likely to be, there will be no long-continued chorus of grumbling in case of defeat, and only the more hearty congratulations in case a victory should reward the efforts of the visitors.

It will be remembered that in the match of last September the scores of the two teams stood 1,975 points for the British and 1,895 for the Americans, or averages respectively of 164 and 150 points per man, there being twelve men on each team. It will be seen how much above this average the scores are now running for the leading twelve. Bald comparisons of figures are, of course, very misleading, but in the present instance the showing made by the men now practicing at Creedmoor has behind it some real elements of strength. A year ago the preliminary practice was marked by some very unsatisfactory features, which we hoped at the time to see eliminated when the organization of the team was brought about. Instead, however, new elements of discord were introduced, and incompetency at the head produced a natural result in a scattered effort on the part of the men. The lessons of that fiasco have been well learned, and a suitable arm having been carefully prepared, the men were required to use it, and thus make the trial now going on of men, rather than an exhibition of the experiments which they might be induced to try.

apple of his eye. In the summer of 1901, when the weather was unusually warm, the cattle would look fondly at them as they walked out from the corral to go down to water, and at evening after supper he would sit and smoke his pipe and contemplate them, finding each day a new beauty in some favorite heifer, steer or calf. They were fine cattle, and their owner was justly proud of them. None were sick; none died. They increased, flourished and grew fat. In the winter they fed upon the yellow grass upon the hillside; in spring, when the gentle rains had caused the alfalfa and alfalfa to send up tender shoots, they stood knee deep among the luxuriant and sweet-smelling herbage. But all this was too pleasant to last. A serpent entered Eden—and a grizzly bear Mr. Black's corral. Night after night the fattest and sleekest of the calves were ruthlessly torn from the sides of their helpless dams and hurried away into the fastnesses of the mountains. Day after day their owner saw in the once mild and placid eyes of his herd a startled, hunted look, an expression of appeal which wrung his heart. Mr. Black was in despair, and, determined at any cost to be rid of this fiend of a bear, he published an advertisement offering a reward of \$50 to any person who would kill it.

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DOG SHOWS AND DOG PRICES.

*With its compact type and in its permanently enlarged form of twenty-eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.*

OUR esteemed correspondents who have been discussing the prices paid for dogs appear to have overlooked one important factor in the growing appreciation of canine property, namely, the bench show. The direct result of such an exhibition as that given in the Madison Square Garden, this city, last week, is to stimulate the public interest in dogs, and stimulate the market for them. With the improvement in breeding has come a wider appreciation of the several strains, and a correspondingly greater demand for well-bred animals.

An instance illustrative of this came to our notice the other day. A gentleman, who took no special interest in dogs, and was rather inclined to ridicule his friends who did, was induced by one of those friends to visit the Westminster Dog Show. He entered the Garden indifferent at best; he came out of it an enthusiast, a thoroughgoing one, too. His suddenly acquired fancy was not confined to any one breed; it took in the whole show. This new "dog man" is to-day the happy possessor of a bouncing St. Bernard infant and a cocker spaniel. The spaniel, he maintains, is the only really and truly cocker in America, and in defense of his claim he is prepared at any moment to go off somewhere and establish a new cocker club all by himself.

Our correspondents aforesaid will understand that this gentleman has a long purse; and he is only one of a multitude of visitors to the bench show, who immediately or in the future become buyers, and by keeping up the demand keep up the prices. There are not enough St. Bernards bred to-day to anywhere nearly supply the call for them.

But while celebrated prize winners, blue bloods, and fashionable pets of the hour command prices virtually putting them above the reach of men of moderate means, there are thousands of better dogs which their owners perhaps bought for a song, but would not sell for a fabulous sum.

With the next issue of the FOREST and STREAM it will be pretty well known who are to be on the team, and then some calculations may be made as to their inherent strength as a shooting body. The captain, too, will have been chosen in all likelihood, and then the programme of effort will be mapped out, and the general plan of the campaign decided upon. It is to be a military team. The members will take along only weapons of the military class, except perhaps in a few cases, where some attention will be paid to small-bore practice with a view to enter in the several exacting individual matches on the Wimbledon programme. It is certain that no other team match will be shot than the one for which the men are organized and sent abroad. It will be an event of more than usual importance, for it will be the first time that a body of armed American soldiers have invaded the soil of the mother country. It will be an opportunity worth the seizing for an exchange of courtesies between the American militiaman and the English volunteer. Nearly a half-million of men are represented in these two squads who, in a few weeks' time, will face the butts in the presence of thousands at that well-known common which, for two decades past, has been the central rallying point for all that was valuable in modern rifle practice. The match has

still with dark pines. Scarcely a sound disturbed the quiet of the night. The long drawn howl of the coyote was silent, but in the *acquia*, the water murmured softly its little song. All this our hero observed and enjoyed; but as the sweet smell of the stacks reached his nostrils he remembered that life was not made for dreaming, and walk-up to the corral, he leaned against it, and with scarcely an effort, threw down half a dozen lengths of fence. Then he entered and began to eat Mr. Black's hay.

While all this was going on, a grizzly of remarkable size and ferocity was pursuing his way down a cañon toward the corral. He did not stop to contemplate the calm loveliness of the night, but went hurriedly along, for he was hungry and he remembered a particularly large and fat calf that he had twice unsuccessfully tried to catch. This time he vowed he would secure it. The corral reached, he found the fence down, and entering, looked about him. There, beyond the stacks, in the moonlight, reposed most of the cattle, but nearer, and in the shadow, he saw the round buttocks of what he supposed to be the coveted fat calf. Quietly he slipped up behind it, and rose on his hind feet to seize it, when suddenly a pair of heels flew up from the ground. One of these hit Bruin directly under the chin, breaking his jaw and teeth, and causing him to see 1,500,000 more stars than were at that moment visible in the heavens; the other broke his right foreleg. The patient burro then laid back his ears, and proceeded to further maltreat the unfortunate and astonished bear, and with so much energy did he carry on the assault that in a short time the wretched beast was chewed and kicked into those ursine happy hunting grounds, where, it is to be presumed, the jackass brays not and his long ears are never seen. The bear being dead, the burro went back to the stacks, and, as he munched Mr. Black's hay, meditated on the mutability of affairs upon this mundane sphere, and especially on the uncertainty of life.

The sun rose bright and clear over Bull Creek next morning, and shone upon two individuals who left their respective dwellings at about the same hour. They were Mr. Black, who wished to inspect his cattle, and Mr. Opie, who was anxious to find his jack. In due course they met at Mr. Black's corral. There lay the King of the Mountains dead; there stood the somewhat scratched and torn burro, revolving many things in his mind, and still eating the hay. There could be no question as to what had taken place. The modest and shrinking ass had, single-handed, slain the terror of the district. As was most natural, Mr. Opie forthwith made a demand upon Mr. Black for the \$50 reward, which the latter declined to pay until the owner of the jack should produce a power of attorney or assignment to him of the donkey's claim, and more than this, Mr. Black then and there handed to Mr. Opie a bill for \$25 damages to corral and value of hay eaten. When the owner of the jack received this document, you might have knocked him down with a feather, he was so overwhelmed at the brazen audacity of the claim. He vowed that there was neither faith, truth, nor gratitude in V- Black, and hurrying to town, proceeded to bring suit against him for the full amount of the reward. His complaint set forth the facts of the offering of the reward, the killing of the bear, and the further fact that the jackass is his lawful property, and therefore he prays judgment in his favor for \$50 and costs of suit. Mr. Black, in his answer admits the allegations of the complaint, but avers that the reward was offered to any person killing the bear; that the jack is not a person within the meaning of the statute, and that if he were Mr. Opie is not his legal guardian, and in default of a power of attorney or any assignment is not entitled to sue for the recovery of his claim. He further alleges that Mr. Opie, owing the burro, is responsible for the damage done to his corral. Wherefore he prays judgment in his favor for \$25 and his costs in the action.

We are bound to confess that, while our sympathies are wholly with Mr. Opie, we think it extremely doubtful if he can recover the reward for which he sues. Even the lay mind may spy one fatal defect in his complaint, which will, we fear, render his suit hopeless, unless he obtains leave to amend. The complaint should have averred that the jack was a trained animal, and had been taught to kill bears, and that on the particular evening of the slaughter, his owner had said to him "Jack, there will very likely be a bear at Black's corral to-night, just go up and kill him for me"; that pursuant to these directions, the jack had gone to the corral; that the fence had been torn down by the bear, and not by the burro, and that for the value of the hay eaten, he was willing to pay. We opine that had the complaint been framed so as to include these allegations, Mr. Opie would have had a fair chance of success. The court would no doubt hold that should a man send out his hound to catch a fox, and the capture be made, the dog's owner would be the slayer of the animal, and, if a reward had been offered for its capture by any person, no assignment or power of attorney would be required from the bound, any more than one would be asked for from the gun had the animal been shot. So, if a sheep stealer were to send his collic to cut out a hundred animals from a bunch belonging to another, even though the dog's owner did not appear on the scene at all, he would be the thief. Clearly if Mr. Opie had put his jack on the trail of the bear, had followed him with cheers and shouts of encouragement, and been in at the

death, the killing would have been his act and deed. But it is not stated in the complaint that anything of this kind took place. So far as appears, the jack killed the bear of his own motion, and for his own pleasure and satisfaction, just as a greyhound might start out and kill a hare for its amusement, or a setter dog catch a woodcock or a quail. Hence we consider Mr. Opie's case weak.

Another point, hardly less interesting, arises. To whom does the slain bear belong? Evidently the game has been reduced to possession, and by the burro; yet it cannot be his, because the law of the land does not recognize the right of a dumb animal to hold personal—or, for the matter of that, real—property. It does not belong to Mr. Black—although captured on his land—for he had nothing to do with the killing; nor to Mr. Opie—though his burro killed it—for it does not appear that the latter was ordered to catch it, nor was Opie in pursuit at the time. There is a vast opportunity for argument opened up by the present case, and it is a question that we must really turn over to our legal and judicial readers to work out. It is certainly to be hoped that the points at issue may be carried up to the highest courts for settlement, in order that the rights of men who own jackasses accustomed to kill grizzly bears may in future be properly protected.

#### TRAP-SHOOTING PIGEONS.

PUBLIC attention in this country and abroad has of late been directed more than ever before to the subject of the trap-shooting of pigeons. The practice has been brought to popular notice by the large tournaments, particularly such as have been held in the vicinity of cities where the public press has commented upon them, and by certain bills to prohibit trap-shooting, introduced into the legislative assemblies. In several States these bills have become law.

We are not among the alarmists who frantically declaim that these various anti-trap-shooting movements are portentous of nothing less than the downfall of the American republic and the total eclipse in darkest gloom of all our modern civilization. We have faith to believe that our free institutions would survive the shock. Nor do we see in the proposals to abolish pigeon shooting a menace to field sportsmanship; to see construct them is to find an interpretation wholly untenable. Shooting a bird sprung from the trap and shooting a bird flushed in the field are two distinct things, the difference between which is recognized by the public and by sportsmen. Among the latter there is a very wide divergence of opinion respecting the merits of the trap-shooting of pigeons; many who are most enthusiastic in praise and practice of field shooting do not approve of pigeon trap-shooting as it is generally conducted.

This simple fact that the opponents of pigeon shooting are found largely among the rank and file of the great army of field sportsmen, is sufficient to prove how absurd is the silly cry of alarm that efforts to suppress pigeon shooting are covert movements directed against all shooting. If those who follow the practice of pigeon shooting wish to hold their ground against the repeated attacks of a growing public sentiment, it is nothing less than sheer folly to misjudge and misrepresent the true nature of that sentiment. Instead of mistaking it for something which it is not, the wiser course would be to determine exactly what this feeling is and the grounds upon which it is based. These cannot be removed by boisterous buncombe of defiance; but the opposition may be allayed by freeing trap-shooting from the cruel practices which often attend it. These are by no means so common nor so numerous as they have been in the past; there has been a change for the better. The barbarous maiming of the birds, which was the chief disgrace of pigeon shooting, is now, so far as we know, approved by no respectable club, whereas formerly much of it passed as reputable and proper. This particular form of cruelty, such as there is left of it, is most often the act of the handler, done without the intention or knowledge of the shooter. In fact, as at present conducted, the trap-shooting of pigeons is attended with far less actual physical suffering of wounded birds than is ordinary field-shooting. How then is the opposition to it to be explained?

POISON IN CANNED GOODS.—Considerable space in the daily press has been devoted recently to the question as to whether canned goods are, or are not, wholesome. Those who believe that they are not assert that the acids in the organic matter contained in the cans acts upon the tin, decomposing it and forming a violent, irritant poison. On the other hand, attention is called to the vast amount of canned goods annually consumed, and the fact that few or no deaths can be traced to this cause. One side shows analyses of canned goods which are evidently poisonous, and the other denies the correctness of such analyses. So the battle rages, now backward, now forward. We shall watch with interest the outcome of the dispute. Canned goods form so important a part of most camping and yachting stores, that it is in the highest degree essential that we should know all about them.

OUR READERS will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their friends as are not now among the subscribers of the FOREST AND STREAM, but who would presumably be interested in the paper.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

### THE LOVE OF NATURE.

AN ACROSTIC.

CHIMEFEST amid earth's manifold delights,  
Hid though it be from the unwary eye,  
Ever ennobling as its joy incites,  
Sweet peace bestowing from the earth and sky:  
The love of Nature hath an influence holy—  
Never denied e'en unto the lowly—  
Usurping not, save baser passion's seat,  
Teaching all hearts with kinder life to beat.

Heaven sends a calm into the troubled heart—  
Into its depths a blessed peace descends,  
Like dew upon the bud that meekly bends—  
Like midnight silence in the middy mart.

Retire unto the woodland or the shore—  
Each wave a symbol of our earthly life!  
Seek friend in bird or bee, communion more  
Exalting than our worst strife:  
Repose upon the hillside, 'neath the pine;  
Voices shall soothe thee—aye, a voice divine,  
O earth-weary soul, shall whisper "Peace!"  
Into thy heart, dispelling every care—  
Rest Nature gives, for God is there.

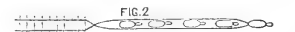
O. W. R.

### NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY LIEUT. FRED'K SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

#### VI.—Dogs and Dog-Sledging—Part Two.

A TEAM of dogs means anything from a couple up to as many as can be hitched to a sledge, seal, walrus or carcass of a musk ox, polar bear or reindeer, according to what is to be dragged, for on the hard, marble-like snows of the Arctic winter, any animal with its hair on makes a good enough sled of its own when dragged head foremost, to dispense with that vehicle except for long distances. The manner of hitching these teams varies considerably with the country. In Siberia, the Hudson Bay country and Alaska, they are placed one after the other in double or single files as shown in Figs. 1 and 2. In North Hudson's Bay and the



Arctic Ocean around King William's Land where my travels were cast, I found the dogs hitched with traces of unequal length so as to make a V, the point forward, as shown in Fig. 3, the angle of the V being filled with dogs also. In



Greenland I understand that the harness traces are of equal length and the dogs therefore spread out fan-shape as in Fig. 4. The dog at the point of the V is called the leader



and is generally the most intelligent of the gang, although not necessarily the strongest and the best. It is only necessary that he or she should understand the tones of the voice of the driver as to when he wants to go to the right or to the left, when he wants to halt, go ahead, fast or slow; as all the dogs are regulated by the movements of the leader, and he or she is solely regulated by the driver's voice, sometimes assisted by gently striking the snow near its right or left side to emphasize certain commands.

These vocal commands of the Hudson Bay dog-drivers are the most fearful gibberish and tongue-twisting articulations I have ever heard, and although some Arctic writers have essayed to imitate it in English orthography, I will not attempt it, for I would just as soon try to give my readers the sound of thunder, a hen's cackling, or a wagon on a corduroy road by notes of music as to attempt this. I have never seen a white man that could imitate them well enough so far that the dogs would understand it, and therefore hardly think it right to essay it so that my readers could. One or two of them are simple enough, however, as our whoa-a! long drawn out, means, steady! as you are! or a sort of sign of vocal encouragements and sounds funny enough at first when you hear it, to see the dogs go right on as if nothing had been said at all. In ordinary tradings a leader is considered to be worth two common dogs, and if he or she be of unusual intelligence, three.

I have already spoken of the feed used in the Arctic for their dogs, in describing walrus hide (*kora*) and kelp fish that are caught in the natural fish traps by the rise and fall of the tide. Should the carcass of a flensed whale—or one that has had its blubber stripped from it by the whalers—be cast ashore near their village, the dogs will belucky, indeed, for if it be only of fair size there will always be enough dog food for several months at command. The natives say that when pressed with hunger in the summer months the dogs will devour large quantities of mud from the shores of the fresh water lakes, and thus manage to prevent starvation until something eatable turns up. Early in the spring—that is early for their climate, say June—when the young reindeer fawns are not strong enough for a long run, it is not an uncommon occurrence for a hunting dog to disappear from camp in a thickly supplied reindeer country and to be gone for several days, subsisting off of the young fawns. Paresmeut, a splendid, swift hunting dog of ours, disappeared at one time from us just before we moved to King William's Land, and coming back on th

fourth day, looked as if he had swallowed a keg. The natives always dislike to feed them heartily just before a day's work, for then they are the very laziest creatures on top of earth, and require double the amount of usual whipping to get any work out of them.

The whip is just the length of the longest harness trace, so as to just touch the leader, although I should add that he is whipped less than any other dog in the team. The whip is a single long, supple lash of tanned seal (*ook-jook*) skin with a very short handle, like that on the western "black-snake" whip. They are the best trained men with a whip I have ever seen, and can single out a solitary dog in a perfect moving compact mass of them, and cut him with the lash on any particular ear that they desire. From children up they are constantly using this instrument, and thereby acquire a versatility with it that no white man can ever equal. In some parts of the Arctic the whip is unknown, and the dogs are driven by a small, stout stick, held in the hand when not used, and hurled at any refractory or lazy dog in the team when needed. As the sledge goes by the active driver resumes it to repeat the operation when needed.

It would be useless, I think, to describe the many varieties of sledges to be found in the whole extent of the Arctic, for they vary with nearly every tribe, but I shall confine myself to those few kinds that came under my personal observation. The most primitive and simple sledge of all is one hewed directly out of the ice—bed and runners. One would think this vehicle extremely fragile, and liable to go to pieces at any moment; but so long as the owner keeps along the level shore ice, its extreme "corpulent" and strong construction renders it a rather serviceable conveyance; besides, it has the advantage of always having ice on the bottoms of its runners, a most necessary adjunct to the sledges of this region of the world. A sledge with ice spread evenly and smoothly over the bone shoe of a sledge can be hauled over the hard snow-drifts of an Arctic winter with ease, and the dogs it would otherwise take and nothing in the world makes the native sledgeman so angry as to strike his runner against a half-concealed stone and strip the beautiful ice-shoe from his sledge.

And now let me describe this "icing" the runners of a sledge briefly, and speak of its great benefits. When a sledge is being built, the last thing to do, if the builder has the material, is to shoe it with a batten-like strip of bone, taken from the jaw of a whale, and which, being a little wider than the runner, projects over on both sides, as shown in cross section in Fig. A. Lashings of whalebone or large



wood screws enable them to be fastened securely, and this bone shoe is generally rounded off a trifle on its bearing surface or under side. To "ice" the sledge, it is turned bottom up, and the first coat of snow is laid. This consists of pieces of snow about as big as one's double fist dipped in water to render it slushy and soft, and the native with the open palm of his hand applies it to the runner, rubbing it backward and forward until it forms a level, smooth, and solidly frozen surface of about two feet along the runner and crimps over and binds on the projecting flanges of the bone shoe, as shown in cross section in Fig. B. This, of course, is continued the

A

whole length of the runner. This frozen snow is opaque and looks like a mass of ground glass, and when solidly frozen, as it will be even while the man is rubbing it, the process is ready for the second coat or finishing touches, so to speak.

The live now takes his mouth as full of water as it will hold, and sends a gentle spray over the frozen snow on the runners, and this freezes almost as fast as it strikes, the sledgeman at the same time rapidly running the palm of his hand backward and forward over the surface to give it a perfect polish. Sometimes he uses a piece of bear skin to save his hand the severe friction, but the last few strokes are always with the open palm of the hand.

This finished sledge is ready for use as slippery as one can possibly imagine, and truly I do not think I exaggerate the comparison when I say that it is as much easier to pull a sledge nicely and properly iced over one that is not, as it would be for a horse to pull a truck with the wheels on over one that had them taken off. My largest sledge was one so heavy that it was hard work for any of us men to turn it over so that Tooolooch could ice it, and it would have taken a couple and probably three to sledge it if the runners were uniced, yet when the icing had been completed, I could take my little finger (and often have done it,) hooked on one of the cross slats, and work this ponderous vehicle backward and forward through the distance I could swing my arm. Several times, without noticing that the snow was a little bit unlevel, we have turned the iced sledge over gently to prevent fracturing the glacial shoe, and have been surprised to see it start down the grade by its own portage connecting two lakes or over the top of a ridge where the snow has nearly blown away without stripping thence from his sledgemen runners against the many stones that are peeping through the snow in every direction. I have seen by my best sledge driver, Tooolooch, take his twenty foot sledge through a place for a couple of hundred yards where it would seem impossible to spread one's coat without covering a stone, and yet come out scathed, but it is required the work of a Hercules to bring the front of the sledge from the side of a lake and watching the rear that it was not thrown against or over a rock. So important is it to keep this icing on the sledge-runner bottoms, that if it is ripped off by any accident the Esquimaux will stop at the first lake or river where they can get water to wet the snow and sprinkle the second coating, though they may have to dig through seven or eight feet of ice to get it.

When one reflects upon the value of this simple accessory

to Arctic sledging, and of the importance of sledging to an expedition that desires to accomplish anything in these regions, and also that this art is solely monopolized by these people, it at once shows the great advantage of having them as allies and the comparative folly of sledge journeys in rough Arctic countries without them. If a rough, stony place interposes itself where the projecting rocks are so numerous that it really becomes impossible to get through, all the persons in the party will take off their reindeer coats and spread their hair side up over the stones that the runner would strike in passing by. Late in the spring, when the temperature commences to approach freezing from a much lower standard, the ice will not retain its hold so well on the bone shoes, and when it reaches melting extra precautions have to be taken to protect it. Halting to rest on a warm, sunny day, the sledge is swung around so that one runner is protected by its own shadow, while the other has a number of reindeer cloaks, blankets or anything that nature spreads over it to keep the sun off. The least little bump at these temperatures is very liable to knock off a foot or two, and then the rest is easily sealed off. When it becomes so warm that the ice will no longer retain its hold, the snow on which the sledge runs becomes of a soft consistency that allows the bare bone shoes of the runners to glide over it with comparative ease, and everybody now wants to ride on the sledge, as when walking they are sinking up to the ankles or knees in the half-slushy snow.

The worst experience I ever had in sledging was on Back's River in December, 1879. This stream is full of rapids which keep open the whole winter, and the rising steam from them (for they look like huge boiling cauldrons of water in the intense cold of winter) freezes into a fine, gritty, sand-like mass of snow that covers the true snow-drifts with a mass like so much rosin, and that sticks to the sledges runners with almost as much persistency in any temperature below -50° F., and I think the thermometer averaged lower than that while we were on the river. But even this was not the worst obstacle, for all the snow that had lodged on the river ice was along the cracks in the ice, nearly all of which seemed to be perpendicular to the axis of the stream. We thus had an alternation of snow and ice every few yards, and often every few feet. The ice from the river would strip that from the sledge, and the runner would be reached the party to drag it over. Either ice or snow alone would have allowed us to proceed at a good round gait, but their alternating condition made it the most annoying and laborious work I have ever experienced, and we always felt lucky if the igloos in the morning's camp were out of sight around some bend of the river when we picked out our camp for the evening. At the very first favorable opportunity to leave the river and found the high country between it and Hudson's Bay much better adapted for sledging than even its level bed.

While on the Koojmijook, a branch of the Great Fish River, during the spring so late that the ice would not stay on the runners, we found a great deal of the snow on the river ice mixed with sand, blown from the banks during high winds, and this acted like sandpaper on the bare bone shoes, and, as the sledgemen were not used to this, they would about half their usual thickness and felt a little bit uneasy that they might break under hard knocks, which they did do several times, but never enough to seriously compromise us.

In a great many parts of the Arctic it is impossible to procure the bone from a whale for sledge shoes, and then the wet snow is applied directly to the bottom of the runner, and before its application is mixed with boggy mud full of rot, sticks and other things, so that the snow, when it is its mixture when it can be obtained is the undigested mass taken from the stomach of a reindeer. Among the Netschilinks, who confine their sledging to the coasts of the Arctic Sea, where it is of the best character, and who kill no whales to furnish them with bone, we find the runners shod with pure ice. Trenches the length of the runners are dug in the ice, and into these the runners are lowered two or three inches, yet not touching the bottom, the snow being the same distance. Water is then poured and allowed to freeze, when the sledge is lifted out shod with a runner of perfectly pure and transparent ice. So transparent is this ice at times that when the sledge is in rapid motion it may produce a peculiar optical delusion, one imagining that the sledge is some three or four inches from the ground, swinging out behind like a kite's tail in its rapid flight. When not used for water, the ice is very hard, and has already explained is adopted or the skin of a polar bear or musk-ox may be used if it be dragged with the hair pointing backward.

The ratio of width to length in their sledges varies with the different tribes. The Hudson Bay Esquimaux use about the proportions usually seen in boys' sledges used for coasting, although five or six times as large. The Kianepetoo of Chesterfield Inlet, on the contrary, often have sledges of twenty-five to thirty feet in length and only a foot or foot and a half in width, claiming that these go over rough ground much easier than the common kind.

In putting a load on a sledge a pole at the height of a person's breast is often lashed on the fore end of the load so that it will project on both sides a couple of feet, and with a person on either side pushing on this, the sledge is easily controlled.

"How fast can a sledge go?" or "How far can you travel in a day with them?" is an indefinite question, asked nearly as often as the one about the size of the Esquimaux dog, and the reply is about as satisfactory when I say they can travel nearly as fast and fully as far as a horse. If the sledge has a maximum load (say 150 to 200 pounds per dog on salt water ice or half that on inland sledging) the party can make from ten to twenty miles a day, and keep it up about the same as a light expedition of troops. With a splendid team of ten to fifteen dogs, with only a driver and a light sledge, we could make seventy-five or even a hundred miles a day, especially along the coast. While in the heavy, hummocky ice of Victoria Channel, I only made ten miles, with a fair load, in fourteen hours' hard work; yet I have been told of an incident where life and death hung on the rapidity of action, and forty-five dogs were harnessed to a light sledge, with two pleasant men sitting on the team, and on each side, when twelve or thirteen miles were made in less than double as many minutes to rescue a lost sailor from the whaling ships in Repulse Bay.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Jefferson, Pa., May 7.—I have been spending the past week in the country, and by observation I find the quail have wintered well here. I took a stroll to the woodlands on the 4th inst., and in my rambles have seen several pairs, and the welcome notes of Bob White can be heard on all sides.—RAMBLER.

## QUIET SPORT.—III.

BY MILLARD.

EARLY on the morning of our third day at Spider Lake, Roy and Glen, with one of the guides, started for another lake about three miles northeast, intending to remain there a couple of days and then join us again. They carried blankets and edibles, and merrily took the trail.

Ward went back to his first principles of angling, and produced his bag of worms with the remark that now he stood upon his native soil and could tell when he had a fish properly hooked; and would discard the fly for the day, at least. He admired Green's style and its results, but he did not care to learn it too fast. "Go slow and learn to peddle," was his motto, and he would give the little tackle another trial on the morrow; so we will leave him at the lake and follow Dick down the outlet. It is a pretty stream, and as General Sherman said of the Rio Grande, so crooked that one cannot tell which side of it he is on. Every rod of it is lovely with its distinct and special characteristics, suggesting innumerable pictures to the artistic eye.

Varied as the tints and forms of the kaledoscope, at each turn it seemed as if some fantastic water sprite was transposing its look and character. Here its whole surface is flecked with ripples and foam, each ripple wearing a crown of diamonds and making music sweet as children's laughter. Away it skurries, fretting and chafing and bumping its head against boulders and fallen trees, scraping its sides on the banks until, seemingly exhausted with its headlong race, it quietly hugs the shore and in a deep and darksome pool, black as the ten of spades, which you remember is considerably blacker than the celebrated ace, it vividly reflects the far-reaching branches which over-arch it. And its journey, with its ripple and pool, never-failing springs adding their tribute to its volume. "There is melody in the fall of the cataract, and the rush of many waters is sweet to the senses," but "with all thy faults I love thee" quiet.

A few yards below an abatis of fallen trees was one of those quiet pools lying off the eddying waters, a resting place for such trout as were tired from battling with the strong current. They could just as easily drop into it, as a worried, travel-stained man would drop into a wayside inn and brace up a wee bit, for trout sometimes grow weary and take a rest.

There's a trout there this blessed moment, and perhaps he is having a sociable chat with the fellow who keeps the place. At any rate he has refused a variety of popular flies; and it is never advisable to waste one's time by too many casts over the same place and fly. He makes his too cautious of your intentions, but mark the sportsman's eye on unaccountably, and perhaps toward sunset, if you return, you may bring him to your creek. Possibly sundry pricks that he has received in the past are not forgotten, and the remembrance of them makes him the more wary; for like a skilful boxer or swordsman he is only biding his time and opportunity to seize a favorable opening when he can deliver his blow and escape the return; and in a careless moment, when Dick's leader is slack over the water, he stretches it to the breaking point, and then suddenly breaks it.

Dick gave utterance to a rather audible "Devil take my carteriness!" as he waded ashore to repair the damage, a mingled look of disgust and disappointment overshadowing the usual serenity of his face.

Some can find solace and comfort in familiar quotations for every disappointment and trouble. Others draw a temporary consolation from their flasks, and others have recourse to their tobacco pouches. Dick had no flask, and for getting any pleasure touching his present disaster, he turned with a sigh of regret to his briarwood, endeavoring to extinguish his disappointment by lighting his pipe, and adulterating the sweet scented air with the fumes of cut plug.

Fortune not only turned toward him the cold shoulder, but Justice raised the bandage from her eyes, surveyed the scene, gave a very expressive wink as she replaced the bandage and said, "Unpl! served you right, young man. Next time Miss Goodie Luck offers you her sunniest and sweetest favors, do not dally and trifle too long, else she may again change her mind. She is the most capricious of her sex."

By the time a new leader with its cast of flies had been adjusted and his pipe finished, Richard was himself again. What did the trifling mishap amount to? No more than the aching tooth of the old village doctor, the pulley when Dick was a rambunctious boy. Many a man of less than my temperament would have succumbed to despondency long enough to have reeled up and gone home. Dick appreciated the fact that there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, and unanimously passing a resolution to be more careful, he waded into the stream with a thickly settled determination that if it were possible to capture any fish he would make the possibility a certainty, and as they began to rise he was sure there he would get a big one. An absorbing pleasure that amply compensated him for his previous inattention. So eagerly did they rise among the ripples and the eddies in the pools and quiet reaches, coming from under banks and boulders after the enticing and swindling morsels, that they exhibited a selfishness of which a spoiled child would be ashamed.

It requires an almost fabulous amount of self-control and denial for an angler to reel up and go back to camp when a fish is in the biting humor. The creek may be filled, but the temptation for one more cast, and then another and another, is powerful, and the angler who can resist it is one in a score. The angler should scorn to fish for count, but so many of his angling days are so barren of results, and so comparatively disastrous, that he improves the opportunity when the fish won't let go. But he does it fairly, and every fish he creels is of use to him or his friends. The fingerlings he throws back to life and to wisdom; the old and large ones he does not waste. That was the class of anglers to which Dick belonged. He had enough when he could have had more; and then

The angler campward tramped his pleasant way.

Dick had hardly reached the shanty when Glen and Roy, with their guides, returned. They had caught what was very of the latter end of the morning fishing, but it had been barren of results. The fish they reported as more sordid than four dollar bills, and as they had none in the concrete, they were unable to make a dam of them. They would hardly explain the reason of their unexpected return, as they had announced their intention of remaining away a couple of days and had provisioned themselves accordingly; but as Roy and the guide had developed such extraordinary appetites that Glen had, as a matter of self-defense and vomitory protection to consume his share, which resulted in a complete annihilation of the commissariat attached to the expedition, and a speedy retreating of their steps was a matter of course. Supplies for two days were exhausted at one

meal and that only a lunch. Tarrare could hardly have surpassed it in any of his feats of gastronomy. They were hungry, too, when they reached the home camp. The guide said his stomach felt as if his throat were cut, and Roy and Glen responded, amen.

The complaint seemed contagious, for we all felt the insidious approaches of irresistible appetites, whose claims could not be ignored, and the cook was ordered to do his best; and no refinement of palate could be dispensed at the spread he offered, barring a few unimportant items. The bread, perhaps, was a trifle too stale, the biscuits might, for some have been rather too heavy; the potatoes might have been baked instead of having been boiled, but the coffee was clear, hot, strong and abundant. The trout came on piping hot. They had changed their spotted dresses of every day wear and for this occasion only appeared in close fitting dresses of golden brown, and they were just as nice as they looked, but their beauty could not protect them.

Then we gathered around that delight of a camper, a roaring fire, and the evening programme was carried out, while the laydays were having their little twilight discussions and the owls were trying to hoot the horns off the gibbons whom the man was away, and drowning out the faint murmuring of the lake and stream. It was an exquisite evening, full of the charms that belong only to forest and stream. A light wind came across the lake, rippling into silvery furrows, and passing on, whispered among the trees and hurried up the fire. Cracked voices struggled with throaty songs, while the old hills caught up the refrains, and doubling and trebling them, hurled them toward the settlement to annoy the good people there, if they were so unfortunate as to hear.

## Natural History.

### BIRDS OF NORTHERN OHIO.

BY SEYM. R. INGERSOLL.

[The nomenclature employed is that of the Smithsonian catalogue.]

**WOOD THRUSH**—*Turdus mustelinus*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about April 22. Wilson's Thrush—*Turdus fuscescens*.—A summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May. Olive-backed Thrush—*Turdus searsianus*.—Found during spring and fall migration.

Hermit Thrush—*Turdus pallasi*.—Not a common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April. Robin—*Erithacus rubecula*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives along the last of February.

Mockingbird—*Mimus polyglottus*.—Rare summer resident. Catbird—*Merula carolinensis*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of April.

Brown Thrush—*Harporhynchus rufus*.—A very common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April.

Bluebird—*Sialia sialis*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives along the last of February.

Blue-gray Gnatcatcher—*Poliptila caerulea*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April.

Ruby-crowned Kinglet—*Regulus calendula*.—Quite common during spring and fall migration.

Golden-crowned Kinglet—*Regulus satrapa*.—A common winter visitor.

Tufted Titmouse—*Lophophanes bicolor*.—In some parts a common resident; breeds.

Black-capped Chickadee—*Parus atricapillus*.—A common winter visitor; a few remain and breed.

White-bellied Nuthatch—*Sitta carolinensis*.—A common resident; breeds.

Red-bellied Nuthatch—*Sitta canadensis*.—An irregular winter visitor.

Brown Creeper—*Certhia familiaris*.—A common resident; breeds.

House Wren—*Troglodytes domesticus*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April.

Winter Wren—*Anthus troglodytes*, var. *hyemalis*.—A not common winter visitor.

Long-billed Marsh Wren—*Triturus palustris*.—Common in some localities; a summer resident; breeds.

Short-billed Marsh Wren—*Cistothorus alularis*.—A not common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May.

Brown Lark, Titlark—*Anthus ludoviciana*.—Found during spring and fall migration.

Black and White Creeper—*Mniotilta varia*.—Common during spring and fall migration; a few remain and breed.

Worm-eating Warbler—*Helminthophaga cernitorius*.—Found during spring and fall migration.

Blue-winged Yellow Warbler—*Helminthophaga pinus*.—Common during migration; few remain and breed.

Blue Golden-winged Warbler—*Helminthophaga chrysoparia*.—Not common during migration.

Nashville Warbler—*Helminthophaga ruficapilla*.—Common during spring and fall migration.

Orange-crowned Warbler—*Helminthophaga celata*.—Rare.

Blue Yellow-backed Warbler—*Parula americana*.—Found during spring and fall migration.

Cape May Warbler—*Dendroica tigrina*.—Not common during migration; more abundant in the fall.

Yellow Warbler—*Dendroica aestiva*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of April.

Black-throated Blue Warbler—*Dendroica cerulea*.—An abundant spring and fall migrant.

Yellow-rumped Warbler—*Dendroica coronata*.—Common during spring and fall migration.

Black and Yellow Warbler—*Dendroica maculosa*.—An abundant spring and fall migrant; few remain and breed.

Cerulean Warbler—*Dendroica cerulea*.—Found during the spring and fall migration; few breed.

Chestnut-sided Warbler—*Dendroica pensilvanica*.—Quite a common spring and fall migrant.

Gray-breasted Warbler—*Dendroica castanea*.—Found during spring and fall migration; more abundant in the fall.

Black-poll Warbler—*Dendroica striata*.—Migrant; irregular in the spring but common in the fall.

Blackburnian Warbler—*Dendroica blackburniae*.—Not common spring and fall migrant.

Black-throated Green Warbler—*Dendroica virens*.—Quite common during spring and fall migration.

Kirtland's Warbler—*Dendroica kirtlandi*.—Very rare; only four or five have been found.

Pine-creeping Warbler—*Dendroica pinus*.—Not common spring and fall migrant.

Yellow Red-poll Warbler—*Dendroica palmarum*.—Found during spring and fall migration.

Patrie Warbler—*Dendroica discolor*.—Rare migrant.

Golden-crowned Thrush—*Sturnus auricapillus*.—Not uncommon summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May.

Large-billed Water Thrush—*Sturnus notabilis*.—A summer resident in some localities; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of June.

Green Black-capped Flycatching Warbler—*Myiodynastes pusillus*.—Occasionally found during spring and fall migration.

Kentucky Warbler—*Oporornis formosus*.—Few seen during migration; said to occasionally breed in some localities.

Mourning Warbler—*Geothlypis philadelphia*.—Rather rare spring and fall migrant.

Maryland Yellow-throat—*Geothlypis trichas*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May.

Golden-breasted Chat—*Icteria virens*.—Common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May.

Hooded Warbler—*Myiodynastes virens*.—Common spring and fall migrant; few remain and breed.

Canada Flycatching Warbler—*Myiodynastes canadensis*.—A common migrant; more abundant in the spring.

Redstart—*Setophaga ruticilla*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of April.

Red-eyed Vireo—*Vireo olivaceus*.—Common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May.

Philadelphia Vireo—*Vireo philadelphicus*.—Not common spring and fall migrant.

Warbling Vireo—*Vireo gilvus*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May.

Yellow-throated Vireo—*Vireo flavifrons*.—Common during spring and fall migration; few remain and breed.

Solitary Vireo—*Vireo solitarius*.—Found during migration; few remain all summer and breed.

White-eyed Vireo—*Vireo noroncoracensis*.—Not common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April.

Great Northern Shrike, Butcher-bird—*Lanius borealis*.—An irregular and not common winter visitor.

Loggerhead Shrike—*Lanius ludovicianus*.—Not uncommon summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of May.

Bohemian Waxwing—*Ampelis garrulus*.—Rare winter visitor.

Carolina Waxwing—*Ampelis cedrorum*.—A common resident; breeds.

Purple Martin—*Progne subis*.—Summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of April.

Cliff Swallow, House Swallow—*Petrochelidon lunifrons*.—A very common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May.

Barn Swallow—*Hirundo erythrogastra*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May.

White-bellied Swallow—*Tachycineta bicolor*.—In some localities a common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of April.

Bank Swallow, Sand Martin—*Oedipus riparia*.—A rather common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of April.

Rough-winged Swallow—*Stelgidopteryx serripennis*.—In some localities a common summer resident; breeds.

Scarlet Tanager—*Pyranga rubra*.—Not abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May.

Tree Grosbeak—*Picoides lineator*.—An occasional winter visitor.

Purple Finch—*Carduelis purpureus*.—Found during spring and fall migration.

Common Crossbill—*Loxia curvirostris*, var. *americana*.—An irregular winter visitor.

White-winged Crossbill—*Loxia leucoptera*.—An occasional winter visitor.

Redpoll Linnet—*Regulus linaria*.—Not common winter visitor.

American Goldfinch, Yellowbird—*Astragalinus tristis*.—An abundant resident; less common in the winter; breeds.

Pine Linnet—*Chrysomitris pinus*.—A common winter visitor.

Snow Bunting—*Plectrophenax nivalis*.—Not common winter visitor.

Longspur—*Centropus lapponicus*.—An occasional winter visitor.

Savannah Sparrow—*Passerculus savanna*.—Common in some localities during migration; few remain and build.

Bay-winged Bunting, Grass Finch—*Pooecetes gramineus*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about April 1st.

Yellow-winged Sparrow—*Carpodacus passerinus*.—Not common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about May 1st.

Lark Finch—*Chondestes grammacus*.—Not uncommon summer resident; thought by some to breed here.

White-crowned Sparrow—*Zonotrichia leucophrys*.—Quite common during spring and fall migration.

White-throated Sparrow—*Zonotrichia albicollis*.—A common spring and fall migrant; few breed.

Tree sparrow—*Spizella monticola*.—An abundant winter resident.

English Sparrow—*Passer domesticus*.—An abundant resident in the cities and towns; breeds.

Chipping Sparrow—*Spizella socialis*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of April.

Field Sparrow—*Spizella pusilla*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April.

Song Sparrow—*Melospiza melodia*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of March.

Swamp Sparrow—*Melospiza palustris*.—In some localities a summer resident; breeds.

Fox Sparrow—*Passercilla iliaca*.—Found during the spring and fall migration.

Cheviuk, Towhee, Bunting—*Pipilo erythrophthalmus*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of April.

Cardinal Grosbeak—*Cardinalis virginiana*.—An occasional winter visitor.

Rose-breasted Grosbeak—*Goniphaga ludoviciana*.—Not common; summer resident; breeds.

Indigo Bunting—*Cynoscopia cyanea*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of May.

Bobolink—*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*.—Summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of May.

Red-winged Blackbird—*Agelaius phoeniceus*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April.

Red-winged Blackbird—*Agelaius phoeniceus*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about March 1st.

Meadow Lark—*Sturnella magna*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of March.

Orchard Oriole—*Icterus spurius*.—Common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of May.

House Oriole—*Icterus bulgaricus*.—Quite a common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of April.

Rusty Blackbird—*Scolecophagus ferrugineus*.—Common during spring and fall migrations.

Purple Grackle, Crow Blackbird—*Quiscalus purpureus*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of March.

Common Crow—*Corvus americanus*.—Common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of February.

Blue Jay—*Cyanurus cristatus*.—An abundant resident; breeds.

Shore Lark, Horned Lark—*Eremophila alpestris*.—A common winter visitor; few breed.

Kingbird—*Tyrannus carolinensis*.—A quite common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of May.

Great Crested Flycatcher—*Myiarchus cinerascens*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of May.

Pewee—*Sayornis fuscus*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of March.

Wood Pewee—*Contopus virens*.—A quite common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April.

Acanthid Flycatcher—*Empidonax aedon*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of May.

Trail's Flycatcher—*Empidonax traillii*.—Found during spring and fall migration; not common.

Least Flycatcher—*Empidonax minimus*.—Common during spring and fall migration.

Ruby-throated Hummingbird—*Trochilus colubris*.—A very common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about May 9.

Chimney Swift—*Chaetura pelagica*.—Quite a common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of May.

Whip-poor-will, Night Jar—*Antrostomus vociferans*.—A summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of May.

Night Hawk—*Chordeiles virginiana*.—Common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of May.

Hairy Woodpecker—*Picus villosus*.—Common summer resident; breeds.

Dowry Woodpecker—*Picus pubescens*.—Common resident; breeds; more abundant in the fall and winter.

Yellow-bellied Woodpecker—*Sphyrapicus varius*.—Common during spring and fall migration in some localities.

Pileated Woodpecker—*Hylocichla pileatus*.—Few still to be found in some localities; breeds.

Red-bellied Woodpecker—*Centurus carolinus*.—Not common resident; breeds; more abundant in the winter.

Red-headed Woodpecker—*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about April 1.

Yellow-shafted Flicker—*Colaptes auratus*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds; a few remain all winter.

Belted Kingfisher—*Ceryle alcyon*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of April.

Yellow-billed Cuckoo—*Coccyus erythrophthalmus*.—Summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of May.

Black-billed Cuckoo—*Coccyus erythrophthalmus*.—Quite a common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of May.

Long-eared Owl—*Otus vulgaris*.—Resident; common in winter, rare in summer; breeds.

Short-eared Owl—*Brachyotus palustris*.—A common resident; more abundant in the winter; breeds.

Barn Owl—*Syrnium nebulosum*.—Resident; more abundant in the winter; breeds.

Acanthid Owl—*Nyctale acadica*.—Not uncommon; resident; breeds.

Screech Owl, Mottled Owl—*Scops asio*.—A common resident, but much more common during the winter; breeds.

Snowy Owl—*Nyctale scandiaca*.—An irregular winter visitor.

Hawk—*Falco communis*, var. *anatum*.—Found during spring and fall migration; not common.

Pigeon Hawk—*Falco columbarius*.—A common migrant; few remain and breed.

Sparrow Hawk—*Falco sparverius*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of April.

Sharp-shinned Hawk—*Falco harrisi*.—A summer resident in some localities; breeds.

Marsh Hawk—*Circus cyaneus*, var. *hudsonius*.—In some localities a common resident; breeds.

Cooper's Hawk—*Accipiter cooperi*.—A common resident; breeds.

Sharp-shinned Hawk—*Accipiter fuscus*.—A common resident; breeds.

Belted Hawk, Hen Hawk—*Buteo aquilinus*.—A common resident; more abundant in the winter; breeds.

Red-shouldered Hawk—*Buteo lineatus*.—A common resident; breeds.

Broad-winged Hawk—*Buteo pennsylvanicus*.—Not common resident; more abundant in the winter.

White-headed Eagle, Bald Eagle—*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*.—A few seen during migration; breed in some localities.

Tukey Buzzard—*Cathartes aura*.—A common summer resident in some localities; breeds.

Passenger Pigeon, Wild Pigeon—*Ectopistes macrura*.—A spring and fall migrant.

Carolina Dove, Mourning Dove—*Zenaidura macroura*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of April.

Ruffed Grouse—*Bonasa umbellus*.—Resident in some localities; breeds.

Virginia Partridge, Quail—*Ortyx virginianus*.—A common resident in some localities; breeds.

Great Blue Heron—*Ardea herodias*.—In some localities a common summer resident; breeds.

Great White Egret, White Heron—*Ardea cygnetus*.—Summer resident in some parts; breeds.

Green Heron—*Ardea virescens*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April.

American Bittern—*Botaurus minor*.—Summer resident in some localities; breeds.

Least Bittern—*Ardeola exilis*.—Not uncommon summer resident; breeds.

Turnstone—*Streptopelia interpres*.—A few have been taken along the lake during spring and fall migration.

Black-bellied Plover—*Spatula helvetica*.—A few found during spring and fall migration.

Golden Plover—*Charadrius fuscus*, var. *virginicus*.—Not uncommon during spring and fall migration.

Killdeer Plover—*Argemone vociferans*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of March.

Semipalmated Plover—*Argemone semipalmata*.—Not common migrant; more abundant in the fall.

Piping Plover, Ringneck—*Argemone melodia*.—Rather common spring and fall migrant; breeds in some parts.







degrees below the truth. Perhaps by the time that he is old enough to come out of the ranks of "younger riflemen," he will have learned that no experienced still-hunter uses gloves, but heavy y.a.n mittens, knit so large that they can be removed instantly.

"O. H. I." states that he has only used the '73 model Winchester, and the Marlin, 40 cal. Where does he get his authority for this statement? If from me, then I have been guilty of a gross falsehood, for I have used the Spencer, Sharps, Evans, Wesson and Ballard, and in giving preference to the Marlin for forest shooting, I did not take single breech-loaders into account, as the rapidity with which the repeaters can be discharged, overshadows the greater force of the best single shot Rifle; but on the plains it is a strong point in their favor. In his statement that no hunter of solid experience would take either a Marlin or Winchester deer hunting, if he could get any other, he condemns "at one fell swoop" the thousands of hunters with these arms in their hands, from Maine to California, many of whom have passed the most of their lives in the pursuit of large game. Either his experience has been much greater than he claims, or he has forgotten the caution in criticism which he recommends to me.

Next he says that there are rifles which will bring a deer down, no matter where you hit him, and in the next breath declares that he has seen deer literally shot to pieces which afterwards had to be run down. What must be the condition of those which are brought down instantly? This statement that single-loaders never shoot except from the muzzle, may do for those who have never seen them burst at the breech; but not for me. His reasons for the high trajectory of the Winchester, after loftily setting aside my statement, are enumerated by him, that he has given me the light, bullet and large caliber. If he will kindly explain how he gets the former to hit the latter without having it "short in proportion to its diameter," which is exactly my statement, he will solve a profound conundrum. The shooter barrel and lighter powder charge do not exist in the 60 gr. Winchester which has also a high trajectory. His reasons for the superiority of the Marlin are, to all intents, the same as the points alluded to in my letter to the W. R. A. Co. His advice for me to read the Winchester's still list, in order to learn the effects of rifle bullets on deer, is good. I expect that some one will next recommend me to read Mr. Steele's "Paddle and Portage" for information in regard to the game resorts of Northern Maine.

PENOBSCOT.

# JOTTINGS FROM JERSEY.

I HAVE a good excuse for my long silence. I might, of course, plead the close season and no game news, but as Essex county is in this State, and there they kill woodcock on the nest in April, that would not do. To tell the truth about it, I have had the "heart taken out of me." This winter my friend McConnell, of Sea Girt, was riding in a Pullman car, in Florida, and it is a bit of his experience, as narrated by him, that has given me the setback. In the car were two "gens" with a seat full of sporting tackle. On arrival at a station where there was a news stand, one of them went out and returned with a fresh FOREST AND STREAM, which he immediately began to devour. The table of contents was first glanced at and read aloud.

"Jottings from Jersey" he roared. "Well, if here isn't another letter from that liar. You remember the one he wrote me about the black snake? He said he had almost always been spinning just such incredible yarns. Now here is a lot of stuff about sparrow pie and I don't suppose there is a word of truth in it." This is a very mild version of the tirade as McConnell repeats it, but you have no doubt heard enough to sympathize with my determination never to write another line of natural history for publication. To this resolve I should have been faithful, at least until the incident was forgotten. If your issue of May 10 had not changed my mind. When I picked it up and read about seven squirrels inside a blacksnake, a muskrat in a hawk's throat and a chicken in a heron's neck, I felt I was safe. Reading on, I came to the "Partridge Mystery," and assurance became doubly sure. My mind is easy. Write what fact I may I shall never be even remembered as among the dealers in the incredible, while he of Springfield yields his facile pen. Thanks, HORSFORD for your timely rescue.

The New Jersey Legislature did but little to show its ignorance of the game question, and nothing of real benefit. It repealed the act of 1831, which protected deer for three years, and it is now lawful to kill deer between Oct. 15 and Dec. 1. The nearest approximation to game protection is in the supplement to the cruelty to animals act. Section 24 of the original law excepted from its humane provisions pigeons snared in a trap. This section was amended this year by striking out the words "shooting pigeons from a trap," and hereafter that cruel sport must stand on its own merits before the suits of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. If we hear of somebody being sent to prison for this business we shall be more proud than ever of Jersey justice.

And that reminds me of the English sparrow. I notice that the Westchester society has ascertained that the little foreigner is a friend to his insectivorousness and a thief of buds and grain. We are also making "post mortem dissections" of him in this State, and we find him to be a burglar and a murderer. A day or two since a neighbor took down his martin box and found that the sparrows had killed the young martins, driven off the old ones and taken possession of the whole house.

English snipe tried to be abundant, but it was hard for them to still be abundant in the middle of May, and they are probably there yet.

It is the general opinion in Monmouth county that large numbers of quail wintered over, and that they have done well. Rabbits are also reported abundant, and half-grown ones have been seen.

A.

A FOX IN A TREE.—Rock Lodge, Fla., May 6.—While in the pine woods west of Indian River, our dog began barking, and we found that he had an animal up a tree. At first we thought it was an opossum, but upon closer examination found it to be a fox. He was about thirty feet up a pine tree; the tree was straight, with no limbs until very near the top. I shot him through the ear and again in the shoulder, but he still held on. The third shot brought him down. The fox was red, standing about the size and size of the red fox of the North. That the fox ran up the tree we think an unusual thing. Is it common for a fox to take a tree for protection?—W. H. R. [It is not common for foxes to take trees, but we have occasionally known them to do so.]

SEDLIA GUN CLUB.—Sedalia, Mo., May 8.—The Sedalia Gun and Shooting Club met at the Park Hotel May 7. The following officers of the club were chosen by acclamation: Dr. John W. Trader, President; Dr. E. C. Evans, Vice-President; J. C. Parmelee, Secretary; John Montgomery, Treasurer; Frank Houston, Attorney. An executive committee of three, D. K. Smith, John Montgomery and J. C. Parmelee, were appointed, and instructed to secure grounds, balls, clubs and traps, and have them ready by Saturday, May 12, for the inauguration of the season. After the business of the evening was disposed of, President Trader invited the club into the dining-room of the Park Hotel, where an elegant banquet was served, after which the members of the Sedalia Gun and Shooting Club departed for their respective homes, with happy anticipations of an early opportunity of trying various fine novel leaders on the subtle and vacillating balls and clubs. The following are the enrolled members for 1883: S. C. Gold, J. W. Trader, E. C. Evans, J. C. Parmelee, John Montgomery, D. H. Smith, J. Pilkington, A. P. Monev, J. D. Crawford, J. C. Barber, A. W. Eaton, E. W. Stuchlik, C. H. Williams, A. W. Nesbitt.

ROSENDALE GUN CLUB.—Rosedale, Wis., May 7.—At the annual meeting of the Rosendale, Wis., Gun Club, on Saturday, May 5, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mr. S. B. Dilley, President; Mr. T. K. Gillette, Vice-President; Mr. E. C. Sherwin, Treasurer; Mr. Frank Rowe, Secretary. Executive Committee.—Mr. H. C. Graffam, Mr. S. B. Dilley and Mr. T. K. Gillette.—S. B. D.

WELLS BEACH.—Dover, N. H., May 10.—I have just returned from a three weeks' visit to Wells Beach, Me., and found all kinds of sea birds very plenty, and but few gunners there. Just before going to the beach, a friend of mine sent me a bottle of oil for my guns, which I found to be the best thing of the kind I ever used on them. It can be bought of J. P. Lowell & Sons, Boston.—G. A. W.

KYNOC SHELLS.—Editor Forest and Stream: I was surprised at "F. W. B.'s" remarks regarding the Kynoch shells: I think his gun must be at fault, or there is a great difference in the shells. I have tried one hundred of them, and have reloaded some of them several times, and have not had a misfire or any trouble getting them into the gun.—Px. (Osborne Hollow, N. Y.)

## Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

DR. A. and the writer were returning home after a weary row up a very muddy creek after ducks. Dr. A. espies a heron standing on a grass tree about twelve rods off, and has a wager that he can bring him down. Slipping a heavily loaded shell into his gun, he stands up, so as to get a better sight over the tall reeds, and fires. Result: the heron "wends his weary way," while your humble servant is left to extricate the Doctor from the multitudinous mud, with the use of an oar as a lever.

HERON.

Something has just reminded me of this anecdote of that good old angler, Dr. Bethune. Among your readers there must be some who remember him.

The Rev. Dr. Bethune, of the Dutch Reformed Church, was not very clerical looking, even in the pulpit, but in his forest and stream togethery he was something wonderful, even for the woods. A worthy woman, who had entertained him, heard that he was a city preacher. She could not make it out, he was so unlike a preacher in dress and address. However, she knew he would tell her the truth, so one day she asked him if he was really a preacher.

"Madam," replied the Doctor, "I am *verbi domini* minister." That was not English, nor was it Pennsylvania Dutch, but there was a "minister" in it, and something that sounded very like "domine." So in default of sufficient information that score, she said, "Well, where do you live anyhow?"

"Do you know where Manayunk is?" said the Doctor.

"No, I don't."

"Well, anyhow, I live about five miles from Manayunk," was the reply. Dr. Bethune lived and ministered in Philadelphia, and Manayunk, about five miles distant, was not then in its corporate limits.

Geo. L. NEIDE.

SCHUYLVILLE, N. Y.

## Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

A. W. B.—Use nothing but soap.

"SEAL."—Please send address to this office.

W. S. H., Camden, N. J.—We have not the address you ask for.

W. A. F., Carroll, Iowa.—Is the teal a duck? Ans. Undoubtedly.

J. P., San Francisco.—We have no knowledge of your inquiry. If you will repeat it, we will give it immediate attention.

E. C. V. W.—Copal varnish No. 2 is best for spurs. Decks are usually scrubbed when the yacht is in commission. In the winter they are best coated with common bright varnish. Be careful not to use any oil, or what is known as pine varnish.

The New York.—The autobiography of Davy Crockett was originally published with execrable illustrations by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. It has been brought out in the Seaside Library (price 25 cents). Dodd & Mead, New York, published a life of David Crockett, by John S. C. Abbott, which is the "Autobiography" clipped up and patched together again.

ROB STAY.—New list is promised shortly. It will cost \$2.50. Keels of boats should last more than seven years if kept thoroughly dry during the winter months. If the keel and bottom of a boat is kept on the earth, especially where grass grows, in one or two years it will be found to be rotten. A yacht (right or dead boat) built in the ordinary manner, and one that carries no dead weight, will float for hours after she is upse.

OWEN SOUND, Ont.—I have to report the shooting this week of what I take to be a good one of the *Clayton's heron*. The following is a description of the bird: Head and upper part of neck shining green, back black and gray, wings black and white, breast and belly of delicate reddish buff color, legs black, feet red, feet and claws black, feathers on back of head elongated. Mr. Miller, our sporting jester, sent the bird to Toronto to be set up. He got it from a Mr. Young, who shot it on or about the back of the town. Is it a rare bird in these parts? Ans. Not a rare bird.

## Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notices of good fishing localities, and our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

### GEORGIA FISHING.

GATHERING tackle, rods, and bait, last week, Capt. Ed. Peabody, as genial and ardent a fisherman as ever wet hook in babbling brook, placid lake, or rushing river, and ourself, took buggy, and sped away to "Douglass" Lake, embowered in green wood shade, two miles east of Bainbridge. Two hours of soft melting April sunshine had sweetly sunned up old Dame Nature's face; ere we drew rein at our destination.

Unloaded, transferred our fishing gear to the boat, which was to bear out "Cesar and his fortunes," but us, and our luck, over the broad bosom of the lake that tranquilly lay before us, "a thing of beauty," reflecting from its mirrored depths the fresh green leaves of the long branched oaks, densely wooded and leaved. May-haw trees, literally packed with fruit, rising from its depths, cast without interruption a dense shade over its face from one end to the other. We unlock our craft, seize the paddle, and with quiet strokes send her noiselessly over the surface. Peabody, on the alert for a good place, sings out: "Gurley, there's the place," pointing to where those large oaks tower straight-boughed, high above the water's surface, and with interlacing boughs overhead, form a complete canopy of shade, leaving a clear space of water, whose oval shape is fringed with lovely May-haw trees, whose ripe fruit kisses the quiet waters. Quickly I lay the boat alongside an old log on the margin of the tempting spot.

Hooks are baited and cast in for fluky prey. Ed gets a bite, a very shy one, that gets away so cautiously that the movement of the float is almost imperceptible. He strikes, and such a strike! Had he hung the fish, the little fellow would have landed about the size of a "Sagehen," and after a little had got "catch on" to anything but worms, and saved himself from utter ruin. Getting the first bite made our friend awful high-minded, and instead of casting into the water, he sent his hook flying into a tree top. There it stuck, and we had to move up the boat to get it. This done, we try again, and get no bites.

Again we cast off, and creep from spot to spot, until we find a hungry crowd of willing, fierce biters, housekeeping under a dense shade of oaks, whose branches hang so low that we find it almost impossible to use our rods. Reader, don't you wish you had been with us, just at this time! I know you do. As fast as one hook went down in the depths, away went a gallant, plucky fighter with bait and hook. A gentle pull, the steel fastens into his greedy jaws, and away he flies, making the line sing through the clear water. A long pull and a strong pull brings him to the boat, and the pretty prize is ours. For one whole hour, with unintermitting, we ply rod and steel, and take in the lively beauties, at the end of which fifty noble specimen of the perch tribe reward our efforts. Proud of our success, and somewhat hungry, we draw in our lines and turn our boat toward shore, where friends await to cook and eat our catch. Turned over to the cooks, they are quickly prepared, and then followed a feast the Gods might envy. O. G. G.

### TROUTING IN THE MUSKOKA DISTRICT.

DOUBTLESS many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM have fished for the speckled beauties in the dark and turbulent waters of Muskoka and Parry Sound districts, while many more have contemplated a trip to the wild woods and foaming rivers of Northern Ontario. For the information of those who intend to come and have never before made the trip, the best, cheapest and quickest route to reach the Muskoka district is from Port Huron, via Northern Railway, to Gravenhurst, then by team a distance of twenty-four miles to Oakley, on the south branch Muskoka, where there is good trout fishing on the river and its many tributaries. Or, go on from Gravenhurst by steamer to Bracebridge, then by stage to Trading Lake, then on by steamer to "Cedar" Narrows, where trout and mosquitoes will make it entertaining for the sportsman. Another route from Bracebridge is by stage to Port St. Joseph, a distance of twenty miles, then by steamer to Huntsville, then by stage to Emsdale, a distance of sixteen miles. Here is where the angler will strike waters of the Maganetawan River at Itaged Creek, where there is good trout fishing, and further on east about seven miles by stage the Maganetawan River at Kearney is navigable for skiffs and canoes without portage to Big Sand Lake, where there is good fishing. Another route is from Gravenhurst by steamer to the head of Lake Rosseau where "Poulin Pratt" keeps tavern. Who is he? He is that has not heard of W. H. Pratt? If there are any lovers of the rod and gun that ever visited the wilds of Muskoka, and never heard or saw mine host of the Rosseau House, they saw but very little of the country. From Rosseau by stage to Maganetawan village, a distance of thirty-seven miles; from Maganetawan village by steamer to Buks Falls, a distance of twenty-four miles to the Maganetawan River. Or another route from Maganetawan village, is by stage to Lake Nipissing, a distance of thirty-seven miles, and when the sportsman reaches Nipissing he can choose his route and waters for his sport. By coming down the French River to the Georgian Bay, and taking a steamer from the mouth of French River to Collingwood, or Midland, or portaging across in Lakes Tulon and Trout, and then into the Mattawa waters, then down the Mattawa, or handling the C. P. Railway at North Bay or Sargons Falls, and riding thence to Brockville or Montreal. The steamer inter-ocean makes daily trips across Lake Nipissing.

And another route is from Lake Rosseau by stage to Parry Sound, a distance of twenty-four miles, where bass and maselange fishing cannot be excelled. From Parry Sound to McKellar, by stage, a distance of fifteen miles. Or, by stage to Glenora, a distance of twenty-four miles, or, on through to Comondia and Lake Nipissing. Or from Parry Sound to Collingwood, Penticton, or Midland, by steamer. If any sportsman fails to enjoy himself over any of the routes mentioned, I cannot tell him where to go to find fish and sport. MAC.

PARRY SOUND, Ont., May, 1883.



## KINDERHOOK LAKE.

HALF an hour of brisk travel eastward on one of the swift trains of the B. & A. R. R., through pleasant farm lands and villages, and you leave the cars at cool, shady Kinderhook. You catch a hasty glimpse of a considerable body of water, picturesquely situated, a moment or two before the train stops, and you slightly conjecture it to be the justly famous Kinderhook Lake, the richest gem in Eastern New York.

The three rival magnates of the three rival establishments for fishermen, tourists and excursion parties, will meet you as soon as you leave your train, confusing you with flowery promises of the conflicting charms of their several places. Joking aside, you may go with either of these, for "whichever" you choose will see to it that you are splendidly entertained and cared for.

For convenience sake, and for the purpose of thoroughly "doing" the lake, it will be wise on this special occasion to put yourself in charge of "Jorry" Clapper, the gentlemanly proprietor of "The Outlet." A two-minute walk from the depot and you are in sight of his comfortable cottage, cosily nestled down upon the left bank of the handsome stream that empties the lake, flowing from its southwestern extremity.

Once in sight of the dock, with its gaily painted boats and multitudinous fishing paraphernalia, you quicken your steps, listen across the bridge, and, aided by the ever genial Jorry, select your "kit" and push out into the stream. A few strong pulls and you are through the railroad culvert, gliding up the creek in eager expectancy of entering the lake with every car-stroke. The birds in the overhanging branches along the shore are unheeded and their song unheard; the lake is the one consideration of the day, to which everything else must be subjected. Alas! the provoking willow-cowp is passed and you see the lake. Now, once again—a long pull, a strong pull, a pull altogether, and you leave the stream with its narrow bounds and glide into the lovely lake, delighted, transported, enraptured.

First on your ears and glance about you. Stretching far away to the north is the extensive point of Main Lake; let the eye wander along down the eastern shore, taking in the wooded point that shelters Milham's Cove, and still further down, admiring the rough, indented shore skirting Milham's Woods, until the long, high promontory with which Lake House Point terminates cuts off the view. Between you and Lake House Point is another long, narrow peninsula, reaching away to the northward from the mainland that bounds the western limits of the lake. This is Raedler's Point, and a few ill-fated strokes send your frail craft skimming around it toward Lake House Point. Suddenly you glance to the southward, and there, coynely secreted between the two extended points, a scene of surpassing loveliness awaits you, in that beautiful portion of this irregular body of water, the Round Lake:

"The conversation, and the poet's dream."

Cast your eye to the northwest, and here Packman's Cove, another surprise, awaits you; a grove on the left and another on the right, add to its beauty. This arm of the lake lies parallel with the upper end of the Main Lake, but is much narrower, and of far less value as a fishing ground. The section of land dividing the cove from the lake proper, is somewhat strangely styled Packman's Point, though it bears little resemblance to a point. The solitary stream that feeds the lake, flows circuitously past the quiet villages of Nassau and North Clatham, through grassy pastures, and among sloping hills, entering the Main Lake a little north-west of Milham's Cove. Above this inlet the creek, just described, is joined by a smaller one, a mere rill, that flows from a small pond to the north, bearing the distinguished and somewhat misleading name of Lake Knickerbocker; adding a mere breeding place for frogs, mosquitoes, and malaria, it hardly deserves so "dignified" a designation.

Having crossed the upper end of the Round Lake, you sail to the lower side of the two small islands, sweep around Lake House Point, and drift down the Main Lake toward Trimmer's Dock. Here, also, is a new revelation. You are now about half way down the Main Lake, the two extremities each a mile distant. Above, circling around the head of the lake, a succession of sloping hills undulate, unevenly, to the north and east. To the south the low country gradually slants off, low and flat, into the Hudson Valley. An orchard and meadow border the waters on the south, merging into other farming lands, up the eastern shore, past the Lake Shore House, joining Milham's Grove just across from Lake House Point.

Your boat grates on the beach, you jump out and secure it just in time to enjoy a hearty welcome and handshakes from "Bob" Trimmer, the gentlemanly proprietor of the Lake House. It is now the magic hour of noon, and with an accommodating smile, Bob leads you to the dining-room. Here you are! Fresh fish, choice steaks, perfectly broiled and smoking hot, sweet milk, pure and unadulterated, and an endless variety of delicacies from Bob's extensive garden. It is a dinner for a king, but sufficient "regality" to enjoy it with a keen relish is easily assumed.

After dinner you of course go fishing. Bob provides you with that Prince of fishes, John Linn, who rows your craft with steady stroke to all the choice fishing grounds; mitigating the wild excitement your sport occasions with timely suggestions, he aids you to capture a reasonable "mess" of the glorious bass and pickerel so abundant in Kinderhook Lake. At length, after a most enjoyable half-day's fishing, the sun goes rudely down in the west, and, to complete the various enjoyments, John rows you over to the Lake Shore House for supper. Landlord Allen is all attention, and you bid him "good-night" brimful of that "solid satisfaction" that always follows a fine day's sport with a square meal for an epilogue. John is awaiting you in the boat, and rows you silently back to Trimmer's in the dim starlight. You leave of him here, and pull lazily for the head of the lake, to while away the two hours remaining before the train leaves for Albany. Then you float lazily back down the lake, past Milham's Grove, flickers the campfire of a party of Bostonians; directly opposite, on Packman's Point, hang the colored lanterns of a camping party from the Capital City.

Just as you stand out between the two camps off Lake House Point, the full moon rises suddenly, brilliantly illuminating the western shores, and leaving the eastern shores in dark shadow. Lovely as was the scene by daylight, it is infinitely lovelier now; something about it recalls, momentarily, that one line of Scott's on Melrose Abbey:

"Never was scene more sadly fair!"

A party of dancers are on the grounds at Trimmer's—one of the many excursion parties who haunt the lake all summer long.

There is something weird about it; the line from Scott awakens another train of thought; the camps, the dancers, the songs from the boats all around you, all mingle together to strengthen your fancy. It is wonderfully like, on a moonlight night, the Scottish Highlands. Then, too, Lake House Point, in the soft moonlight, looks, for all the world, like Ellen's Isle, in Loch Katrine. A shadowy glimpse of the Catskills, to the southwest, adds to the resemblance, and, to complete the picture and perfect the scene, a dark boat swiftly past, containing a party of musicians. As they disappear in the shade to the left of Lake House Point, they take up Rodierick's famous muster song, "Hail to the Chief." Then, in profane thought, you suddenly remember that it is nearly train time. Away romance, poetry, sentiment; pick up your oars and hurry along to Clapper's. With a sigh of commendable regret, you row silently to the mouth of the creek. Near the stream you rest a moment on your oars, and let the boat drift. One more burst of music reaches your ears, faint and almost indistinct; the musicians are playing the closing strains of "Bonnie Dundee." The music stops; new and cricket sing their discordant songs unheard. You confine dreamily down the stream to Clapper's, wishing all sorts of impossible wishes.

Once more you land, and Jorry breaks the spell with a bountiful supply of lemonade and sandwiches. He cheerfully bids you "Go for 'em!" while he packs your fish and other luggage for the journey home. Forgetting your splendid dinner and supper, you imagine yourselves half famished and greedily devour Jorry's daily refreshments. Then, alas! you go to the depot and buy your ticket for Albany; the train drives in and whisks you regretfully back again into the crowded city.

Well, you've had one day's fishing on the lake that enchanted N. P. Willis, the luxurious day-dreamer, and where Matty Van Buren and a host of other famous old "Yan's" have frequently held their revels in days gone by. You go to bed thinking of the day's events, except the daily refreshments from the lake, being a pleasure. Somehow your slumbers are troubled with visions that shift in a confusing sort of way from Kinderhook Lake to the Scottish Highlands. You are, in your dreams, once more members of a jolly fishing party; this time it is Jorry Clapper, stalwart Jamie Douglas, Bob Trimmer, Rodierick Dhu, John Linn, Henry Allen and a host of other impossibilities, old Watty Scott, the wondrous "Wizard of the North, among the rest. Black Rodierick is just proposing a toast to Kinderhook Lake, when the vision fades; you open your eyes; you are snugly laid away in bed and the morning sun is shining in upon you. You rise, deeply regretting that it was "all a dream," perform your ablutions and breakfast on the delicious fish you captured yesterday on dearly-loved, never-to-be-forgotten Kinderhook Lake. Oh! that life was an endless holiday!

ALBANY, N. Y., May 7.

H. RUTHER JATTIE.

## DOES THE MASCALONGE LEAP?

IN the issue of FOREST AND STREAM for April 19, I notice the rather surprising statement, made by Mr. Elihu Plimney, that from one-half to two-thirds of over five hundred mascalonge caught by himself and friend, "threw themselves, the instant they were struck, either entirely or partly out of the water."

I have had some experience fishing in Canadian waters for mascalonge, especially in the same region of which he speaks. During the month of July, 1878, I spent almost every day fishing for bass and mascalonge, and my efforts were handsomely rewarded.

Since reading the article above referred to, I have thought the subject over, but cannot remember of a single instance where the fish leaped from the water upon being struck. Indeed, my experience was exactly opposite, for, instead of rising they would invariably go to the bottom, and when they were taken from the water, it seemed as if they came direct from the bottom.

I remember that the difference between the actions of bass and mascalonge, when struck, was a subject of comment between the guide and myself. I could tell almost every time, without seeing the fish, whether I had a bass or mascalonge, and so the fish was taken. A four-pound bass would afford more sport than an eight-pound mascalonge.

Why is it that the flesh of bass taken from Stony Lake is not so solid as the flesh of those taken from St. Lawrence River and Great Lakes? The water being considerably warmer, may be one reason. During the coming summer I intend to spend about a month in this region, and will make close observations as to the habits of the mascalonge.

SPRINGFIELD, O., May 7.

DR. K.

## PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.

THE Pennsylvania Angler's Association has stocked the Perkin Creek with rainbow trout, and we are glad to learn that instead of making a promiscuous planting, the head waters, which are not so plentiful, and, as some say, do not exist at all, were chosen, and the lower portions of the stream nearer the Schuylkill were properly passed by. This society will do a good work for our portion of the State, and is a live and active organization. It is said that one great cause of the depletion of the Schuylkill River waters of its bass, especially the portion which runs through Fairmount Park, is the netting of the fish at all seasons of the year by a large number of netmen, who, in violation of the law, have been doing so for several years, and it is proposed to appoint a warden whose business it will be to patrol the river and arrest offenders. Would it not be an economical plan to interest some of the railroad "track walkers" and offer them a fee for every case of netting they discover? The railroad track runs close to the Schuylkill River, many miles above Philadelphia, and if the proper officers of the Reading Railroad were seen I have no doubt their consent could be procured to have the employees interested. Gov. Pattison of our State has signed the bill which will allow the Pennsylvania Fish Commission to sell the Marietta Hatchery property and to select waters better adapted, and we hope to soon hear of a new site chosen. Our trout fishermen are now all off on their delayed trips. Your correspondent received a despatch yesterday from Lehigh Valley, reading, "Come up, trout are ripe, and I intend to stay in Philadelphia this week, and perhaps lose the best of the sport, which is only had in the Lehigh Valley streams the first week or so of the season, and the pleasant weather coming upon us this spring all at once we may expect but a very short season."

PHILADELPHIA, May 11.

Hoxo.

## SOME SOUTH AMERICAN FISHES.

WE were recently favored with a loan of an old work, the property of Mr. Francis Endicott, the title of which is "A Voyage to South America: Describing at large the Spanish Cities, Towns and Provinces, etc., on that extensive Continent. Interspersed throughout with Reflections on the Genius, Customs, Manners, and Trade of the Inhabitants, together with the Natural History of the Country. And an Account of the Gold and Silver Mines. Undertaken by Command of His Majesty the King of Spain by Don George Juan and Don Antonio de Ulloa, both Captains in the Spanish Navy, Members of the Royal Societies of London and Berlin, and Corresponding Members of the Royal Academy at Paris. Translated from the original Spanish, Illustrated with Copper Plates. Dublin. Printed for William Williamson, at Meccenas's Head in Bride street, 1758." in two volumes; from which we quote:

Of fish there is a great variety daily brought from the neighboring ports of Chorrillos, Callao, and Ancon, the Indian inhabitants of which make fishing their whole business. The most palatable are the corbinas, and the paje reyes, or king's fish; but those in the greatest plenty, and at the same time very palatable, are the anchovies. The corbinas and the king's fish infinitely excel those of Spain; the latter is also remarkable for its size, being generally six or seven Paris inches in length; yet even these are thought to be surpassed by those caught in the Buenos Ayres River. It is a salt water fish but very little different from that caught in the rivers of Spain. The river of Lima affords a sort of prawns, two or three inches in length, but these should rather be called crayfish. The whole coats abound with such shoals of anchovies as exceed all comparison, and beside the quantity caught by fishermen, they are the chief food of innumerable flocks of birds, with which all these islands abound, and commonly called guanicos; many of them are indeed alcatrazes, a kind of owl, though all commonly bear the general name of guanico. A little after the appearance of the sun, they rise from these islands in such large and thick flights as to totally cover them, and fly toward the sea for an hour or two, without any visible decrease of their number. When at some distance from the land they divide themselves, and begin their fishing in a very entertaining manner. They fly in a circle at a considerable height above the water, and on seeing a fish, they descend and devour it. The most rapid and their wings closed, with such force that the agitation of the water is perceptible at a distance; after which they rise again into the air and devour the fish. Sometimes they remain a considerable time under water, and rise at some distance from the place where they fell, doubtless because the fish has endeavored to escape, thus disputing celerity with them in their own element. \*\*

The islands of Juan Fernandez abound greatly in fish of various kinds, among which are two species not observed in any other part of this vast sea. One is the cod, which though not absolutely in every particular like that of Newfoundland, the difference is very minute, either with regard to color, form, taste, and even the small scales observable on that fish. They are of different sizes, but the largest three or four feet in length. The other species is a fish resembling the tolo in shape, but much more palatable. From the fore part of each of these two fins on its back grows a kind of sharp spine a little longer than the body, and back, and terminating in a point. It has a fine gloss and the hardness of a bone. At the root of it is a soft, spongy substance. This spur or bone, for it resembles both, is such a present remedy for the toothache, that the point of it being applied to the part affected, it entirely removes the pain in half an hour. The first account I had of this singular virtue was from a Frenchman, who was my pilot, but as a reason would not permit me to give credit without experience, to a circumstance seemingly so void of probability, the assertions of the man increased my desire of putting it to the proof, which I did several times, and always with success. I did not fail to communicate a discovery of such great benefit; and accordingly several of my acquaintances, who labored under that excruciating pain, made a trial of it, and found from it the same happy effects; with this particular circumstance, that soon after the application of the bone to the part affected, it became insensible to pain, a drowsiness succeeded, and they awoke free from the torture. I observed that the spongy substance at the root, during the operation, became greatly inflated, and softer than in its natural state, which could not be affected solely by the moisture of the mouth, the part put into it being compact, hard, and smooth as ivory. I am therefore inclined to think that it has an anesthetic virtue, which attracts the moribund humor, and collects it in the root. The common length of these anodyne spurs is two inches and a half, of which one moiety, together with the root, is within the body of the fish. Each face of the triangle about four lines in breadth. The fish is taken in the same plenty as the others. \*\*\*

The seas on these coasts abound in excellent fish, though not in nearly so great a degree as those near the island of Juan Fernandez. Here are seen, in particular, a great number of whales, which come even into the bay; also a tunny and sea wolves. Among the amphibious creatures here is one known all along these coasts, and even at Callao. It is called *Pajaro Nino*, the bird-child. In its home parts resembles a goose, except that its neck nor its bill is not arched, and is something larger. It has a thick neck, a large head, and a strong, short bill; its legs very small, and its tail, its body is in an erect position. Its wings are small, cartilaginous, and nearly resemble the fins of the seal. Its tail is so small as hardly to be distinguished; its wings and whole body are covered with short brown hair, like that of the sea wolves, and generally full of white spots, though some are of other colors; so that upon the whole the bird makes no disagreeable appearance. It lives promiscuously, either in the water or on the land, and has the flesh, when taken, being very strong in its motions, but when attacked bites severely, though it is observed never to be the first aggressor. \*\*\*

These harbors or roads [Island of Fernando de Noronha] abound in fish of five or six different species; among these are lampreys and morones, the last of an enormous size, but neither of them palatable. At the bottom of this harbor is taken a fish called cope, from its triangular figure. It has a snout not unlike that of a hog, and its whole body is inclosed in one broad resembling horn, within which the flesh, brain and other parts are contained. The upper superficies is covered with green scales, and underneath with white. It has two small fins like other fishes, and its tail, which is horizontal, is also small. On being taken out of the water it immediately emits from its mouth a greenish froth of an insupportable smell, and which continues for a considerable



time. Some of our people who had seen this fish in other parts affirmed that its flesh was of such a poisonous nature as to cause the bodies of those who eat though but moderately of it to swell till they burst. But the people of this island were as positive to the contrary, and affirmed it from their own experience. They, however, make use of this precaution before they eat it; namely, of laying a great weight on the fish's head, part of which might have been out in the foam; and after keeping it a whole day in this manner they open the hard shell in which it is enclosed, boil it till about half ready and then shift it into other water. By these precautions they affirm that all the noxious particles are extracted. But, in my opinion, this troublesome process is thrown away, the taste of its flesh not being at all answerable, and even were it in any degree palatable, surely the remembrance of its fetid smell must disgust the stomach.

## THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

[Dispatches to the Associated Press.]

LONDON, May 12.—Although the sky was lowering this morning, and although there were dashes of rain during the day, accompanied by a heavy, murky atmosphere and disagreeable walking, there was a tremendous attendance at the opening of the International Fisheries Exhibition at Crystal Palace. From the morning till the evening the buildings were packed with carriages and foot passengers at an early hour of the morning, and long before noon the twenty-three acres of buildings were filled with spectators from all parts of the world. The details of the ornamentation and arrangement were not complete, owing to the unexpectedly heavy amount of work which the preparations entailed, but the decorations were so managed that they concealed in a large degree the temporary defects. The general effect of the scene was very fine.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by his sons, reached the main hall at 12:10 o'clock, and his entrance was the signal for most enthusiastic cheers. The dais in this section, to which the Prince was later conducted by the exhibition officials, is a beautiful affair covered by a handsomely wrought canopy. Surmounting the canopy and artistically setting it off was a crown, from which were suspended festoons of flowers. From the canopy the ceremony of introducing the royal party to the mysteries and beauties of the place proceeded according to the programme outlined last night. From the conservatory the party was taken through the first hall of exhibits—that devoted to Great Britain—passing thence directly into the departments where were displayed the piscatorial treasures of the United States and Canada. These were given considerable attention and attracted much favorable comment. Depositions of fishermen were drawn up along the line of route, the most conspicuous and picturesque of these were the Indians of Canada.

James Russell Lowell, United States Minister to England, who had joined the party with other diplomats, was not the least interested observer of the display. After viewing several other exhibits the party returned to the dais, where the address of the committee was delivered by the Duke of Richmond. He explained the benefits of the exhibition; that it was intended not only to furnish an agreeable and instructive spectacle, but that it was intended that the public should receive an actual daily benefit as the result of it; that the practical cooking of fish was to be illustrated by the National School of cookery, and that the committee had kept steadily before them the fact that the exhibition was for the million. He announced that the exhibition would be open several times a week for the benefit of the working classes; that he expressed in terms of hearty thanks the gratitude felt by the committee for the cordial manner with which applications for assistance in the undertaking had been received and responded to by foreign governments and by the colonists. He then formally bade the Prince of Wales and his party welcome to the exhibition.

The Prince in replying read from manuscript. He expressed his regret in being able to assist at this ceremony, and regretted that an unfortunate accident had unavoidably prevented the Queen from being present. He hoped that the exhibition would be the means of bringing to the notice of the people the latest and most efficient methods of securing the bounty of the streams, lakes, and oceans, and would thereby be a practical benefit to them. He dwelt at some length on the importance of the life-saving section of the display and commended it to the attention of the people. In conclusion he conveyed the thanks of the Queen to all the countries and colonies which were taking part in the display, and to their representatives for their untiring exertions in bringing the matter to a successful issue. He was warmly applauded. After some further exercises the exhibition was formally declared open.

LONDON, May 14.—At a banquet in Fishmongers' Hall, given in honor of the International Fisheries Exhibition, the Prince of Wales said the contributions of the United States to the exhibition were especially deserving of credit. Mr. Lowell, the United States Minister, replying to a toast to "Foreign Representatives," thanked the Duke of Edinburgh for the kindness with which he had proposed the toast, and said that the kindness with which he had met him and in England convinced him that he represented an elder daughter of England rather than a foreign country.

## NORTH AMERICAN FISHERIES.

BULLETIN No. 16 of the United States National Museum is a large octavo of 974 pages, exclusive of index. It is the Synopsis of the Fishes of North America, by Prof. David S. Jordan and Charles L. Gilbert. This volume will give the fisherman and the sportsman a working knowledge of the fish that he claims to be a synopsis and not a complete description of every North American fish, yet it gives the more important characters of each species. We notice that there are five species of the Pacific salmon, genus *Oncorhynchus*; nine *Salmo*, including the Eastern salmon and the Western trout, and eleven char, genus *Salvelinus*. The genus *Cristiomer*, Gill and Jordan, is not retained, but the Eastern whitefish is now classed with the char. Of the latter we note the following, which are retained as valid species: *S. namaycush*, *sicocet*, *ogassua*, *variegatus*, *arcticus*, *malma*, *fontinalis*, *humboldtii*, *rossi*, *nitidus* and *stagnatus*. The "Canadian sculpin," or "salmon-trout," is merely noticed as a different form and coloration assumed by *fontinalis* when it goes to salt water for a length of time. The nomenclature of Henshall is followed for the black basses, and we think that it will stand more firmly on its legs than the confusion that has existed. We looked to see more fresh water gars on the list, but find only three. Former workers made more, but the tendency to-day, with the great collection of fishes of the

National Museum at hand, is to condense. So many connecting links are found which blend one apparently different form with another, that a series of fishes of one genus, taken from many localities, will have so many common characters, which mingle to such an extent, that the naturalist can only call those of widest divergence by the name of varieties. The most puzzling thing in natural history work is the question, "What constitutes a species?" and it is one that offers a chance for many differences. The Synopsis has a most complete index, which includes popular names, and it adds greatly to the list of valuable work already done by these authors.

Of all the writers in American ichthyology Prof. Jordan has done more than any other to popularize the science by writing in a manner suited to the popular comprehension by using only such scientific terms as were necessary to the understanding of his subject and for which there is no adequate vernacular term. His "Manual of the Vertebrates" covered ground never before attempted and gave a clear and lucid description of all vertebrates found within the district bounded by the Mississippi River on the west, North Carolina and Tennessee on the south, excluding marine species. His "Contributions to Ichthyology," in three bulletins of the National Museum, added to his work and his "Fishes of Ohio," in the Geological Report of that State, enriched our knowledge of Eastern fishes. The present work extends that knowledge to all the fishes of North America and places Jordan and his co-worker, Gilbert, among the foremost men to popularize the study of fishes. This last work covers the whole of North America and will be found of the greatest value.

## TROUTING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

TROUT fishing has formally opened in Central Pennsylvania. The snow has all disappeared from the mountains, and the trout streams are resonant again with their rippling spring laugh, as they rush hurriedly along their courses to the rivers.

Notwithstanding the backwardness of the season and occasional sharp relapses, fishing has thus far proved very successful in several localities. April and May are rather dull months for trouting generally herabouts; nevertheless, the "poacher" and the "trout hog" are at work before the season opens legally; and in order to meet with anything like success, the sportsman angler must go early in the season, or he will find the streams quite "fished out," as the old backwoodsmen term it.

From the incessant "whipping" to which the trout streams have been subjected within the past decade, they have not had time to recuperate, and the consequence is that the speckled beauties are becoming exceedingly scarce and shy. On likely days in June, by getting far back into the brush, some fish may yet be taken; but they are not of the average size, and should be left over for another season.

A recent trip to the Seven Mountains, a famous sporting place in Central Pennsylvania, convinced us of the fact that the glory of those ancient notes, April and May are rather dull months for trouting generally herabouts; nevertheless, the "poacher" and the "trout hog" are at work before the season opens legally; and in order to meet with anything like success, the sportsman angler must go early in the season, or he will find the streams quite "fished out," as the old backwoodsmen term it.

Quail and ruffed grouse have been abundant about here for the last few years, and from a stump, a post, or an old stone wall can daily be heard the piping of "Bob White." Several flocks of these little fellows have wintered on my father's farm the past winter, and in the early morn when rousing from my slumbers I can hear their vigorous notes from the orchard. From the present outlook, game, such as quail, grouse, quail, squirrels and rabbits, will be plentiful during the coming season. About one-fourth of a mile distant from our house is a favorite woodcock ground, where every summer, after harvest, my brother and I, accompanied by our cocker Joe, have a fine afternoon's sport. Wild ducks and geese are passing northward in large numbers. A few stragglers are now and then secured along the creeks and rivers, where they alight to feed.

W. K. M.  
SALEM, Pa., May 7.

## "ANGLING TALKS."

EDITOR'S PREPARATORY NOTE.

THE following chapters were written by Mr. Dawson subsequently to his retirement from the editorship of the *Albany Evening Journal* last September. The series was broken off by the author's lamented death in February.

The "Talks" attracted wide attention at the time of their publication in the angling columns of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, and were received with very cordial appreciation. It is thought that their collection into the present more permanent form will prove acceptable.

As a political writer of conceded power, Mr. Dawson wielded a potent pen when he turned from the conflict of parties to the praise of the favorite pastime of "Angling." His essays, limpid as the crystal streams, are aglow with the soft summer sun, light and melodious with the songs of birds. When angling was the theme, he wrote from a full heart and in closest sympathy with the scenes and pursuits described. These "Talks" are brimful of manly, wholesome sentiment; there is in them all not a particle of cant. Their sincerity and overflowing spirit at once win the reader, and he performs shares the author's enthusiasm. The effect is magical, like that of the music players in Xenophon's *Memorabilia*; he who reads it he be angler, must go a-fishing; and if he be not, straightway then must he become one.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE, April, 1893.

"SUN BURN."—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Now that the boat-sailing and fishing season is upon us, will *FOREST AND STREAM* kindly favor its numerous readers, as well as myself, with the benefit of its wide experience in a matter, which I am sure will be of interest to many. To begin with then, I am, like thousands of others, extremely fond of boating, during the summer months, but my life is rendered absolutely miserable, while in pursuit of this rational recreation, by my susceptibility to "sun burn." My face and neck become scarlet, the first day on the water, and my nose is in a conspicuous state of alternate "blister" and "peel." This is objectionable, not only because it gives one the appearance of a confirmed "toper," but also because it is a positive discomfort. Will you suggest, through your columns, for the benefit of those similarly afflicted, some remedy that will protect, or at least, quickly relieve one's countenance from this "burning shame."—KERR.

TENNESSEE.—There have been a number of fishing parties out within the past month, and each has met with good sport. Mr. J. E. Warner informed me the other day that he captured a genuine Virginia "horney head" while out fishing a few days ago in one of our Middle Tennessee streams, but which one has escaped my memory. This is the first instance of the kind I ever heard of in this State. There are two or three angling clubs about here at present; one has leased a portion of Tarble's Creek, but the other has a series of ponds stocked with game fish, but fish being close communions, none but the angler (with money) can even get a chance to verify the statements of their fish lore. They entertain among themselves, have fatted pigs and mutton barbecued, trip the light fantastic, and indulge in the pastimes, though as to the skill displayed in angling, or what they get in making it, no one ever hears. Mill, White's and Brown's creeks, have been effectively depopulated of fish by the seiners, cloggers, and trappers, who are permitted to infest their margins, the fish commissioner being one of the quiet, good-natured, indifferent sort of persons, who cannot waste his valuable time to carry out the purposes for which he was appointed. All the pay he received or was to receive, was granted with the commission and its proud title. The truth is, that a person who has one spark of the true sportsman's sentiments in his composition, gets disgusted at chronicling the unsatisfactory condition of fish sports on the men who follow them about here, as they are often exaggerated, and hard to get at, even then. Perhaps when the country fills up with a new sort of folks the panorama will change, or rather the figures in it, as the picture is now perfect so far as nature has had to do with it.—J. D. H. (Nashville, Tenn.).

BLACK BASS IN WISCONSIN.—Columbus, Wis., May 10.—Fishing is excellent here. Black rock "silver" bass is picked like candy. I believe it would be impossible to find a stream where the above named fish exist more bountifully than they do here. On the 6th, with a friend and a good supply of live minnows, they being preferred to all other bait here, we reached our favorite stamping ground bright and early. It had been raining, but the sun was shining bright and warm an hour later. My minnow had no more than touched the water than out came my line as swift as an arrow; my rod bent nearly double, and not daring to give him any slack, Nowdie had to assist in landing a five-pound black bass. When my friend returned to his rod he found that one of the finny tribe had borrowed it and was hauling it away. He succeeded in recovering it with a three-pound black bass attached. Thus the sport went on for some time. About noon they ceased to bite, and my companion was half asleep on account of the stillness when he felt a slight tug at his line. Had a gun exploded in his ear he could not have jumped higher. Out came a large black bass, and he was landed about sixty feet beyond. A few years ago the silver bass was an entire stranger to these parts, and when first seen they were in large schools. They are larger than the rock bass, covered with bright silvery scales; hence the name. They are very greedy, and are caught near brush piles. It is a mystery how they come here. Are they the right name, and how did they come here? The *FOREST AND STREAM* is a welcome visitor every week, and we shall never be without it.—WANDERER.

TIM POND AND THE SEVEN PONDS.—Letters from this noted resort inform me that the note of preparation is being heard throughout this region so much frequented in the past. Mr. Kennedy Smith has put in a good store of ice, and a good supply of other useful supplies to be in readiness when his guests arrive, a large number already having engaged accommodations. Roads and cabins are being improved and put in order. Edgar and his wife, who did so much for the comfort and pleasure of the sportsmen and their wives last year, are to have charge of the Tim Pond village of cabins the coming season. Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, who made the wilderness blossom as the rose at the Seven Ponds last year, direct the lovers of forest and stream again as they visit those matchless waters, and feast not alone upon the viands of the table, but the rich mountain scenery. The ice and snow is fast disappearing, and by the first of June all things are likely to be in readiness for as good trouting as may be found in Northern Maine. The Boston and Maine, the Eastern and the Somerset railroads have given the matter especial attention, and made first-class provisions for the wants of sportsmen, and I am told the stage accommodations will be adequate to the wants and comfort of the public from North New Portland to Smith's Farm. The Dirigo House at North New Portland has a new proprietor, who has repaired and refurbished the house. So all things are ready.—J. W. T. (New Britain, May 12, 1893).

WASHINGTON TERRITORY FISHING.—The writer had proposed making a trip over the Northern Pacific Railroad in September, when it is proposed to have it opened, and with a view of "going a-fishing" had written his son in Washington Territory as to best place to stop. He writes: "Leave the road at Rathdrum station, twenty-six miles east of Spokane Falls; go over a splendid road fourteen miles to Lake Cou d'Alene; fish up and down the St. Mary's River that empties into the lake, in the best of luck, where the celebrated 'bull' trout are caught, and you can be assured of excellent sport. There is a hotel and military post at the lake."—E. A. S.

STRIPED BASS AND BLUEFISH.—Striped bass are now being taken freely at Roblin's Reef. On Monday last one weighing thirteen pounds was taken in the Hudson opposite New York City at Pavenia Ferry. This week small bluefish of two pounds weight have appeared in the market, having been taken on the New Jersey coast. The larger bluefish in market are southern fish.

THE TARPUM AS FOOD.—The *New York Times* says: "Somebody asks, in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, as to the edible qualities of the tarpum. It has been tested two or three times in New York from large fish brought from Florida, and found not to be worth eating, but perfectly tasteless, like an insipid herring. It is, in fact, the levitation of the herring family."

SALMON ANGLING.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: There will be an opening for salmon angling during the month of August at the "Indian House Pool" section on the Restigouche for three rods. Extent of river some nine miles. I will be happy to furnish information.—ANGLING RESORT.







stock. Very high, com., Edward Lever's Reveller, black and tan,





## Rifle and Trap Shooting.

### BRITISH MUSKETRY INSTRUCTION.

ORD WOLSELEY, on behalf of the Duke of Cambridge, Comd-in-Chief of the British Army, has issued some amended musketry instructions for the use of the soldiers of the regular army. They represent his views as gathered from his field experience, and ought to bring about a very sweeping reform in this department of a soldier's duties. The following summary of the orders from the columns of the *Military Record and Volunteer News*, of Glasgow:

The annual allowance of ball ammunition to be allowed for each trained soldier will be 161 rounds, and for each recruit, officer and man, in addition to the annual allowance, 100 rounds, so that in the year of his service every soldier will require to fire 261 rounds in all. The recruits' course will be conducted by the officers commanding companies, and each recruit will fire 10 rounds individually at each of the following distances: 100, 150, 200, 250, 300, 400, 500 and 600 yards, and 70 rounds in independent firing at 300 yds.; 10 rounds in volley firing, in extended order, one-half at 200 and the other half at 300 yards; 5 rounds in volley firing, in close order, at 300 yds.; and 10 rounds in skirmishing, between 400 and 500 yards, or in all 100 rounds per recruit. Over and above this preliminary training, the recruit will be treated as a trained soldier, and as such fire another 160 rounds, making up 261 rounds in all. Even our very best shots will think this a rather hard curriculum to get through in the time allowed. The marks of the recruits are determined that the soldier shall shoot as accurately as he can march, while it is quite as certain no relaxation will be made in his marching and drill parades.

After the recruit service, every trained soldier will have to undergo an annual course of shooting, divided into two parts. In the first of these parts he will be required to fire 100 rounds in independent firing at 100 yards standing at 150 yds., 10 rounds kneeling at 250 and 300 yards each, and 10 rounds each, any military position, at 400, 500, 600, 700 and 800 yards. In volley firing, 30 rounds will be expended, 5 at each of the following distances: 100, 150, 200, 250, 300, 400, 500 and 600 yards, and 10 rounds in independent firing, at 300 yds. and 10 rounds in independent firing, at 300 yds. In close order.

In the second part of the course, the soldier will be fired in field firing and skirmishing and private practice, and will be carried on throughout the year, under the orders of the district general, according to conditions and circumstances. These 20 rounds, it is suggested, may be used for repeating any portion of the first part of the course in the case of men who have failed to become fair shots; they may be used in individual practice at a "head and tail" target, that is to say, a single target plate laid on its side, four of the 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 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### RANGE AND GALLERY.

CREDMOOR, May 9.—To-day was considered one of the finest in point of wind and weather for rifle shooting that has prevailed at Credmoor in the past. The conditions were so favorable that a series of competitors' matches were excellent. The ranges shot over were the 200, 500 and 600 yds., 7 shots each. The following is a summary of the day's work:

	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total
T. J. Dolan, Twelfth N. Y.	31	31	31	93
W. M. Farrow, New York Artillery	31	31	31	93
S. B. Bunnard, Second Mass.	29	32	33	94
George Joiner, Twenty-third N. Y.	29	32	33	94
H. J. Blandish, Sixty-fifth N. Y.	33	32	28	93
T. W. Wilson	31	31	31	93
John Smith, Twelfth N. Y.	31	31	31	93
W. M. Farrow, Twelfth N. Y.	31	31	31	93
"E. Thomas"	31	31	31	93
J. H. Blandish, Twelfth N. Y.	31	31	31	93
J. H. Blandish, Twelfth N. Y.	31	31	31	93
J. S. Shepherd, Twenty-third N. Y.	32	32	30	94
F. Stewart, Sixty-fifth N. Y.	31	31	31	93
S. B. Bunnard, Twelfth N. Y.	31	31	31	93
H. A. C. Long, Thirtieth N. Y.	31	31	31	93

May 12.—The last of the competitors' matches was shot this day at Credmoor under the direction of General Charles F. Robinson, executive officer. A greater number of competitors were present than at the previous competitions. The day was clear and warm. The wind at the 500 yds. range was light, though changeable. At the 200 and 600 yds. ranges it was very tricky. Considering the day excellent scores were made. The continued improvement in the scores that are being put up gives great encouragement to our rifleman, and certainly the victory in the coming match along a certainty. Below will be found some of the









spineaker and elaborate arrangements for reefing, lowering the mast, sink deck haps, ballast wot, stowage lockers, etc. Many other models, the Jersey Line, Sandy Hook, Princess, etc., etc., etc., combine the features of the above, but the latter is the only one that has the advantage of showing that a mere name, such as Nautilus or Shadow, now gives notice of the dimensions, model or rig of a boat without it is necessary to give a long and tedious description of the vessel, as the present types are by no means clearly marked, but merge into each other by small gradations. As the chances of each successive model being a success are small, it is better to give a name that will drop these names so long in use, substituting instead such divisions into classes as the Association have laid down, which will give a better idea of the type of boat than a comparison with model that is not clearly marked.

THE A. C. A. MEET.

STONY LAKE, the locality selected for the fourth annual meeting of the A. C. A., is situated in the Province of Ontario, about twenty-four miles northeast of the town of Peterboro, and is about five by ten miles in extent, the southwest part being filled with a cluster of islands. Near this end of the lake is the entrance to Clear Lake, a fine sheet of water with no islands.

A: At the northeast corner of the archipelago above mentioned, is Gun Island (the name will not be retained), the camping ground of the A. C. A. An ice-house has been erected on its northeast point and filled from the lake, ready for the campers. Com. Edwards and Mr. Tyson of the regatta committee, in company with a surveyor, visited the lake early in April, and laid out on the ice the courses for the coming regatta.

A half-mile paddling course was laid out along the east side of Gin Island, where the prevailing westerly winds will not interfere with a smooth course. An excellent sailing course has been laid out, one corner being at the northeast point of Gin Island, each of the other angles of the triangular course being marked by a small island, easily seen, so that no trouble from mistaking buoys need be apprehended. While the start and finish of the sailing and paddling races will be at the same place, the scenery about the camp is very pretty, and no less attractive could well be found.

Another large island southwest of Gin Island has been selected as the "ladies' camp," and a large gathering of them is expected. The Peterboro Boating Club are already preparing to give canoeists a hearty welcome.

Canada is doing all possible to make the meet a grand success, and our canoeists cannot begin too soon to prepare for August. Perfection in rig and fittings, training and practice in paddling and sailing, thorough discipline and drill on the part of club officers, will be needed to make a good showing before our neighbors in August.

MAPS AND CHARTS.

SO many inquirers reach us in regard to maps and charts that a few words concerning them will be in season just now. For the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, including the harbors and larger rivers, the U. S. Coast Survey charts are the cheapest and best. They are to be had of agents in all the larger seaport cities: Eggert's, 71 Wall street, New York; L. Thaxter & Son, No. 125 State street, Boston; Wm. Senter, No. 51 Exchange place, Portland, Me.; Riggs Bros., 101 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., and of dealers in nautical goods generally.

rich goods generally. There are two classes—preliminary and finished—the former being issued as soon as an accurate survey has been made as an immediate aid to navigation, and the latter only after every feature of the locality has been noted. They differ only in amount, and not in degree of accuracy of the information given. Four different values are given for the preliminary charts, and five for the finished charts, five of which cover the Atlantic and six the Pacific oceans, with sub-charts on larger scales of the principal harbors; general charts of the coast, scales of 1:400,000 and 1:200,000, giving the shore line and the principal features of the coast; general charts of the coast and the Pacific oceans; coast charts, scale of 1:50,000 (3-10 nautical mile), giving every natural and artificial feature for several miles in-

land; and finally charts of harbors, bays, rivers and sketches of local dangers, on various scales. Among those most valuable to canoeists are Boston Bay, price fifty cents, Long Island Sound, three shillings, New York Bay, price fifty cents, and Long Island Sound, seventy-five cents, Delaware Bay and River, three sheets, \$1.50 each, and harbor charts of nearly all the harbors on the coast, prices about twenty cents each. The charts of the Hudson River, Albany, Troy, and the Albany plain, forty cents each, three of the Hudson from New York to Troy, forty cents, and of the Passaic, Raritan, Delaware and Schuylkill, twenty cents each, are all valuable to the canoeist. The charts show times and heights of high water at all points on the coast, is also purchased by the same department, price twenty-five cents. Maps of more than twenty of the larger cities and towns, and of all the counties of the country, for some of which, embracing the whole of the country to Eastern sportsmen and canoeists, the reader is referred to our advertising columns. Of course this season the topography of Canada and the United States, and the names of the cities and towns, are of some information concerning it later on.

## TANDEM CANOES:

IN answer to a correspondent we explain that this name has been applied to canoes carrying two persons seated one forward of the other, also known as double canoes.

Speaking of the two boats, Mr. Baden-Powell says: "The double-hulled canoe is a craft that is becoming exceedingly popular, not only for the purpose of carrying a large amount of cargo, but also for a good deal to be said in favor of a craft that will carry a man up a cruise and yet be not too large for one to manage in the absence of the rest of the crew. In the first place, the original cost is for one canoe, whereas the other is for two or three. It longer has more fittings, yet her crew should not grow larger. It is not so heavy as her 'keep, or 'housie,' by the year is for one canoe, so also her cartage, railway, steamboat and portage charges are for one canoe, whereas many similar points must be invoked to show that her working expenses are for those of a single, and very considerably less, than under those of two canoes.

"Two good hands could in traveling work the double-handed canoe nearly twice the distance in a day that two single-handed canoes could be worked in the same circumstances. At sailing in a reaching wind she would be faster than the short single; in lumpy water she would be able to carry her way on, and in calm or head wind both can pound and wear out the crew. The double-handed continued 'watch and watch' if need be, so that literally the double-handed canoe can be kept going on her course day and night with scarcely more hardship to the crew than is entailed in working a five-

"The heaviest weight should be in the forward seat, and then the 'light weight' and the baggage in the locker will bring about the correct balance. When it becomes necessary to jump out and shove off from the ground when running a rapid, it is the 'heavy weight' who should do so, and should do so from the fore end so as to prevent her swinging broadside to the stream."

The races both of the Association and the N. Y. C. C. in which two men were allowed in each single canoe have been among the most popular features, so much so that a number of canoes especially designed to carry two will appear this season.

**TORONTO CANOE CLUB.**—The Toronto Canoe Club invites entries for its opening REGATTA under the following conditions for a sailing race for canoes and skiffs on May 24: 1. Open to all canoes and skiffs, the owners thereof being members of any regularly organized canoe club. 2. The boats must be under 16 feet in length, and 16 feet for racing in "Class 4 of the A. C. A. Skiffs not to exceed sixteen feet in length, and three feet six inches beam, with a depth at gunwale amidships of not more than sixteen inches. 3. The "crew" of each boat must be a minimum of two persons, and only may be a member of a club as above. 4. Centerboard boats must be fixed and not more than four inches deep, and shifting ballast allowed. No limit as to area or number of sails. 5. Course to be from off the foot of Lorne Ave. to the island to place of starting. The committee will decide the route. 6. The race will start at 11 sharp. 7. The race to be sailed on

ording to the sang regulations of the American Canoe Association, copies of which may be obtained from the Commodore. S. The Executive Committee of the T. C. C. C. have the management of race, and in each case will give prizes proportionate to the value of the canoes.

The following dimensions of hull or canoe and nature of club, owner, and crew—to the Commodore, H. Nelson, Mail Building, No entrance fee. 10. Four prizes will be given. The first, a pocket watch; the second, a silver cup; the third, a pair of binoculars; the fourth, by S. Frank Wilson, of *Truth*; Bird, a camp bed, by P. G. Allen; and a fourth of proportionate value. The first T. C. C. canoe in will take the sailing challenge cup, now held by Mr. H. Tyson. A. A. will receive the rowing challenge cup, now held by Mr. J. W. Jones, and they will also compete for the second class challenge cup.

**THE STELLA MARIS.**—*Editor Forest and Storm*.—Among the editorial comments in the May number of the *American Criticist*, occurs the following item: "Even W.—that enthusiastic writer on the subject of the Stella Maris—has been misled by the heavy double canoe to launch her shadow." As this little *pandemonium* is evidently intended to give its readers the notion that the Stella Maris has been "weighed down" to ground waiting "as a crying call for aid," it is somewhat surprising to find that the same writer painted her; and that she has therefore been discarded as unsatisfactory and inadequate to her special purpose, a space in your columns is respectfully asked, in which to publish a full-length portrait of the vessel, under the name of "Mr. Atwood centerboard, balance her shadow." Was built as a double canoe expressly and solely for sailing in the deep and rough waters of the Atlantic Ocean, and was never intended to sail in shallow water, in which the little *Lily*, Stella Maris is not adapted, and never was intended to lie. (Any more than the heavy double canoe is adapted for frequent portages.) The "enthusiastic writer," in spite of the sixteen-foot draft, still thinks the Stella Maris the best cruising canoe built, and a magnificent performer in both power and speed. He writes, of course, in a somewhat unbalanced manner, but he is entitled to express his opinion. He cordially agrees with "J. M. G." in his remarks about small boats, and as to whether he intends to abandon the Stella Maris, he leaves that question entirely to you. But I think it is well, the best commentary on that text is the fact that Rushton is now building him—the "*E. W.*" aforesaid—a brand new Stella Maris, his entire summer cruise.—STELLA MARIS (New York, May 11, 1882).

**THE UPPER CONNECTICUT—Editor Forest and Stream:** You kindly permit the inquiry whether the water powers of the Connecticut River afford desirable facilities for a canoe voyage. I should like to know the season of the year, the best route, the current stream, and what distance can be traveled agreeably in regard to both scenery and stopping places, something of the number and extent of rapids, and the character of the country. I have a survey map of the river of recent date. Any information you experienced readers can communicate will be gratefully received, and I will be glad to send you a copy of the map. I am, Sir, Very Respectfully, Yours, C. F. Johnson, White River Junction, Vt. From that point there is no carry above Falls Falls, and there it is only a quarter of a mile. The Connecticut River is a fine canoeing river, and the scenery is very beautiful. The best hotel accommodations are to be found all along the way. The current is strong, making the trip down an easy one. We hope that you will communicate their information for our correspondent's benefit.

ENGLISH CANOEING.—The following is the programme of races of the Royal Canoe Club for the spring and summer: April 21, sailing race at Hendon; April 28, sailing race at Hendon; May 5, sailing race at Hendon; June 2, sailing race at Toddington; June 10, paddling race, Toddington to Putney; June 23, regatta at Toddington Reach; July 6, sailing race, Greenwich to Eritic; July 7, sailing race at Eritic; July 9, sailing race at Eritic; July 19, sailing race, Eritic to Greenwich. In addition to the above races the honours of the R. C. C. Club are at stake in the races of the Thomas Vane Sailing Club against cutboats and small sailing craft of various rigs, as will be seen in another column.

**PSYCHE.** Mr. Monroe arrived in New York on Monday last after a winter's cruise in Florida waters. The Psyche was launched from the steamer, and sailed to Staten Island for repairs.

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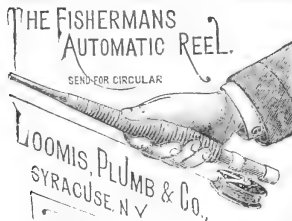
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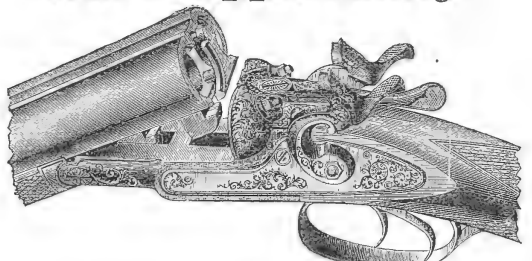
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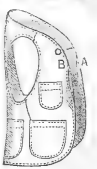
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## FISHCULTURE.

EVER since fishculture was undertaken in this country there have been doubters as to its utility. Notwithstanding the successes recorded and the great benefits that have been derived from it, these skeptics refuse to be convinced. A few days ago we heard a man say that shad in the Hudson would now be more plenty if none had ever been hatched there. His argument was, that if the fish were left alone they would spawn more freely and the unripe ones captured would ripen and cast their spawn. He was unaware that the eggs taken were from fish which would have gone to market and was really so much saved, and that of eggs cast in the natural manner not one in a thousand hatched.

The same thing has been said about the salmon and the trout. The latest thing that we have noticed is a statement from a professed fishculturest, which has been widely copied, and as it pretends to come from a "United States Fish Commissioner," it seems to have the stamp of authority. The item in question we have seen in the *Cape Ann Advertiser* and the *Belfast, Me., Republican Journal*, both papers devoting much space to fish matters. It says:

"United States Fish Commissioner M. P. Pierce is not a believer in fishculture. He says the Delaware and all the large streams north of it emptying into the Atlantic were natural salmon streams at the time the country was settled, but the clearing off of the forests and tilling of the land has rendered the waters warm and muddy, whereas when frequented by the salmon they were clear and cold. The same is true of the trout streams. To attempt to restock the streams with these fish at a great outlay of money is a mistake. The labor and expenditure are almost a total loss."

In the first place, Mr. Pierce is not a commissioner of fisheries, either of the United States or of any State. He has made some carp ponds and has taken an interest in fishculture to the extent of making speeches before the legislatures of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, in which he has opposed any appropriation being made for the use of the Commissioners. Why he has done this is best known to himself,

although the Commissioners of those States impute selfish motives to him.

His statement that the Delaware, and streams north of it, were salmon streams is also wrong. No stream south of the rivers of Connecticut contained salmon at the discovery of the country; but the Delaware was stocked with a few salmon some years ago, and a few fish have since been taken in it, enough to show that with liberal stocking it can be made to produce salmon.

There is one thing that is certain. Fishculture has too many grand successes to point to in America to fear being discontinued because a few skeptics or disappointed men throw stones at it. The moon is a grand success, and continues to shine, no matter how much barking is done at it.

## THE SELECTION OF THE TEAM.

THE theme of all talk in rifle circles and among the outside public as well is the action of the directors of the National Rifle Association in shutting W. M. Farrow from the roll of members of the team of 1883. There is much to be said, pro and con, in regard to the act, but after all the bald fact remains that one of the best marksmen in America, if not the very best all-round shooter we have, has been shut out from a chance of adding his strength to the team, and only because some of those in power have personal spites which they wish to work out in this petty fashion.

The facts of the case are simple, and all the muddle of explanation which may be thrown about them will not change the general impression that a gross act of injustice has been done, and the American motto of fair play and the best man to the front set at naught. Mr. Farrow has been for years a member of the Newport Artillery, an organization of the Rhode Island militia. He competed a year ago at Creedmoor for a place on the team of last year, and at other matches under the control of these same directors has appeared in the uniform of his corps and won prizes. It is nonsense then to claim that he was not well known to the Creedmoor officials as a National Guardsman. Yet he was shut out from leading his valuable aid to retrieve the defeat of 1882 on the flimsy pretext that the directors had not been made officially aware of the fact that he was a member of the citizen soldiery.

The clause under a twisting of which the directors shut off Mr. Farrow is No. 10 of the "Regulations for the Selection and Government of the American Team," which says:

10. Each person entering for the competition at Creedmoor shall be required to produce a certificate from the Adjutant-General of his State, stating that he is and has been since January 1, 1883, a member in good standing of its uniformed National Guard or militia, and is a proper person to represent his State on a team.

Was Mr. Farrow required to produce any such document? No. Instead, this very matter was brought up at the first conference of the embryo team and the committee, held at the club house on the range on the morning of May 14. The fact was then noted that not only Mr. Farrow but several others of the shooters had neglected to provide themselves with such papers, and then and there, with the full knowledge and consent of the committee, this requirement was waived. Had the committee felt inclined to insist upon the display of a certificate, then was the time and that the place, before a shot had been fired. But no. Here was instead a capital chance of playing a sharp trick and profiting by their own questionable device. Mr. Farrow was lulled to the belief that such a palpable, useless precaution was not to be enforced, and when a week's good work had been put in, giving Mr. Farrow the best average of any man in the two dozen picked shots competing, when it became more than ever evident that he was really needed on the team, then it was that the little technicality dodge popped out from behind the fence, and Mr. Farrow became aware of the fact that he was the victim of something very much akin to a conspiracy.

There is talk of securing harmony on the team by the rejection of Mr. Farrow, and it is undoubtedly true that that gentleman in the past has figured in many disputed cases over the interpretation of match rules. He has also a very inconvenient way of looking a gift horse in the mouth, and this is an unpardonable offense to a company of managers, whose five-dollar trinkets appear as twenty-five-dollar trophies on the shooting prize list. In many similar ways, Mr. Farrow has incurred the lively displeasure of many of the rifle magnates, and for this he has been punished when the opportunity offered, though it does appear a great deal like splitting the face by cutting the nose off. It has never yet been shown that Mr. Farrow has ever done anything which was contrary to gentlemanly conduct, and an exercise of an

American independent course of action. He has pushed his way to the very front rank as a marksman by hard and intelligent work. He is to-day thoroughly conversant with the theory and practice of rifle shooting, and his omission from the team is a real loss. There was nothing to show that he was not actuated by the best and most patriotic motives in giving his time and effort to win a place. There is no reason either to fear that he would not have made a good working member of the team, but with some old scores to settle and a chance to strike down a man who might have carried a particular ride to the front, he has been sacrificed, and the squad of riflemen go abroad, not as a representative team chosen by a fair and open selection according to merit, but instead a few riflemen who find favor in the eyes of men placed in positions of trust.

There is a very bad air about the whole matter, and its tendency will be to check newcomers from taking an interest in range practice. Merit, it would seem, is not to be recognized, and it is as much a fault, it would seem, to shoot too well, as it is to shoot too poorly. The rejection of the best shot in America from a place on the team may be looked upon with favor by some of the English shots. It certainly is a step toward giving the British team another victory. A year ago it was pretty well understood that the visitors were to win, and some of the private letters sent over by the English managers before the match, would be very interesting reading in this connection. But it certainly cannot be the plan of our so-called American managers to throw another match into the hands of the Wimbledon experts.

It remains to be seen whether the other members of the team will retain their places on a body from which one of their companions has been so rudely pushed. There surely ought to be sufficient regard for fair and honest endeavor to see to it that a snub, and a very emphatic one, is given to such a contemptible little potflogging trick as that which cut Mr. Farrow from his hard-won place in the first eight of the American team. No rifleman can in the future tell what trap may be sprung upon him after he has done all the work before the butts which may be required, and a more flimsy curtain to hide behind than the one chosen by the majority of the committee on this international match, it would be difficult to imagine.

There is fault on both sides of the controversy, but no petty failings on the part of an individual can be for a single instant regarded as offsetting the worse than blunder committed by the directors in their star-chamber proceedings.

FISHING ON SUNDAY.—Mr. Benjamin Vaughn Abbott, who was secretary of the Commissioners on the Code, and who drafted the Sunday sections, is quoted by the *Observer* as saying: "Section 265, on sports, is substantially a transcript of a law which is fifty years old. The effect of section 259 of the code does not seem to me to have been sufficiently considered. It really restricts all punishments for violation of either of the following sections, to cases sufficiently aggravated to be pronounced by a judge and jury 'serious interruptions of the public repose and of religious liberty.'" If Mr. Abbott is correctly reported these may be accepted as the principles upon which the framers of the law intended it to be construed. It will be seen that considerable latitude is allowed to those who choose to "be quiet, and go a-angling." They may fish, but must not make a noise about it and so disturb "the public repose." This reading of the statute, we take it, would not forbid fly-fishing, for the lure which falls upon the water lightly as a feather would not disturb this repose; but concerning bait and line fishing there might be a very nice splitting of hairs, and we are prone to think that the man who *chugs* his bait into the stream would be ruled out. Again it is clearly not permissible to pursue the fugitive herring over the hills, with horse and hound and hunting horn, as at Newport, nor to follow with hue and cry the ancient whitefish, as in certain sections of Canada. Perhaps there was just such a law when the "Compleat Angler" was written, and it was to those who thought themselves oppressed by it that Walton left his parting injunction, "Study to be quiet."

THE IDEAL VIEW of the New York and Brooklyn bridge, which is opened to day, would show a tangled skein of fishing lines dangling down into the turbid waters of the East River, with multitudinous nonsters ascending. We have seen no statement from the bridge trustees respecting the future angling privileges on the structure. It will now be in order to petition the authorities for permission to fish from the bridge. The only drawback to this scheme is the fact that there are no fish to be caught.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

### QUIET SPORT.—IV.

BY MILLARD.

ABOUT four miles north, "bearing a little west," lies another and a larger lake, where "solitary and alone" live a quiet couple, Uncle Philo and his wife, whom every visitor is licensed to address as "Aunt." The lake affords no sport for the fly-fisherman, but the trolling is good, and many large catches are made in that way. The outlet of the lake, however, offers trout and black flies in generous quantities, and the biggest bungler with rod and reel can catch as many of the latter as the most finished expert.

Dick and Glen sighted the log house of Uncle Philo a few minutes before dinner time. Philo was hard at work following a plow which was pulled most steadily by jacks in fashion by an old black horse which the crows were waiting for. He was breaking, or trying to break up a patch of ground which he had cleared and was going to "put it into 'taters'" if he and the horse ever finished plowing it. It was getting to be a serious question which got broke up first—the land, the horse, or Philo's voice, for the old Rosinante's ears were continually filled with "Git up, cousin ye, ye lazy creeter, git up," which was the extent of Philo's horse profanity, but repeated so often that the horse rather liked it, and apparently was always waiting for it and dying to hear it.

Aunt's call to dinner was a welcome one to all of us. "We was looking for ye boys. Expected ye on yesterday. Sit down; sit down."

"Well, aunt," says Glen after dinner was over, "you have not forgotten how to prepare a first-class dinner at short notice, and speaking of dinners, Uncle Philo, can you lend me the cone of your razor, for I don't know when I shall have such another chance to slick up."

"Sartin, yes; if you can make it go. Here it is, but I calculate you'll have ter touch her up a little for you can use it."

"Thank you, Uncle Philo. I'll touch her up a bit this afternoon before I go down the outlet."

After Glen had finished his shave, or scrape, and lounged about the house for an hour or two, he and Dick went down to the falls. The falls were a fine sight, and the plunge below fairly entering the outlet, and plunge is what the water does, making summer music as it rushes over on the off side and having sport when it strikes below, makes a beautiful pool on the high side and surrounded with immense rocks covered with cushions of moss, while on either side is a perfect jungle of undergrowth, making it necessary, to fish the pool, to climb one of the afore-said rocks, a feat which Glen presently accomplishes, though choosing one of the outer ones where the trout could not see him and from which he opened hostilities, the rod in his hand working with the accuracy of a mathematical instrument.

He was one of Charles Reade's either-hand men, and his care in preparation extended to the minutest detail, so when the battle opened he was ready at every point. He was never headstrong, never letting his zeal outrun his discretion, but patient and undisturbed as a sphinx. He will always manage well enough, and even if the trout escape, he will give no sign of it, but if he catches one, he matter how keenly he may feel it, for he is an iceberg in coolness.

At the second cast the selective fish has done its work, and now, old rod, to business. Hump! two ounces at least, and not an ounce less. Little fellow, you may go home, and please tell the old gentleman there about the nice visit you have had, how sorry you were you couldn't stay longer, and how splendidly you were treated by the pleasant friend you met. Give my compliments to your big sister, and tell her how pleased I should be to see her. Good bye, Splash!

What a retentive memory the two ounces had for such a youngster, and how he must have embellished the story of his travels as he told it with his fluent tongue, for in a few seconds came another, many times larger and older—one with a great deal of rapid transit about his style; but he was struck at sight, which is the flash of the trout. You may miss him, but you will not miss him long, his chances of escaping, Glen believes, are greater than if he met him the better part of half way. He can let go very quickly.

Every angler has his pet theory regarding the twist of the wrist or turn of the hand, and the proper time to put it in practice, but as Glen says he was taught to strike at sight, it has become second nature with him, and as he can capture rather more than a fair proportion by that method, he is not going to sacrifice it. He is going to break that trout up in business, that's what he will do.

That poor trout is a victim of misplaced confidence. Oh, how could Glen do it? He did it with rod and reel, with silence and celerity. Did it because he loved it, and the trout, bowing to the inevitable, in ten minutes by the watch and chain, was creeling, and slept with us in sections that night. He was a good one. "Solid-mated, game; no livered slogger, no hot-house product, tame and insipid, that awaited like a prize pig for his food to be brought to him, but he was an active sportsman, a warrior bold that had conditioned himself by buffeting the riffs and currents and battling among the eddies for his morning and evening meal."

Into the basket went he, while Glen glew with a quiet glow of satisfaction. One's whole after life might be void of such pleasurable emotions. Even a yes that ends a wooing might be tame in comparison. To one you can always look back with a longing, self-repenting, "If the other—well, we have heard old married people say if they were to do it over again they wouldn't do it."

Glen was contented when he had landed a dozen that a Christian sportsman need not be ashamed of displaying. In capturing the dozen he had taken some smaller ones, but scrupulously returned them. There was not the slightest particle of the "T. H." in his composition, and he could unblushingly exhibit the contents of his creel if he cared to show the results of his angling skill.

How the black flies had taken hold while Glen was too busy to accord them the reception they merited, and they had improved their opportunity of displaying their infernal tactics on his cleanly shaven face.

The black fly season at that particular locality was unprecedentedly active. They all were spurs, carried red-hot needles, and stuck closer than the scriptural brother. The millions of black flies that swarmed and sucked a hundred years ago are represented to day by descendants worthy to inherit their devilish propensities and proclivities. There has been no degeneration in the stock, for, utterly and hein-

ously depraved, without an apparent redeeming quality, they maintain the old reputation and carry on the business as originally established.

Uncle Philo and Aunt were waiting supper when Glen returned.

"Massy, sakes alive! Mr. Glen, but how the pesky flies have lit out you."

"They did rather manage to get in their work to their good advantage while I was on the rocks below the falls; but that's all right, as it was my fault."

"Your fault?"

"Yes, for I had a bottle of tar and oil but I forgot to apply it, so the insects in a measure my own. Oh, how I have bleated and unconsciously suffered, if such a thing be possible, the torments of the damned while handling the rod. Suffered when I had in my pocket the remedy to alleviate the pain, but all forgetful of it in the delights of casting the fly and making the ripples and quiet pools contribute of their treasures to my creel. Put me on a runaway watching for deer, and if there is one fly about he will demand and secure my attention spite of all the deer within five miles."

"Don't you think, Mister Glen, that giving yourself a nice, clean shave was what drew them to you? Dick ain't scarcely touched."

"That, I think, made no difference."

"Did you find the razor in good order?"

"Not first-class, but I touched it up on the grind-stone, and finished off on the stove-pipe. I was very careful not to nick the stone. It shaved me, but it pulled terribly hard. I say, Uncle Philo, would it be a good idea to hitch it up with your old black horse and do your ploughing with the two?"

"If your horse can pull as well as your razor, you will have a team that can walk through every stump in your clearing. But Uncle Philo, I am much obliged for the use of it, and Aunt, that is what I call a way up supper, one of the kind I firmly believe in putting down."

"So said we all of us."

Before the purple tints in the west had faded away, the rest of the Scout, his Club house and our last night's temporarily broken camp at headquarters, and Uncle Philo's cabin was filled with a sociable party.

### DAVE'S MEDICAL EXPERIENCE.

IN a former communication\* we wrote that poor old Davey W. had paid his last debt—we might almost have written his first and last. He was a rare genius, and his name still "blossoms in the dust" of the Yazoo Valley, at least when there is no overflow upon its fertile fields; for even as we write, through broken barriers the great Father of Rivers, as he sweeps ever southward to the blue Mexican sea, rolls in surging waves over our lonely grazing small in stature, neither strong nor muscular, and with a somewhat "determined" stoop of the shoulders, he appeared at rather a disadvantage among the stalwart raftsmen of the Swamp. It was only when around the camp-fire, while from briar-wood and black "dudder" the fragrant breath of the Indian weed curled upward to the blinking stars, that Dave towered above his fellows, a veritable Anak in the fields of common-sense. Although he was generally the hero of his own story, so to assuming was his manner, so self-deprecating his voice, that one never thought of him as a braggart.

His face had perhaps "once been fair," but was when I knew him tanned and weather-beaten. His eyes were yellowish gray in color, with that far-off, dreamy, Indian-southern look that is always associated with peace and contentment, and so slight was the division which his nose made between them, that they seemed almost to run into one another. His hair had once been red, and, with the exception of a whitish patch on the top of his head, was still of a muddy, fox-tail hue, while his beard was tawny and bristling, and each individual hair stood out fierce and defiant like the spines upon a cactus. It knew no north, no south, no east, no west—a kind of "political" beard, as Dave once said of old Sol's rife's pocket compass, "pointing to every tree in the woods." Here I am reminded that Dave would never carry one of these "useless contraptions," as he called them, depending, as many old hunters do, upon the moss and bark upon the trees for guidance, when skies were "ashen and gray."

After Dave had finished the story of his encounter with the "Dutch Yawger," as before related, Ben H. proposed that we should go upon a camp hunt up on "Six-Mile Bayou." To that Dave and myself assented, and having agreed upon starting the next day, we separated.

Bright and early the next morning saw us assembled at the appointed rendezvous, with our "camp tricks" and a darkey commissary on the roof of an extra mule.

Taking our course along the eastern bank of the Sunflower, we crossed that stream at Callao, the plantation of Col. Harvey L. And here, if it will be permitted me, I would like to make slight digression. Presuming that some of your Northern readers may be ignorant of what were the qualifications requisite for the acquiring of military titles among the planters of the cotton States in ante bellum days—titles so innumerable, that had a modern Napoleon, as No. 1 did when he got Moreau at Eylau, ordered a few shells dropped among he, would have bagged a "little general" at every pop—I will for the benefit of the future historian state, that they were bestowed in accordance with the number of cotton bales upon which the individual planter stenciled his brand. Be it understood, however, that there were no captains "in those days." The shipper of his five score bales never ranked lower than Major. When the packages of the fleecy staple reached to double that number he was promoted to Colonel, and when he rolled the comfortable figure of 500 out of his gin house, it was "Glad to meet you, General." If there were "brevets" for the intermediate numbers, the writer knew not of them, unless, perhaps, it was "Judge."

Having crossed the river, we continued our course up its western bank, and in a short time struck the Deer Creek trail, following which a few miles brought us to the confluence of "Four-Mile Bayou" and the swift-running Bogue Plalala. Forging the latter stream we soon found ourselves traveling along the bank of a dry bayou, the land upon both sides of which lay in long swelling waves covered with tall grass and a scattering growth of trees, with here and there small islands of cane upon a more elevated point. As these lands are subject to annual overflows from the local streams, they remain in all their wild, uncultivated beauty, and are favorite feeding grounds for deer, which could always be found in abundance; until driven to the higher cultivated lands by the past year's disastrous overflow they have been almost exterminated by the "gentleman from

Africa." Pitching our camp near a clear pond that slept in depression of the bayou bed, our camp-fire soon shone brightly through the gathering twilight, while around it flitted our sable commissary preparing the evening meal. This disparted and enjoyed, as such meals always are, we sat awhile in silence while the white wreaths from our lighted pipes as they rose slowly upon the damp night air, each, perhaps—as our sweethearts used to write they were always doing—"following the lead of his wayward fancies."

At length, having doubtless looted his game, Ben H. broke the spell with, "I say, Dave, don't it sometimes make your mouth sore for those long-winded yawns you tell to come out when you're asleep?"

"O, no," Dave replied; and then very solemnly, as if the question has conjured up some sad memory of the past, he continued, "but if you want hear it I'll tell you all 'bout one sore mouf I did have wunst."

"Out with it, then," said Ben, "if it won't make your mouth sore again to tell it."

"O, no danger o' that; it twan't talkin' as done it that time, no how," said Dave, and, relighting his pipe, he went on, "You see, 'twas while I wase a livin' down at the mouth o' Murphy; one day Shot Dupe he come along an' he hisself down on a log whar I wase a fishin' an' begin a-tellin' me as he'd a-went down ter Ditchal's last Sunday an' a-cached a thousan' peaches outen one hole, an' narrer one on 'em wus er bit bigger nor er bit littler than tother one."

Here Ben interrupted him with, "And I suppose you believed all such stuff as that?"

"O, no," said Dave, "I didn't edactly believe as to they bein' no our same size. But as I wase a sayin', there wos a fishin' an' Shot a-talkin', when I looks up the river an' I seen er fellow comin' down in er skiff. 'It's one o' them pill-pedders,' says Shot, 'an' now's yer chance, Dave,' says he, 'for to lay in yer doctor's grub, an' bein' as yow's lookin' mighty puny o' late,' says he, 'I think you oughter take in er year's rations an' somethin' extra for Christmas.' Well, sure enough, when the feller landed he had his skiff full o' all sorts o' powders an' pills an' stickin' plaster an' such like, high outen about twenty bushels, Shot said. Well, what does I do, with Shot a-sayin' all the time, 'Buy this yer, Dave,' an' 'Here's the stuff ter set you up, old feller,' but I lays in a general assortment, ten dollars' worth o' therabouts, an' with what the feller throwed in for good measure makin', as high as I can come at it, about er bushel an' er half."

"Well, twant mon'ten days or two week maybe. I was taken with a cramp in my left stomik, an' thinks I, Dave, old feller, you're lucky this time, you've got plenty o' sick grub in the house. Well, I jest shiet my eyes an' I run my han' down in the chis' sorter cache like an' up I fetched er little box which were pills all a-ced jest like a weddin' cake. But they didn't seem to understand the business, so the next day I fetched up some kind o' yaller powders, an' I tooken about a three-finger load on it, but it didn't cure nothin' like I thinks I wase gettin' serious, so I pitched in kinder indiscriminate like, an' in about a week, as sure as yow're alive, the whole o' that physic jest sailed down my wessan."

"That is what makes your eyes look so much like the windows of a drug store," said Ben.

Unheeding the interruption, Dave continued:

"Well, by that time my mouf had got so sore that I don't think I could a swallowed another pill if the supply hadn't a gived."

"Just about that time George Booker, he come along a blovin' up the river, so I runs out on the landin' and I sorter motioned for him to fetch her in, for I coulnd a spoken outen a whisper if I had a wanted to say my prayers. So when George he sed me a workin' my arms he landed her an' I went aboard. An' says I, 'George,' says I, in a whisper, 'I 'en' a' moutful for cmostest or mouf.' Says he, 'What in the world is the matter, Dave?' Says I, 'God only knows what is the matter,' an' then I ups an' tells him 'bout that pill-peddler, an' how much doctor's grub I'd tooked. 'Oh,' says he, 'you're salivated.' Says I, 'that might a bin his name as far as I knows, but anyways he's about fixed me.' Then George he says how I must go down to Vicksburg an' see er doctor. Well, I puts on er clean shirt an' down I goes, an' when I gets there the first thing I does I goes straight up to old Ben Barkaway's medicin' shop, an' I begin a whis-perin' at him as wher's er doctor. 'Oh,' says he, 'you're salivated, come here an' take er drink o' selleraapperin.'"

"A drink of what?" said Ben. "I never heard of that brand before."

"O, 'twant spirits," said Dave, "twas some kind o' salt an' water stuff."

"O, yes; seltzer aperient," said Ben. "Go on."

"O, right," says I, "it 'will make me appearin' any better, for I knows I'm 'buckin' right bad,' says I."

"Jest then Doctor Bulver he walks in the sto', and old Ben says he: 'Doctor Bulver, here's one o' the biggest cotton planters on Red River badly salivated, an' I want you to do your level best on him.' Then the Doctor he jest 'adds me to come in the back room, an' when we got in there says he: 'Please open your mouf, my friend.' Then he shuck his head, an' says he, 'Yes, I 'en' a' moutful, but I wase a taken about forty pouns o' hydrargum in broken doses, didn't you?' Says I, 'God only knows what I didn't took.' Well, then he tells me ter shut my eyes an' lay down flat my back on the table, an' then he hollers ter old Ben ter fetch him er pint o' aggyforty, an' the first thing I knowed he'd a gapped my mouf wide open an' a poured every drop o' that aggyforty down my goozle. Jerusalem, my happy home! er cup o' red hot bilin' lead poured down a patient to die it, outen my eyes the blue flames wus jest a-blowin' outen my mouf about ten feet high, clean up to the ceilin' o' the sto'. It jest burnt me out cleaner's a holler log, an' I never heers tell about sore mouves since I drunk that aggyforty, but I thinks about that pill pedder."

"I wish," said Ben H., "we had a pint of that aggyforty to start our fire in the morning."

Dave lifted his eyes inquiringly to the speaker, but if he saw anything the writer stretched upon his blanket with his feet to the fire and his head pillowed upon his saddle, was too far off in the land of dreams to hear him.

THE YAZOO RIVER, Mississippi.

CLEVELAND, O., May 13.—Killed thirteen snipe May 10. Did not weigh them, but were the fattest birds I ever saw. Oil would drip from the hands while dressing them, and though the water was very high, the washed in, the thick layer of white fat nearly all over them. Noticed embryo (?) eggs in some, about as large as mustard seeds. These birds were in an out of the way place and had, probably, been undisturbed for some time.—SCATPE, SCATPE.



## Natural History.

### NOTES ON THE BIRDS OF ALABAMA.

BY A. M. R.

**DURING** the summers of 1880 and 1881 I was afforded excellent opportunities for observing the birds of Alabama, the first season being spent mostly in the north and the second in Montgomery county. I thus had a chance to see something of the avi-fauna of the two extremes, and the following rough notes are the result of my observations. Through the information of friends I have been able to add some remarks on the winter species.

Wood Thrush—*Hylocichla ustulata*.—Common in the mountains of the north; not common south of Birmingham.

Robin—*Turdus migratorius*.—Very abundant in winter; rather uncommon during the summer. A nest and four eggs were found in Montgomery in 1879.

Brown Thrush—*Harporhynchus rufus*.—Common throughout the State. Found breeding in the north during the month of June. Local name sandy mocking-bird.

Mocking-bird—*Mimus polyglottus*.—Everywhere very abundant. Found breeding in the north in June. A favorite position for the nest is in the thick mock-orange bushes. Three to six eggs form the complement.

Calbird—*Geothlypis carolinensis*.—Abundant. Found breeding near Birmingham as late as July 1.

Bluebird—*Sialia sialis*.—Common. Young very abundant in June.

Blue-gray Gnat-Catcher—*Polyptila cyanea*.—Common everywhere, but most abundant in the lowlands of the south. Several nests found on Lookout Mountain. The gum tree is a favorite building site.

Tufted Titmouse—*Lophophanes bicolor*.—Occasionally met with throughout the State.

Southern Titmouse—*Parus atricapillus*, var. *carolinensis*.—First met with on the southern slopes of Lookout Mountain; it was quite abundant, and at that time (June) gregarious; rare in the south. It very much resembles the black capped titmouse.

Brown-headed Nuthatch—*Sitta pusilla*.—Only one specimen observed during two summers, and think that it is quite rare. The specimen I have referred to was seen near Birmingham.

Carolina Wren—*Thryothorus ludovicianus*.—Occasionally seen throughout the State; young birds obtained near Montgomery in July.

House Wren—*Troglodytes aedon*.—Most common in the north, but met with throughout the State; breeds.

Black and White Creeping Warbler—*Mniotilta varia*.—Everywhere abundant; breeds.

Blue Yellow-backed Warbler—*Chloris americana*.—Several specimens obtained near Montgomery; none seen elsewhere.

Prothonotary Warbler—*Protonotaria citrea*.—Sparsely met with in the swamps south of Montgomery.

Pencee Warbler—*Helminthophila peregrina*.—Several males obtained in the extreme north; not seen elsewhere.

Summer Warbler—*Dendroica aestiva*.—Everywhere common; breeds.

Prairie Warbler—*D. auduboni discolor*.—Extremely abundant throughout the State, frequenting pine woods. A nest and three eggs found in the extreme north in June. It was placed on an older branch overhanging a small stream, and greatly resembled that of the summer warbler.

Golden-crowned Thrush—*Sorus auricapillus*.—Occasionally seen in the north.

Water Thrush—*Sorus naevius*.—Everywhere common, especially in Montgomery county, where it breeds in great numbers in the swamps.

Maryland Yellow-throat—*Geothlypis trichas*.—One specimen seen a few miles north of Montgomery; nowhere else observed.

Yellow-breasted Chat—*Icteria virens*.—Everywhere abundant. Near Montgomery nests and eggs were found as late as July 1. Local name, French mocking-bird.

Redstart—*Setophaga ruticilla*.—Rarely met with; one specimen seen in the north.

Scarlet Tanager—*Pyrranga rubra*.—Occasionally seen in Montgomery county.

Southern Red Bird—*Pyrranga aspera*.—Everywhere very abundant; in the extreme south they are even more numerous than the cardinal grosbeak. Strange to say, I found no nests, nor could I hear of any, though the young birds, in their varied plumage, were very plentiful in June and July. I frequently noticed these birds darting after flying insects in the manner of the flycatchers.

Barn Swallow—*Hirundo erythrogastra*.—Everywhere common, nowhere very abundant.

White-bellied Swallow—*Ptychopterus bicolor*.—Occasionally seen on the Alabama River.

Bank Swallow—*Cotyle riparia*.—Common; breeds.

Purple Martin—*Progne subis*.—Most abundant of the family; bred in colonies in bird houses erected for the purpose. Nesting season, May.

Red-eyed Vireo—*Vireosylva olivacea*.—Occasionally met with throughout the State; only species of the family observed; breeds.

Loggerhead Shrike—*Lanius ludovicianus*.—Common north and south; a nest and three young birds found near Montgomery in June.

Field Sparrow—*Spizella pusilla*.—Abundant; eggs collected in the north in June, and near Montgomery as late as July 4.

Chipping Sparrow—*Spizella socialis*.—Common; breeds.

Star Sparrow—*Melospiza melodia*.—Abundant; breeds.

Swamp Sparrow—*Melospiza pulchra*.—Common in swamps; breeds.

Yellow Bird—*Chrysomitris tristis*.—Common.

Snow Bird—*Junco hyemalis*.—Common in winter; observed throughout the winter of 1875-76.

Blue Grosbeak—*Guiraca caerulea*.—Common in the swamps of the south. Nest and young found near Montgomery in June. This is one of the most beautiful of our Southern birds.

Indigo Bird—*Cyanospiza cyanea*.—Abundant; breeds. This is the most persistent singer, remaining perched on some high branch and enduring with indifference the heat, which has long since driven all other bird life into the shade.

Painted Bunting—*Cyanospiza ciris*.—Rarely seen.

Cardinal Grosbeak—*Cardinalis virginiana*.—Everywhere very abundant; many nests found. The eggs of this species

differ greatly, some being of a dark chocolate color and others of a light brown.

Bobolink—*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*.—Most abundant in the north, but occasionally seen throughout the State. During the winter they are found in vast numbers in the south. Local name, reed bird; breeds.

Cow Bird—*Molothrus ater*.—Occasionally seen throughout the State; no record of its breeding.

Red-winged Blackbird—*Agelaius phoeniceus*.—Common in the north; not found in any numbers south of Birmingham; breeds.

Meadow Lark—*Sturnella magna*.—Uncommon in summer; very plentiful in winter.

Baltimore Oriole—*Icterus baltimore*.—Occasionally seen; by no means common.

Orchard Oriole—*Icterus spurius*.—Everywhere abundant; many nests and young found near Montgomery in June. A curious instance of this species nesting in a martin box came under my notice. The young are ground-feeders in summer.

Crow Blackbird—*Quiscalus purpuraceus*.—Common in the north; rather uncommon in the south; breeds in the north. Found everywhere in the winter.

Crow—*Corvus americanus*.—Not often seen south of Birmingham; common in the north. Abundant in winter.

Blue Jay—*Cyanus cristatus*.—Very abundant. Breeds in the pine woods.

Kingbird—*Tyrannus carolinensis*.—Everywhere common; breeds.

Great Crested Fly-Catcher—*Myiarchus cinerascens*.—Everywhere very abundant. I found it in great numbers in the cypress swamps of the south.

Pewee—*Sayornis fuscus*.—Common; breeds.

Wood Pewee—*Contopus cyaneus*.—Occasionally seen in the north; not observed in Montgomery county, though I was shown numerous eggs collected in the vicinity.

Whippoorwill—*Antrozous vociferans*.—Occasionally seen in the thick woods. Breeds near Montgomery.

Night Hawk—*Chordeiles virginiana*.—Everywhere very abundant; about the last of August they are in fine condition and afford much sport to the hunting community; known throughout the south as the "bull bat"; breeds.

Chimney Swift—*Chaetura pelagica*.—Abundant; breeds.

Scaly-throated Humming Bird—*Trochilus colubris*.—Plentiful; breeds. The terror of hawks and crows.

Belted Kingfisher—*Ceryle alcyon*.—Common; breeds.

Yellow-billed Cuckoo—*Coccyus americanus*.—Sparsely met with all through the State. Locally known as the "rain crow"; breeds.

Black-billed Cuckoo—*Coccyus erythrophthalmus*.—One specimen, a young male, obtained about fifteen miles south of Montgomery; the only one of the species seen.

Great Ivory-billed Woodpecker—*Campylorhynchus priapeus*.—Common in the mountainous region of the north. Local name, woodcock.

Hairy Woodpecker—*Picus villosus*.—Several specimens obtained in the north, and it is probably found throughout the State, though I did not notice it in the south. Local name, "sapsucker."

Downy Woodpecker—*Picus pubescens*.—Everywhere abundant, especially in the pine woods of the south. Locally known as the "little sapsucker."

Red-bellied Woodpecker—*Centurus carolinus*.—One specimen obtained near Birmingham.

Red-headed Woodpecker—*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*.—Very abundant. A favorite breeding place is in the dead trees in the midst of the cotton fields. I have counted as many as four nests in one of these trees.

Golden-crowned Woodpecker—*Colaptes auratus*.—Sparsely met with throughout the State; abundant in winter. Local name, "yellow hammer."

Barred Owl—*Syrnium cinereum*.—Common near Montgomery; breeds in the pine woods about the city. I obtained many specimens of this fine bird, one of which I kept alive for some time. It was perfectly blind during the day.

Red Owl—*Scops asio*.—Common.

Pileon Hawk—*Falco columbarius*.—Seen in considerable numbers throughout the State.

Sparrow Hawk—*Falco sparverius*.—Common; breeds.

Sharp-shinned Hawk—*Accipiter fuscus*.—Occasionally seen in the north.

Cooper's Hawk—*Accipiter cooperi*.—Common; breeds.

Bald Eagle—*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*.—Occasionally found among the mountains of the north; said to breed on Lookout Mountain.

Turkey Buzzard—*Rhynchophanes aura*.—Everywhere abundant, acting as scavengers. Instances are reported of their having attacked young lambs and sickly sheep; breeds in great numbers on Lookout Mountain.

Black Vulture—*Cathartus atratus*.—Often seen, generally in the south; by no means so abundant as the preceding species; breeds.

Carolina Dove—*Zenaidura macroura*.—Abundant. About the last of July the young are in prime condition for the table and are much hunted.

Wild Turkey—*Meleagris gallopavo*.—Common; breeds.

Ruffed Grouse—*Bonasa umbellus*.—Found in considerable numbers in the northern mountains. Local name, "pheasant."

Virginia Quail—*Ortyx virginianus*.—Everywhere very abundant; breeds.

Killdeer—*Epiglotis reifertus*.—Common; breeds.

Spotted Sandpiper—*Tringoides macularia*.—Common along the banks of streams. Local name, "tip up."

Great Blue Heron—*Ardea herodias*.—This splendid species is very abundant, especially in the south; breeds in the cypress swamps of Montgomery county. Locally known as the "crane."

Little White Egret—*Garecta candidissima*.—Common in the south; not observed north of Birmingham. Associates with *F. carolinensis*.

Little Blue Heron—*Florida cervinus*.—Abundant north and south; breeds.

Green Heron—*Butorides circesiensis*.—Common; breeds.

Night Heron—*Nyctardus grisea*.—Common; breeds.

Bittern—*Botaurus minor*.—Not common. One specimen obtained in the south; breeds.

Mallard—*Anas boschas*.—Occasionally seen; abundant in winter.

Summer Duck—*Aix sponsa*.—Common; breeds in the swamps of Montgomery county.

Brown Pelican—*Pelecanus fuscus*.—Rather rare. A fine specimen was shot in the north by a gentleman of my acquaintance.

Least Tern—*Sterna superciliosa*.—Two specimens seen in Montgomery county, one of which I obtained and carefully

identified. It was a young male and had probably strayed up from the coast.

Pied-billed Grebe—*Podilymbus podiceps*.—Common; frequents the ponds throughout the State.

### OHIO GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

**THE** fourth volume of the Ohio Geological Survey purports to be devoted to the Zoology and Botany of the State, but as a matter of fact includes only the Vertebrates. The report on the mammalia is by A. W. Brayton; that on the birds by Dr. J. M. Wheaton; the reptiles and amphibians are treated by Dr. W. H. Smith, and the fishes by Prof. Jordan. The report on the mammals contains nothing especially new. We are, it is true, occasionally surprised by a statement like the one on page 12: "It is scarcely likely that any [wild cats (*Lynx rufus*)] remain [in Ohio] to the present time;" but such errors are usually corrected further on in the report. The curious statement that the badger "is very abundant," presumably in Ohio, since the paragraph is not in quotation marks, is to be explained, perhaps, on the ground that the report is far largely a compilation from the works of previous writers, and contains little or nothing that cannot be found elsewhere.

The report on the birds is a much more satisfactory production. The introduction treats of the topography of the State and its climatic peculiarities, and touches also upon the laws of latitudinal variation, a subject which receives fuller attention further on (Appendix [E]); the nomenclature employed is that of Dr. Coues's "Key to North American Birds," only modified by more recent discoveries. The arrangement of the ordinal groups is also taken from the same work.

A description is given of each species of bird mentioned, its habitat, date of arrival and departure if a migrant, and very full notes on the habits of the species. These notes, too, are written in an extremely pleasant style, and are really delightful reading. It is impossible to allude to any considerable number of the points of interest which come up in the report. We may, however, notice that the skyhawk is given as breeding sparingly in the vicinity of Cincinnati. They are said to have been exterminated on Long Island in this State, but Mr. Edmund Orgill, of Brooklyn, believes that a few may still be found there. Dr. Wheaton notes nine specimens of *Dendroica ludoviciani* known up to date of writing, and Dr. E. C. Sterling informs us that up to the present year (1883) eleven specimens have come within his observation. The Carolina Wren is given as an occasional visitor, and the black vulture (*C. atratus*) has been taken. The extended account of the habits of *Ortyx virginianus* is extremely interesting. The ruff (*Phalaropus pinnatus*) has once been taken in Ohio. The white pelican (*P. trachyrhynchus*) occurs occasionally.

In his appendix to his report Dr. Wheaton gives a check list of Ohio birds, adopting the nomenclature of Ridgway's check list (Government Printing Office, 1881). This contains 292 species with four additional varieties and two introduced species, giving a total of 298 species and varieties; of these six are considered as accidental. This list gives also the dates of the arrivals of migrants, a very useful addition. There is also an excellent bibliography of Ohio ornithology, a paper on the Relation between Latitude and the Pattern of Coloration in Birds, and a Glossary of Technical Terms used in the report.

The list of reptiles and amphibians includes thirty-six species of the former and twenty-five of the latter. The introduction is interesting and the notes on the species full. Only three venomous reptiles, two rattlesnakes and the copperhead, are found within the State. There are three lizards and thirteen tortoises in the list. The following species are given as rare: *Phyllorhynchus melanoleucus*, *Urolophus collisator*, *O. dolabatus*, *Crotalus horridus*, *Crotalus scottii*, *Dipsosaurus dorsalis*, and *Lophocryptes*.

The report on the fishes by Prof. Jordan is, as might have been expected, in all respects admirable and needs no criticism or comment. One hundred and sixty-three species are enumerated, and of these forty are characteristic of the lake fauna, and sixty-seven of that of the Ohio, the remainder being common to both.

The report abounds in typographical errors, for which there is really no excuse, but very much of the material contained in it is extremely interesting.

**DUCK HAWK.**—This very beautiful hawk is rather a rare bird. Although it breeds on Talcott Mountain, Conn., and Mount Tom, Holyoke, and Toby, Mass., I have heard of but one pair breeding in any of the above places, except Mount Tom, and that very rarely. I have known it to be plenty fifteen years ago, but being robbed of their eggs, young, and shot, there are now but a few pairs in this section of New England. William Street, on Mount Tom, Mass., had one caged for two years, and, certainly, with his jet black eyes and winsome ways, he was one of the most interesting pets I ever saw. I have watched him for hours, and his every movement was graceful. I throw him a piece of meat and he would catch it before it could strike the bottom of the cage. Dr. S. G. Moses, of this city, kept three for quite a long time, but they made a feast of one of their number. The pair were presented to Prof. Spencer F. Baird, who prized them highly. These hawks do not build any nests, but lay their eggs on the bare rocks. And they are quite sure to lay their eggs in the places which are most difficult places for man to get at. Before the eggs were sought for, anybody could find their nest. They would fly to it, and keep up a screaming and you would see of sight. The young, when hatched, would make as much noise as a small drum corps. But since their eggs commanded \$4 to \$6 each, they have learned a few points. By visiting their breeding grounds you may see one hawk, but there is a scarcity of this particular species of hawk at once. When the young hatch now they are as still as a Quaker meeting when the spirit does not move. I have known thirty persons to visit Mount Tom in one day, and see this hawk's eggs. And they got a good view of the beautiful Connecticut Valley for their interest in natural history.

—FLICK FLICK (Hartford, Conn., May 15, 1883).

**A FAWN AT LARGE.**—In the Central Park there is a fawn which the keepers are unable to capture, and which wanders freely about the park, keeping up a screaming and you would see a flock of peafowl and guinea hens, roaming during the day with them about the Park, and at night sleeping under the tree in which they roost. When the fowls are fed he picks up some of the kernels of corn which are thrown to them. He is very tame and will take food from the hands of visitors, but is very suspicious of the keepers or the workmen who have several times tried to catch him in order to return him to the deer paddock.

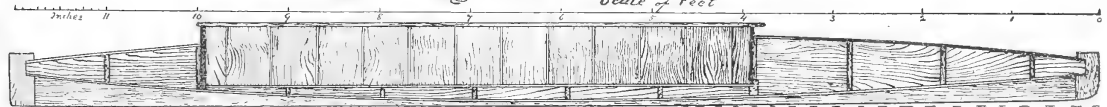


## DUCK BOAT.

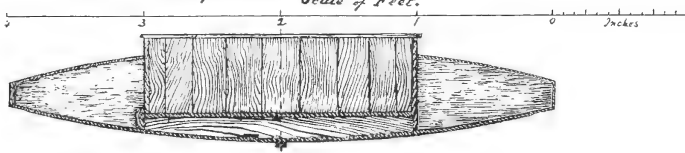
No. 1. DECK PLAN. Scale of Feet.



No. 2. Section Through Middle Line. Scale of Feet.



No. 3. Midship Section. Scale of Feet.



## A DUCK BOAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Enclosed please find three plans of a ducking boat that I have been building. She shoots but little above the water, draws but little, and so can be used in shoal water, can easily be transferred into a capital blind by using a little grass, weed, or brush on the deck. She is not easily turned over, and a person can shoot from any position in her, which he cannot do in a canoe. I know this from experience, as I have spent many a day in one both here and in Louisiana.

In the first place, to get frames or ribs I lay out on the floor a cross section both ways of the boat, full size; lay off the ribs or frames a foot apart the whole length, and taking the measure of each one on the horizontal plan gives you the length, and in the perpendicular section the breadth. Then on the ends leave the width of the sides, which in my boat is only 13½ in. Then take a strip of thin stuff, and from a dot that you make for the width on each side of the center spring the strip to the width of sides at each end, top and bottom, and you have the curves for the ribs. Saw out the center as far as the cockpit comes, and you have the forms. Stay them to the floor, and put on the bottom first.

Material for frames and ribs ¾ in. oak, also for the sides, which, as I said before, are only 13½ in. wide. Screw the sides to the ribs, stem and sternpost with ¾ in. No. 6 wire brass screws. It is now ready for the bottom. Use 3-16 in. oak stripped to 6 in. in width, and where each joint comes use a batten 3-16 by 1½ in., clenched through about 1½ in. apart with brass escutcheon pins, driving them through on the face of a hammer or piece of iron.

Use plenty of white lead on the battens and on the edge of the sides. I fasten the covering to the ribs and sides with ¾ in. No. 1 wire screws and escutcheon pins.

For floor to the cockpit I use ¾ in. pine, and the washboards to cockpit ¾ in. black walnut worked up and down and screwed to a strip let into the top of the frames, and at the bottom by strips put between the ribs. The midship section (No. 3) shows it in detail.

Amount of material: about 100 ft. of 3-16 in. oak, 20 ft. of ¾ in. oak, enough ¾ in. oak for stem, sternpost and keel, 20 ft. of ¾ in. pine for floor, and enough material for the washboards, which can be black walnut, pine, oak or whatever a person chooses, 1½ gross of ¾ in. No. 6 wire brass screws, 3 gross of ¾ in. No. 1 wire brass screws, and 800 of stout brass escutcheon pins ¾ in. long. This is all that is required but paint.

I shall rig my boat to sail, using two legs of mutton tails, sharpie rig, and also to row. The oarlocks will want to be placed on the outside and raised up high enough to clear the washboards, which can be done by a block or an iron, the boat being so wide it can be used with quite a long oar, and by a good oarsman it can be sent along very fast.

I have not weighed my boat yet, but think she will weigh about 40 to 50 lbs. She could be built of cedar to weigh much less, but I wanted mine strong, so I could cart her to the different lakes over the rough roads of this country, and so used oak.

P. T. H. S. P.

Since writing you I have used my duck boat. She works to a charm. With a few weeds on her deck she is a complete blind. I use the same oarlocks that are fitted to my canoe. The boat draws very little over 3 in. of water. I can change from rowing to the paddle in less than a minute.

P. T. H. S. P.

WOODCHUCKS IN TREES.—Portland, Me., May 19.—While reading "W. H. R.'s" account of a "Fox in a Tree," in the FOREST AND STREAM, I was reminded of a circumstance that occurred a few years ago while following a brook through a piece of woods in search of trout. I heard a "scratching" sound near by, and upon looking in the direction from whence it came, saw some kind of an animal ascending a small-sized tree that stood on the side of quite a steep hill, only a few rods from where I stood. Going quickly to the tree I discovered a woodchuck perched upon

We had very fair luck, for in less than twenty minutes old Trueboy and Rattler were giving tongue. Trueboy would tackle nothing less than a deer, and foxes might cross his path a dozen times when he was after deer without danger of pursuit.

Kilbourn and his companions could now hear the music and were on the alert. In ten minutes more we heard bang! bang! bang! in quick succession. Making sure that our friends had had at least some sort of success, we pressed on, only stopping a moment to breathe, and bang! bang! once more. Heigh! but we are making it interesting for them, sure enough.

My companion sits down on a log. I follow, when my eye is caught by the vision of as noble a pair of antlers as ever graced a stag's head. Great Scott! my gun; where is it? Curse the fates! it's ten feet distant! The case is hopeless, but I seize it and fire; too late! That confounded stag has, for all I know to the contrary, been standing off among those bushes gazing upon me for a full minute; perhaps longer.

We press on, cursing our ill-luck. Kilbourn and the "Doc" are known to be dead shots, and surely after all that banging and blazing must have hit something. We found, upon joining them, that they had stationed themselves where the runway crossed a beaver meadow. Kilbourn had fired somewhat high, owing to the stag having stumbled as it passed him. The Doctor, however, finished the job by sending his ounce of lead through the heart. Old Doc caught him at the moment he cleared a very large fallen tree, just in front of which—perhaps ten or twelve feet—was a log somewhat raised off the ground. Both head and antlers went clear under that log.

The rest of our party had had bad luck, two of them having seen a fine large doe, but before they could get within range they lost her, owing to the proximity of some lads who were squirrel shooting, and who blazed away at anything and everything.

After doing justice to a plentiful supply of sandwiches, and drinking success to FOREST AND STREAM in its noble fight for efficient game protection laws, and death to professional poachers and pot-hunters, we returned to Owen Sound.

A word about "the Sound," as we call it. Deer and bears are plentiful within a radius of ten miles; hares and partridge, duck and quail within five miles; speckled trout, salmon trout, pike and doré at our very doors. We will welcome and assist any brother hunters or anglers who may visit us, but only under the condition that they come among us as true sportsmen—i. e., men who will, under all circumstances, give the game a chance for their lives. W. W.

OWEN SOUND, Canada.

## HUNTING RIFLE SIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As you have seen fit to publish my opinions on the rifle, I do not think it out of place to add thereto, as a kind of *addendum*, some thoughts about the proper sights for the hunting rifle. In the first place, I do not think that the best rifle for wing-shooting or shooting at game in motion, needs any sights at all. In fact, I believe they are better without any. This may, and I know does, sound to a great many as preposterous; but I can assure all such (and I think I will not have much trouble in proving the assertion) that there are a great many theories accepted as facts that have no scientific value whatever. If we have no eyes, we certainly have no need of gun sights, and if we produce an aberration of vision that interferes with the organic function of the eye, by peeping and squinting, we virtually have no eyes to see straight. I shall not attempt a discussion of this subject at present, but

will simply say that I have made, at a hundred yards, as good a target, with a shotgun, shooting as solid ball gun, as I did with rifle, and I understand that a great many, if not nearly all, of the best guides of Newfoundland use smooth bores, and I have very positive evidence that the Indians of our own mountains and plains use double or single-barrel shotguns with solid ball for buffalo and deer hunting, and will hit and kill about as many as the finest rifles in the field. This, of course, at short range. I make this assertion, then, that for wing-shooting or for shooting at game in rapid motion, the best hunting rifle does not need any sights at all.

But, as no one would have a rifle without sights on it, I will advise, by all means, to select the sight that will come as near as possible to giving you the use of both eyes. The open clover leaf with brass head, will meet the indication probably as well or better than anything else in use. Our forefathers used a small bead of silver set into the gun barrel near the muzzle, in many instances not to exceed the sixteenth of an inch in height, and never more than an eighth, while for a rear sight a small piece of steel was dovetailed into the barrel about ten inches from the breech, and filed down square to about an eighth of an inch, in the center of which a small notch was made. This brought the eyes on line with the gun barrel, and enabled you to see your gun as well as your game. And I tell you, Mr. Editor, these guns did kill, and kill at long-range distances, too. I put one of these old sighted rifles to my face, yesterday, and I find that the eyes strike the line of sight easily and naturally. You don't have to hunt around for your front sight, then find the notch in the hind sight, and then, probably, take your eye off the gun before you see the game; but everything necessary to good, quick shooting is naturally presented, and the eye at once takes in the whole field. OCCIDENT.

SEBASTIA, MO.

A MAINE SHOOTING COUNTRY.—Smyrna, Aroostook County, Maine, May 16, 1888.—Ruffed grouse wintered finely. Have never found them more plentiful at this time of year, and the season thus far has been extremely favorable for rearing young broods. In view of the mooted question of red squirrels destroying the eggs and young birds, it is worthy of note that I have met with but few of that species hereabouts this spring during extended tramps. This section has never been worked by outside sportsmen, and offers great inducements, especially for grouse shooting. Most of the region for many miles is traversed by logging roads where in the fall the birds are mostly found, thus making it easy for shooting. Later in the season deer and caribou will afford good sport, as they are fairly plenty in a range of from five to ten miles of this settlement, with some moose at the latter distance. There are no regular guides or hunting camps, so this is no place for "tenderfeet." In this settlement there are six families, some of whom have staid lads who know the country, and whose services could be obtained at a nominal cost, and at one or more of the farmhouses a fairly good home could be found. It is no place here for the market hunters, being too far and difficult for shipping, and besides, the community would not tolerate them.—WARFIELD.

SUNBURN.—Answer your correspondent, "Kew," that "I. Trask's Magnetic Ointment" is a wonderful remedy for sunburn, insect bites, bruises, and all sorts of inflammatory wounds. I have carried it for ten years and it never failed.—PISCO.

VNIGHTSVILLE, Pa., May 14.—Farmers in this vicinity find rabbits more numerous this spring than what they have for a number of years.—RAZOR.

a limb some fifteen feet from the ground. I tried to dislodge him by jarring the tree, but it was too large for me to effect anything in that way, so I picked up a club to throw at him, when I was surprised to see him spring out from his resting place and land some thirty or forty feet down the side of the hill among the leaves and rocks that were thickly scattered over the ground. That he was not dashed in pieces against some one of these was a great wonder; but after rolling over a few times, he regained his feet and scampered away to his hole, which, being too tired to give chase, I left him free to do.—G. L. B. [It is very common for woodchucks to climb trees.]

**AUSTRALIAN GOOSE SHOOTING.**—Adelaide, South Australia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Spencer's Gulf and about 190 miles from Adelaide there are one or two groups of small islands, which are the southern extension of the "cecropian geese," commonly called "Cape Barren geese," from the fact of their being first found at that place, congregate to breed. This breed is somewhat smaller than the common goose, and is of a bluish-slate or gray plumage, with black bars on the wings. The legs are strong, dark in color and tinged with red, the feet are webbed, neck slender, bill green with black tip. It is easily domesticated, and proves a decided acquisition to the poultry yard. The flesh is of a dark color and very delicate. Its food principally consists of young grass. The old birds come to the island about the month of June to lay their eggs. When the young are about half grown they can easily be caught, and the old birds at that time afford good sport for the gun. When the young birds are full grown and able to fly sufficiently well, they all leave the island and find their way to the inland streams of the mainland, and do not appear on the islands again until the following season.—F. V. S.

## Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

**ANGLING RESORTS.**—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

A fine speckled trout that long safely had lain  
In the crefts of the rock, out of reach of the seine,  
Being hungry, looked up, and was pleased to spy,  
Floating over the water, a green bottle-ly.  
"Just my luck," said the trout, "I shall soon be the winner  
Of fat, juicy fry for the left of my dinner."  
With a wink, and a nod, and a tremendous bound,  
He sprang for the fly but he lit on the ground.  
Just then a man looking for something to eat  
Put that same speckled trout in his basket for meat.

## AN EVENING'S REFLECTIONS.

THE springing grass, and the bursting buds, and the chirp of the robin speak to the heart of the sportsman, telling him the season has come in which to overhaul his fishing gear and see if he is ready for his annual sport, and, what is generally more doubtful, whether he is going to find time to take an outing before long.

I have just laid down a volume of sketches which many of your readers have read (and those who have not have missed a real pleasure), which at the same time pleased and saddened me. It is "Pleasures of Angling," by that veteran sportsman and your late correspondent, George Dawson, who has so lately gone over the river with the great "majority," and will no more delight us with the productions of his facile and graceful pen, nor ever again by wooden lake or streamlet engage in the sport which was so dear to him, and which he so thoughtfully and in such a true spirit of a sportsman interpreted.

While I never had the pleasure of meeting him in the flesh, yet I breathed through all his writings such a gentle spirit—so like that of dear old Isaac himself—that I think every true lover of the craft could but hail him as a brother and feel almost a sense of bereavement at his death.

Now, when Nature with her kindly hand is mantling with the verdure of spring, his newly-made grave, with what pathos do these words of his come back to us:

"I sometimes wonder whether, on some pleasant day in May, not long hence, I shall stand on this sunny spot where I have stood during some portion of every season these twenty years, and find in attempting to make my usual cast, that my right hand has forgot its cunning. As old age cools the blood and dims the vision, and checks the elasticity of brain and limb, such thoughts sometimes come to the most buoyant and often cast a shadow across the sunniest landscape. But it is only a shadow. With the thought comes up the vision of another river, brighter, and clearer, and purer than that which flows with such gentle gratefulness at my feet—a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." It is a vision which reconciles all thoughtful anglers to the quick-coming and quick-passing of these pleasant years, which now know them no more forever.—[Pleasures of Angling, p. 231.]

Surely here is the very spirit of a gentle sportsman; one who did not think that to catch fish was all for which a sportsman sought the forest streams.

He sought and found what so many of us have found there, an inspiration from Nature's pleasures, the pathless woods—a something which will remain with us when age creeps over us with his plying touch, golden memories, untainted with any of the alloy which mingles with so many of the pleasures which are found elsewhere.

I am familiar with many of the places of which he so graphically writes, and after many years' experience with rod and reel, hope for many more, but the falling by the way of one after another of the old school is a frequent reminder to us all.

With perceptibly failing eyesight, and a touch of rheumatism, I was the other day looking ruefully at my gun and rods, and remarked to Mrs. Bamboo that it was pretty hard to get so blind that I could not see to shoot, and so rheumatic that I could not cast a fly.

That excellent woman murmured something about a lame knee not preventing a man from fishing, and in sooth, I think myself that I could, without my eye-glasses, see a ruffed grouse fifty yards away, distinctly, and that is about

as far as anybody has a chance to see one, generally before he lives over and behind a tree—whether as one of your correspondents says ("Mark West") you follow him with your second barrel and he falls dead in the next county! But lest I might seem to be dipping into that "ruffed grouse" discussion, which so warmed up your pages last fall, I hasten to drop the subject.

With the above "Piscene's" views upon the subject of guides as given in his late letter, and to extend my regrets that the "exigencies of the service" will prevent his making his anticipated trip to the woods, as your readers may possibly thereby lose a good letter from him with an account of his experience there.

Speaking of Adirondack guides, I wonder if Jack Sheppard has yet found the key to the camp, of which he had charge in June, 1879, and which, as Jim Higbee (model guide) was pulling Mrs. Bamboo and myself up through Third Lake, he, meeting us on his way down, tossed to us, at the same time offering us the hospitality of his camp. The key fell about two inches short of Higbee's outstretched palm and disappeared in the placid waters of the lake. We did not stop to look for it just then, but we got into the camp through a thanks to an unfastened window, and by the same token, James soon had us a delicious dinner, composed of venison steaks and a three pound and a half trout which Mrs. B. had caught, and milk and other things from our basket, the memory of which meal, and the voracious appetites with which we devoured it, and the enjoyment with which we subsequently watched Master Bamboo, aged four years, catch his first trout, and prove himself thereby a chip of the old Adirondack. All these are part of the memories of other days.

As is also the trout which I struck in Panther Lake, weighing less than a pound, which towed our boat a hundred yards before I killed him, and which the guide was sure was a three-pounder. And in the afternoon I took from one spot, without moving twenty feet, fifty-three trout, and stopped then only because I had enough. And floating down the Moose River, in company with a gentleman now well known as a trout breeder and an officer of your State association, what royal sport we had that afternoon! These are now only memories of the past, but

"Let Fate do her worst—there are moments of joy—  
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy.  
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care,  
And bring back the features which joy used to wear."

BOSTON, May 13, 1888.

SPLIT BAMBOO.

## THREE GREENHORNS.

"HAVE you got a pack of cards, O'Neil?"  
"No."

"Oh! hang it! let's go back and get them."  
"Not much. I wouldn't go back for a dozen packs."

Thus the twain wrangled, while the third of the party placidly listened to the dispute as he urged the horse onward with emphasis.

We were bound for Success Meadows. Owing to business affairs we were unable to start before 5 P. M., on a warm July day, and the long night drive of twenty miles from Betts to Grafton Notch, was one of the most pleasant that ever fell to the lot of mortal man. It is a glorious place, the Bear River Valley. On either side, the meadows sloping up to the base of long, undulating hills and mountains, were dotted with hay-cocks, covered with snowy caps, while the road wound in and out among them, and twisted around the base of Mount Saddleback like the track of a weaver's shuttle; and at times we could hear the low rumbling mutter of the restless stream, echoing down the impassable gorges of the hills. We had none of us had much experience in roughing it, but we knew enough to travel as light as possible, and had made up our packs before the start.

It was full 9 P. M. ere we reached Grafton. O'Neil was acquainted there, and rousing up a farmer, put up the horse in an empty stall, while the two others proposed to try the hayrack and secure rest to the lot of mortal man. It is a glorious place, the Bear River Valley. On either side, the meadows sloping up to the base of long, undulating hills and mountains, were dotted with hay-cocks, covered with snowy caps, while the road wound in and out among them, and twisted around the base of Mount Saddleback like the track of a weaver's shuttle; and at times we could hear the low rumbling mutter of the restless stream, echoing down the impassable gorges of the hills. We had none of us had much experience in roughing it, but we knew enough to travel as light as possible, and had made up our packs before the start.

The whole night was one continual squirm. Toward morning, however, I dropped off into a nap, the last sound that met me being the words of the farmer, "You're a good one on an old wheelbarrow that we had turned into a crib, and for which he had developed a decided taste, and the uneasy wriggle of Harry as he scratched a "hopper down his back and kicked frantically in the hay.

The morning dawned cold and rainy. With frowzy heads we crawled out from our too attentive hosts, and with a hurried breakfast shouldered our packs and started for a five-mile tramp under a blazed path through the woods. Well, it wasn't pleasant, and the general vagueness of our directions did not add to its enjoyment, either. But all things must have an end, and about noon, after twice losing the path, we suddenly emerged on the bank of Silver Stream, and then—

We forgot our weariness. Never till then had such a beauty of a stream been darkened by the shadow of our rods. Thenceforward, from its home in the mountains, it leaped straightaway down through a long ravine, with pool after pool of calm, foam-decked water fairly alive with trout.

Every fall seven or eight lying there awaiting their chances, and so clear was the water that their magnificent size be distinctly seen, and we could almost count the pink spots upon their sides.

They were not at all shy, either. We counted seven great fellows before we had a single huge fallen tree, and of these Harry and I secured six within ten minutes, the two largest weighing a pound and three-quarters each. Pretty good, that, for brook trout in Oxford county, though the time was—not in my time—when every stream here teemed with just such fellows.

At last we stopped. Our creels were heavy. Our arms ached, our legs were stiff and sore, and it was raining. Putting down our rods, we started for the meadows, which we had been assured were but a little way on.

Like the Dutch Governor's foot, that "little way" meant a good deal, but the prospect of having a good barn to sleep in, and the general dampness of things, urged us on to a final effort. Just at dark our efforts were rewarded, and leaving the stream we came out into a broad, arched plain among the hills, where was the barn? Chances were, it was stuck on another.

"Say, Harry, don't you want a pack of cards?" That was

the only remark offered by the candidates for a modern Babes in the Wood.

We got a fire somehow and extemporized a shelter by its light, and after we had secured a scanty protection from the rain we felt better. Not much, though. Erie's thoughts are apt to arise; and who has ever forgotten his first night in the woods? Add to this that our only arms was an axe, and that wild cats, and even panthers, had been seen in that region. It can be imagined how our thoughts would turn as we sometimes gazed at our slender stock of fuel. It was a real test of courage for us to go to the stream for water, twenty rods away, and although I did it twice, and was much looked up to for my daring, yet I must confess that it was in fear and trembling. Once during the night we had a terrible fright. "Then shook the earth with the sound of a great rumbling," and it wasn't a light one either. I jumped for the axe. Harry held on to one of my boots, and O'Neil stood frantically brandishing the coffee-pot in one hand and a middle-sized jack-knife in the other. The alarming sounds died away in the distance, but they took all desire for sleep away with them. Bitter were the curses heaped upon ourselves, mentally, as we squatted around our sputtering fire, and vowed audibly we "wouldn't go there again." If the fish that we had killed had any ghosts wandering in that rain they must have been delighted at our misery.

Well, drabbed, rheumatic, we hailed the early light with heartfelt thanks.

Making a small pyramid of our extra "grub" at the foot of a tree, we headed for home with all possible dispatch. We stopped not for fishing. We had all we could carry already, and with a eleven-mile tramp up the bed of the stream and through the dripping woods before us. We turned.

We followed a well-marked path down the meadow, and as it grew brighter were startled by several large animals rushing out from behind an alder clump, and coming toward us at a tremendous rate, looming up in the thick mist to antediluvian proportions. They turned out to be a dozen or so horses, who welcomed us as the first human beings they had seen for years.

This explained our midnight fright, and with a hearty laugh we felt cheered already, and were ready to make fun of every mishap. Once I heard a splash, and turning saw the dinner-pail calmly floating down the rapids, and as I looked O'Neil deliberately wheeled around and softly sat down in the white water of a fall, and it was only his quick look and involuntary grimace which I saw he was caught, that proved that he had not meant it. Of course we roared till we nearly dropped as he rose like a spirit of the waters, in solemn and dripping majesty, and stalked shoreward for a private wring.

Again I saw Harry totter and fall with a loud spunk on a stone. There was a sharp crack. For a moment my heart stood still, but it was only the lancewood hull of his rod split from heel to ferrule. I was not hurt, and the squabbling should have come next, but before it came we had left the stream, and the rest of the way seemed wonderfully short.

A cup of hot tea at a farmhouse and a warm fire, and we were soon rolling homeward, explaining mutually that there must always be a first time, and vowing that the very next season we would try it again. The last words that I heard before falling asleep in the straw on the bottom of the squabbling bed, "Say, O'Neil, are you fed yet?" To which he sagely responded, "Harry, my boy, don't you want a pack of cards?"

And, verily, "it is something pleasant to remember hereafter."

VERUS.

## ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

As your paper has manifested a kindly interest in the welfare and prosperity of our anglers' association, a word or two in regard to its present status may probably prove acceptable to some of your readers.

Although comparatively in its infancy, the Anglers' Association of Eastern Pennsylvania has already had the benefit of vigorous vitality which promise to result in an organization that will prove both permanent and beneficial. The new headquarters at No. 1,020 Arch street, although not palatial, are snug and comfortable, the only fault to be found with them being their inadequacy for the accommodation of the members who sometimes are in attendance. At each meeting this becomes more apparent, for the space which is rapidly enlarging, and consequently more spacious quarters are demanded. That these will be secured there can no longer be a doubt entertained, and I look hopefully forward to the time when we shall have a building all to ourselves, with library, museum, reading and smoking rooms, etc.

It is a noteworthy fact that our membership is composed of real good material, so that whatever has been or is likely to be attempted, will be carried to satisfactory conclusions. Among the measures already adopted has been the publication in placard form of extracts from the fishery laws of the State, which relate to illegal fishing—or the killing of fish, rather—by any other than the legitimately prescribed methods. These placards have been framed, and by permission of the railroad companies, have already been placed at all principal stations along our principal rivers, as well as at other points where fish abound and where the laws are disregarded.

We have stringent fishing statutes, but the lack of enforcement renders them practical nullities. They are not of the slightest avail, and hence might as well never be enacted. It is hardly necessary to state that under such circumstances illegal fishing in all its forms is largely practiced, and whatever has been done in this way of re-stocking streams, has amounted to little or nothing. With the hope of remedying this to some extent, the placards referred to have been printed and will be widely distributed.

The State has spent some money which, however conscientiously disbursed by the commissioners, has thus far been unproductive of the desired results. The money has been expended in hatching establishments had been applied to the payment of fish wardens, whose duty it should be to guard the restocked streams, the people would by this time be enjoying something in the shape of a return for their outlays.

Our association has adopted a plan for gaining information in regard to sporting matters which promises to work well. A reliable correspondent is secured in every principal fishing point, who during season sends us weekly reports of the condition of the fishing, what kind of fish are biting, whether they are plentiful or scarce, whether large or small catches are made, etc. These correspondents



are furnished with postal cards with printed questions as above, the answers to which they write out. These cards are placed in a box provided for the purpose, so that members can, at a glance, gain authentic information in regard to any waters they may contemplate visiting.

It is also proposed to establish a museum—literary and general reading room in connection with the association—all of which will be kept open for members' use day and evening. As this will require more money than we have at present command, a vigorous and what promises to be a very successful campaign is being made to increase the membership, which now numbers 150, to at least four times that number.

Arrangements have also been made for monthly lectures or addresses on subjects relevant to the object of the organization. The first was delivered by our president on Saturday evening last, who took advantage of the occasion to defend the angling fraternity generally against the frequent imputations cast upon their veracity when narrating fish stories, and also to impress upon the members the importance of increased efforts in behalf of fish propagation and protection; the prosecution of offenders against the fishing laws, and the formation of a white and black list of boatmen and landlors, the first to contain the names of those landlors who set good tables, provide good beds, and are moderate in their charges, and of boatmen who are competent and obliging; the second to contain the names of landlors and boatmen of opposite characteristics. The speech also took strong ground against the too prevalent practice of anglers, as well as commercial fishermen, of failing to return to the water when alive, fish too small for sale. The next address will be delivered by Rev. W. Mayland Hoyt, D.D., a thorough and very enthusiastic fisherman, who proposes treating us on that occasion to an account of his visit to Yellowstone Park, and the kind of sport he found there. From that you will perceive that we are doing where we can for legitimate angling, as well as for the promotion of fish culture.

W. L. R.

PHILADELPHIA, May 11, 1883.

## MILTON THREE PONDS.

FOR the first time, in your issue of May 3, under heading of "Black Bass in New Hampshire," I see mention made of Milton Three Ponds. It is five years ago last September that I got the hint of good black bass fishing to be had at Milton, I then lived at Dover, N. H., and at the invitation of a friend who lived at Milton, and who knew the spots in the ponds where the bass were likely to congregate, I accepted. On the cars going there I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Fish Commissioner Luther Hayes, who gave me some valuable hints on bass and bass fishing. I stayed four days, and had a never-to-be-forgotten time, catching from ten to twenty-two bass each day, besides many pickerel as well as some large yellow perch, and quite often a horn or bullpout, and large chubs, and never getting time to weary for the want of a bite.

The largest bass I ever got there was 4½ pounds, average weight about 14 pounds, and as game as bulldogs. It seemed uncertain at times whether it was a bird or a fish that had been hooked, as they fly in the air so often, and with a light rod you get all the fun you want. Regarding the best bait for bass I am uncertain, as they are the most changeable, for after two or three are taken they seem to find out the deception.

My experience runs thus: I will have good luck with the live minnow, sunk deeply; then, all at once, they stop, as they said, "Enough of minnows, bring along the next change," and, putting on a small frog, either striped or green, catch two or three more. Then they stop, and then they stop short again, when I throw a large grasshopper or locust; another rush, and, when all the more fancy baits would fail to lure, I have put on the primitive and most despised, yet most deadly of all baits, the worm, and thus got a new lease of bass fishing.

In rowing from one pond to another, I have had good luck with the pupa and the caddisfly; and when a ripple is on the water they can be taken readily with the fly.

Good boats can be hired at the railroad station for fifty cents per day, and good board at the Phoenix Hotel, kept by Horatio G. Wentworth, at one dollar per day. I would recommend parties going there to take frogs with them, as in all of my five annual visits there I found frog bait scarce. Minnows are plenty in the ponds, and a small seine will get them in half an hour. People say at Milton that land-locked salmon have been put into the ponds, but I never heard of any being caught. About October is the best time to go for a general good time, if you are fond of a shot, as there are many ducks, and many shooters come along about then. There are shore birds called snipe at Milton, but they are, as I think, sandpipers or sandpeeps. Gray squirrels are plenty in the immediate vicinity of the ponds, and rabbits are quite plenty later in the season. Take it all in all, it is a good general place, easy to get to, with cheap boats and board. You can hire a man to row for one dollar and a half per day, and ice and boxes to send your fish away to your friends. Ice costs nothing, boxes can be bought at the grocery store. Any one who cannot have a good time at Milton Three Ponds will be hard to please.

A. MAC.

RIVER POINT, N. H., May 14.

## MUSKOKA LAKES.

I N reply to inquiries by "J. D.," New York, and others, and, as Mr. E. S. Kingsley said, "to add to the general stock" of knowledge on the subject of sport, I would mention the Muskoka Lakes as the acknowledged best place in Canada.

The earliest fishing is to be had through the ice in March and April. Barre on Lake Simcoe, is the most convenient place. Here lake herrings are caught in great quantities, with the minnow as bait, and here, too, the question as to the great whitefish of the lakes taking the bait was settled. Those caught in Barre Bay average about three pounds, but the herrings are full-sized. They run together and are fished for through the ice in from eight to twelve feet of water. The line is usually held in the hand, the rod, for obvious reasons, being in the way. So soon as the ice goes, which is usually about the seventh of May, begins trolling for bass, pickerel and muskies. The rod-fishing (it may use the term) for bass is simply magnificent in all parts of lakes Muskoka, Rosseau or Joseph, and in the smaller adjacent lakes. The bass fishing in the rapids of the Seneca River and at Sparrow Lake is excellent, the more so because they are at a sparrow with hackle can be used. Here I tipped the beam at five pounds and a quarter. It was

twenty and a quarter inches long and seven inches wide. Maskinonge are caught weighing from three to forty pounds. Trolling for salmon-trout begins in the end of May and lasts about three weeks. The Indians begin when the blossom comes on the plum tree. There is late in the fall another interval of three weeks when they will take the spoon. The Indians use for bass, pickerel or maskinonge a spoon red inside and bright brass or silver outside, bare hook sometimes, and at other times a hackle of red worsted. For salmon-trout they choose a spoon silver inside and dull copper outside, and for huckle use the white hair from the end of a deer's tail. They always fly a good quarter of an inch from each side of the common spoon-shaped "spoon" to give the swiftly-moving fish a chance of catching the hook. It is strange that in lakes Muskoka and Joseph the lake trout lie in deep water close to the bottom. They must therefore be trolled for with a line of over two hundred feet with about two pounds of sinker; but your eight to fifteen pound salmon-trout is a royal and worth all the trouble. Keep your gaff sharp, and don't swim near the boat.

Splendid brook-trout fishing is to be had on the Maguete-wan and Muskoka rivers.

The lakes are reached from Toronto or Hamilton by the Northern & Northwestern Railway, of which Mr. Robert Keer is the general passenger agent. Muskoka Wharf is about one hundred and fifteen miles north of Toronto, and is the point at which the steamers are taken for the various fishing points on the lakes. The return ticket from Toronto to any point on the lakes is only six dollars. Hotel accommodation is to be had at all landings and towns, and costs from one dollar to one dollar fifty per day.

I am sure there is no better place for sport, and no one will be disappointed. I will gladly give any information in my power.

M. MACLEOD.

BROCKTON, Ont.

## PICKEREL IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

I HAVE been much interested in the pickerel discussion that has been lately going on in your paper. I do not remember when or where I first beheld the lipper-like lines of this fish, but my memory recalls distinctly the first time I ever heard of it. When a boy, I made the acquaintance of a young Southerner who was traveling with a variety troupe. He, finding me very willing to listen to hunting or fishing yarns, delighted me with accounts of pickerel fishing and told me how he had often shot them with a rifle when they were scarce. He said the six-dollar hotel accommodation is to be had at all landings and towns, and costs from one dollar to one dollar fifty per day.

Since then some enterprising person has stocked a tributary of the Upper St. John with them (on the Maine side), and now we have pickerel and pickerel. In 1876 a few were caught at Eel River, a hundred miles from here, and in 1878 they arrived in our waters in numbers, taking the fishermen by surprise. Tons of them are exported annually. Winter does not interrupt the fishing, which is done with nets exclusively. A series of holes, ten feet apart, are cut in the ice, and the net is anchored at one end, and then pulled along beneath the ice by means of a hook till extended its full length.

When the net is overhauled, a long cord is attached to one end, the fastening is slipped, and the net taken out on the ice. By the aid of this, the net is reset with only two holes in the ice. Last winter three tons were caught in this way in Foshy's Lake, a body of water about twenty acres in extent. The "pickerel holes" have become such a nuisance that the Government has enacted a law against leaving them unmarked.

No doubt, the person who planted pickerel in the Aroostook (I think it was) did a good turn for those who make a livelihood by catching them, but the Government fishermen and trout anglers must against him "curses not loud but deep." The sharp-nosed brutes make havoc among the nets of the former, easily cutting through the slender twine, and the latter say that they have invaded the spawning grounds of the trout, devouring the spawn and small fry. I bear no malice against their disseminator, for I believe I know of plenty of good trout waters that they will never reach; but should this be the case, I will guarantee to furnish him free of charge the addresses of the anglers who would not like to see him. After he made their acquaintance, I don't believe he would feel like experimenting any more at Ly-sander Hall. "The evil which men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." The work of this person, whether good or evil, will "endure forever." As to the value of pickerel as a food fish, there appears to be great diversity of opinion. I take lake stock in a fish diet, but as a panish I consider it a success—anything else would be like to see him. Many people in this section will not eat them at all. One thing is certain—when tons are exported at five cents a pound, someone must eat them, and by this fact I consider its value clearly established. I know but little of its game qualities, but think it would be a great improvement on the eel, catfish and chub—the fishes to which I was often compelled to flee for amusement when a boy. I feel that the small boy of to-day, with piscatorial inclinations, would find great advantage over his predecessor of fifteen years ago.

No person likes to fish any better than I, and few have less chance to indulge their tastes for this pastime. But I read in FOREST AND STREAM what others are doing, and am content. My entire experience in fly-fishing is covered by a few days on Pallet River—just enough to make me wish for more. My casts would hardly have taken a prize for accuracy, distance, or delicacy, yet I managed, in some way, to land five half-pounders, and a few more about half as large. With an angle-worm I am "no slouch," though I have seen people who could beat me even there. I have received an invitation to be one of a party of four which will spend a month on Green River lakes, in Quebec, commencing about the last week in August.

If the multifarious duties of this life, that so encompass me round about my neck grip for that length of time, I will go. Under the tuition of a professional angler and a quondam Rocky Mountain fur trader, I have no doubt that I would acquire some knowledge of the "gentle art." One of your correspondents advises bachelors who contemplate a visit to the woods, to get a wife and take her along to cook the fish. He also prescribes a courting ritual, unsurpassed for beauty, but which I fear would not always give satisfaction. For the author might find that "you get," as well as "you bet," will be "with my pen."

I advise the boys, should they follow the advice, to be very careful in the matter of selection. I have often known "the bonds of matchlock" to end a young man's career as a sportsman, and frequently when another victim migrated from our thinned ranks, have been led to exclaim with the poet, "And now farewell, 'tis hard to give thee up," etc.

Once or twice I have attempted to decoy my friends away on an excursion after "changing their condition." Perhaps I made a grievous mistake in not including the lady in the invitation; but when I saw the fairest of forewoods take upon itself the appearance of the map of a track yard at a shunting station, I felt little like repeating the experiment. "And the mother-in-law, what does she say?" "She-h, don't mention it; many of you have been there yourselves, and know all about it."

L. I. FLOWER.

## THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

BEFORE leaving New York "Uncle Reub" was properly labeled and consigned to friends in London. Among other credentials he bore the following to the general editor of the *Fishing Gazette*:

"OFFICE FOREST AND STREAM,  
"NEW YORK, April 4, 1883."

"R. B. Marston, Esq.,"

"Dear Sir—Permit me to introduce to you Mr. Reuben Wood, who goes to England in charge of the light fishing tackle of America. Mr. Wood is an accomplished fly-caster and has carried off many prizes. He wants to try the trout, and perhaps the salmon, of England and Scotland, and any favors you may show him will be duly appreciated by both himself and Yours very truly,

"FRED MATHER."

The editor of the *Fishing Gazette* publishes the above letter, and says: "We have had a long, pleasant meeting chat with Mr. Wood, and hope before long to pilot him to one of our best trout streams." He has kindly promised to be present at the Third *Fishing Gazette* Tournament and show the American split-cane rod as used by American anglers."

The tournament will be held at Mr. Warner's Welsh Harp, Herndon, on the Midland Railway, June 11.

Regulations.—N. B.—Competitors can use their own rods, reels and lines, but will have to use flies, weights, etc., provided by the management, in order that all may use a similar weight. Limit in length for salmon rods, 20 feet; limit in length for double-handed trout rods, 14 feet 6 inches; limit in length for single-handed trout rod, 12 feet 6 inches; limit in length for Thames and Nottingham competitions, 14 feet. No allowance in points will be made for rods under and above limits. All the competitions, except the fly-casting, fly-casting and cheese-bait casting, will take place over the grass.

First Competition.—Amateur fly-casting competition with single-handed fly-rod.

Second Competition.—Amateur competition, with single-handed fly-rod, in throwing fly with greatest accuracy and lightness under bushes.

Third Competition.—Amateur fly-casting competition with double-handed trout fly-rod.

Fourth Competition.—Amateur fly-casting with salmon rod.

Fifth Competition.—Amateur competition in casting in the Thames style.

Sixth Competition.—Amateur competition in casting from reel in Nottingham style.

Seventh Competition.—Amateur Competition (open to Thames and Nottingham style) in casting toward a fixed mark. The angler casting the bait nearest to the mark to take first prize; the next best cast made by another angler the second, and the third best cast by another angler to get the third prize.

Eighth Competition.—Professional competition in casting in the Thames style.

Ninth Competition.—Professional competition in casting from reel in Nottingham style.

Tenth Competition.—Competition in throwing the bait with forked stick in the Welsh harp style. Other competitions may be arranged.

TWO BEST CAST ON RECORD.—A stout, portly looking gentleman stood in the midst of an attentive group of friends in a Cortland street hotel yesterday afternoon. He was evidently enjoying the trout streams of his imagination, for his face above his head with the rhythmic motion of a leader of an orchestra. After making several epigrams he evidently hooked a speckle trout and landed him with great applause. Encouraged by his success he began to tell of an unusual capture once made by him, the novelty of which caused the most profound impression. "You know, gentlemen," he said, "that the usual method of catching a trout is from the bank of a stream or out of a boat. Once, however, I captured a very big trout while on a train of cars, he was going up to Pike county, in Pennsylvania. Fishing, as was my custom for many years. The conductor of the train was a brother angler and I rode with him in the baggage car, chatting over the fish we had taken. The conversation turned to those we had not secured. My friend said: 'General, we will soon come to a narrow stream which the road crosses, where resides an ancient and remarkably wary trout. For thirty-six years I have endeavored to hook him without avail. Men have grown thin digging worms to catch him. He dwells under an old log, just beneath the bridge, waiting for the fragments of lunch which fall from the cars. An idea at once occurred to me. I took my rod from its case and put it together, adjusted the reel and tied on a favorite cast, which, by the way, was given to me by Sir Morton Peto when he visited me in this country. I said: 'I'll try the old duffer. Don't stop the train, but let us when we come to the stream.' In a few minutes the train was rumbling on the bridge. The baggage master exclaimed, 'Here we are,' and rolled back the door at the side of the car. I made my cast, gentlemen, and had him, by jove! He weighed over four and a half pounds. It was a big one."—N. Y. Herald.

LEATHER-STOCKING CLUB.—OSWEGO, N. Y., May 18.—At a special meeting held at the secretary's office this P. M. the club decided the following members delegates to the State convention to take place at Niagara Falls, J. B. Merrick, H. C. Tonner, N. A. Wright, Dr. J. D. McManus and G. P. Matteson. The club also passed resolutions of respect for Morgan L. Marshall, deceased, who was one of the founders of the club, in March, 1860. The club voted to have the resolutions nicely engrossed and framed, and send a copy to the family of our departed brother. The prospects for bass fishing in this vicinity are not better, if we could only find a game protector here to guard against pirates who use nets, seines, and any other device they can think of by day or night to destroy our game fish. We could then satisfy the most fastidious fly-caster in America. I hope the Governor will think best to give us a State game protector.—DANIEL BOONE.

IOWA.—Spice Lake.—Last fall I made a report to you of the amount of eggs received at this hatching house, and now according to promise, will state the result: I have had extraordinary success, having hatched out the entire lot, with the exception of the few injured eggs. I have now in the house about 500,000 salmon trout and a few whitefish; have distributed the rest in the various lakes around here. These lakes are teeming with native fish, such as bass, pickerel and pike (wall-eye). The season is opening first-rate for sporting.

—A. A. MOSHER.

**TROUT IN MICHIGAN.**—The following letter has been received by one of the Michigan Commissioners: Kalamazoo, May 11, 1893.—A. J. Kellogg, Esq.: My Dear Sir—It will, I am sure, be gratifying to you to learn that this vicinity is now having some excellent trout fishing. A number of streams in which they were planted three years ago are furnishing a fair supply. Since the 1st of May hundreds have been caught from one brook, and to my certain knowledge they exist in several other streams that have not been fished. And what surprises every one is the fact that they have grown to such size. Quite a number have been taken which weighed over one pound each. I have seen a single one that weighed one pound six ounces, another one pointed four and a half ounces, and another one pound and three ounces. Probably most that have been taken weighed from three-quarters of a pound to one pound. The Commissioners have reason to congratulate themselves on the assured success of their efforts, and I trust the Legislature will be disposed to make a liberal appropriation to enable you to carry on the work so auspiciously commenced. Very truly yours, T. S. Cobb.

## The Kennel.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

### FIXTURES.

#### WENCH SHOWS.

June 12, 13, 14 and 15, 1893.—Chicago Bench Show, Chicago, Ill. Entries close June 1. Chas. Lucien, Superintendent.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1893.—Kent Field Trial Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1; for the Members' Stake, Nov. 17; for the All-Aged Stake, Nov. 1. W. A. Custer, Secretary. Flatfish, Long Island City, N. Y. November 29, 1893.—Robin's Island Club's second Annual Field Trials at Robin's Island, L. I., for members only. Entries close Sept. 1. A. T. Plummer, Secretary.

November 1893.—National American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

### TRACHEOTOMY IN A DOG.

#### Editor Forest and Stream:

The following case of tracheotomy in a dog for supposed laryngeal obstruction may be of interest to your readers. I am not familiar enough with canine surgery and therapeutics to know whether the case was a tracheotomy or a tracheostomy, the first, a valuable red Irish setter, something over a year old, while playing on the grass, was suddenly seized with violent coughing and dyspnea, and in a few moments lay almost moribund of asphyxia. He gave no evident symptoms of laryngeal obstruction, and his life was saved at the time only by the prompt action of his master, who, being called, thrust his finger into the larynx as far as possible, without, however, to his knowledge, having it come into contact with any foreign body. The dog immediately recommenced breathing, and was soon able to stand, though still suffering from severe dyspnea or difficulty in breathing, and still continuing his violent attempts to eject something from the air passages. I was called to see the case at this juncture. By laryngeal inspection I could detect nothing, except intense congestion of the epiglottoid folds at the entrance to the larynx, nor could I feel any obstruction in the trachea from without. The dog was standing, and, but for his violent coughing, was in good condition, wagging his tail, and with characteristic intelligence submitting to be examined without making the slightest resistance. Physical exploration of the chest walls revealed on auscultation the presence of loud rattles in a mucous form, and in the trachea, and in the bronchi. After resorting to the usual methods in such cases, holding the patient by the hind legs in an inverted position, giving an anæsthetic, etc., I gave the animal an hour's rest, as he seemed to be improving again, and in immediate danger. During this interval he ejected three times a considerable quantity of frothy mucus-sanguinolent matter of bright red color, and evidently proceeding from the lungs. The matter contained quite a little grass in blades, and one or two shreds of straw. I made a diagnosis of tracheitis, and of bronchitis, irritation by points of grass or other foreign bodies. Expiration was comparatively easy, but upon inspiration something seemed to close down and prevent the ingress of air.

The breathing soon became labored, and as he was found necessary, two or three times, to open the glottis by means of long forceps with sponge attached. The dog began to show evident signs of exhaustion, and I now saw that operative procedure would shortly be called for, and at once dispatched the surgeon to make a tracheotomy. The dog was lying flat, for a tracheotomy tube. About fifteen minutes later the dog ceased to breathe and became moribund. He was at once thrown upon his back, and an incision  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length was made through the skin and cartilage about the middle of the incision commencing just below the cricoid cartilage. This was accomplished by grasping the larynx with the left hand, holding it firmly, thus making the integument over the parts tense. Four rings of the trachea were cut, and as the instrument entered the windpipe the characteristic sucking sound was heard.

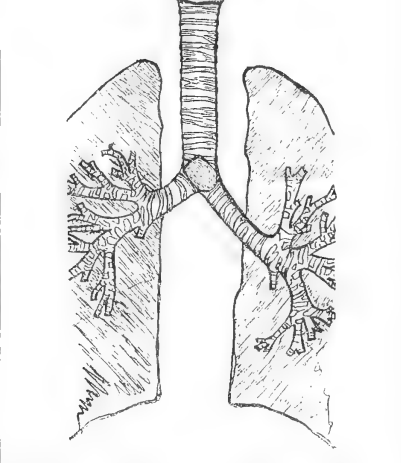
Unfortunately, no tube had arrived, nor were toothpicks or goose quills at hand, and it was impossible to keep the opening into the air passages patent; besides this, the animal was now in *artificial morbus*, his heart alone showing by its fluttering pulse that life was not yet gone. At this critical moment the messenger with the tube arrived, and although I pronounced the dog beyond hope, yet I inserted the tube at once, secured it and started artificial respiration, and gave him demulcents of whiskey. After ten minutes the animal was breathing naturally through the new opening. All this seemed strongly to confirm the previous diagnosis of oedema glottidis, the question of access to the best of the lungs being left to the animal quiet for the next thirty-six to forty-eight hours, and this was attempted by sewing him securely on his back in bagging and suspending him in this position. This being accomplished, two men were appointed to watch him, and after every six hours. The adventitious opening was covered with a large sponge wrung out in a weak carbolic solution, and this was ordered to be changed every hour. About one ounce whiskey was administered hypodermically, and ten drops of Mergal was given.

The animal remained quiet until three o'clock A. M., or about nine hours after the morphine had been given, when I was suddenly called to see the patient, the watcher reporting that the dog had ceased breathing. I went, and found him restless and breathing hard. Examination showed that the tube had slipped from the trachea during his exertions to free himself from his fastenings. The tube was immediately replaced and a minute or two of Magendie administered. The respirations again pupped indicated that the tube was in place, and at this time there was no breathing whatever from the natural air passages. At eight o'clock in the morning, or about sixteen hours after operating, some breathing through the nostrils could be detected. A respiratory catheter, three ounces of milk, one ounce of whiskey, with twenty drops of laudanum were now administered per rectum.

At noon the dog was breathing quite freely through the nostrils, the heart pulsations strong and regular, eight to nine per minute. Progress good. At 6 P. M. everything had

improved. The breathing through the larynx was strong, and upon closing the tube for a few moments by means of a small sponge, the dog gave no evidence of dyspnea, but breathed contentedly through his nose and mouth. The emesis of milk, whiskey and laudanum was repeated, and five minims of Magendie given hypodermically. Everything looked favorably. At 10:30 P. M. I was summoned suddenly by the announcement that the dog had ceased to breathe. I found the brute in a comatose condition, markedly cyanotic and evidently dying of apnoea. He was at once cut loose from his hammock and artificial respiration kept up for over half an hour, while whiskey and ammonia were administered hypodermically. At the end of this time the heart had ceased to beat, it being impossible to force more than the smallest quantity of air into the lungs. The animal died just thirty hours after the operation.

An autopsy was held at once, and the following conditions presented themselves. The laryngeal mucous membrane and vocal cords showed evidence of recent intense congestion and inflammation, considerable ecchymosis about the incision into the trachea. Upon splitting up the trachea, a hard foreign body was encountered just at its bifurcation. It proved to



be a large acorn, with a transverse diameter slightly exceeding that of the trachea. It was rather firmly impacted, with its point downward over the entrance to the left bronchus, and completely occluding its caliber. The base of the acorn lay diagonally over the entrance to the right bronchus. The left lung was completely collapsed and carinated, and of dark reddish color. The right lung showed signs of recent collapse, but was of normal color. Neither lung contained any air.

The division of the trachea into the two bronchi was something over eight inches from the lower border of the larynx, lying deeply below and behind the episternal notch, and beneath the thick muscles of the neck. The condition at the time of operation seem to have been as follows: The lining membrane of the larynx was the seat of an acute inflammation or oedema glottidis, brought on by the passage through it of this large body, increased doubtless by the various manipulations by forceps and fingers to which it had been subjected. Undoubtedly the acorn had, by the violent inspiratory efforts, been forced down to its final resting place, the bifurcation of the trachea, the moment it had passed through or possibly been pushed through the unyielding walls of the larynx. It must have completely occluded the left bronchus from the beginning, but resting diagonally (as per diagram), had allowed the air to enter and make its exit from the right lung. The deep breath which the watcher stated the dog had taken just previous to his collapse, must have sucked the base of the acorn over the entrance to the right bronchus, thus occluding them both. Local inflammation around the acorn aided in narrowing the caliber of the trachea at this point.

The fact of the operation giving relief at once from the asphyxia, was almost proof positive that the obstruction was laryngeal and not below, and hence exploration of the chest by physical signs, except in a suppurative case, at first, was overlooked. Had this been done, the absence of all sounds on the left side might have raised suspicions. In all probability no operative procedure could have saved the dog's life, even had a complete diagnosis been made. How so large a body passed the chorda vocales is a mystery. After death I could, with difficulty, force the tip of my index finger through the larynx. The animal was in the habit of playing with a small rubber ball, throwing it into the air and catching it, and while thus engaged with an acorn the accident must have happened. The operation in itself is a simple one, and in all cases where the obstruction is laryngeal, would be called for, and I am satisfied, with proper care, be highly successful.

MORFON GRINNELL, M.D.

NEW YORK, May 10, 1893.

### THE GORDON STANDARD.

**M. R. DIXON's** letter in your last issue on Gordon standard is very pleasing to me, and I thank him for its character, and I trust that our united efforts may be crowned with success. Mr. Dixon says I ignored stern in my standard. I cannot say that I did, but I should have been more general in appearance. A setter with a teapot tail ought to be very heavily penalized; in fact, I should disqualify him on spot. When I saw him in New York last year, I considered the best of the Gordon setters by long odds, yet I did not consider him my style. I would suggest that a committee be formed of the prominent breeders of the Gordon setters in America, and that they should take into consideration the standards now before the public—i. e., Stonehenge's, Vero Shaw's, Malcolm's, Dixon's, and my feeble effort—and by doing so I think a correct and useful standard would be framed, that all breeders should make it their duty to have used, and at the same time breeders and the public would reap the benefit of it.

This is the only true mode. As it stands at present, exhibitors of the old Stonehenge standard will not exhibit under the later productions; and vice versa, those holders with the later views will not exhibit under the

older ones, so that bench show managers are placed in a difficulty.

This is the only true mode of proceeding, a paper war only can make any pretensions, it can never carry them out, and I am quite sure it will commend itself to all sportsmen as the proper way out of the difficulty which at present surrounds the Gordon setter. J. S. NIVEN.

### CANINE TENACITY OF LIFE.

BY G. D. ALEXANDER.

**T**he first year of the surrender in the late civil war found the old planters of the Arkansas in the most destitute circumstances. They had no provisions and no money, and I chase them—credit was dead as a hammer. Shortly after I had returned from Marshall, Texas, to begin life anew, and prepare for a crop in the fall of 1865, a heavy snow fell. It was a good omen to many a poor planter who was thus enabled to track his wild hogs to their beds, and lay in a supply of meat for the impoverished family. It commenced snowing about bedtime, and I lay awake a greater part of the night, planning with my nephew, Samuel Morgan Alexander, who had recently arrived from Lynchburg, Va., to have a grand wild hog hunt the next day. My pack of hounds would run any animal I wanted them to pursue, from the cotton-tail hare to the biped man. The difficulty in the way was to get them on a hog track before striking that of a deer, bear or wildcat.

By morning the snow was fully three inches deep. The ground was dry and frozen before it commenced falling, and as there was no wind during the night, every tree, shrub and cornstalk was covered. It was just such a snow as I desired, and before sunrise I was in the saddle on a gentle mule, and accompanied by my nephew and two freedmen. I started to a big canebrake where the wild hogs were certain to have bedded in this deep snow.

It was not over a quarter of a mile from the house to the rear of the field, where there was a gate through which I could pass out into the forest, a large body of heavily timbered land densely covered with canebrakes extending for many miles back of the plantation. Along the fence there was a wagon road used for hauling cord wood, that extended about a mile along the fence, and then diverged at right angles until it struck a pretty bayou, down which it lead into the bayou and bayou disappeared into the distance.

Fortunately, just as I passed through the gate, I discovered tracks of two hogs, indicating from their great size that they were several years old. My nephew dismounted, showed the tracks to my favorite hounds, and the woods were open on the way of any thing I wanted her to run, and by all the coaxing I got the entire pack in full pursuit. The hogs had fed along the road as far as it extended by the field, and then continued in the wood to the bayou. After following the bayou for several hundred yards they crossed a creek, and I was confident they had made for the canebrake. Being minus my left arm, which I had left on the banks of the Potomac during the late unpleasantness, it was not so easy for me to ride through the dense woods to keep up with such a pack of dogs, and my nephew, who was armed with a superb shot with both pistol and rifle, having served the entire four years of the war as a member of Munford's First Cavalry Regiment of Virginia, to follow the pack and keep up with them, and to take command of the hounds with me. I should have known as I obeyed to the place where I knew the hogs would be found, Sam obeyed orders, and half an hour's ride brought me in hearing of the dogs, that were then baying the hogs in this dense thicket. He had followed them for some time, as he did not understand me in directing him to shoot the hogs before I should arrive. I instructed him to give me time to ride to the opposite side of the place where the dogs and hogs were fighting. The two freedmen were posted on the flanks, and I was confident that I should have no trouble in going into where the hogs had bedded, and shoot them if possible.

One of my wild hounds on this occasion refused to run the hogs, and instead of following behind my nephew, he ran in front of the pack, and followed them in a perfectly different to the fierce struggle that was going on. The place which they had selected for their lair was one most admirable for their defense. Two large cottonwood trees had been blown down in some storm during the year, and had fallen one across the other. In this cross the hogs had made their bed. The trees were not less than five feet in diameter, and under the upper tree was the bed. All around was as dense a canebrake as I ever got into. The hogs proved to be very old, and I was confident that the animal which I had followed from country I consider the old wild boar is the most dangerous. It was simply impossible for the dogs to do anything with these hogs. They were as impenetrably fortified against the dogs as they held a position against the human hunter. The dogs were entirely conscious of the danger, and kept at a respectful distance, some on the logs, some in front, and some behind the hogs. One of the disagreeable points of a hog hunt in the deep snow is the constant falling of masses of snow from the trees, and the sound of the falling snow was so loud that the dogs were forced to leave the place, and I was almost impossible to keep a muzzle-loader from getting wet and failing to fire.

The actions of my bitch, Venus, had puzzled me not a little in her refusal to move forward to the largest wild boar, and I was the pack. I have often thought she must have had a spiritual warning that some great mishap was going to take place, and it had thrown a damper over her buoyant spirit. At my rate she stuck to the heels of my mule, and it proved the worst of her, and I was confident that I should have no trouble in going into where the hogs had bedded, and shoot them if possible.

I had reached the point I desired and the signal was given. It was some little time before the sharp report of Sam's rifle was heard, and then followed his loud shout, "Look out! He is coming!"

In a moment I heard the cane popping as if a huge bear was bursting through it and coming direct to where I was seated on my mule. The dogs were in full cry; the boar was "booming" as if in great terror, and the gnashing of his great tusks was distinctly audible. My mule got a good start in galloping, and I could neither turn myself in the saddle nor move the mule. I heard Venus give one whine, and at that instant I felt the shudder of the mule. Turning as well as I could to look over my shoulder, I perceived the boar was coming, and I was confident that I should have no trouble in going into where the hogs had bedded, and shoot them if possible. He was a Chester white, and his exit was like some gigantic snowball whirled through the cane with the force of an avalanche. He was so excited that he never saw me, and I paid no attention to Venus, only noticing her coming on behind me as I got my mule in position to follow. I had gone but a few rods when I heard her give a sudden whine. I was convinced she was wounded, and on looking back to see her what I saw was a most painful sight. The boar had run over her, and my mule's tracks. Looking down I discovered the blood spurting from his hind leg, and poor Venus was fastened to a long bamboo briar. Dismounting, I found the wound of the hind leg was a fatal one. I was too late to save her. Her entrails were dragging and the bamboo had caught them, thus preventing her going any further. Here was a dilemma—my mule badly cut, my bitch, one of the best I had, mortally wounded, as I supposed, and the boar, dogs, freedmen and bamboos all in the way. I was too late to save her. I did not do? To leave the poor bitch in that condition would never do. I was fully three miles from home, and in this dense canebrake. An old hunter has many resources under such circumstances, and I was not accustomed to the woods would not think of anything.

I whittled the entrails from the bamboo, put them back into her belly, and then wrapped my handkerchief around the boar, covering the wound with the handkerchief. I then cut the bamboo with my knife, and with my hand, and mouth, tied it, and then tightened the knot with a stick. I determined to







of Governors, or of meetings of the Club, and exercise the usual functions of a presiding officer.

III.—VICE-PRESIDENTS.

The Vice-President shall fill the office of President in the event of his absence.

IV.—SECRETARY.

The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Club. He shall keep an account of all members elected, and furnish the Treasurer with the names and residences of members elected and the date of their election, together with any special which may be imposed on members, notify all officers and members of their election, and every Committee of its appointment. He shall attend all Committee meetings and take charge of the correspondence, give notice of all meetings, and transact such other duties as may be required of him or pertaining to his office. His books shall be open during business hours to the inspection of any member. For the performance of such duties he shall receive a salary of one hundred dollars yearly, payable quarterly.

V.—TREASURER.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to collect all dues, fines and moneys of the Club, and under the direction of the Board of Governors disburse all funds belonging to the Club. He shall keep all accounts of the Club in books belonging to it, which shall be open during business hours to the inspection of the Board of Governors, or any member thereof. He shall give notice to members who are in arrears for fines or dues, and he shall promptly report to the Board of Governors (the condition of any member's account when the same shall remain unpaid beyond the time specified in the Constitution. At the annual meeting of the Club he shall present a written report of all financial transactions during the fiscal year, with whatever suggestions he may think proper to make.

VI.

All resignations shall be in writing, and addressed to the Secretary, but shall not take effect until accepted by the Board of Governors. No resignation shall be accepted while the member is in debt to the Club.

Amendments to these By-Laws may be made in the same manner as is provided for amendments to the Constitution.

VII.

The meetings of the Board of Governors shall be held the 2d Tuesday of the following months: January, February, March, April, May, September, October, November, and December.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Governors the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That any man barred by any recognized Field Trial Club in America, or who has been ruled out at the English Field Trial Club's field trials, provided this club shall be officially notified of such disbarment; and such disbarred handler shall not be allowed to run a dog, unless officially reinstated by the club by which he was disbarred.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

WITH THE BEAGLES.

"GONE TO THE DOGS."

SUCH might have been said of the writer lately—not in its literal sense, but very literally, because I did not visit my friend and his kennel of beagles—every one of them, also, my friend. Who can look into the honest eyes of a well-bred dog and not recognize him as a friend? Who dares to vilify a dog as unworthy a dog's love, and the man or woman who does not love and respect a well-bred dog—excuses me from defining, for I would be "void of offense."

A bright mid-afternoon in the prime of May found me approaching my desired haven. One by one familiar objects came into view. I saw the old house, the garden, the house, where I was soon welcomed. Not long, however, could I tarry within doors, and leaving rod and traveling implements where they chanced to land, I hurried out to receive other welcome from the "old place." A young man, who I have old Lee (a Maryland foxhound) gave me a true Southern greeting and then took his place at "heel" as I went the "general rounds" of the kennels. "Twa a sight for sair een," surely. The beagle bitch Lucy looked up from her litter of beautiful babies with her soft, pleading eyes, and I could not keep a thought from her last noble litter of ten puppies, now scattered over the country. How pleasant to see them together now, in their grown estate—to be imagined not never to be met again, for the old place is a yard in which seven of Ringwood's get are co-tenants with the five puppies of the foxhound Sue. In truth a noble lot. Blood and breeding are writ upon them, and their little forms and beautiful markings form a picture of the noblest of the breed. I am a great admirer of the long legs, and the result of that pause is now apparent in the shape of a fine puppy sleeping at my feet as I write. Grace, the pointer bitch tethered near, now gives tongue and Sue follows suit, the old beagles make the welkin ring with their "Tis no use to me, and nothing I have done, far, far away from them all. How distinctly pleasant sounds, as far as scenes may be remembered. Now a call on the bitches to be bred, among which I find dear little Musie, the beagle hound, and the pointer bitch, who has been a great help to me in my dog days. I have under my apple-tree, his grave soon to be covered with the fallen bloom. "Lord, keep his memory green."

Then to Ringwood, the beagle dog par excellence, to King, the fox, Colley, the collie, and with what grace and dignity they respond to call and thrust cool noses through the palisades to sniff us. To such dogs as these who would not go—with such who would not stay? A glance, *ex passant*, at Gay, the pointer, and others of his genus, and we come to the quarters of the noble foxhound bitch Lady Bute, as pretty as a picture and suggestive of hard runs over falls and of a handsome progeny. Our way to the house is disputed by Birdie (one of Musie's puppies) and Miss Grumbler, the truly surly puppy of Colley's last litter. They are pretty, but the run of the house and elsewhere are worthy of all the favors and fondling they receive. This kennel, like many others, suffered from the loss of dogs and puppies from the diseased state of some of the exhibits at the last Meriton bench show, and 'tis to be regretted that more care is not taken by the owners of dogs on such and on all occasions. In many cases the health of one is the health of all, and *vice versa*.

Have referred only to the first of my going to the dogs. I can not say no more. My puppy is awake and I cannot resist his pleading for a frolic. To "go to the dogs" is good. "The best part of man is the dog that is in him." O. W. R.

**LONDON DOG SHOW.**—London, Ont.—A meeting of the principal dog fanciers of the city and vicinity was held at the London House on the 13th ult., when it was decided to hold a bench show under the auspices of the Ontario Field Trial Association, which will be about the first week in October next. The following officers were appointed: President, Col. John Walker; Vice-President, G. F. Hiscox; Secretaries, J. Pudicombe and C. A. Stone; Treasurer, David Sweeney; Committee, J. Macdonald, R. H. Gibson, G. C. Chisholm, T. G. Davey, T. H. Smallman, H. B. Harrison, T. Scaulberg; W. B. Wells, Chatham; I. Cousins, G. Burns, Jr., with power to add by their number. A deputation was chosen to wait on the Western Field Trial Association, for the purpose of settling the requirements of the bench show managers, for them, and ask their assistance in furthering the show. As a bench show always does well in London, and has hitherto been most satisfactory both as to exhibition and the proceeds, it is to be hoped that the show will be a success (to use the words of Charles Lincoln) a crowning success.—I.

CHICAGO DOG SHOW.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Enclosed I send you the premium list of the above show. Several special prizes have already been donated, and as it is expected many more will be given they will not be published in separate form until all are in. The entries for all specials will be free.

The awards in the regular classes will govern all the specials as far as practicable, and when it is not so the dog will be called into the ring at the direction of the judge. The dog will be judged on the basis of the English kind, being situated near the depot and within easy access of all the principal hotels. The building itself is well ventilated, and a spacious lot or field adjoins it for the proper exercising of the dogs.

As the time is so short between now and the show, the entries will close on the 1st of June, and entries sent by mail must be sent in time to reach Chicago by that date. The P. O. Box is No. 342.

The railroad and express companies have all been written to, and it is expected they will grant the usual facilities.

The great Railroad Exposition will be held during the week of the show, thus affording visitors an admirable opportunity to see Chicago at its best.

The rules and regulations of the show will be the same as used at all other shows.

The Malcolm standard will be used for judging the black and tan or Gordon setter classes.

CHAS. LINCOLN, Supl.

CHICAGO, May 31.

PREMIUM LIST.

Prizes of \$10 and \$5 for mastiffs, rough-coated St. Bernards, smooth-coated St. Bernards, Newfoundland, greyhounds, deerhounds, pointer, and English, Irish and Gordon setter classes; \$15 and \$5 for open classes; \$7 and \$3 for puppies under 12 months; medals for champion Irish water spaniels; open classes, \$10 and \$5; \$10 for champion field and cocker spaniels, \$10 and \$5 for open classes; \$10 and \$5 for pointer, English, fox-terriers (medals for champions), dachshund, bull-terriers; \$10 and medal for black and tans, Dandie Dimmons, Beddingtons, Irish, Skye, hard-haired Scotch, silk or rough-haired, Yorkshire, toy, King Charles, Glen-inn, champion pug, silver medal; open classes, \$10 and medal; poodles, \$10 and medal; miscellaneous, \$7.

**MANGE CURE.**—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In view of the extensive prevalence of mange in the vicinity of Boston and through some other portions of New England also, perhaps a word or two on the subject might be of benefit to some dog owner who is struggling with a desperate case. A valuable pointer being owned by my neighbor, who has been afflicted with dry mange spots about his head during the hot weather of last summer. He called my attention to them, and I applied an ointment made of vasoline, tar and sulphur, and they soon disappeared. During the winter season, later on, the dog was attacked, more violently. The dog has always had the best of care and feed, and the owner can recall no time of his being exposed to contact with any other animal. He was always kept in a large, dry shed, and given plenty of exercise. But in the same way, the dog was kept in a large, dry shed, and given plenty of exercise. 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**AMERICAN COCKER SPANIEL CLUB.**—Toronto, May 18, 1883.—The Produce Stakes for 1883, decided at the Westminster Kennel Club Show in New York this month, resulted as follows: First prize, Hornell Spaniel Cocker, Italy; by Bob H. out of Lady Roda; second prize, F. P. Fisher's Black Silk, by Obo out of Chloe II.; third prize, by W. Leavitt, by the Black Glen, by Obo out of Chloe II.—J. F. Kirk, Secretary American Cocker Spaniel Club.

**"AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."**—Entries for the June number should be sent in now; none can be received later than June 1. The two numbers of the Register already published contain pedigrees of 135 dogs, with prize lists of the Washington, Ottawa and Pittsburgh shows, N. A. K. Derby entries, etc., etc.

**PRESENTATION.**—Mr. Dummell, the gentlemanly and efficient clerk of the New York hench show, has been presented by the managers with a beautiful gold badge which bears the inscription: "From the managers of the New York Hench Show to Walter T. Dummell, in token of their appreciation of his faithful and valuable services."

#### KENNEL NOTES.

##### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kindly notes are desired in this column of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Name and residence of owner.
3. Age.
4. Sex.
5. Date of birth, of breeding or, 5. Date, with sire and dam.
6. Owner of dam.

All names must be plainly written in communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

##### NAVES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.

**Night.** By Mr. Geo. A. Bloomsburg, Jersey City, for black pointer dog, whelped April 23, 1883, by Robinson's imported Sp. out of Mr. M. Lyant's "Night" (Black) (New York) (New York).

**Gate of Hell.** By Mr. P. R. Rowley, Dallas, Tex., for red Irish setter bitch puppy, by champion Roy's "More out of Gay (Elcho) (New York) (New York).

**Pink of the East.** By Mr. John A. Doolittle, New Haven, Conn., for white, tan and ticked foxhound bitch, whelped August, 1882.

**White.** By Mr. Wm. W. Havelock, Conn., for liver and white ticked pointer dog, 3 yrs. old.

**White.** By Mr. Oscar Green, Perth Amboy, N. J., for English beagle bitch, whelped May 10, 1881, by Mr. E. Preston's Boxer out of Fanny V.

**Dog.** By Mr. Oscar Green, Perth Amboy, N. J., for English beagle bitch, whelped Feb. 15, 1883, by Mr. E. Preston's Boxer out of Fanny V.

**Doyle and Pheasant.** By Mr. J. Edgar Buchanan, Montreal, Canada, for (female) dog, whelped March 27, 1883, by imported Ringwood (Champion) (New York) (New York).

**Major Marib's Grouse.** Queen Bee II. out of Young Floss (Ranger) (New York) (New York).

**Woodland Mail.** By Woodland Kennel, for liver field spaniel bitch, whelped June 15, 1882, by Toronto Beau out of Judy.

**Amphib.** By Mr. Henry B. Dwyer, New York, for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped March 19, 1883, by Knickerbocker (A. K. B.) out of Lady Glen (Spaniel) (Gipsy).

**Guy of Warwick.** By Mr. O. W. Rogers, Baltimore, Md., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped March 19, 1883, by imported Ringwood (Champion) (New York) (New York).

**Knickerbocker.** By Mr. George White, Elizabeth, N. J., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped March 19, 1883, by Knickerbocker (A. K. B.) out of Lady Glen (Spaniel) (Gipsy).

**Thorn and Duke.** By Mr. Geo. C. Tucker, Peterborough, N. H., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped March 19, 1883, by imported Ringwood (Champion) (New York) (New York).

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by Col. Stuart Taylor (Cheyenne, Wyoming) to Mr. Charles H. Mason (New York).

**Blue.** Blue belton English setter dog, 2 yrs. old (Rock-Mag), by Mr. Jas. H. Goodsell (New York) to Mr. Howard Harris (Pittsburgh, Pa.).

**Brant.** Later Irish water spaniel, 3 yrs. old (Hob-Irish Nelly), by Mr. H. D. Gardner (Milwaukee, Wis.) to Mr. W. S. Kettle (Trinidad, N. J.).

**Brant.** Orange Water St. Bernard dog, 3 yrs. old (Soudan-Magyar), by Mr. Wm. Graham (Belmont, Ireland) to Mr. Rodney Benson (New York).

**Brant.** Fawn mastiff dog, 4 yrs. (Niger-Denominata Cleopatra), by Mr. Jas. Hutchings (Exeter, Eng.) to Messrs. Shaw & Bates (Clinton, Mass.).

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## Rifle and Trap Shooting.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

### MUZZLE vs. BREECH-LOADERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you allow a stranger to your columns to say a word or two on the subject of Muzzle-loaders vs. Breech-loaders?

Having by chance received the letter of Major Merrill in your issue of April 30, 1883, I read the same with a great deal of interest, and although what he says has a great deal of truth in it, still, in my opinion, he draws too broad a distinction between the two arms, and all in favor of the muzzle-loader.

Not having seen the previous communications referred to, I do not know what may or may not have been claimed by him previously for the muzzle-loader, or by others for the breech-loaders; so I must confine myself to this letter.

As I understand it, this is muzzle-loader pure and simple, with its proper ammunition and without artificial reefs, fancy loading-tools, fancy sights, and the like. The gun, plain sights, ammunition and the man behind it to hold and shoot, against the breech-loader under similar conditions, and excluding everything but what could be carried and used in the field as a hunting weapon against either large or small game in all kinds of weather.

Major Merrill sums up his claims in eight counts, so let us see what can be said concerning them.

I have a Baker three-barrel gun, weight 9lbs. 12oz., 30in. barrel, cal. .45, chambered to take a .25in. shell, and I find by reference to the catalogue that I can get the same gun for the same price, ranging from 30lbs. powder and 25lbs. lead, to 30lbs. powder and 25lbs. lead, all of which will fit and shoot from my gun, so I have a pretty wide range of choice for ammunition suited for my gun, and still use manufactured ammunition, that comes within the rules of naked bullets, and, by buying shells and bullets, such as the market affords, I can get the same results as the breech-loader, and I can get it as little lead, or vice versa, as I may desire. I have used fixed ammunition as follows: 30-220; 35-405; 70-100; 70-500; 80-500; and there can be no doubt but that the muzzle-loader can be made to do as well as the breech-loader, and I can get it as little lead, or vice versa, as I may desire.

Concerning the second count, I find that the muzzle-loader is reloading with bullets that can be purchased I can carry any of the above to suit myself, up as high as 100grs. powder and 40grs. lead. I find that the muzzle-loader is reloading with bullets that can be purchased I can carry any of the above to suit myself, up as high as 100grs. powder and 40grs. lead. I find that the muzzle-loader is reloading with bullets that can be purchased I can carry any of the above to suit myself, up as high as 100grs. powder and 40grs. lead.

Concerning the third

500yds.....	4 5 3 4 5 4 5-30	900yds.....	2 4 3 0 5 8 0-17
600yds.....	4 0 5 4 4 2 2-20	1,000yds....	3 2 5 4 3 3 0-20-148



After a day's rest the competitions were renewed on May 17, and the record ran:

S. L. Scott.		80		81		82	
20yds.	3 4 3 4 5 4-37	80yds.	5 5 5 5 4 5-34	100yds.	6 6 6 6 5 6-31	120yds.	7 7 7 7 6 7-28
30yds.	4 4 4 4 5 4-37	90yds.	6 6 6 6 5 6-31	110yds.	7 7 7 7 6 7-28	130yds.	8 8 8 8 7 8-25
40yds.	5 5 5 5 6 5-34	100yds.	7 7 7 7 6 7-28	120yds.	8 8 8 8 7 8-25	140yds.	9 9 9 9 8 9-22
50yds.	6 6 6 6 7 6-31	110yds.	8 8 8 8 7 8-25	130yds.	9 9 9 9 8 9-22	150yds.	10 10 10 10 9 10-19
60yds.	7 7 7 7 8 7-28	120yds.	9 9 9 9 8 9-22	140yds.	10 10 10 10 9 10-19	160yds.	11 11 11 11 10 11-16
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80yds.	9 9 9 9 10 9-22	140yds.	11 11 11 11 10 11-16	160yds.	12 12 12 12 11 12-13	180yds.	13 13 13 13 12 13-10
90yds.	10 10 10 10 9 10-19	150yds.	12 12 12 12 11 12-13	170yds.	13 13 13 13 12 13-10	190yds.	14 14 14 14 13 14-07
100yds.	11 11 11 11 10 11-16	160yds.	13 13 13 13 12 13-10	180yds.	14 14 14 14 13 14-07	200yds.	15 15 15 15 14 15-04
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850yds.	86 86 86 86 85 86-00	910yds.	88 88 88 88 87 88-00	930yds.	89 89 89 8		



## Canoeing.

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FIXTURES.

May 24—Toronto Canoe and Skiff Races.  
Aug. 20—American Canoe Association Meeting at Stoney Lake.  
Aug. 21, '22, 23—American Canoe Association Regatta at Stoney Lake.  
Aug. 24—American Canoe Association Meeting at Stoney Lake.

### A WORD TO CANOEISTS.

IN response to the numerous demands from our canoeing friends, we open a department to which it is intended to devote such space as the growing importance of the subject shall demand. We propose to give all the news, and to that end invite the owners of canoes, secretaries of clubs, and others, to favor us with intelligence relating to new boats, proposed trips, club transactions, races, meetings, etc., etc.

From week to week we shall publish lines of new boats, descriptions of novel rigs, hints and help for owners and builders, and such other matter as will insure the practical usefulness of the FOREST AND STREAM to "the fraternity."

Correspondents are invited to send us for publication, reports of cruises, with all available information respecting desirable canoeing routes and cruising waters.

THE DOT.

WE publish this week the lines of the Dot, owned and sailed by Mr. C. B. Vaux, commodore of the New York C. C. This canoe was built by James Everson, of Williamsburgh, in 1878, and was the third boat of the well-known Shadow model designed by Mr. W. L. Alden, New York C. C.

The first cruise was from New York to Rondout, in 1878, and in 1880 she made a cruise on the Susquehanna, from Binghamton to New York City. The following year she sailed to the Chesapeake, and made short cruises, besides several of some length. Her first race was the regatta of 1879, in which she was beaten by boats with larger crews. In 1880 the keel was increased to 26 ft., and at present, which is the last she has had, it is 30 ft. long. She has been in the regatta nearly every sailing race in which she has entered, including four for the Challenge Cup, besides winning all of the sailing prizes not only in the regatta but in the annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club, was fifty miles in ten hours under sail and paddle, from New York down the Sound. Mr. Vanx was one of the first in this country to use the "dory" for a boat, and he has been successful in many races for balance lug, the present rig, which we will illustrate next week, consisting of two balance lug sails of 70 and 25 sq. ft. She was also the first to use the "dory" for a boat, and she was the first to use the following are her principal dimensions:

	Length over all	Ft.	In.
Born at waterline	14	4	0
Beam at deck	20	4	0
Depth at bow	28	0	0
Depth at stern	104	0	0
Depth amidships	96	0	0
Depth of keel	23	0	0
Distance from fore side of stem—			
To forward hatch	1	6	0
To center of mainmast	2	6	0
To forward bulkhead	3	6	0
To fore end of coaming	4	6	0
To sliding bulkhead	8	10	0
To after end of well	10	3	0
To bulkhead	10	10	0
To center of mainmast	11	6	0
To after hatch	11	6	0
To after hatch	12	9	0
Weight of hull when in use, 93 lbs.			

TABLE OF OFFSETS FOR CANOE DOT

Half Breadths.					Diagonals.		
Depth at (cunvale).	Deck.	L.	W. L.	No. 2.	No. 3.	Diagonals.	
						A. B.	C. D.
19		54	43		36	73	62
18	64	103	98		8	108	108
17	114	14	13		11	154	124
16	139	15	133		115	159	124
15	14	142	138		105	134	114
14	127	123	104		72	131	104
13	136	98	44			86	76
12	158						
11	19						

The above measurements include the thickness of plank,  $\frac{1}{4}$  in., which must be deducted in making the moulds. The depths are measured from bottom of keel. In building from the drawing it should first be laid down, full size, on a large piece of paper, the above table being used for the heights and breadths; the bulkheads, hatches, etc., drawn in their proper positions, and all the lines properly faired before commencing operations.

The keel, stem and rudder are made of oak, plank 1/2 inch wide, 1/4 inch thick, planking lapstrake, planks on each side, 1/4 inch; decks and hatches, 1/4 inch, ribs of oak, 1/2 inch, spaced 6 in. apart. Many changes have been made in the boat as experience has shown them to be necessary: the fore bulkhead, shown by dotted lines, has been removed, the fore hatch permanently fastened down, 1/4 in. of keel added, foremast tube shifted forward 1/2 inch, the old steering gear, 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 in., below deck, with a yoke on deck and one below, replaced by a 2 1/2 in. yoke below deck on a vertical pivot, and the elliptical well entirely changed, with the hatches changed to one with a pointed, flowing coaming, with an apron. The paddle used for several seasons past has been 5 ft. long.

FROM VERGENNES TO LORNA ISLAND.

THE new feature of FOREST AND STREAM in devoting an entire department to canoeing is to be commended, and in response to request for logs of cruises I submit the following: the route traversed being from Vergennes, Vt., via Otter Creek, Lake Champlain, Lake George, to Lorna Island and the canoe meet of 1882. To the numerous canoeists who have cruised upon these beautiful waters this will contain nothing new; but it is written in the hope of inducing others to go and do likewise.

The fleet consisted of two canoes, a canvas-decked Shadow and an open St. Paul, both manned by green canoeists who proposed to travel leisurely and enjoy themselves rather than hurry and destroy the pleasure of the trip. By the toss of a coin the crew of the St. Paul acquired the title of "commodore," while his mate was content to figure as the "vice."

At seven o'clock, P. M., after a long day's ride by rail, the crews embarked on Otter Creek below the falls at Vergennes, the Vice first stopping to take a picture of the falls, for having been initiated into the secret of the falls, he was anxious to show it to his friends. He was startled on the cruise without a canoe as to leave the caucera behind. Vergennes, by the way, is one of the oldest and smallest cities in Vermont, and is situated on the shore of Lake Champlain, Burlington, and eight miles from Lake Champlain, at the head of navigation on the creek, a sluggish, muddy stream with marshy borders. After an hour's passage, the canoes were halted ashore, and their crews were told to tumble overboard with their paddles and to bring up a tent. The night was warm, but they didn't sleep; oh, no! They simply fought and were vanquished by a band of unfamiliar Ver-

port mosquitoes were evidently naïves. After a two-hour, hasty breakfast eaten, and the voyage resumed. The mouth of the creek was soon reached, and away in front stretched the waters of Lake Champlain unfurled like a vast, shimmering sea. The boatmen, however, were not to be lulled. Cassin, back of this ancient stone house, and on the shore of the creek a busy mill, while across the lake loomed up the majestic, snow-capped peaks of the Adirondacks. The camera captured the picturesque view with the camera, they proceeded up the river. The marshy Vermont shores gradually gave place to rugged rocks, and the cool, gray water entered for dinner and a refreshing bath. Continuing slowly up the river, they reached the town of Ticonderoga, famous for Fort Henry, a digmy mining town, which was reached late in the afternoon, after some hard paddling against a head sea. Then a favoring breeze sprang up, and they sailed on to the town of Plattsburgh, to Chimney Point, and at a seasonable hour the tent was pitched on Crown Point, where all hands turned in for a good night's rest with the

Camp Comfort, as it was appropriately named, was delightfully situated upon the abandoned camp ground near the old fort, and overlooking a bay just above the light. Ideas were made, was occupied in lounging about, reading, writing and taking pictures. A leisurely afternoon's paddling covered the sixteen miles between this point and Fort Ticonderoga, where the night was comfortably passed at a hotel. Next morning a visit to the historic ruins was in order, and some pictures were, of course, taken, not omitting the gloomy

underground room, two good views of which were obtained with some difficulty. The paddle up the creek, dinner at Ticonderoga and portage across the carry, occupied half a day, and afternoon found the canoees dancing on the rough waters of Lake George, with great black clouds hanging over the mountain peaks and showers in prospect. The grand scenery was new to both canoeists, and paddling on they gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the hour regardless of the gathering storm.

At once the rain came down in great drops, and the waves rose to violence. Then they hurried ashore only to be thoroughly drenched, with all their luggage; but the grand experience of a storm at sea was not to be missed. Next day the party, including the hospitable Roger's Rock Hotel put all to rights. A steamer here was more slow paddling against a head wind, more grand scenery, more rain, and then a night at Hulet's Landing, with its cluster of cypress trees, and a morning of rain, and a night at Crowsnest, where a race was reached in time for the C. A. race. Of course, the party consumed on the trip than many would have taken, but it was all the more thoroughly enjoyed. Of the canoe men there is nothing new to be said. Everybody was a good swimmer, and a good hand stroke, and again with the gear carried away the liveliest and best of the happy hours spent in company with new-made friends. At Stony Lake, next August, will be a repetition of the scene on a larger

scale. The word to every canoeist: Don't neglect to carry a camera when you go on cruise, as with it you can perpetuate the scenes visited and recur to them again and again. The results of this trip I have before me as I write, and again I look upon the rocks and falls at Veronique, the old Fort Cassin house reflected in the mirror-like waters of Lake Champlain, Crown Point light with its pretty surroundings, the grim ruins and gloomy cavern of old Fort Ti, some of Lake George's grandest scenery, the tents and banners among the trees in Lorna's camp, the beautiful falls of Chubbuck. Photography is a most useful and pleasant companion of canoeing, and he may enjoy it who will. Try it yourself.

CLAYTON

LOWELL, Mass., May 12, 1883.

CANOE SPARS.

CANOEISTS are divided in opinion as to the best material for masts and spars, some advocating bamboo, and some worked spars of pine or spruce. Whatever advantages selected bamboo may have over the others, there is no doubt that a good spruce stick is better for nearly all purposes than such bamboos as can usually be had in this country. Those found in the fishing tackle stores are from 12 to 20 ft. in length and from  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $\frac{5}{16}$  in. in diameter at the butt, but taper so rapidly toward the small end, so that they are useless for anything but being cut into small pieces for the head. Occasionally they may be found of nearly uniform diameter, but they are not regularly imported in quantity as the others are.

Owing to the quick taper, a bamboo spar is never of the proper shape, being too large at one end and too small at the other, and they are very apt to be full of small worm holes, perhaps not easily detected, but fatal to a spar. A neatly made and well-proportioned worked spar is at once strong, light and handsome. Pine is lighter than spruce, but not so strong, and the latter is to be preferred.

For a canoe of 30 to 35 lbs., the gun as now rigged the mainmast should be 2 in. in diameter at deck, and if for a big sail or gaff, 1 in. at head, tapering very gradually from the deck to about two-thirds of its height, and then more rapidly to the head. The mizzen may be 1½ in.; the fore-and-aft mast, 1½ in. at base, tapering to 1¼ in. at head. If the boat is to be used as a dayboat, as it is often done, as there is seldom occasion to set the latter forward. Booms of 8 to 10 ft. should be 1½ in. in diameter at one-third from the after-end at deck, tapering to ¾ in. at the ends, and varies the same. For mizzens, 9 ft. long, 1½ in. at base, tapering to ¾ in. at top, will be sufficient. Varies and boom-ropes should be made of three strands, each strand being of four wires, perfectly smooth to allow the rings and pulleys to run easily. Jointed spars are never so strong as whole ones of the same weight, and will not bend as evenly and fairly, while the best made joint possible will still be liable to break under strain. A good rule for the joints of the foremast is impracticable, and stays on deck must be resorted to.

## VARNISHING BRIGHT BOATS.

THE first point is to clean the boat, thoroughly scrubbing with hot water and soap if necessary, until all dirt is removed, then washing with clean water. After all repairs have been made, the old varnish should be sandpapered or rubbed down until it is perfectly smooth, unless the former coats were too thick, in which case the boat must be scraped with glass or a steel scraper. After sandpapering the new varnish should be rubbed down with a cut of two of shellac. For varnishing, a spot free from all dust should be selected, in a dry place and out of the wind.

The best varnish for boats and outside work is spar composition, of which there are several makes. Crockett's, and Pratt & Lambert's are both good. The varnish should be laid on in a thin coat, and allowed time to harden thoroughly before applying a second coat. It is better to put on one coat on an outside surface of a boat, renewing it when necessary, rather than putting on several thick coats at one time. For new work there are several preparations in the market known as wood fillers, preservatives, etc., in which the varnish is incorporated. These are useful in some instances, but in general require less of the latter, and giving the best composition. A newly varnished surface should never be exposed to a hot sun, or it will blister badly.

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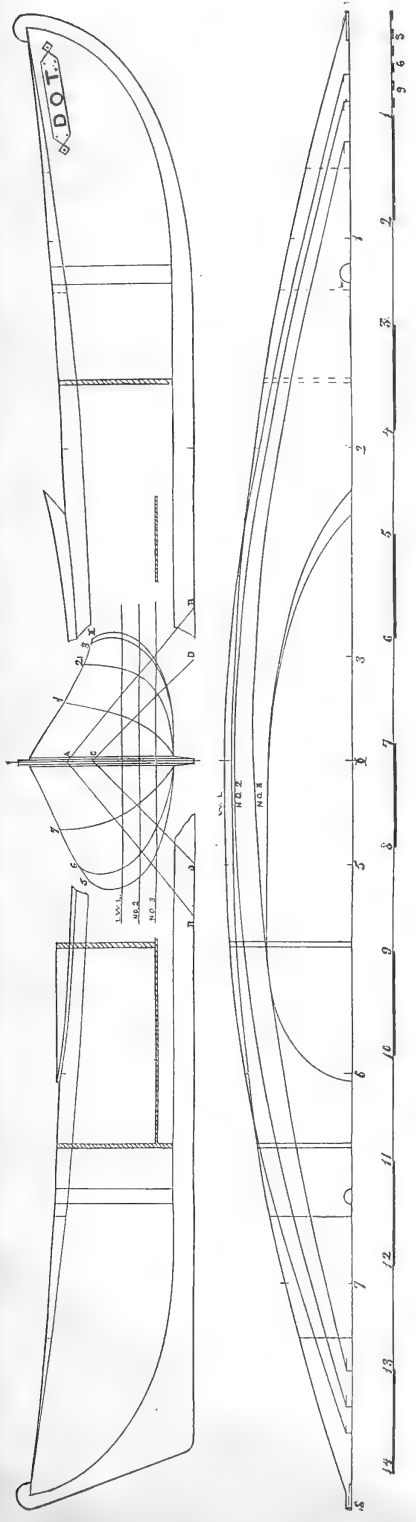
**THE UPPER CONNECTICUT.**—In answer to an inquiry in last week's issue concerning the Upper Connecticut, our correspondent, "Flick Flick," of Hartford, writes: "From Dalton, N. H., to Waterford, Vt., is a piece of rapid water called Fifteen Mile Falls, which is a dam to carry round, and at the end of the 'Falls,' where there is a carry of about one-half mile, unless the canoeist is a skillful paddler and knows the locality. The scenery is very fine on both sides, and the water is very rapid. The banks are high and steep, and boulders, many of the latter having been tumbled by the Connecticut River Lumber Company to allow them to get their logs down. The water is very cold, and it is not until the water is very low later in the season, and just now many logs will be run, which

**NEW YORK (C)**—Nine active members have been added to the club this season and four associate members, nearly all of whom are canoe owners. A handsome trophy has been presented to the club by Mr. Frank Jones, as a prize for junior sailing races. It is of silver, with the name of the club on the top and the initials "C. C. C." and the inscription, "New York Yacht Club, Junior Sailing Trophy, 1887," in blue, on the face. It is open to any amateur within fifty miles of New York City, and the trophy will be awarded, of course, on the details of the racing being left to the executive of the club. The donor also suggested that it be raced for on each alternate Saturday through the season with a final race in the fall, open only to those who have won one of the previous races, the last one to determine the ownership.

**THE A. C. A. MEET.**—We have received from Com. Edwards a map of St. George's Lake and the surrounding country, and also one of the camp grounds and regatta courses, both of which will be published shortly in our columns. A meeting was held in Peterborough on May 16 to arrange for the reception of canoeists coming to the meet in August. That the Canadians who have visited Lake George seem to fully appreciate the hospitality shown them by our canoeists, and are making every preparation to return it with interest, is shown by their remarks at the meeting. A reception committee was appointed, and the meeting adjourned to meet the following Tuesday.

**CANOEES VERSUS SAILING BOATS.**—The success of the Pearl in the mixed races of the Thames Valley Sailing Club, as mentioned last week, has created so much dissatisfaction among the owners of the other boats that the club has decided to hold only one class of races for this season, an offer that has been promptly accepted by the gallant sailormen of the T. V. S. C. Mr. Tredwin will try his luck in a new gig, however, and it is to be expected that the plucky, persistent crew will be able to make a record that will be a display in the Pearl will make as good a record for the new Fedora.

**SAN FRANCISCO C. C.**—The canoe season in San Francisco has about closed, as the strong winds from June to October make sailing and sailing a hard work. The club now numbers eight members and has a few canoes.





OSWEGO, N. Y.—The first cruise of the Oswego Y. C. will take place on the 26th and 27th inst. Fairhaven is the port which all the yachts will make for, where the orders to be observed on their return voyage will be given.

F. C. DeV., New York.—Write to Kennedy Smith, Eustis, Me.

## THE GRAYLING.

### Answers to Correspondents.

## THAT TWISTER

ISSACENA, Near Middletown, Ky.—What time between the 25th inst. and the 1st of July next would be the best time to go black bass fishing, if the time is favorable which would be the best for accommodation, reasonable prices and good fishing. St. Clair Flats near Detroit, or the Thousand Islands and that vicinity on the St. Lawrence River, I compare with the home within the time mentioned and wish to know if it will be hunting up a price? And, Probably St. Clair Flats would be the most convenient and reasonable for you. The last half of June would be best.

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Hop Bitters Co.,

Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 6, 1882.

I am seventy-four years old, have lived thirty-four years in Philadelphia, and well-known among terrans. I have been troubled twelve years with a white swelling on my right foot, and getting worse every year, and very painful, and breaking out in hot weather. I consulted several doctors and they told me it was incurable and I would have to take it with me in the grave. Some time ago I lost my appetite, was costive, had headache and fever—in fact was very sick. I saw in the German *Booster* that Hop Bitters was what I needed. I got a bottle, took it one week and was as well again as ever, and to my greatest surprise right from the first my swelling went down gradually, and I taking another bottle got entirely well of it. The wife of my neighbor had two such swellings on her legs and three bottles cured her. I think this is a great triumph for your bitters. JOHN STOLL,  
No. 1 Young's Alley, above Willow st.

Stippshill, Ind., Nov. 13, 1881.

Dear Sirs—I have read so much about Hop Bitters, and always being afflicted with neuritis, weakness, diseased stomach, never having much health I tried a couple bottles; it has strengthened and helped me more than any medicine or doctor. I am now on my third bottle and am thankful that it has helped me. I will advise all that are afflicted to give it a trial. LUCY VAIL.

Heat the World.

Rockville, Conn., March 6, 1882.

Hop Bitters Co.,

I have been taking your Hop Bitters for several weeks, and they heat the world.  
L. S. LEWIS, Lewis' Axles Machine.

Leontina, Pa., April 13, 1882.

Hop Bitters Co.,

I have not been well for three years, tried almost every kind of patent medicine and no less than seven doctors, one of Elmira, N. Y., none have done me any good. I finally tried your Hop Bitters and found them just the thing. I have praised them so highly there is a great number here who use them with great benefit and satisfaction.  
Very respectfully yours, R. HUNT.

GENTLEMEN:—The "Hop Bitters" meet with large sales and give general satisfaction, one case in particular you should know of. Mr. John B. Green, 728 Spring Garden street, Phila., Pa., has been suffering from kidney affection, which superinduced rheumatism. He tried physicians and remedies in vain. He was obliged to take morphine to induce sleep; his trouble was so great. Reading your advertisement in the *Christian at Work*, he was prevailed upon by one of his daughters to try it. Three bottles affected a cure, and now he is an enthusiast for "Hop Bitters." He is one of the oldest residents in the locality named, and known as a gentleman of unusual probity. HENRY TORREN,  
672 North 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Office Jellows Mutual Aid Association,  
Jellows, O., Feb. 18, 1882.

Hop Bitter Manufacturing Co.,

I have been using your Hop Bitters and find them what you recommend them to be for kidney disease, viz.: superior to all others.  
J. L. HILDEBRAND.

Vertigo, Dizziness and Blindness.

Office *Utica Morning Herald*,  
Utica, Feb. 18, 1882.

I have been troubled with vertigo since last July, and have suffered greatly every night after any considerable exertion from dizziness and blindness. I tried two bottles of Hop Bitters, and since then have been entirely relieved.  
Respectfully yours, J. J. FLANNAGAN.

Hop Bitters Co.,

June 15, 1881.

I have been suffering five years past with neuralgia, liver complaint, dyspepsia and kidney complaint, and I have doctored with fourteen different doctors who did me no good. At last I tried Hop Bitters, and after I used a few bottles I received a great benefit from them, and if I had used Hop Bitters regularly I would have been well before. I know them to be the best medicine in the world for nervous diseases of all kinds. JAMES COONTS,  
Beelington, Barber County, W. Va.

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Rev. B. R.—, Washington, D. C.

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. J., a

strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia and dizziness almost to blindness over two years after he was advised that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against the word "bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of Hop Bitters, and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman, Mexico, N. Y.

Had severe attacks of gravel and kidney trouble; was unable to get any medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Hop Bitters, and they cured me in a short time.—A distinguished lawyer and temperance orator of Wayne County, N. Y.

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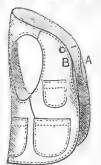
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## DECORATION DAY.

YESTERDAY the green turf on a million graves was made more beautiful by the tender offerings of loving hearts to the memory of the dead of long ago. In village, in town and in mighty city, all over country, in the North and the South, the East and the West, the loveliest flowers of spring were scattered over the graves of those who have gone before, but whose memory cannot die.

To the white-haired father on this day comes up as vividly as ever the recollection of his bright-faced boy, who went from his home at the first call of battle and who never returned. The widow still mourning the stalwart husband, whose duty to her and the children kept him chafing at home until the struggle had assumed such mighty proportions that he could no longer hesitate. Then he went, and was never again seen alive. The mother whose sole support was torn from her by the conflict; the sister who gave up her darling brother, on this day suffer again the pain of their bereavement.

The flowers which have been scattered over the graves of the blue and the gray have not yet faded. Still fair and fragrant they fitly symbolize the sad, sweet recollections of those who, after twenty years, sorrow for their dead, yet not as those without hope.

Bitter and savage was the struggle, terrible the meeting of opposing forces during the long years of the war, and deep the animosities engendered by the conflict. The whole fabric of the nation was shaken to its foundations, the best of its citizens on both sides yielded up their lives. But the fury of the battle is long past and forgotten, and peace and prosperity smile over our whole land. The mourners of the North and the South mingle their tears and their offerings on this Decoration Day, and the survivors of the struggle on either side clasp hands in strong friendship and good feeling, for the heart-burning and the bitter sectional hatreds of former times have passed away to return no more forever.

## THE BOY AND THE ANGLE.

NOT solely for the scientific angler with his eight-ounce rod, silken line and flies cunningly fashioned to resemble no living thing, are all and the chiefest delights of the gentle pastime. There is one of humble estate in the brotherhood of the angle who makes no pretensions to skill, and uses the most unthought and coarsest tackle, to whom it yields supremest enjoyment. He never cast a fly, and knows no "green drake" but him of the duck pond, no "doctor" but the village practitioner who gives him an occasional nauseous dose, no "professor" but the "deestriet" school-master, and if he ever heard of a split bamboo, thinks a split pole must be a poor stick to catch fish with. He wants no reel to wind in his fish with, but "yanks" them out and lands them high and dry and safe from return to the flood, casting them the length of pole and line behind him. This is, of course, our young and unsophisticated friend, the boy of the country, who remains a boy till he has grown big enough to go a-fishing, and perhaps never becomes a young gentleman, but keeps a boy's heart within him, and a boy's ways until he becomes a man. He does not always wear a torn hat, nor always trousers in which he feels most at ease if sitting down when big girls are about, nor does he always go barefoot from spring till fall, though he likes to give his naked soles a taste of the soil for a few days when he has seen the necessary seventeen butterflies.

Furthermore, we do not claim for him, nor does he for himself, that he can catch more fish than the scientific angler; but how he loves to go a-fishin', and how he enjoys it all, from the preparative beginning to the very end! What happiness is his in the cutting of the pole in the always-pleasant woods, where many a sapling is critically scanned and many a one laid low before the right and fore-ordained one is found; and in the buying of the ten-cent line and half dozen beautiful blue fish-hooks, selected with much deliberation from the tempting array in the showcase of the country store. How continually is he full of anticipation of sport from the moment he begins digging his bait; each big worm unearthed and going into the leaky coffee-pot promises a fish, and as he hurries across the fields to the stream he cannot stop even to look for a bird's nest, though sparrow, bobolink and meadow lark start from almost at his feet. Nor hardly can he halt to disentangle his hook and line from the fence or bush they are seen to catch in, for he knows the fish are waiting for him. Then out of breath beside the stream he impales a lively worm, spits on it, not so much for luck as in deference to time-honored usage, gets his line straight out behind him, and sends it with a whizz and a resounding "plung!" of the two-ounce-sinker far out into the waters, and waits for a bite with what patience a boy can muster. Presently perhaps the expected thrill runs up his angle to his hands and through all his nerves, the tip of the pole nods, then bows low to the flood, and by no "turn of the wrist," but by main strength and by one and the same motion he hooks his victim and tears it from its watery hold. So swiftly has it made its curved flight over his head, unseen but as a dissolving streak, that he knows not till he has rushed to where it is kicking the grass whether his prize is a green-and-golden-barred perch, a gaudy-mottled pumpkinseed, a silvery shiner or an ugly but toothsome bullpout, gritting his wide jaws when his horns do him no good, though they may yet do his captor a mischief.

Whatever it may be, he glasts over it as much as any man over his well-fought trout or bass, and straightway runs to cut a forked wand whereon to string it, and takes care that it be long enough to hold many another. If the fish do not bite he sets his pole in a crocheted stick and lets it fish for itself while he explores the shore and catches a "mud turtel," "almost" kills a "mush rat" or scares himself with a big water snake.

Returning to his pole, perhaps he finds the tip under water and tugs out a writhing eel, the wild fun and horror, and the abominable, all-pervading sliminess of whose final capture makes memorable the hour and the day thereof. Perhaps a hungry and not too fastidious pickerel or picker-pere or bass may gorge the worm-induced hook and be hauled ashore, and then the measure of the boy's glory is filled and the capacity of his trousers to contain him tried to the utmost.

Though he goes home with a beggarly account of small fry dangling at the end of his withe, he is unabashed, if not proud, and hopeful for another day. But if it is strong so full that his arms ache with lugging it, what pride fills his heart as he displays his fish! Till they are eaten and digested he ceases to be a "no-account boy." He cleans them and enjoys it. Every scale is a cent, bright from the mint, and he catches each fish over again as he takes it up. He

recognizes his worms in their maws. When they are cooked, whoever tasted fish so good?

The boy is no more a contemplative angler than he is a gentle one, and he does not of choice go fishing alone. He would rather go with the renowned old fisherman of the neighborhood and learn something of the mysteries of his art, but that worthy does not overmuch desire the companionship of youthful anglers. So perform the young fisherman goes with another boy and has some one to "holler" to, compare notes with, and enter into rivalry with, and he can say with truth, when he gets home, "Me and Jim ketched twenty" though he forgets to add that Jim caught nineteen of them. Wherefore not? Do not his bigger and batters brag of scores which would not have been made if their guides and oarsmen had not fished?

Alack, for the bygone days! When May comes with south winds and soft skies and the green fields are dotted with the gold of dandelions and patched with the blue of violets, and the bobolinks are riotous with song over them, who would not be a boy again just for one day to go a-fishing?

## STEAM YACHTING.

IN unsympathetic quarters the query is often heard, "What are steam yachts good for, anyway?" Such an interrogation would hardly have been made more than once had a little thought been bestowed upon the subject. Though different in some features from the sister branch of the sport, it does not follow that yachting under steam is in anywise inferior to sailing, either in respect to enjoyment or to the opportunities offered for instruction to the mind and healthful exercise to the body. To be sure, the greater certainty of movement under steam, the precision upon which one can count in all that relates to time, removes from steam yachting that charming element of uncertainty which contributes so much to the romance of the more Bohemian-like cruise under canvas. If steaming eliminates speculation upon time and the weather, it is none the less exacting and enticing in other respects. Navigation, such as keeping the vessel's reckoning, skilful pilotage, a knowledge of seamanship in the event of accident to the machinery, all afford field enough for thought, and, supplemented with an investigation of the "power behind the throne," a world of study for the busy brain and nimble activity, for nerve and muscle in quantity unstinted. Indeed, the speed of the steamer demands from the controlling mind a sharpened intelligence, quick decision, a head capable of thinking more than one thought at a time, prepared in an instant to meet an unexpected situation with just the right move in remedy. Thought must flash and work as if by instinct, for time to reflect and evolve from one's inner consciousness is too precious for such waste when slashing along at fifteen, eighteen or twenty knots to the hour. On the bridge watch has to be kept more searching and strict than in the cockpit of the yacht under sail. Emergencies occur not with gear and sails perhaps, but equally as serious, may far more dangerous or sudden in their consequences, in the boiler and engine room below. Pumps cease to act, valves leak, tubes blow out, grate bars choke, bearings heat, keys work loose, and a hundred and one other troubles occur familiar to all who have had motive power in charge. The engine room is not one whit more free from mishaps or accidents than the spars and gear of a sailing craft, and to meet untoward complications in a steamer requires even greater knowledge and experience of head and deftness of hand. In management and care the steamer stands exponent of a higher branch of learning and skill than the simpler demands of fore and aft rigs and smooth water sailing aspire to. Though the steamer disdains without risk nearly all weather prognostications, and shows a thoughtless front to sea and wind, her speed and motive agent involve the assumption of cares and responsibilities at least as great and serious as all those trials and tribulations peculiar to the sailing yacht.

It will be said that owners keep clear of the engine room, care nothing about machinery and delegate all attention it requires to a person employed for the purpose. That asking a man of business, carrying stocks and tape measures in his head, and dressed in faultless fashion, to delve into the sooty, greasy depths of fire-room or engine space for instruction or pleasure, is expecting that oil and water should mix. In some cases it is, in others it is not. There are those who own large sailing yachts, yet know nothing and care less about their rig and navigation. But there are likewise industrious Corinthians and persons of ambition who seek to master the intricacies of working a vessel to the best of their abilities

and opportunities, nor are they frightened at the idea of work or the tar and the shakings. It is within reason to suppose a similar class of earnest enthusiasts will be found who seek advancement in all there about them, and who in time will as learnedly discuss "lap and lead," "cut-offs and expansions," "high and low pressure," "crank and disc motion" as we now hear bold Corinthians taking issue upon "luffing out or squaring away," "keels or boards," "cutter rigs or sloops," and the knotty formulas of "time allowance."

With steam all around us, steam whirling us up and down town, from floor to attic, from city to country town, steam in the kitchen turning the spit, steam in the sewing room whirling the sewing machine needle, and steam twirling the peanut roaster in the street, it would be strange indeed were gentlemen of leisure and means to pass by slightly the universal agency which has contributed so much to life's ease and comfort, and perhaps been the means of their own professional success. We need but look to older nations for an answer. There are in British waters vast fleets of yachts, from the yawl and launch up to stately sea-going vessels, driven by steam applied to screw or paddle. Among the owners of such yachts the number who comprehend and control the working of the machinery is growing apace, and a large class of amateur marine mechanics has sprung into existence.

Steam yachting and all that the term includes is not what many presume, a problem fully solved and in a quiescent *status quo*. There are the same issues in existence which animate circles devoted to the sail. Engines and boilers and systems and tools of propulsion of a rival kind there are innumerable. The question of model itself is perfectly unsettled. Type is still in the first throes of embryotic stages. Shall she be high speed, cruiser or auxiliary? Shall she be long, narrow and shoal? Shall she have a working rig or be content with poles, twin screws or single? And as for wheels and driving power, their theory and practice, their adaptability to various waters, these things of themselves open up a vast, and as yet unworked, mine for deep study and acquisition as well as for experiment and practice.

From America will ultimately hail the largest fleet of steam yachts in the world. The certainty of movement of such vessels recommends them to men pressed for time. Our vast network of rivers in the interior, the great distance to be traversed from point to point, all will insist upon the rapid multiplication of the small nucleus of steam yachts now afloat. For all this, there need be no fear that the sailing yacht will be driven to the wall. There is ample room in the world for both classes. Cheapness in first cost, economy in running and leave for a sailor's life will keep the fleet under canvas from extinction for all time. The man of steam will be drawn from other ranks, and with his vessel will add one more to the yachting way without a single sail being withdrawn on that account.

The recent formation in this city of a club, especially devoted to steam yachts, bears out what has been written above. It is the first step toward securing that recognition which has been denied by the self-engrossed community of amateur sailors through groundless fear of rivalry, and a failure to concede to steam yachts the importance they are entitled to.

#### SUPPORT THE TEAM.

NOW that the indignation, naturally felt at the action of the Rifle Association directors in the rejection from the team of one of the best shots in America, has in some measure subsided, the entire effort of all who wish well to American arms should be directed to strengthening the squad of National Guard-men who in a few weeks will set sail for the English range. The honor of the country has to be sustained by the men now giving their time and effort daily at Creedmoor to gain that thorough control of hand and eye which shall enable them success-fully to meet the English experts. The men are doing good work; they already show scores far beyond what was recorded a year ago at the same stage of preparation, and the prospect is that without any more than merely holding their own they will be able to make a strong fight with the picked British team.

The National Guard of the entire country owe it to themselves to see to it that the team of 1893 goes abroad in a manner befitting its representative character. The men on the team are not men of wealth. They are young men who love the innocent excitement of the rifle match, and having shown their ability to excel in one branch of the soldier's duty, it should be the proud and pleasant duty of every other member of their body to lend aid and assistance in getting them the victory. This can be done through a generous subscription to the fund now raising for the expenses of the team. These will necessarily be heavy, for a jaunt over the ocean for so large a group of men is not a trifling matter. Though it will be a short visit, it cannot be a lying one. After the novel experience of a sea trip, the men will need a few days for rest and quiet to steady their nerves and refresh their bodies. Then there will be some days' drill at Wimbledon to get acquainted with the ground over which the match is to be shot. During all the time the men look for their support to the body of their fellow citizens who will share in the honor which a victory will bring.

The board have placed their estimate of expenses at a

moderate figure. It is thought that \$6,000 will carry the team out and home again, and but a small percentage of this sum has already been secured. Every cent of it should be in the hands of the committee before the date of sailing. It will add much to the confidence with which the men will start if they know that their friends and well-wishers have been thoughtful in this respect. The men deserve support for the good work thus far, and as everybody feels like adding a trifle to a successful cause, they may feel assured that in all likelihood they will be doing so by sending a subscription to the American Team Fund.

#### BLACK BASS.

ON the first day of June the black bass season opens about New York. It is an open secret that to many it practically opens at Greenwood Lake on Decoration Day, two days before. This being a legal holiday, many persons go to the lake, and the people about it wink at the transgression, because the visitors leave substantial mementoes of their visit, which is regarded as a full equivalent. This practice is wrong and it should be stopped, or the law should be changed, making the opening of the season on the holiday. There is no doubt about the early season being the best. The fish seem livelier and even gamier than later in the greater heat of summer, with its greater excess of vegetation in the water. It is in the beginning of the season that the bass take the fly with more certainty than at any other time, and this alone is reason enough to many to make them anxious to go early to the lakes.

About New York there are not many good places for black bass. A few are taken in the Croton reservoir, but not enough to make it an object to fish for them, they are usually captured by those who are fishing for perch. The most accessible places for good fishing are: Greenwood Lake, lying partly in New York and partly in New Jersey, fifty miles distant from the city, and reached by the New York & Greenwood Lake R. R., with ferries at West Twenty-third and Chambers streets. This lake is one of the best black bass lakes in this part of the country, notwithstanding the great yearly drain upon it and the number of anglers that visit it. Several good hotels are on it, and the scenery is fine. Lake Hopatcong is reached by the Morris and Essex R. R., ferries at Barclay and Christopher streets, trains for the lake connecting at Drakesville, distance about sixty miles. This lake furnishes some black bass and many pickerel. It is quite a pretty lake and has hotels. From Hopatcong station passengers go some three miles by canal before entering the lake. Swartswood Lake, near Newton, N. J., sixty-seven miles from the city, is reached by the Sussex branch of the Del., Lac. & W. R. R., ferries foot of Barclay and Christopher streets. This lake also abounds with pickerel and perch and the fishing is often good. The rivers readily accessible from New York where the fishing is more or less good are: The Delaware from Port Jervis to within twenty-five miles of Philadelphia, and there are also black bass in the Raritan River.

Fly-fishing, where and when the fish will take the fly, is by far the highest of all fishing, but the black bass is a national fish, full of queer conceits about a diet of flies, or perhaps only regards them as dessert, to be taken in moderation, or not at all, according as his digestive organs may incline him. Certain it is that the black bass cannot be depended on to rise to the fly with anything like the certainty that we calculate on the rising of trout. Even trout refuse to rise at certain, or uncertain, times, but the black bass is always uncertain. For fly-fishing use trout tackle with larger and more gaudy flies, and allow the latter to sink and troll them after a cast. For casting or trolling the minnow, a shorter rod, about eight feet, of some stiffness, and a multiplying reel are used. Still-fishing from an anchored boat is done with rods of all kinds, but we prefer a trout rod if we are forced to practice this method by reason of the refusal of the bass to take the fly. Baits include frogs, helgramites or dobsons, worms, minnows, crawfish, grubs, grasshoppers, etc. Skittering a frog which, after being humanely killed, is hooked through the jaws, is good sport, and is done by standing in a boat while a man rows it slowly near the likely spots, and casting the frog on one side and jumping it along the surface two or three times and then casting it to the other side. This often raises large fish, and there is an amount of exercise attending it that lazy still-fishing does not bring. In doing this we prefer to stand in the bow of the boat, although most men take the stern. We prefer the bow because we then work water which has not been disturbed by the oars. Trolling with spoons or minnow gangs is a favorite with some. It requires no skill and is a murderous practice as well as a lazy one. If bait is used it will save much time, expense and disappointment to carry it, for it is often scarce at the fishing grounds.

Concerning the comparative gameness of the two species of black bass, we agree with Dr. Henshall, and, in defiance of popular opinion, claim as gamy qualities for the big-mouth as are possessed by his brother with the smaller opening in his countenance. The big-mouth, when under two pounds weight, makes a splendid fight, although he has been cried down, and it is fashionable to echo the cry. We look forward to the day when a fair judgment, irrespective of prejudice, will be rendered by intelligent anglers on this question of comparative gameness, always making allowances for the weight of fish. We believe that the proper fighting weight of a black bass is from a pound and a half to two pounds, if

he is in good condition, and that when he exceeds these weights his game qualities decline in proportion, and he is tired out in less time, always allowing light tackle to be used instead of hickory poles and main strength, which gives the smaller fish no chance to display his science and his pluck. Take the black bass all in all, they are the gamiest fish that the angler finds in fresh waters, except the brook trout, and there are anglers who do not except even them.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN TROUT.—We would like a fair discussion as to the comparative merits of the English trout (*Salmo trutta*) and *Salvelinus fontinalis*. Those interested in the subject may read Mr. Chambers' remarks on American trout in our review of "Fish and Fisheries," in our fish-cultural columns.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

### THE WHISTLE OF THE ELK.

BY H. P. UFFORD.

JUST who was responsible for the position in which we found ourselves, was "one of them things no feller could find out." Ignotus charged it upon John, John shifted the burden to The Rhymer, while The Rhymer in turn laid it upon the shoulders of Ignotus. Whether that John was in hopes of discovering the mythical Dead Man's Gulch, where solid nuggets of pure gold as large as walnuts or as pippins lay "thick as autumn leaves in Vallambrosa" or that The Rhymer was fired with a wild desire to scale heights reputed to be hereto inaccessible to the white man's foot, or that Ignotus was led by the hope of finding and securing a specimen of that hunter's will o' the whisp, the mountain bison—certain it was, that the sun, descending behind Das Hemmies, seemed to wink derisively at our little party, as exhausted with the fatigues of mountain climbing, we huddled together for the night on a rocky shelf on the side of one of the steepest peaks of the steep group of the San Juan range, "the Needles." What there was in our surroundings to induce anyone to tempt the perils of the break-neck climb hither would have been hard to tell. Above and below, before and behind, on the right hand and on the left, a monotonous uniformity of stone was noted only by a uniform monotony of rock. Trachyte, syenite, or quartzite—black, brown or gray—cliff, talus, boulder or slide-rock—rent by the earthquake, pulverized by the thunder-bolt, or polished by the sliding avalanche, rusty with stain of iron, or ashen with the sickly gray of the lichen—everywhere it was rock, rock, rock, that met our view, crouched on the worn strata of the base of one jagged cliff, and facing across twenty yards of black chasm, another no less rent and torn—on the one side, the gorge above choked with jagged boulders, heaped together in elemental confusion; and on the other, the gorge below breaking off to the nether world by a Devil's Staircase of shattered porphyritic steps—our only bed the angular slide-rock, and our sole lullaby the shriek of the wind as it swept through the pass; still, Gallie, like "carrots for none of the things."

A new experimenter always pays for itself, even though its price be tears, and woe, and blood; and it was worth while once in a lifetime to see nature in her most savage mood. Stripped of all her virginal beauty and grace she stood revealed before us that night, cold, pitiless and cruel; a deon goddess whose breath was the hurricane, the glance of her eyes sharp thunderbolts, and in the touch of her bloodless hand the chill of death. Little recked we, however, we had laughed in her face ere now, and were not children of a younger world to grovel on our faces before her because she chose for once in a way to show us the virago side of her character. "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," and we felt no fear of her, on whose lap we had so often laid our tired heads and been lulled to sleep, like weary children, by the crooning of her voice. So we knelt on the ashes out of our pipes, smoothed out a place among the rocks as best we could, wrapped our blankets around us and soon forgot our pains and aches in the gentle caresses of sleep.

Next morning, after a breakfast of dry bread and jerked beef, we swung to the left, flanking the cliff under which we had slept, and after nearly four hours of weary climbing, entered upon a meadow of upland meadow, thickly set with clumps of spruce and alder and watered by a little stream, which, taking its rise in the peaks to our left, poured its waters into the gulch up which we had struggled the day before. Deer signs were plenty, and while following one of the freshest of the trails, intent on fresh meat for dinner, The Rhymer suddenly stopped, as though petrified.

"Why, here are the tracks of a drove of steers—three-year olds at least."

"Pshaw! you're crazy! No steer in the world could climb up here."

"Cattle? What do you mean?"

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Now, tobacco smoke they don't mind a bit, while a black-lait hates it like pizen."

The rest of the day was spent in studying the lay of the land, and in planning the morrow's campaign. It was decided that Ignotus and The Ryhmer should essay the capture, while John would "keep camp" in their absence, as the exertions of the last two days, joined to the exposure of the night before, had brought him a visit from his old friend, "the mountain goat."

The moon was up fairly above the horizon when the pair stole carefully from their blankets and started for the peaks, looming dimly in the distance. The morning was phenomenal—neither clear nor cloudy, light nor dark. There was no perceptible mist, yet all things had a hazy, uncertain look. The shadows cast by the trees were as clear and pitchy-black as though produced by the electric arc, yet the moon shone but pale and wan. There was no sign of hoar-frost on the grass, yet the stinging air felt damp and raw. The stars glittered like sparks of fire, yet the sky was sodden and gray. Everything was incongruous and contradictory, as though Chaos was just departing, and the New Earth had not yet been born.

As the hunters threaded their way silently through the alder groves, or crossed the mesa from one woody island to another, they seemed to themselves like shades of the departed, flitting around the place which had been their accustomed haunt for many a day. The world was all wrong, but neither felt bold enough to break the uncanny stillness. The sense of something mysterious, of a vague intangible "one-knows-not-what," a feeling that "it is the unexpected which always happens," seemed to weigh down and oppress them. Weak ghosts of sounds quivered around them, yet if one turned to listen, they ceased, and nothing was heard but silence; the silence of the Cosmos, which, maddened at its own dumbness, flung itself upon the ear with a muffled, pulsating roar, wherein were mingled the plunge of the surf upon the shore, the moan of the wind in the bending tree-tops, and the low reverberation of the drying thunder-pearl. Ghosts of things there seemed to be, as well as ghosts of sounds; spectral forms vanished behind the somber spruce boles; white wraiths floated over the mesa, fading away as soon as looked at; intangible somethings which eluded sight, and dimly shadowed the flitted before, and behind, and on every side of them, plainly felt, though all unseen; so that it was with a sigh of relief that they finally reached the throat of the mesa, where it narrowed to enter the peaks, forming a *cul-de-sac* through which the hunter instinct of Ignotus told him the elk would most likely pass on their way to the pasture before. But, led by their suspicious nature, they might vary their usual routine, and cross over the "rookie mountain" or "saw-pipe-back," which formed one side of the throat, so The Ryhmer was left there that he might have a double chance, while Ignotus went further up, following a trail so broad that it might have been a cow-path or a New England hillside.

Cuddling down between two boulders, with his back to the cliff, yet so situated that he could watch both the pass above and the rounded sheep-back before him. The Ryhmer proceeded to make himself comfortable while he kept the "big water" in his dead-end. There was still a sense of preparation—an expectation of something about to happen, but something wonderful, and not terrible; majestic, but not awful. Nature was preparing herself for the working of a miracle—the less marvellous because it is repeated over and over again—the miracle of the birth of a new day.

Struck by the marvel, Jupiter passed for a moment on top of Dos Hermanos, and Orion shifting his hand from his sword-hilt, shaded his eyes to see what was to take place on his sister, Terra. But infinity cannot stand still, and they wheeled onward again in their planetary march, while a thrill of vague unrest stirred the bosom of the earth-goddess, as she waited for the first kiss of her coming lover, the Sun.

And then, from the sky above, from the air around, from the river (rump) of some distant star, from every crevice and from nowhere, comes a low, distant, plaintive note, rising, swelling, falling, echoing from rock to crag, and dying away in the pass below.

"O hark! O hark! how shrill and clear,  
And shriller, clearer, further going:  
How faint and far, from cliff and scar,  
The horns of Ethna faintly blowing."

Nature bends her ear to listen, as it comes again, like the long drawn strain of an Æolian harp, or the first doubtful note blown by the great God Pan from the reed he cut by the river. Once, twice, thrice it comes, borne on pulsating ether waves, echoing, echoing from cliff to cliff, note and echo so blended that the ear cannot separate the one from the other. In its evanescent strain are suggestions of all supernatural music heard since the world began; the glad cry that broke from the lips of Memnon's statue when touched by the first sun-rays; the cry of the desert, the cry of the wild, heart-broken wail that went shuddering through the vineyards and olive groves of the Mediterranean isles, announcing to a heathen world that the old pagan gods were dead, and the new Christ was come; the angelic sadness of that seraph strain that held the sin-worn Lancelot mute, as, before his raptured sight, slow swam the Holy Grail; or the wild, defiant outburst of Scandinavians, Thor, challenging the new faith to battle, while King Olaf still went sailing, sailing up through Drontheim Fjord.

With half closed eyes and parted lips, The Ryhmer holds his breath to listen. When the last sweet echo has died away, he comes back to earth again, opens his eyes, and lo! on the crest of the rounded hill opposite him, outlined upon the sky and thrown into high relief by the faint pink glow behind, he sees, through the gray haze of the morning, the long adumbration of a mighty head, crowned by branching antlers, an arrow's flight from its tip.

Silently and spectrally, while he gazes, another giant head takes shape and form out of the curling mist, and another, and another, each materializing slowly and each more life-like than its predecessor, till the whole background of the sky is crossed and recrossed by the huge palmate horns, beneath which a vivid fancy almost distinguishes shapeless bulks which might pass for the bodies of giants, whose giant heads belong here. Here, he thinks, is a capital illustration of the way in which so many ghost stories take their rise.

Given a fantastic imagination prone to play tricks upon its more matter-of-fact brother, Common Sense, and surroundings a little out of the commonplace beat of every-day life, and what more natural than that the subjective should dominate over, or even usurp the throne of, the objective, and the afferent ideational be merged into the efferent sensational? By one who has not, like himself, been accustomed to the practice of cool, methodic analysis, and has thus learned to recognize intuitively the line which separates illusion from fact, these ghostly shapes would be taken for real, instead of, as they truly are, mere phantasms of the brain, projected upon a background of fog and sky. In fact, the method of their appearance is proof of their unreal character. If they were solid flesh and blood, the tips of the horns would first be seen rising gradually over the crest of the hill, till the whole head came into view, as the white top of a ship appears over the curve of the sea, or the vessel herself swims into the watcher's ken. Instead of which the whole head comes into view at once; just as a dim, shadowy outline, then gathering form and shape as the actinic rays of fancy impinge upon the sensitive plate of the mental camera. As The Ryhmer dreamily contemplates these eldora of the mind, and lazily smiles to think how a less keen psychologist than he might be duped by these airy visions, a long lance of light from the rising sun flitted flashes over his head, breaks upon the slope opposite, the gray mist vanishes as by magic, and—by the spear of Nimrod! what he has taken for the idle stuff of dreams proves to be the veritable drove of elk for whose coming he has been waiting! Motionless they stand, within fair rifle shot—twenty-three or thereabouts, the largest drove of bull elk he had ever, or for that matter, has ever seen. All noble, majestic beasts, too; not a runt or an ignoble head among them. So snugly they look, so free and wild, and in such perfect keeping with the scene, that for a moment there flashed through The Ryhmer's head the insane idea of letting them go scot free; but the next moment the hunter's instinct of slaughter, or, it may be, the ganglionic nerve centers of the stomach, prevails, and the Sharps .44 rises slowly to the shoulder, steadies a moment, there is a pressure upon the trigger, a tongue of flame, followed by smoke, leaps out, the silence of the dawn is shattered by a detonation of sound which clashes and clangs from cliff to cliff, there is a rush of feet, forms, and a clatter of hoofs, and when the smoke has drifted away down the pass, the opposite slope is as devoid of life as when it first met The Ryhmer's eye two hours before. As devoid of life, but its smooth outline is now broken by a shapeless russet bulk, and a thin red stream is slowly staining the brown shingle and scattered clumps of moss. Death must have been instantaneous, for the elk is simply sunk upon its knees, and except that the head has fallen to one side, so that the antlers touch the ground, he looks as though he might be quietly sleeping. With human inconsistency The Ryhmer, who would have heartily cursed his luck had he missed his aim, feels a sensation of half regret because he did not. In a few moments, Ignotus having heard the shot, appears, picking his way down the pass, and in five minutes more he and The Ryhmer are busily at work "gralloching" their quarry.

"I heard 'em whistle," says Ignotus, holding his bloody knife between his teeth, while both hands tug at the tough hide, "and I knew from the direction they weren't coming my way, so I thought you'd be apt to get 'em. Rather early for 'em to be running, though; last year's calves are hardly weaned."

"Heard 'em whistle!" then the wild music which had filled The Ryhmer's mind was rather, but the enormous call of a four-legged beast to his hairy loins.

To this day Ignotus has not found out why The Ryhmer, after gazing at him for a moment with a look of blank disgust, softly murmured, "Oh! that one were here to write me down an ass!"

## Natural History.

### BIRDS OF NORTHERN OHIO.

#### ADDITIONS.

CLEVELAND, O., May 31, 1883.

*Editor Forest and Stream.*—Having collected birds in this locality for about twenty years, I feel called upon to offer some comments on the list of "Birds of Northern Ohio" from my friend Mr. Ingersoll, which appeared in last FOREST AND STREAM, as well as to make a number of additions to his list.

Golden-crowned Kinglet—*Regulus satrapa*.—Very seldom visits us in winter, but is a common spring and fall migrant.

Red-bellied Nuthatch—*Sitta canadensis*.—I have never seen it in winter, but it nearly always visits us in spring and fall, and at times in great abundance.

Brown Creeper—*Certhia familiaris*.—Is not a common resident, but in spring and fall and mild winters it is abundant.

Worm-eating Warbler—*H. coronatus*.—Rare migrant. I think less than a dozen have been procured from this locality.

Orange-crowned Warbler—*H. aberti*.—Not rare during fall migration.

Kirtland Warbler—*D. kirtlandi*.—There are now eleven specimens recorded, six of which were taken within five miles of Cleveland, and two of which I shot.

Snow Bunting—*P. nivalis*.—An abundant winter visitant.

Hairy Woodpecker—*P. villosus*.—Common resident.

I will now add to the list:

Gray-checked Thrush—*Turdus carolinensis*, var. *alio*.—Not uncommon migrant.

Great Carolina Wren—*Thryothorus ludovicianus*.—Rare summer resident.

Prothonotary Warbler—*Protonotaria citrea*.—I know of but one instance of its capture here.

Tennessee Warbler—*Helminthophaga peregrina*.—Rare migrant.

White-browed Yellow-throated Warbler—*Dendroica dominica*, var. *albifrons*.—Not uncommon on river bottoms, especially among the cypress swamps.

Water Thrush—*Sturna marina*.—Not uncommon migrant.

Connecticut Warbler—*Oporornis agilis*.—For the last two or three seasons I have found this warbler in considerable numbers for a "rare" one, having taken from six to twelve each year.

Lincoln's Finch—*Melospiza lincolni*.—Irregular spring and fall migrant.

Snowbird—*Junco hyemalis*.—Abundant in colder months.

Black-throated Bunting—*Pipilo americanus*.—Summer

resident; seemingly rare some seasons, and sometimes abundant.

Yellow-bellied Flycatcher—*Empidonax flaviventris*.—Rare migrant.

Great Horned Owl—*Bubo virginianus*.—Common resident.

Goshawk—*Accipiter velox*.—Rare winter visitor.

Rowl-legged Hawk—*Archibuteo lagopus*.—Not uncommon during colder months.

Golden Eagle—*Haliaeetus hyemalis*.—Rare.

Wild Turkey—*Meleagris gallopavo*, var. *americanus*.—Formerly abundant here, but now extinct, except in heavily wooded counties.

Avocet—*Recurvirostra americana*.—Rare; have never seen but two specimens, both from vicinity of Sandusky Bay.

Stilt—*Himantopus nigripennis*.—Rare.

Northern Phalarope—*Lophopus hyperboreus*.—Rare migrant.

Pomarine Jaeger—*Phalacrocorax borealis*.—Rare migrant.

Red-breasted Snipe—*Macrophopus griseus*.—Rare.

White-rumped Sandpiper—*Tringa fucalis*.—Rare migrant.

Red-breasted Sandpiper—*Tringa erythraea*.—Rare migrant.

Willet—*Totanus scutulatus*.—Rare migrant.

Solitary Sandpiper—*Totanus solitarius*.—Common summer resident.

Bartramian Sandpiper, Upland Plover—*Actitis hypoleucos*.—Common summer resident.

Wood Duck—*Tadorna borealis*.—I know of but a single specimen from this locality.

Night Heron—*Nycticorax nycticorax*.—Rare summer resident.

Whistling Swan—*Cygnus americanus*.—Not uncommon migrant.

Blue Goose—*Anser carolinensis*.—Rare.

Barrow's Goose—*Branta cirquensis*, var. *hutchinsii*.—Rare; given on authority of R. K. Winslow.

Gadwall—*Chirolophis streperus*.—Not common migrant.

Greater Blackhead—*Fuligula marila*.—Not common migrant.

Golden-eye—*Bucephala clangula*.—Spring and fall migrant; have seen them in cracks in ice on lake in mid-winter.

Long-tailed Duck—*Harporhynchus glacialis*.—Not rare during cold months; abundant at lower end of Lake Erie.

American Black Scoter—*Glaucous alpestris*.—Rare winter visitor.

Violet Scoter—*Glaucous alpestris*.—Rare; have only seen them in fall and winter.

Ruddy Duck—*Eristalis rubra*.—Not uncommon migrant.

Red-breasted Merganser—*Mergus serrator*.—Rare migrant.

White Pelican—*Pelecanus erythrorhynchos*.—Rare migrant.

Hutton's Vulture—*Neophallus pennsylvanicus*.—Very rare; I know of but two specimens secured here, both of which are in my collection.

White-winged Gull—*Larus leucopterus*.—Rare winter visitor. Given on authority of R. K. Winslow.

Kittiwake Gull—*Larus tridactylus*.—Very rare visitant. Given on above authority; have never seen a specimen.

Black-throated Diver—*Colymbus arcticus*.—Accidental visitor; have only seen one specimen, which was shot on Sandusky Bay.

These additions to the list published, are made from actual capture or possession of species mentioned, with four (4) exceptions, of which three are given above on authority of R. K. Winslow, and prothonotary warbler, which Dr. J. P. Kirtland showed me, giving locality of its capture, etc.

The list, as amended, is practically complete.

H. E. CHUBB.

### "NEW ENGLAND BIRD LIFE."

#### VOLUME II.\*

IT has become rather the fashion of late years in this country to publish works on ornithology in an incomplete form. The appearance of the first part or volume of some admirable work would excite high hopes in the minds of those interested in the subject, but time would pass on, and the desire to behold the completed work remain unsatisfied. We can think at this moment of half a dozen works which are known only by their fragments. The most glaring instance of the kind is the case of Baird, Brown and Ridgway's "North American Birds," of which we know only the land birds, but there are not wanting others in which the disappointment has been almost equally great. It is very gratifying, therefore, to be able to announce the completion of "New England Bird Life," the first volume of which was noticed in these columns (FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. xvii., p. 267, Nov. 3, 1881) soon after its appearance. At that time we expressed our views on the value of the work and its usefulness to the public, and in the concluding part showed that it is no less important than its predecessor. Indeed, in some respects it is much more so, for it treats in part of the water birds, a group—if we may use that term—which for many years has been sadly neglected. For, with the exception of what is said of them in the "Birds of the Northwest," nothing systematic has been written on this important division of our birds since the days of Audubon.

To treat the birds of New England from the "Pyramide down to the end of the list in a single volume of 400 pages is a task that few men, either as authors or editors, would care to undertake, but Dr. Coues has succeeded marvelously well in giving the important facts with regard to each species. As may be imagined, there is no expansion of the biographical notes. Each bird is treated with the utmost conciseness, and yet the references, which enable the reader to look the subject up for himself, are never omitted. Notwithstanding this conciseness, one would know, even if Dr. Coues's name did not appear on the title page, that he had a hand in the authorship of the work, for it abounds in those happy turns of expression and telling phrases for which he is so justly renowned. It is therefore a delightful reading, and judged from a scientific standpoint, it is as excellent as we should expect a work of Dr. Coues to be. The importance of having put together in compact shape so that they can be readily got at the scattered notes and records, which during the past years have been gathered by the large and ever-increasing number of those who are accustomed to much turning over of books in their search for such records and notes, will appreciate what has been done for them in this respect by Dr. Coues and Mr. Stearns. It would be an agreeable task, did our

\* New England Bird Life (Being a Manual) of New England Ornithology, revised and edited from the manuscript of (Winifred A. Stearns) by (Dr. J. A. Allen), and published by (Dr. J. A. Allen) (By Elliott Coues) Member of the Academy, etc., Part II. Non-migratory Passerines Birds of prey Game and Water birds Boston Lee & Shepard, Publishers New York, Charles T. Dillingham 1883.

space permit it, to notice in detail the contents of the present volume, but we must content ourselves with referring the omniscient reader to its pages, assuring him that he will find each one of them full of interest.

### HABITS OF THE PANTHER.

I WAS much interested, as I presume many others were also, in the carefully written, and, as I believe, generally accurate account of the cougar, or panther (*Panthera concolor*) by Mr. Livingston Stone, in one of the recent numbers of the *Forest and Stream*. My former opinion regarding this rare and formidable animal is usually read with avidity by those at all interested in the fast disappearing denizens of our forests and mountains. I am tempted to add a few items of my own observation upon the habits and characteristics of this great cat, more especially as my experience in one or two minor points differs somewhat from the conclusions of Mr. Stone.

Seldom found very abundantly in any portion of our country, when compared with other wild animals of equal size, and still more rarely killed, unless by poison, the panther is nevertheless usually the first animal who disappears before the advance of civilization. They are extinct in most localities long before the deer or bears have suffered any serious diminution in numbers. Upon many portions of this coast, however, panthers are still frequently met with. It has always been a perplexing matter to my mind why the pioneers, many of whom were well acquainted with the animal as found in the Eastern forests, and knowing it there as the cougar or panther, should have straightaway set about calling the same animal which they found here the California or mountain lion. Certainly in appearance the two panthers are so nearly alike that no one would dream, upon comparing them, of regarding them as distinct species.

As to their habits, my ignorance in those of the Eastern animal prevents me from comparing them in that particular. Only upon one point I can speak, and on that so far as my knowledge extends, and also from the assertions of many old hunters and trappers who were perfectly familiar with them. The panther of the West coast never indulges, for his own entertainment, in those eerie screams with which his Eastern brother occasionally makes the night hideous when hungry or lonely. I have heard their savage yell as far west as the Baton Mountains on the Santa Fe trail, but although I have hunted and camped for weeks and months at a time all through the Sierra Nevada coast and Cascade ranges, from Washington Territory and Oregon in the north to the Mexican line of San Diego in the south, in many parts of which the panthers were so abundant that their fresh tracks could be seen every day, I have always listened in vain there for their characteristic cry.

The more I learned of them in their native haunts the more skeptical I became in regard to their ever willingly attacking a man. I have known them on several occasions to follow persons a short distance, and I have seen wolves do the same thing, especially when I have been picking in freshly killed meat, but I do not believe that in either case they meditated an attack. In one instance, in the Cascades near the Hood, I knew a panther to jump at a man as he lay at night in his blankets, but as soon as the man partly arose and shouted for assistance the animal bounded into the brush and disappeared. In talking it over we all came to the conclusion that the panther had seen the man move under his blankets and had mistaken him for some less formidable antagonist, and that when the deception was revealed to him he threw up the job at once. As for those stories we read occasionally about their chasing a man on horseback for several miles, in which the writer assures his readers that he only escaped being devoured by being providentially mounted upon the fastest horse in all that section of the country, they appear so absurd to all hunters acquainted with the animal in question that they are looked upon at once as extracts from "Dashing Dick of the Wild West," in the dime novel series.

That the panther will run from and tree before the smallest yelping cur that can be induced to follow his trail is true, but I am satisfied that instinct in some mysterious manner warns them of the hunter behind the dog, and that it is the latter only which they hold in fear. This I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction, and have had it corroborated also by others. Upon one occasion I followed a panther that was being chased by a settler's dog in the dense hemlock and spruce forest through which the Cascadian River, in Oregon, runs, and although the plucky little cur treed him at least a dozen times, I did not succeed in obtaining the slightest glimpse of the brute, and after chasing him from early dawn until late in the afternoon through the most terrible wilderness of almost impenetrable thickets, immense fallen trees and giant ferns, I found myself so completely tired up that I was forced to relinquish the pursuit from sheer fatigue.

In this instance the panther must have paid but little attention to the dog after he treed, but put in the time listening for my approach, and as soon as that was ascertained he would jump at once to the ground, continue his flight for perhaps half a mile or more, when he would again take to a tree and the same thing would be repeated. On two other occasions, where the ground was particularly favorable, I got near enough to hear him as he left the tree, which he seemed to do just as readily as if there had been no dog there.

In regard to their manner of climbing, they ascend the immense trees near the mouth of the Columbia, which are frequently 300 feet high, and 60, 80 or even 100 feet to the first limb, precisely as a cat would climb them, and when wounded, will usually go to the top of a tree, and there I found in a small glade in the forest, where from the sign it was evident that two or more of them had been gamboling and like kittens scurrying around in the grass, and then bounding against the trunk of a tree, at a point at least ten feet from the ground they had ascended apparently on the run, tearing off great pieces of bark, and leaving claw marks a foot long on each side.

Although they are in some localities spend the day in lying upon the limb of a tree, I think they always prefer rocky ledges and caverns for that purpose, where such are accessible. In San Diego, near the Arizona line, the rugged, rocky ranges furnish admirable retreats for panthers, there usually called mountain lions; and although not so abundant, that are, I think, more frequently shot than they are further north, for reasons that will soon be explained. Like all of the cat family, they are very fond of warm, and especially when it is rather cool in the shade, they frequently come out of their lairs in the middle of the day and lie upon the rocks near by to bask and drowse in the warm sun, and as the ranges there are generally very sparsely timbered, they are occasionally discovered by hunters, when the

chances of getting within shot are better than under almost any other circumstances. But for all that, they are animals that are seldom shot, nor much hoarded, and they may be, and their disappearing so rapidly before the march of civilization is a mystery that I can only solve by the conclusion that, being such a large and entirely carnivorous animal, they are immediately affected by the least thinning out of the large game, and are driven by hunger to seek places where the rifle has not begun its deadly work, unless, as they seem to have done on the McCloud River, they turn their attention to the stock of the farmer.

Many of them are poisoned by the sheep and cattle men of the southern counties when their visits to the flocks or herds become too frequent, and I have often seen their hides nailed to the walls of the lonely cabins of the stockmen there, and, upon inquiry, were found to have been poisoned in at least three cases out of four.

I entirely agree with Mr. Stone in the belief that a panther would be no match for a grizzly. It is quite possible that their superior agility might sometimes make them more than a match for a black bear, but I can only conceive of their being able to kill a grizzly by fastening upon him in a position where the bear was unable to inflict any injury upon them, as a single, well-directed blow from the paw of a full-grown grizzly will crush in the ribs of an ox, and would, I fancy, leave but little light in any panther.

With a single incident to illustrate the idea that it is the hunter and not the dog the panther fears, I will close this already lengthy article. In the summer of 1868 I was in Port Gamble, on Puget Sound. A trail leading to Port Madison, eight or ten miles distant, was the only land route open in any direction, and that ran through an unbroken forest the entire distance. One of the workmen at the saw mill at Gamble was returning along the trail from Madison one afternoon, having with him a favorite little dog, who was trotting along a few yards in advance, when a panther bounded suddenly from the brush, and, snatching up the dog, disappeared with the quickness of thought on the other side of the way. The man stated that it was so quickly done that he seemed to take the dog without stopping in a flying leap across the trail.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 15.

CARDINAL GROSBEEK IN LOCKPORT, N. Y.—While collecting specimens last Saturday, my son shot a male cardinal grosbeak and female rose-breasted grosbeak. There is no doubt that the cardinal was a wild bird, as it showed no signs of being caged. This is the first I have known to have been taken so far north, and which it is a rare occurrence.—J. L. D. (Lockport, May 17, 1883.)

FLORIDA GALLINULE IN NIAGARA COUNTY.—On May 8 my son received a Florida gallinule to be mounted which was shot at Wilson, on Lake Ontario. Is it not unusual for this species to be found so far north and inland?—J. L. D. (Lockport, May 17.) [The Florida gallinule frequently breeds in Central New York. See *FOREST AND STREAM*, Vol. vi., p. 52, and elsewhere.]

A BLACK EAGLE.—(Richmond, Va., May 24.—On the 19th inst. there was shot at Dutch Gap, this State, a splendid specimen of the black eagle, measuring six feet from tip of wing and three feet from beak to tip of tail. It has been preserved and mounted by W. E. Pusey, a taxidermist of this city.—J. H. T.

### Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

"THAT reminds me" of how Mac shot ducks on a little pond a few miles back of Nyack last fall. Mac and a friend had just got down into the pond when they saw a flock of some five or six ducks sitting in the bushes a short distance away. They appeared to have taken no notice of their boat. It did not take these mighty hunters long to lay their plans for the battle, which were to fire two barrels on the "sit" and two when they arose. They both fired, but no ducks flew up, but there was a great amount of splashing. Of course they thought they had knocked the whole flock out and they commenced to shoot the cripples. Just as they had picked up their first two they were startled by loud cries from the bank, and on looking up saw the vision of a six-foot German woman, who was running about the bank crying out excitedly about her duck. But here we must draw the curtain, for mere shame sake, and I need only add that they paid a dollar or two and did not get the ducks either. Mac has not shot much since that trip.

NIAGARA.

Here is a story of the Newfoundland seal fishery which illustrates the "luck" of the business. There are many steamships engaged in the business off the Newfoundland coast. They engage the fishermen to work on shares. The fisherman is to get one seal out of every three captured. This looks to be a fine thing for the fisherman, but it is not. The fisherman is charged storage for his seal, he has to pay a share for the boat he uses, for in many cases the fishermen are poor and cannot provide their own "kit." Then he has to pay four or five pounds for the loan of a gun. There is still another way in which money is made out of the fisherman. He has to pay ten cents for every shot-hole he makes in the pelt when killing the seal. There is a good story told about this charge for holes. A fisherman one day shot a seal, making twelve shot-holes in his pelt. He took the skin to the company, and was told that it was worth \$1.10. When he came to settle up he found that he had been charged \$1.20 for the holes in the skin, and that he was indebted to the company to the extent of ten cents by the transaction.

H. S. S.

I met Richard Roe the other day and asked him if he had had any snipe shooting this spring. "Oh, yes, all I wanted, but if there is any bird I can't hit it's a snipe. Had all the shooting I wanted though. There was one snipe out our way and I have hunted him all spring, until some damned fool came along the other day and killed him."

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

Ward had been hunting for nearly two hours, but without success. His old muzzle loader would not go off. After snapping about twenty cups he saw water in the tube and soon drew out a large tobacco quid.

W. K. P.

ATHENS, Pa., May 24.

### Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

### AN ADIRONDACK EVENING.

THE deer was walking along in the sand. Now he stopped and lifted his head into the air, now walked on again. Noiselessly the canoe ran toward him. I could not tell that it was moving, nor could I hear the least sound from the paddles, which sunk deep into the water, was passing quickly to and fro. I well knew the skill of him that held it, and that on me alone depended our success.

Nearer and nearer we glided. The deer had not seen us yet. It was dusk. The last hues of the sunset were fading in the west, and darkness was fast settling over the lake. The boat was not yet plain from the shore, but I could clearly see the outline of the deer. He stopped and raised his head again. He saw the canoe now. Instantly he watched us. Still nearer we went. He did not move yet. A few rods more. He jumped back. It was a broadside, I raised the rifle and pulled. He staggered an instant, then plunged into the woods. I sank the canoe flying toward the spot. There were the footprints where he had jumped, sank deep into the sand; and there was something else—yes, more on a fallen tree. A little farther, and there the deer lay dead, with a bullet through his side.

"By Jove, Hank, look at those horns."

"Yes, Professor, he's a big 'un."

It was quite dark when we reached the pines. There was no time to build a hut, but the night did fair to be a clear one; so after dressing and hanging up the buck we went, just as it rested when Columbus discovered a new basin of clear, sparkling water, glittering sand, and a bottom, bright moss hanging thickly upon its sides, and a little stream flowing to the lake. The water was cold and delicious. The soil through which it rose impregnated it with mineral properties. This was our beverage; the flesh of the deer our food. When we rolled ourselves in our blankets at the foot of a lofty pine we were in no mood to sleep. We had killed and then they threw upon the fire, till the sparks rose high among the trees, then taking a blazing brand, I set fire to an old dead trunk that stood alone upon the point. It had been a lofty pine once, but the lightning had shattered it, the wind had wrested away its branches one by one, and the old trunk had been left standing there to be the camp-fire of two hunters, and a royal camp-fire it was, flames rising high above the trees, and the sparks flying out over the lake whose surface was lighted far and long after Hank had fallen into slumber I lay there in reverie. The sky was clear and studded with stars. Here and there, through the openwork canopy of pines, I could see them.

How silent and peaceful the lake was as it rested there in the bosom of the wilderness just as it rested centuries before, just as it rested when Columbus discovered a new world.

It looked to me as it looked to the Hurons years ago, as it would have looked to Hendrick Hudson had he penetrated to its solitude, or to Burgoyne when his army was marching to its grave near by. Might it not have been the same when Troy fell? When Romulus laid low the walls of Rome? When Caesar was murdered? When Paul preached at Corinth?

This I mused as I gazed, out upon the beautiful sheet of water, illumined with weird distinctness by the burning pine. I imagined it a lake of old Thessaly or Greek Arcadia; the woods and streams around the haunts of satyrs and nymphs, and the noble Raquette near by the home of some old river god. Diana might have hunted here and bathed in its secluded waters. I fancied I saw Dryades come out of their lairs and glide away sleekly and gracefully, followed by the hoarse laughter of the satyrs, and then, out of a little crystal spring, rose a nymph of fairy grace who danced away over the mosses.

There appeared to me to be a new beauty in that old mythology of the ancient world, that idolatry which peopled every mountain top, every winding stream and crystal fount, every forest glen and every cavern discovered a new world. I marvel that the beautiful imagery and noble humanities were so deeply rooted in the Grecian heart. It was the worship of God in nature—a worship instinctive to man. That old form of it has long since passed away. I stood in imagination upon the Athenian Acropolis, and saw the ruins of the Parthenon. In the calm beauty of the Grecian night, the moon poured a flood of golden light over the broken columns, and the marble statues of the pedimental statues seemed, like the dull, cold lips to speak, and all to say: "Great Jupiter is dead!"

I gazed out upon the mountain lake again, and there, in the deep silence of the Adirondack night, the water, the trees, the hills, aye, the stars far above, spoke to me and said, "Jehovah endureth forever."

### A QUEBEC HUNTING GROUND.

THAT part of the Laurentian range in the Province of Quebec, which is situated directly north of the ancient city of Three Rivers, is one of great interest to the sportsman. There are several lines of communication; one by the railway from Three Rivers to the lake, and another by others by driving directly in a barouche from Louiseville, Yamachiche or Pointe du Lac, which places can be reached from Montreal in three hours by the North Shore Railway, or by driving direct from Three Rivers, passing by the St. Maurice Forges. This latter place enjoys the distinction of being the first place in Canada where iron ore was smelted, this having occurred in 1787.

This is the trifolium district is very interesting to the student of geology—many traces of the glacial period are to be seen. The roads are excellent, except in the immediate vicinity of the villages above mentioned, where the clayey nature of the soil causes them to be somewhat heavy in wet weather. A drive of twenty-five miles brings the sportsman to the base of the Laurentides, and in close proximity to the lakes. Here the barouche is abandoned, and the canoe and the walking.

The lakes are innumerable and are swarming with trout; others are filled with bass, masselonge, pickerel, etc., many of the lakes have never been fished at all, and brook trout are caught weighing six pounds, while the "lakers" or lake trout attain a weight of twenty. For about three weeks in





built to my order. I found upon trial that I could do better shooting with other brands and felt it to be my privilege to use them. I am now using a 500 Winchester, and, notwithstanding the company's advice and the Major's "insistence," I expect it to be my privilege to use such ammunition as I find gives me best results. The fact that our hunter-people admit the use of ammunition that can be prepared by most people who use them is one of the strong points in their favor.

I have enjoyed good opportunities to observe and compare the work of muzzle and breechloaders on game, and as "a specimen brick" would briefly state the results of two trips after deer by parties from this section. During the first trip five of our party used muzzle-loaders and three used breechloaders. During the second trip four of our party used muzzle-loaders and four used breechloaders. Time of each trip about three weeks. I think the aggregate of skill on the side of those displaying the muzzle-loaders was at least equal to that on the other side. For every deer killed by a muzzle-loader during these trips, five were killed by the breechloaders. I killed with a breech-loader during these trips, too, deer, five of these fell dead, two were wounded, and three were missed at the first fire. Of the latter four would have escaped had I been using a muzzle-loader.

It cannot be claimed that the failure of the muzzle-loaders on these occasions was owing to lack of opportunity. I had a vivid recollection of the outcome displayed by a member of our party after he had sat behind some rocks and snatched a number of caps upon a fine muzzle-loader that refused to go, with four deer in full view peacefully chewing their cud within six rods of him.

Had Maj. Merrill been a member of courtesy and had he attempted to champion the muzzle-loader against our camp life the evening after this fiasco, he would certainly have exposed himself to the danger of being "blown up" by the most dangerous sort of an "explosive." The close of our hunt furnished the opportunity for those wishing to secure first-class muzzle-loaders at a bargain. But my intention was to propose a match only. I am quite anxious to bring this about and will agree to use factory ammunition if there is any hitch upon that point.

GASSEVOYER, May 21.

## Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

### AN ANGLER'S STORY.

IN MEMORIAM LORENZO PRIST.

"After I'll rifle her sleep well."

SWEET spring has come to the back-side.

And to the mountain meadow.

Scattered her favors far and wide;

Attuned her voices clear:

But a voi in all there seems—

As we wander, roe in hand,

We miss the ever kindly gleams

Of his eye and grasp of hand.

A "quiet eye" and true he bore.

Fair mirror of his heart;

He loved the dotted meadow more

By far, than busy mart,

And mountain pine and hemlock seen

To sigh in sad refrain.

As they shade the babbling brook's gleam,

"He never will come again!"

The May fly o'er the silent "deep"

When semblance of the east

Now tempts the hoary trout to leap

'Till its life is past.

The glowing comes, the camp-fire glows

With ever welcome graves,

But, from his new and long repose,

He comes not to his place

No huntsman's horn, no angler's glee

Can rouse him from his sleep,

But, in our stricken hearts, may we

His "memory green" are keep?

A-flick, or by the stream, he left

No "blaze" of shame, or grief.

A personum muffled and dolt

Our craft's Bayard indeed!

Time's silent stream on, ever on,

Unheeded by him flow.

It leaves us to the sort he saw,

Through "seasons" live and "close,"

We sign the cross upon his grave,

With rod of time bequeathed.

And, as we fish, on him we crave

Perpetual light may shine.

O. W. R.

### QUIET SPORT.—V.

BY WILLARD.

CAME the rain which we expected from the confident prognostics of the guide Rufe. He knew it from the position of the knobby clouds, the unusually bright color of the full moon. He was more certain of it from the unusually dull color of the waning moon.

He said that the moon sometimes reminded him of men he had known, who were brightest when they were fullest, and might dull and dim at other times—but at any rate came the rain.

A low and distant roar in the early morning and a southing among the hemlock were the first forebodings of the bright flash, and then came the thunder with its multiplied echoes in quick succession; a wild burst from the northwest, and the storm was here.

"Shut up your doors. 'Tis a wild night."

Though it was to be a day indoors, surely we could find some consolation in the fact that we were well housed for the present, and not obliged to chance a shanty which, in spite of all our precautions, might leak.

Uncle Phil's library was soon exhausted; whist and casino proved a bore; the morning wore away; noon-time came; still the rain came down, driving, drizzling, dizz, and we longed to get once more into the sunlight under the blue sky among the wild flowers and wilder birds and fishes. But at last the clouds broke away, and the sun showed his face in the west, giving promise of a bright morning.

Dick during the day had rigged up a trolling outfit, and with Ward took a few spins across the lake and landed several large lake trout, which proved an acceptable addition to Amity's table. Ward was well pleased with the novelty of trolling, which to him was a new method of fishing. He had lost a lake trout which had captured his

trout, and afterward he had fastened on to and landed the same fish. He knew it to be the same, for it bore the marks of a recent skinning.

"Such things are of frequent occurrence," said Roy. "Many an angler has caught trout or other varieties of fish and found old hooks embedded in their jaws. I was fishing for weakfish with an old partner of mine, Ed, Hulse, in August, '78, off Curtis's place, in Jamaica Bay. Now, Ed, rarely let a fish get away after looking it, and if one did break loose its escape might always be attributed to some weak spot in line or leader. On this occasion he had hooked a weakfish and he reeled him well up toward the boat, when the fish broke loose, carrying with it hook and about six inches of the leader.

"The accident was forgotten until sometime during the summer of '79, when fishing off Forked River, in Barnegat Bay, Ed, hooked a fish. He reeled him in, and lo! there he was. But she was a beauty; long, broad-shouldered, and how she glistened with gold and silver as she came out of the water into the sunlight."

"How do you know it was the same fish he lost in Jamaica Bay a year before?"

"Ed took this one home not suspecting in the least that he had caught a ladyship before, but when the servant came to clean and dress him, Master Hulse said, 'I never seed the likes o' this. Puth it, it's full o' little hooks. Begorra, I've pricked me fingers in a dozen places, had cess to it.' Ed, examined the fish and I'm a sinner if he did not find several hundred small hooks, and every one of them was stamped E. H."

"Of course you are a sinner in my estimation," said Ward, consequently I do not feel compelled to believe your fish-hook story. Still you will not doubt repeat it until you come to believe in it as earnestly as you do in your politics. It reminds me of the Scotchman who, being unable to write, obtained the services of a friend as an amanuensis. After dictating the local news and inquiring after friends and relatives he said, 'Tell Rob I caught a salmon this morning that weighed thirty-nine pounds.' The scribe, looking up, said, 'Why, Andy, that's the fish I caught a month or two ago, and it weighed in your life, much less this morning, for you have not wet a line this blessed day.' Archie answered, 'Matters a dam; per'er don, and down it went, and I have but little doubt that when Rob and Archie met Archie told the story of his fight with that salmon, and Rob wished he had been there to see, but I am willing to make all due allowance for exaggeration so far as fishing is concerned."

"All joking aside, I am ready to admit that the angler may sometimes give a rosate hue to his achievements, but it is never beyond what he truly feels and believes, for fish stories to the contrary, the angler has no more license to draw the long bow than has the lover of any other sport; nor does he, though he may be an enthusiast."

"You surely don't wish me to understand, after your fish-hook story, that the best of anglers don't stretch the truth and frequently break it."

"What I mean to say, and do say, is that you nor I would not vary from the truth were we talking of business in town or sport in country. We would not be justified in either. There are enough dissemblers to use a mild term, without our assistance. Angling is a gentlemanly recreation, requiring an inborn love of the exercise, masculine and sensible. To many it is a struggle for existence and becomes fishing, while to others it is a display of selfishness and slaughter, and a proving that they are theoretical and practical hogs, who would never give a hint of any information they might acquire which would help their best friend to capture a fish which they themselves might otherwise catch."

"You will admit in your heart all quietly to yourself that the majority of anglers are rather disposed to tell big stories; that they are lazy and shiftless, and all that sort of thing, won't you?"

"I'll admit nothing of the kind, not even to myself. Perhaps fellows who go a-fishing are too often what you describe, but the angler is a different person. The day has passed for him to bear the reputation of being lazy and shiftless. The class of men who have gradually come to the front as votaries and experts with the waving rod has worked a marvelous change in the estimation people hold of the sport. You know the saying, 'Tis not all of fishing to catch fish.' There are other reasons that prompt him to go to lake and stream. Some, I know, go for a grand spree. Theirs are familiar faces in pool rooms and at bars, where they will 'chuck' dice with graceful turns of the wrist, and win or lose swallow its consequences with a smile; but little or no care have they for the melody of running waters, the murmur, the lake, the beauty of the dawn, the prairie or the mountain, nor for any of the sights and sounds that gladden the eye and ear of angler or hunter."

The ideal sportsman is modest and reticent, except perhaps when among the genial enthusiasts amid the rod and reel. "His may be a heart that every hour runs idle, yet never once has gone astray." His leanings are to everything good in thought, in speech and action. His best loved sport is unalloyed by any debasing tendencies. It involves a healthy body, a calm mind and steady nerves.

With him there is no spirit of rivalry, and if there were, still there would be no jealousy, no taking advantage in any manner, no boasting of his achievements as an angler. He modestly keeps his score to himself if it be a good one, and does not exaggerate the results. His humor can never be numbered among his foibles, nor can it be said of him "he sucks in melancholy as a weasel sucks eggs." He is an optimist, always cheerful, and gives his companions the benefit of it.

A little boy was asked if his papa feared the Lord. His answer was "Yes, I think he does, for every Sunday morning when he goes out he takes his dog and gun along." Our sportsman would never resort to a Sunday.

He is appreciative of the beauties of nature. When the horizon gleams with the coming of the new day, and the west is radiant with all the colors of the sky above the sunset, when the lake is illumined with the silvery sheen of the moon, or at mid-day when tree and cloud and passing bird are pictured on it, while the sun pours its golden radiance upon the toun, or autumn revels in her gorgeous hues, he sees in nature something richer than anything in the world of art.

The untiring warbling of the birds, the music of the dancing waters rising in a thousand liquid notes, the golden buttercups, the shy forget-me-nots, the daisies and violets, the sunshine broken into fragments as it comes stealing and lingering through the leaves, are to him sources of inestimable pleasure, and he pays his willing tribute to divine goodness.

### ON THE BARTIBOGUE RIVER.

THE Bartibogue is one of those famous streams which empty into the lower Miramichi. Over the Tabusintac, chief of all New Brunswick trout rivers, the Bartibogue has once decided advantage in its greater accessibility. It is within a few hours' drive of the towns of Chatham and Newcastle. In the last of May or early in June sea trout come in from the gulf and wander their way by gradual stages up the smaller rivers draining the Miramichi basin. Not all these streams, however, do they look upon with equal favor; there are several of special beauty which they never condescend to visit. But the Bartibogue is one for which they show a marked partiality, and as it is a delightfully unobstructed stream, and affords easy wading almost everywhere, and its run-trout is generally initiated by a trip to its sunny valley.

It is a profitable as well as honorable distinction to be the first in the field, for the earliest fish are among the finest, and are least discriminating in the matter of flies. Their favoritism for the first few days is a large red and tawny fly with white wings. Later in the season, under the influence of fresh water and civilization, they begin to evince more individuality and capriciousness in their tastes, becoming much like any other trout.

Ambitious, therefore, of being the earliest to greet the new arrivals, on the 27th of last May a party of three, the writer included, left Chatham at daybreak for the banks of the Bartibogue. We represented three professions whom difficulties are never known to daunt—we were an editor, a politician and a pedagogue—so that success of some sort would attend our efforts might be deemed a foregone conclusion. Our day of some ten miles through the white and misty morning, which was fast breaking to blue and promising a day more clear than we desired, brought us at last to a narrow, green lane leading a tortuous mile or two through marshy grounds to the river. By the bank we unharnessed and tethered our horse, intending to make a day of it in this vicinity. The spot was about a mile above the best one stream for spring fishing, a mile above "head of tide," and we confidently anticipated a day of successful sport.

The editor and the politician, whom for brevity we may designate Ed. and Pol., promptly got their lacewoods together and went to work with characteristic alacrity; while I sat splicing my pet greenheart with great deliberation, in no haste to wield it on new waters. My friends were habitually of the opinion that I was a stranger to it. Our day whose generosity we have experienced, whose friendship we value, we approach with open cordiality; but for my own part I confess to a feeling of reserve, I am loath to make too ready advances, when coming in contact with strange waters. However, Pol. had scarcely made a cast ere he struck a half-pounder, and landed it. It was not a sea trout, but an ordinary brown, and, as it turned out, a solitary wanderer, but it certainly awakened my eagerness, and I rushed into the fray. There was another rise at Pol.'s feather, and he began insouciantly jerking at the Editor and the Pedagogue; but it was only a chub this time, and we crowded over his prompt humiliation. How thoroughly every square inch of this famous pool was whipped. Ed. climbed into his monstrous rubber trousers (he was a fastidious man, after the manner of his kind, and, dressed, protesting his fly, and waded across there at noted points to prospect for more. Our day in all directions, but in vain. Not another rise blessed our vision. Then the eyes of Ed. and the Pedagogue were opened to the dreadful fact, that for the first time on record this pool had gone back on its reputation, and we made a move for fresh fields. But the Politician could not realize it. He had never heard of such a thing as going back on one's word, and he was not at all disposed to do so. He was of the Bartibogue's standing. He said it was our evil influence that was paramount just then, and he would stay behind us. When we should be gone he felt sure ill luck would vanish. So we pitied him a little and then went away, after hiding the dinner-basket.

We traveled nearly a mile up the stream, now wading, now footing it by land, now casting systematically, but stopping here and there at noted points to prospect for more. Our day did not long remain empty. That of the Editor was adorned with three small emper, mine with a six-inch trout and a red-fin. We saved these trophies to propitiate our deluded friend Pol. At length we sat down, faint at heart, upon a rock, and after a minute investigation of the case in all its bearings, we were forced to the conclusion that our country was a barren waste for the day. "No, I do not," he said, "I am not a politician, I am a fisherman, and as the bitter truth stared us in the face, I think I must acknowledge we broke down. At last, with a world of paths in his voice, the Editor arose and moaned: 'We'll go back and eat some dinner. Then, if we're well enough, we can drive down to head of tide and have a little try for bass.' So we began to retrace our steps down stream.

It was easy wading with the current, and we lost no time. But the stream at this season was high and turbulent, and from the heedless, indifferent style of Ed.'s locomotion, which was that of one who has lost his relish for life, I began to dread some accident. At last it came. Ed.'s height was but five feet three, though his breadth was sufficiently ample. His water-proof breeches, before mentioned, had been made for something more than a six-footer, so they came well up under Ed.'s armpits. Here they were gathered somewhat loosely, as their wearer had no intention of being submerged to that depth. Nevertheless, his lack of intuition availed him not to prevent it. He was plunging forward blindly, thinking of his uncouth trout, grating speckled bereties of two pounds, three pounds, three and a half pounds, may be, who knows! How, with well disguised triumph he would have displayed them to the passengers of the steamer. The appetizing breakfast of which he had dreamed of for to-morrow, while a few splendid trophies of his piscatorial skill were to have gone with his compliments, to grace the tables of his friends.

Thus I interpreted his musing from the expression of his face, when suddenly there was a revolution. His mouth and eyes opened very wide, his arms flew up, and he stood in a hole filled with the chill current up about his chin. I plunged to his rescue, and together we struggled toward the shore. The water was simply a wall of water, and it was not until we had dived under the water that we were able to get into the shallows. Ed.'s trousers held a great volume of the insidious fluid, and as the outside water withdrew its support his legs grew almost immovable, owing to the weight they carried. But he was finally trundled out upon the bank, when, well anchored down by his ponderous pantaloons, his dripping suit was simply a nuisance. He looked at the incursion of the water with a simple air, and then, with a sudden inspiration, seized him and shone across his face in a spasm of







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## BENCH SHOWS.

June 12, 13, 14 and 15, 1883.—Chicago Bench Show, Chicago, Ill.  
Entries close June 1. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

November 19, 1883.—Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1; for the Members' Stake, Nov. 17; for the All-Aged Stake, Nov. 1. W. A. Foster, Secretary, Flatbush, Long Island, N. Y.

November 29, 1883.—Robin's Island Club's second Annual Field Trials at Robin's Island, L. I., for members only. Entries close Sept. 1. A. T. Plummer, Secretary.

December, 1883.—National American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Secretary. Memphis, Tenn.

### Editor Forest and Stream:

Patiently have I waited to read the various criticisms amiable and caustic pens have made in your journal upon the recent bench show in this city, and my amazement has been intense. Nearly all your reporters and correspondents have not only awarded great praise to the management of the show, but have also complimented the dogs! I did hope some of the many exhibitors, including I consider the best, would have said the poor suffering animals were benched for our delectation, would have had the courage to come to the front and express the views they stated to me. I say "poor suffering animals" because I consider four days just one day too long for dogs and cats to exhibit in the strange surroundings of a crowded nervous and oftentimes inhuman crowd, and well, and are, most of them, thoroughly demoralized at the end of that time. Some of them undergo tortures. Very few of them are accustomed to Spratt's biscuits, but have never tasted them, and naturally they decline all food except what they are used to. Therefore, all food they eat is bitter; and it is my sincere hope that the next Boston Club will think seriously of the propriety of making their show's duration hereafter three days instead of four.

Before I criticise the dogs let me add my wreath of praise to the many laurels already thrown at the feet of the managers. The system adopted was thorough and satisfactory. The dogs were well cared for, and the spectators, and the gentlemen concerned have certainly every reason to congratulate themselves upon their brilliant success. Mr. Lincoln was always efficient, thorough and polite. Beauty and grace, and culture and civility, all that womanly graces which are the glory of the female sex, were represented in the thorough which clustered about the benches, dwelling very clearly what a tight hold their canine excellencies had upon the affections of our citizens. And there, too, were found the hard-headed sons of toil and the tired women who have toiled and toiled for the benefit of every one, and then having some sharp or witty, or appropriate, or kind criticism to offer, or loving words wherewith to soothe the sorrows of their pets. And I said to myself as I wandered amid the crowds and witnessed the excellence of the arrangements, I said to myself, how good as the managers' management is perfect, why the least could be more.

Now, seriously speaking, Mr. Editor, a poorer lot of dogs of the many breeds exhibited, it seems to me, it were hard to get together, unless we took nondescripts. This opinion is shared by a great many with whom I had the pleasure of conversing, especially as regards the pointer and English setter classes, and many of the non-sporting dogs. I will enumerate

To take the first six. In all thirty-two were shown, dogs and bitches. With about four exceptions how many would have been seen to compete at the Crystal Palace, Alexandra Palace, or the Birmingham Bazaar. The first is a bitch, of course, and, of course, of the same breed. In her, however, the faults of distance, muscle, size, form, and indeed the general attributes of the breed are so manifestly wanting, that I cannot but regard her as a genuine mastiff lamentably wanting. The winner in the champion class, Neilson, is a dog who never took a first prize at any of the above-named shows, and who is, I think, the best in the world. He is defective in head, is leggy and badly knuckled, his hind quarters are excellent, but in head, shoulders and as far as his loins he was inferior to many. His coat is splendid, and his tail is a fine specimen of the breed. I think his only competition by reason of an accident. But grand and majestic as he is, I can criticize him, too. Immense in size, and in measurement unusually large, he is defective in loins and tail, and his hind legs are a little too short. But these faults are compensated for in this. Still he is faulty. The others present in this class I would never dream of considering as

pure mastiffs. "I have seen," says my very excellent and genial friend, Mr. Vatson, made a serious error, in my opinion, in awarding first prize to Tiny, and second to Rover. Cato, although somewhat small, would in England, where this breed of dog is much more highly valued, have been a more successful dog of a doubt. He comes nearer to the true type of mastiff than any dog competing in that show; and has just what we need here, the short square muzzle, flat head, and lots of muscle about the neck. He is a fine specimen of his breed, and has a human baby. Rover has a wretched head, sharp muzzle, bad stern, and his breast and forelegs are covered with white. Tiny was deficient in squareness of muzzle, too long from the eye to the ear, and too short from the ear to the jaw, for quality. The others were not worthy of mention as true mastiffs. Compare these animals with such masters of the noble breed as one of Turk, Mr. Luky's Governor, as Wallace, the Duke of Devonshire's, or the Duke of Devonshire's, the Shah, Crown Prince (sire of Cato), Sir Garnet, as Creole, or his palmy days, and others almost equally as good, but which I cannot describe my memory, and where would they stand? Each would be a fine specimen of his breed, but the standard specimens because several writers have recently characterized our show of mastiffs as the "best ever collected to London." Each would be a fine specimen of his breed, but the infancy yet in every breed, and it is only by telling the truth and flattering nobody, we can reach improvement.

St. Bernard's class, were poor. I saw Bonifaz take first prize in London at the Crystal Palace show in 1881, and I have since then been a devoted admirer of dogs thought by some of the best judges there to be his superior. I have saved and reared him, and he has been my favorite dog and Rector. His muzzle appears to me rather sharp, and he certainly is deficient in strength of loins and general style and showiness. In my humble opinion Mr. Hearn's dog is a much better specimen, but the carriage of his tail. That caudal appendage of curls is little to be desired, otherwise he is the grander dog of the two. I do not think much of the others in the open class, but quite agree with the award to Caesar the victor's crown. But all of these dogs are good dogs, and I am glad to find the presence of some of the grand animals which I have seen and admired and whose superb proportions loomed up before me as I wrote, but I could not do better conscientiously than put, last, after any of their names. And so I wonder when I read that Sir John Lubbock, the great naturalist, and the "finch-brown" Truly, "Where ignorance is bliss, it's folly to be wise." In this connection, let me say to lovers of St. Bernard that the randest dog probably in the world of this breed is one named Rector now owned by Mr. Smith of Leeds, Eng. Mr. Graham, the English champion, is a much better specimen than I agree with me. I saw this splendid fellow all over here, and he was then but two and a half years old. He was in

retched condition, but the most massive, the most majestic, the most perfect specimen of a dog of my breed I ever beheld. It was worth going many miles across land and sea to look at him. Dignity, grandeur, style, stature, all combined to make an impression of the canine persuasion, nature seldom sees here. He stood over fifteen hands high, and his neck was as thick as an over-lippen. I measured him over thirty-five inches high at shoulders, and nearly the same from the loins to ground, and then the hair was lifted up for the standard, and it measured nearly thirty inches. He was a perfect specimen written to Mr. Graham about him, and which I have preserved here: "He is the best coated dog in England, and the biggest dog in the world, as well as the biggest St. Bernard." He stands thirty-five inches, full measure, and is as well on his legs as any dog I ever saw. He is all together. His pedigree is second to none." I can more than corroborate every word of this. He has won first ever since Mr. Smith obtained him, completely turning the tables on the other dogs of the breed. He has won first for 150 pounds, and is by no means fat. I mention this for the benefit of lovers of this noble breed, hoping some gentleman of wealth will bring him across the water. I have his full pedigree, and he is a perfect specimen of the breed, and he would have been nine mile long ago. We want just such matches annual to cross with our bitches.

[illegible]

"I come now to Newfoundland dogs in the show. Was there one there, Mr. Editor, that could be named in the same day with Mayor of Bingley? He was first, as he always has been in England and this country. It was literally a case of the yacht America when she raced round the Isle of Wight for the Queen's Cup, "the America first, the rest nowhere!" And yet we have read in some of the daily papers of the "grand class of Newfoundlands!" Your own journal, Mr. Editor, said truly, "With the exception of Mayor of Bingley, there was not a 'good one in it.'"

4. Greyhound.—Well, the less said of this class also the better. I place Friday Night first, the rest nowhere when compared with this truly good specimen of the racing greyhound. And much to my amusement and amazement, I critic in a New York papersays of this dog, that "he is better fitted for the parlor than the field, being a stylish, handsome dog, but too delicate, nearly approaching the smaller Italian type." And Clio he calls a "magnificent typical greyhound." Great! I place Friday Night second, the rest nowhere. Friday Night to be larger in size than the famous Master Marston, and the peerless Comanche both winners of the Vetoctorate.

three times. I found him an animal of wonderful muscle and grand legs, and feet, oblique shoulder-blades letting the legs come well to the front, a bark "like a beam," deep ribs, and broad, powerful loins, and stifles as good as a hare's. Better development of muscle in loins, and better stifles, wide apart, it were not easy to find. What could have possessed any judge of a coursing greyhound to think such an animal "better fitted for parlor than for field" I fail to discover. It is *mirabile dictu!* Poor, meane Clie. I felt sorry for her. She was a good dog, and I was glad to see her, and properly declined to award her a prize owing to her misfortune.

6. Pointers.—A poorer, weedier, seedier looking lot it has never been my ill fortune to behold. And in this view I am upheld by nearly every man of keen discerning judgment who visited the Garden.

[illegible]

I find the same faults with English settlers as a class, that I found last year, and for which "Pickett" rather scolds me.

made that all sea water containing spat shall pass near these collectors, and to aid this the water is diverted by various currents. This is accomplished by wire cages, which are covered with asphalt, or coal tar, as is done by our fishermen, and in these the infant oysters are kept for a while after removal to other waters. They are then assorted into different sizes and planted in the shallow water culture, as not the best seed, but of our countrymen have been so successful in doing this, and the other nations have been so successful in progress made by Prof. Rye and Ryder who have succeeded in hatching the young oyster and keeping it until its shell was partly formed, and both hope for increased success.

"The Natural History of the Herring," by George Sim, will interest pisciculturists, and an essay with the same title by William Ramsay, Esq., will interest anglers. The latter is a paper entitled "Harbor Accommodation for Fishing Boats on the East and North Coasts of Scotland," by Archibald Young, Inspector of Salmon Fisheries for Scotland. In this are depicted the various stages of the herring fishery, from the spawning time to the salting. The salmon disease is treated of by Andrew Brotherton, and is a most important topic for the latitude of Great Britain, where it has raged to a great extent. Mr. W. O. Chambers has two essays, one on the artificial propagation of salmon, and the other on the artificial propagation of trout, both experimented with, and an apparatus for pumping sea water for use, such as we hope to see at the Cold Spring hatchery, was arranged, and the first experiments were quite satisfactory. The fresh water disiculture consists of recommending what should be done. It is gratifying to note that Englishmen begin to realize that their country is behind most others in pisciculture, and that they are not the only ones who are ignorant. I knew it, while they looked up to him as the greatest of authorities on the subject. In another article Mr. Chambers recommends the introduction of many foreign fishes, but says that the hatchery should be established in Scotland. As to the hatching and rearing the latter description of fish I cannot say much in its favor, with the exception of its handsome appearance, and after a trial extending over several years, I have discontinued hatching it. We wish he had been more explicit.

The volume is handsomely illustrated, and has many other interesting articles which our space forbids reviewing, they being mainly connected with the commercial fisheries.

**THE FISHES EXHIBITION.**—At the International Fisheries Exhibition, now in progress in London, the exhibit of the United States calls forth words of praise from all for its completeness. The fact that it is mainly made up by the National Museum and the Fish Commission renders it free from the fault of being a collection of specimens of the sort of tent which occurs when sent by individuals. Mr. Blackford makes weekly shipments of fresh American fishes, and this week he forwards a lot of fine Nevada trout, *Salmo clarkii*, which came through from the Pacific coast in splendid condition. The exhibit also contains a lot of the famous Ichthyophagous Cichlid, of New York; these are handsomely printed and embellished and surround the poem, "When the Ichthyophagous Blues," by Mr. Matlier. A large frame contains pictures of the various American ichthyofaunas, and the display of the fishes of the world. The anglers have done themselves great credit in making a display.

DELAWARE SHAD.—Philadelphia, May 25. The shad fishing on the Delaware this spring has been well up to a failure. The fish caught at Gloucester and Howell's have been of good size, but the meagre catches has put the price so high, a good shad is quite a luxury. It is said the trouble lies in the setting of fish baskets on the spawning grounds in the upper part of the river, and that an open violation of the game laws is carried on yearly without molestation. What is wanted is a proper carrying out of the statute by the authorities in whose right the power is vested, and until this is done, all the planting of spawn or fry on the part of the commission will be of little use. It is given to serious question, and prompt attention should be given to the subject. H.M.O.

**SHAD FOR THE HUDSON.**—On Saturday last the United States Fish Commission sent its transportation car No. 1 to Troy, N. Y., with 1,500,000 shad fry, which were deposited in the river there. The car was in the charge of Mr. G. H. H. Moore, and was visited in New York by Hon. E. J. Roosevelt, Mr. E. G. Blackford, two of the New York Commissioners, and accompanied by Mr. Fred Mather, superintendent of the Cold Spring hatchery. The fry were hatched in the old armory at Washington from eggs taken on the Potomac. The fry were deposited between Starbuck's and Green islands, opposite Troy. Another car for the same place is expected this week.

DEATH OF L. CHARBONIER.—We learn with regret of the death of M. Charbonier, the leading fishculturist of France. His labors have partaken both of a practical and a scientific character, and his reputation was world-wide. Under his direction the splendid Trocadero aquaria were built for the Paris Exposition, and he was especially active in importing foreign fishes. His loss will be felt beyond the limits of his native land.

**THE FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.**—The American Fishcultural Association will hold its annual meeting at the Farmers' Club room in the Cooper Institute, New York city, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 6 and 7, beginning at 10 A. M. each day. Several interesting papers are promised.

Jay Gould wants his friends to recommend a name for his new yacht, in which he will go to Europe in June. We would suggest "Western Union," as that floats on water about as well as anything we know of.—*Lowell Citizen*.

CARLSBAD is an Austrian town of twelve thousand inhabitants. It is a thriving manufacturing place, but a main source of its prosperity is naturally the mineral waters. The springs which give it its name were discovered by Charles IV., King of Austria and King of Bohemia. The local legend is that he discovered them in the year 1351 while on a hunting excursion. A dog, too eagerly pursuing a deer, fell into one of the hot springs; his yelping brought the Emperor forth upon the spot, where the thermal water, wreathed with clouds of vapor, pulsed out of the cleft of the rock. The huntsmen, rushing in after their leader, named the place Charles's Bath, and Carlsbad it has been called to the present day. —*Harper's*.

AN HONORED DOG—For some years past two ladies have been seen passing daily through Ninth street in Brooklyn, to Prospect Park with an evidently aged but still noble-looking Newfoundland dog. He usually walked slowly and painfully between them. They often stopped for the animal to rest, and when he was tired they would pick him up and carry him. They were permitted to bathe him in the park lake. About a month ago he died; a costly coffin was made for him, and he was buried in the family lot in Greenwood cemetery. Inquiry reveals that several years ago the ladies, mother and daughter, were carrying out on their dog, and the dog was transferred with the dog from the ship to the beach, the boat was capsized. The dog rescued the daughter, and returning through the surf, aided the life-saving crew in bringing the mother and daughter to shore. The dog was a noble animal, was treated with the utmost affection, and was sincerely mourned when he died of old age.—*New York Tribune*.





MR. HOWARD HARTLEY'S LEMON AND WHITE ENGLISH SETTER DOG "ROYAL RANGER."  
Winner of First Prize in Open Class at New York, 1892.

ing himself of all prejudice in favor of any fancy of his own and trying to stick as close to a recognized standard as possible. In other words, by both exhibitor and judge being entirely reasonable and unbiased, and as that is getting pretty close to the millennium I guess I had better stop. W. WADE.  
Pittsburgh, Pa., May 24.

"DOGS NEVER REASON."

IN FOREST AND STREAM of May 10 there is a brief article under this caption, by "The Old Doctor." Duke's disposition of the chain would seem to indicate an exercise of the reasoning faculty. The proposition may not have taken the form of a syllogism in Duke's brain, but it was syllogistic in the highest degree. A human being could scarcely have done better. All dogs may not reason; not all men reason, but some do, and the same may be said of dogs. In company with a friend I was duck shooting on one of the marshes in Minnesota. We stationed ourselves about thirty rods apart and began business in a very lively manner. In less than half an hour I had killed a dozen mallards, and my pointer dog, Charley, had placed them at my feet. My friend, who was a novice at the business, had fired a number of shots without any effect. He insisted that he had made a number of "pensioners," but they managed to get away. He finally condemned his gun, and expressed himself as completely discouraged. Just then I dropped a brace of mallards within thirty feet of my blind, and Charley, picking up one of the birds, paused a few seconds, and then proceeded to deliver it to my friend. He returned and made the same disposition of the other bird. This act had a most exhilarating effect upon my friend, and he renewed his efforts with great enthusiasm. The results, however, were very unsatisfactory. Meanwhile Charley continued to divide the dead birds between us, and, to our great surprise, we found at the close of our evening's shooting that the division had been made with mathematical accuracy. And now, if anyone suggests to my friend that "dogs do not reason" he will insist that there is at least one exception to that rule, and more than this, he firmly believes that Charley can count. T.  
BRANTFORD, ONT.

THE GORDON STANDARD.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*  
Dr. J. S. Niven's standard in your issue of April 12 allows five points for color. I think color is a great point in the Gordon; a rich, glossy black, and a rich mahogany tan, without mixture of either color, gives a beautiful harmony, and allows ten points for color and feather. The head is another very important thing. The skull should be high at the occipital, at the same time broad and well proportioned. The head should show no thickness below the eyes. Nose, 4½ in. long and square. Lips quite pendulous. Ears hang low and well feathered. Eyes large and round; color, dark brown. Neck large, not throaty, and well placed in the shoulders. Shoulders large and rising above the back. Chest wide and deep. Ribs round and well sprung. Back and loin very large and muscular. Distance between ribs and stifles short, not gaunt. Quarters muscular and heavy. Feet well haired and round. Height 25 in. at the shoulder. Tail spike-like, with heavy feather. Fore legs straight, with large bone. Hind legs long and well crooked. Shoulder rise ½ in. above the hips. Weight 55 to 60 lbs. for dogs, and 45 to 50 for bitches. The color should be free from white. With an intellect and a pedigree showing Gordon breeding for years back, makes up my idea for a Gordon setter. Below is my standard:

Head, ears, muzzle and eyes.....	20
Neck.....	5
Body, ribs and height.....	10
Shoulders and weight.....	10
Loins and length of back.....	10
Quarters and stifles.....	15
Feet and legs.....	10
Color and feather.....	10
Coat and style.....	10
Total.....	100

C. T. BROWNELL.  
New Bedford, Mass.

"AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."—The entries for the June number of the *American Kennel Register* will close tomorrow, June 1. Blanks are sent upon receipt of stamped and addressed envelope.

ROYAL RANGER.

OUR illustration this week is of the English setter dog Royal Ranger, winner of first in the open class at the recent show of the Westminster Kennel Club. He is owned by Mr. Howard Hartley, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who imported him a short time ago. His sire, Royal, is by Hollick (Roll II—Belle out of Flame (Elkington's Bush—Carrie), and his dam, Novel, is by Blue Prince II (Blue Prince—Cora) out of Flame (Hall—Coutess). He is a dog of good size and great beauty, with plenty of bone and muscle. He has appeared in public but once before, winning second at Pittsburgh in April.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY.

THOSE intending to enter their dogs in the Eastern Field Trials Derby, should bear in mind that the entries close on July 1. We expect to see a larger field of starters for this event than has yet appeared at any previous Derby. The prizes offered are well worth the winning, but the honors achieved by those who win them are generally of far greater value. Even the beaten ones who acquit themselves well, receive from the public a nod of praise that is never bested upon the stay-at-homes. Breeders are aware of this, and many of them will send the pick of their kennels to display their quality, and judging from the number of entries already received, we shall undoubtedly see at High Point the most notable gathering of youngsters that has ever been seen in this country. In addition to the liberal prizes offered, the president, Mr. Elliot Smith, will give a valuable cup to the breeder of the winner.

THE FAR-FAMED DOG OF THIBET.

IT is a century since Warren Hastings, whose predilection for rare animals and desire to acclimatize them served to occupy and amuse the leisure of his later years, endeavored in vain to obtain specimens of the far-famed dog of Thibet, and we are not aware that any other person has been subsequently more successful in introducing the breed into this country. Owing, however, to the kindness of Count Szechenyi, a Hungarian nobleman, an account of whose interesting travels in the Far East was published some two years ago, the Prince of Wales (says the *Times*) has become the possessor of a male and female of the race, and will probably, with all his wonted liberality, afford the public an opportunity of seeing them in Regent's Park during the ensuing season.

Count Szechenyi had heard so many reports in China—where, however, they are almost as great strangers as with us—of the size and beauty of these dogs, that he was very anxious to become personally acquainted with them, and on the first opportunity, which presented itself at Batang, the frontier town of China on the route to Lassa, he purchased three, at a very considerable price it is understood. He found that they were fully deserving of their reputation in looks, courage and sagacity. In some respects they are said to resemble the lion-dog, or spicimens of the Newfoundland breed, but have a head very much larger, to which, moreover, an air of imposing dignity, if not fierceness, is added by a thick, shaggy mane, which grows forward so as to encircle the face like a drill. Their formidable aspect is still further enhanced in their native mountains by artificial means; for the shepherds and herdsmen who employ, and are very proud of, these useful yet dreaded animals, often fasten round their necks bone-like wreaths made of the bristly hair of the yak, and painted red—a species of decoration which gives them a still more lionine appearance than that which they owe to nature.

Indeed, some drawings we have seen of them strongly recall to mind the king of beasts as imagined in heraldic devices—e. g., in the arms of the Duke of Argyll. The color of their coat varies from black to light brown, the former predominating. The people of Thibet find them invaluable either to guard their flocks or as house watchdogs. In the latter capacity they display the utmost fierceness and hostility to intruders on their master's property, and would be truly dangerous if not tied up by strong chains during the day, even when they secured their furious barkings and mad efforts to escape started the passing traveler, and warn him to give them a wide berth. It is curious that the rapid movement or wagging of the tail is with them a manifestation of anger, and not of friendliness, as it is with their European cousins.

As guardsmen of the sheep and yak caravans, implicit reliance is placed on them; they preserve peace and order among their subjects as effectually as Eastern despots of the better sort, and, perhaps, after the same fashion—viz., by short snuff

and heavy tolls; at any rate, they gallantly defend them when attacked by man or beast.

The two individuals who are about to visit our shores bring with them a good charter for docility; at least, they soon became attached to their Hungarian, as it is to be hoped they will be to their English master. Their names are Chandu and Zama. The fate and character of the third dog of this interesting group were different from those of his companions. Like a true follower of the Lamas, he was a declared enemy of Europeans, and would accept no overtures of amity from them. Count Szechenyi, who strove to propitiate him by feeding him with his own hand, was repeatedly bitten, and on one occasion very severely. His antipathy was, however, not confined to the white faces of the foreign devils, for a poor Chinese old woman, whom he encountered in the streets of Bhamo, was so maltreated by him that she died almost immediately. This wanton act filled up the measure of the irreclaimable brute's iniquities, and was at once avenged by a bullet from his master's revolver.—*Live Stock Journal*.

CURRENT DOG STORIES.

1. Much excitement was caused at an English opera house the other night, during the performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Charles Herrmann, who took the character of George Harris, has three bloodhounds, with which he is supposed to struggle on the stage. Unfortunately the dogs were brought on unmuzzled, and in the excitement of the moment they lost their temper, turned on their master and bit him severely. Had not assistance been at hand, Mr. Herrmann would have been seriously injured. After having his wounds dressed he continued the performance.—*Evening Post*. (In a Brooklyn theatre last Wednesday night, the play being the same, the "bloodhounds" had a big fight on the stage.)

2. At the Union street wharf yesterday there was an exhibition of canine depravity that was as amusing as it was remarkable. The dog in question was an experienced thief, and entered into the work of thieving with all the zest of an experienced hand. On the occasion in question a schooner was unloading coconuts on the wharf, and, as usual, a crowd of boys were on hand to pick up whatever they could. As it was hard for them to sequester any of the nuts without detection, the natural or acquired depravity of the dog in question was made use of, and he was made the agent through whom a good supply of said nuts was secured. A boy would step up to the pile of nuts, and would apparently accidentally kick one a few feet. At once the dog, would seize it, and a big coconut and a small dog rapidly vanished up the wharf and around the corner. Being relieved of his burden by a boy in the conspiracy, the dog would come back, and, when a good nut was selected, would take it away, to have it added to the heap stolen. This continued for some time, and was enjoyed by some who saw the affair.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

3. An engraving of Woolner's bust of Tennyson, used as a frontispiece, and two beautiful full-page pictures of Thornycroft's masterpieces are among the illustrations to Edmund W. Gosse's "Living English Sculptors," in the June *Century*. The writer tells the following anecdote of the dog in the statue of "Artemis": "In 1884 Mr. Thornycroft made another great stride forward with his 'Artemis,' a statue of heroic size, which has since been set in marble in Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster. We give an engraving of this figure seen from the front. The goddess advances through the forest, and suddenly arrests her steps as she sees the quarry in front of her; with a dignified action she lays her hand over her shoulder and takes an arrow from the quiver, which rests on her left. The other hand, which bows in it, passes behind her back and is drawn against her right hip by her hand, which has strayed on the wrong side. This dog has been much admired, and a little anecdote concerning it, which has not been recorded, may be worth telling. The sculpture had arrived at the point when he wanted a hound as a model, and he could find none that suited him. On the very day when a dog was to have been finally fixed upon, there came to the studio door a very beautiful deerhound, without any collar or mark of ownership, which seemed to have suffered much privation, and which absolutely refused to go away. The model was exactly what Mr. Thornycroft wanted, and while every effort was made to find the dog's master the charming creature sat for her portrait. The model claimed her, and she became the pet of the household; but the effects of

her long exposure brought on a decline, and, in spite of all the care that was taken of her, she died on the night of the day when the nation's first annual trial was held. The sad tale, with the utmost confidence, that the goddess had sent her, and when her work was done had taken her away again."

### THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 351.]

#### REGULATIONS, RULES, FOR RUNNING AND INSTRUCTIONS TO JUDGES—TRIALS, 1888.

Rule 1.—The management of meetings for the Annual Field Trials shall be entrusted to the Executive Committee of the Club, and they shall enforce the rules of the Club under which the dogs are run.

Rule 2.—The judge, or judges, shall be selected by the Executive Committee, and their names shall be publicly announced as soon as possible after their selection and before the closing of the entries. When a judge, from ill health or other satisfactory cause, is prevented from attending a meeting or refusing it, the Executive Committee shall have the power of deciding what is to be done.

Rule 3.—Every subscriber must name his dog, at the time of entry, describing his color, markings, and giving the names of his sire and dam.

Rule 4.—For all stakes the names, pedigrees, ages, colors and distinguishing marks of the dogs shall be detailed in writing to the secretary of the club, to be filed at time of making entries. Any dog's age, markings or pedigree which shall be proved not to correspond with the entry filed shall be disqualified, and all such dogs' stakes or winnings shall be forfeited.

Rule 5.—Dogs to be eligible to the Eastern Field Trial Derby must be whelped on or after the first of January of the year preceding the trial for which the dogs are nominated. Dogs are required to retrieve.

Rule 6.—The forfeit money must accompany every nomination, and the balance of entrance fee must be paid before the draw.

Rule 7.—The Executive Committee may reserve to themselves the right of refusing any entry they may think proper to exclude, and no person who has been so refused to enter by the Executive Committee, to have miscondemned himself in any manner in connection with dogs, dog shows or dog trials will be allowed to compete in any trials that may be held under the auspices of the Eastern Field Trials Club.

Rule 8.—Immediately before the dogs are drawn at any meeting, the time and place of putting down the first brace of dogs on the following morning shall be declared and posted in a conspicuous place. Rule 9.—All stakes shall be run in the order of the programme, unless the whole of the competitors or their representatives in the various stakes may agree otherwise, in which case the order may, with consent of the Executive Committee, be changed.

Rule 10.—When two dogs, owned or handled by the same person, are drawn together, one of the dogs' names shall be returned to the underwriter numbers, which shall then be well shaken and another name drawn in its place. If at the latter end of a trial it is found impossible to avoid running two dogs together, it then may be permitted.

Rule 11.—A natural bye shall be given to the lowest available dog in each race. No dog shall run a second bye in any stake unless it is unavoidable. When a dog is entitled to a bye, either natural or accidental, his owner or nominator may select any available dog to run off the bye—from the beaten entries in his stake—if required so to do by the judges. If there is a natural bye and a dog drawn to run at a brace with a withdrawn without running, then the remaining dog of the brace shall run as a brace with the bye.

Rule 12.—Every dog must be brought up in its proper turn without delay, if about ten or more minutes, the winner and its opponent shall be adjudged the winner and entitled to the heat, and shall in that case run a bye, as provided in rule eleven (11). If both dogs be absent at the expiration of twenty minutes from the time of call to run by the judge or judges, the judge or judges shall have the power to disqualify both dogs, or fine the owners any sum not to exceed the amount of ten dollars.

Rule 13.—An owner, his handler or his deputy may hunt a dog, but it may be one or the other, and when dogs are drawn an owner must not interfere with his dog if he has disputed another person to handle and hunt him. In member's stakes a dog must be handled entirely by his owner.

Rule 14.—The person handling and hunting a dog may speak, whistle and work him by hand as he may deem proper, but he can be called to order by the judges for making any unnecessary noise, and if after being cautioned he persist in doing so, they can order the dog to be taken up and adjudged out of the stake. An opponent's dog cannot be purposely interfered with or excited, or an appeal can be made to the judges. If an opponent's dog points game, the other dog is not to be drawn across him to take the point, nor if not backing of his own accord he may be driven around behind the pointing dog. Dogs must be hunted together, and their handlers must walk within a reasonable distance of one another.

Rule 15.—If a dog be withdrawn from a stake on the field or at any time during the holding of a trial, its owner or his deputy having authority shall notify in writing, with his name attached, the Secretary or one of the Executive Committee of the Club before the trial, either orally or by these officials, the notice must be handed to one of the others. When a winner of one or more heats is drawn for any reason other than defeat, the dog or dogs previously beaten by him shall not be deprived of competing for second or third prize, in the opinion of the judges, they may have a chance to show him.

Rule 16.—If any subscriber, his deputy or handler, openly impugns the actions or decisions of the judge or judges during the progress of a trial, he shall forfeit not more than \$20, nor less than \$10, at the discretion of the majority of the Executive Committee of the Club.

Rule 17.—When two dogs, the property of same owner, or of confederates, shall remain in for the deciding trial, the stake shall be considered divided, and the owner or deputy of one of the two dogs may have a chance to show the other dog to draw him for a consideration or bribe of any nature whatsoever. If, however, either dog be drawn without consideration, from lameness, injuries, or from any cause clearly affecting his chances of winning, the other dog may be declared the winner, on the facts of the case being clearly proved to the satisfaction of the judge or judges. This same rule shall apply when more than two dogs remain at the end of a stake, which is not run out; and in case of a division of two or three or more dogs, of which two or more belong to the same owner, these latter shall be held to take equal shares of the total amount won by their owners, and in the division the terms of any arrangement made by the owners, and the amount of any money given to induce the owner of a dog to draw him, must be declared to the Secretary.

Rule 18.—Any objections to an entry must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary of the Club, and will be acted on by the Executive Committee, whose decision will be final.

Rule 19.—No person shall be allowed to enter or run a dog in his own or any other person's name who is a defaulter for either stakes or forfeits in connection with the trials or dog shows, or for any money given under an arrangement for division of winnings, or for penalties regularly imposed for the infraction of rules, by the Executive Committee present at any meeting, or for any payment required by a decision of the Eastern Field Trials Club.

Rule 20.—Dogs shall be drawn in braces by lot and run in

heats, the beaten dogs to be retired (except as in hereafter mentioned), and the winners to be run again in the order in which they ran the successive heats. The last dog beaten by the winner of the first prize shall compete for the second prize with the best of those dogs previously beaten by the winner of the first prize. The winner of this heat shall be declared the winner of the second prize. The dog beaten in this heat shall compete with the best of those previously beaten by the second prize winner, and the winner shall be third in the race. The discretion is given the judges of deciding which is the best of these beaten dogs in the competition for second and third places, by selection, or by running extra heats between them.

The following diagrams will illustrate the method of running:

Order of Drawing.	Wins.	Wins.	A	Wins.	Wins.
1	1	1			
2	2	2			
3	3	3			
4	4	4			
5	5	5			
6	6	6			
7	7	7			
8	8	8			
9	9	9			
10	10	10			
11	11	11			
12	12	12			
13	13	13			
14	14	14			
15	15	15			
16	16	16			

This shows 1 as the winning dog. Then take Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5, and either run them each against the other or let the judges select the best of the three as they may deem fit—and run such best dog—who wins by selection or running, with Number 9 for second prize. If Number 5 should be the best, then 5 and 9 to compete for second, and if 5 wins, he of course takes second and 9 takes third prize, or if 9 should win he would take second and 5 takes third prize, and the best of 13, 11, and 10 to contest for third money.

The same as in first instance, but with a bye.

Order of Drawing.	Wins.	Wins.	A	Wins.	Wins.
1	1	1			
2	2	2			
3	3	3			
4	4	4			
5	5	5			
6	6	6			
7	7	7			
8	8	8			
9	9	9			
10	10	10			
11	11	11			
12	12	12			
13	13	13			
14	14	14			
15	15	15			
16	16	16			
17	17	17			
18	18	18			

Number 1 wins first prize. Numbers 2, 3, and 5, as mentioned in A, to compete with Number 9 for second. If 5 wins he takes it, and 9 captures third. If 9 wins he takes second, and 5 and 15 run off for third money.

In the All-Aged Stakes, there being a special pointer prize, the order would be as follows:

Pointers	Wins.	Wins.	A	Wins.	Wins.
1	1	1			
2	2	2			
3	3	3			
4	4	4			
5	5	5			
6	6	6			
7	7	7			
8	8	8			
9	9	9			
10	10	10			
11	11	11			
12	12	12			
13	13	13			
14	14	14			
15	15	15			
16	16	16			
17	17	17			
18	18	18			
19	19	19			
20	20	20			
21	21	21			
22	22	22			
23	23	23			
24	24	24			

As will be seen, the fourth series in pointer class decides where the special pointer prize is to go, after which the winner competes with such stakes as have also won their fourth heats, viz., Nos. 9 and 21. A bye, as is seen, is run off in its own class.

If No. 1 wins first, as sketched out above, then Nos. 2, 3, 5, 9 and 21 run for second prize. If No. 21 wins first money, then Nos. 1, 17, 22 and 23 compete for second.

If, in the first case, the winners would be different, and should be placed among the pointers, the following should explain the positions taken:

Pointers	Wins.	Wins.	A	Wins.	Wins.
1	1	1			
2	2	2			
3	3	3			
4	4	4			
5	5	5			
6	6	6			
7	7	7			
8	8	8			
9	9	9			
10	10	10			
11	11	11			
12	12	12			
13	13	13			
14	14	14			
15	15	15			
16	16	16			
17	17	17			
18	18	18			
19	19	19			
20	20	20			
21	21	21			
22	22	22			
23	23	23			
24	24	24			

Rule 21.—The judges shall order up the dogs as soon as they have determined which is the best according to the scale of points in Rule 23. Unless a dog shows such a lack of merit that in the opinion of the judges he cannot be placed, all dogs shall, if the permit, have at least two chances to show their behavior on birds. Both dogs of a brace may be ordered up by the judges for want of merit.

Rule 22.—Pointing fur, feather or reptile, if the judges deem the same excusable, shall not be considered false point, and without any eucou agreement from his handler, shall not be penalized.

Rule 23.—Maximum points of merit: Pointing, nose and standstill, 40; pace, quartering and style, 20; retrieving, 10; backing, 10; obedience and disposition, 10; total, 100. Points of demerit: False pointing, 1 to 7; breaking, in 3 for each of

fence; breaking shot, 5 for each offense; chasing, or breaking shot and chasing, 10; the second offense of a willful chase loses the dog.

False Pointing.—The judges shall give a dog ample opportunity to discover if he is on a true point, and the penalty shall range from 1 to 7 for his acts throughout the heat.

Breaking Shot.—Is when the dog, through imperfect breaking, or from excitement, leaves his proper position when the birds rise, whether the gun is fired or not, and starts to break shot or chase, but stops within a few feet from where he started, of his own accord or by command.

Breaking Shot.—Is where a dog runs in, whether a shot is fired or not, with the intention of getting to the bird, and does not stop promptly at command.

Chasing.—Is where a dog follows the birds, either when a gun is fired or not, to any extent, to be beyond the control of his handler for the time being.

Rule 24.—No person other than the judge or judges, attendants or reporters, will be permitted to accompany the handlers of dogs competing in any act, excepting owners of such dogs running in charge of a handler or deputy, and they shall be permitted to accompany the stewards until the finish of such heat, when they shall retire until their dogs again come in competition. Two persons are strictly prohibited from working one dog. If from any cause the handler of a running dog is disabled to such an extent he cannot shoot, upon his request to the judge or judges he may select some disinterested person to shoot for him; and it shall be required in all cases of handlers running dogs to go through minutely the evolution of shooting either a blank or shot cartridge over every established point, at the option of the judge or judges, upon being ordered to flush and raising a bird. The handlers of the two dogs shall go together, as if it were a brace of dogs, so that the dogs shall be upon an equality as to ground, opportunities for finding, etc. No spectators will be allowed nearer the handlers of dogs running than seventy-five yards to the rear. No person shall make any remarks about the judges or dogs in hearing of the judge; such person so offending shall be expelled from the grounds. Should any handler of dogs annoy the judges after having been ordered to retire, he shall be considered as being in handling up and out of the stake, unless his owner can continue running such dog, which may be allowed at the discretion of the Club. The privilege is granted handlers to ask the judges for information or explanation that has a direct bearing upon any point at issue, pending such questions the dogs shall not be under judgment. Dogs afflicted with any contagious disease, or bitches in season, will not be permitted on the grounds.

Following is a list of officers for 1888: President, Elliot Smith; Vice-Presidents, Henry J. Aten, James H. Goodsell; Treasurer and Secretary, Washington A. Coster; Board of Governors, S. Fleet Spier, Robert C. Cornell, Justus W. Lengerke, Jr., Otto Donner, H. E. Hamilton, C. Godfrey, George T. Leach, Charles H. Raymond, John G. Heckscher, J. E. I. Grainger, George De F. Grant, George R. Watkins.

BIG LITTERS.—East Saginaw, Mich.—My Gordon setter bitch Betty had thirteen pups last Sunday night. Did you ever hear of such a big litter? W. B. BRASSER. [By consulting Kennel Notes in Forest and Stream our correspondent will often find accounts of litters as large or larger. Bridget Plunket had seventy-nine in six litters. In our issue of December 8 we will find an account of forty in two litters. In our "Kennel Notes" we have a report of the Detroit Kennel Club's Bell whelping fourteen.]

SCARLET II.—Editor Forest and Stream: It modifies the value, to the public, of the account of the judging in the recent show when, as in the ball-trotter class, Scarlet is criticized as a dog, while she is a litter. CLARENCE MURPHY. (The mistake is inexcusable. Everyone should know that Scarlet could not be a male, although the catalogue, as well as our notes, are silent upon the subject.)

MOORFIELD KENNEL.—Philadelphia, Pa., May 25.—Editor Forest and Stream: On and after June 1, 1888, Capt. Robt. H. Jex Blake will cease to be manager of the Moorfield Kennel, and will be no longer in my employ.—A. H. MOONIE. Verbum sap.

BEWARE THE DOG CATCHER.—The New York dog pound will be opened to-morrow, and the dog catchers' carts will go about the streets gathering up the dogs to be drowned. Verbum sap.

### KENNEL NOTES.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST give the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
5. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
6. Sire, with his sire and dam.
7. Dam, with her sire and dam.
8. Owner of dam.
9. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be plainly written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

#### NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.  
Ned, By Mr. Geo. N. Kent, Leicester, N. H., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Dec. 12, 1882, by Bounce (Hick Hatterick—Bridget Plunket) out of his Nell (Bob—Topsy 11).  
Red Bran, By Mr. H. W. Smith, Worcester, Mass., for fawn red greyhound dog, whelped March 11, 1883 (Doubtless—Dorothee).

#### NAMES CHANGED.

See instructions at head of this column.  
Colleen II. to Molly, Red Irish terrier bitch, whelped July 22, 1883 (Crosby—Nora), owned by Mr. Lawrence Timmons, (Red Hook, N. Y.).

#### BRED.

See instructions at head of this column.  
Litt—Engager Fred, Mr. Henry L. Cowell's (New Haven, Conn.) English setter bitch Litt (Dancer II)—Sherwood's (Conn) to Mr. E. A. Dyer, By Mr. E. A. Dyer, (Newark, N. J.)  
Cris—Crotcher, Mr. Edward Dexter's (Buzard's Bay, Mass.) pointer bitch Cris (Crotcher—Vinnie) to Mr. A. E. Godfrey's (Crotcher—Vinnie).

By Mr. L. C. Clark's (New York) pointer bitch Belle (Pike—Lily) to Mr. C. Cornell's (Massachusetts) White's (Grace), May 17.  
Romaine—Watts, Mr. Geo. T. Wall's red Irish setter bitch Romaine (Elohe—Rose) to Mr. Tobitt's (Berkeley—R. Sel), May 16.

Nellie—Chippa, Mr. George O. Goodhue's (Havre, Canada) pointer bitch Nellie to Mr. Chippa's (Cesar—Molly, April 3).  
Dot—Bump, Mr. E. C. Chippa's (Havre, Canada) liver and white pointer bitch Dot (Rush—Queen II.) to Mr. Robert's (Rapp).  
Hazel—Bump, Mr. E. C. Chippa's (Havre, Canada) red Irish setter bitch Hazel (Edgar—Rose) to champion.

Jack—Tark, Mr. A. Levy's (New Durham, N. J.) imported Gordon setter bitch Nell (E.K.C.S.B. 7,232) to Mr. T. F. Taylor's champion Tark, May 21.

Juno—Tark, Mr. B. Blossom's (Morristown, N. Y.) black and tan setter bitch Juno to Mr. T. F. Taylor's champion Tark, May 21.

#### WHELPS.

See instructions at head of this column.  
Jennie, Mr. Walter Gibb's (New York) Gordon setter bitch Jennie (Dr. Aten's Glen—Flirt), May 17, six (three dogs), by Duke of Louisa.

Smoke, Mr. Chas. W. Nutting's (Boston, Mass.) foxhound bitch Smoke, May 14, eleven (three dogs), by Mr. U. W. Nutting's (Boston, Mass.) foxhound bitch Belle, May 22, four (two dogs), by his Pat.

Myrtle, The Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Myrtle (Kirk II.) to Mr. S. S. Clark's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Sultan (A.K.R. 119).

Chas., The Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Chas. (A.K.R. 119).













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14760L, \$62.25; 14820L, \$62.50; 14880L, \$62.75; 14940L, \$63.00; 15000L, \$63.25; 15060L, \$63.50; 15120L, \$63.75; 15180L, \$64.00; 15240L, \$64.25; 15300L, \$64.50; 15360L, \$64.75; 15420L, \$65.00; 15480L, \$65.25; 15540L, \$65.50; 15600L, \$65.75; 15660L, \$66.00; 15720L, \$66.25; 15780L, \$66.50; 15840L, \$66.75; 15900L, \$67.00; 15960L, \$67.25; 16020L, \$67.50; 16080L, \$67.75; 16140L, \$68.00; 16200L, \$68.25; 16260L, \$68.50; 16320L, \$68.75; 16380L, \$69.00; 16440L, \$69.25; 16500L, \$69.50; 16560L, \$69.75; 16620L, \$70.00; 16680L, \$70.25; 16740L, \$70.50; 16800L, \$70.75; 16860L, \$71.00; 16920L, \$71.25; 16980L, \$71.50; 17040L, \$71.75; 17100L, \$72.00; 17160L, \$72.25; 17220L, \$72.50; 17280L, \$72.75; 17340L, \$73.00; 17400L, \$73.25; 17460L, \$73.50; 17520L, \$73.75; 17580L, \$74.00; 17640L, \$74.25; 17700L, \$74.50; 17760L, \$74.75; 17820L, \$75.00; 17880L, \$75.25; 17940L, \$75.50; 18000L, \$75.75; 18060L, \$76.00; 18120L, \$76.25; 18180L, \$76.50; 18240L, \$76.75; 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# FOREST AND STREAM.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

With its compact type and in its permanently enlarged form of twenty-eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.

### THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

THE Governor of New York has vetoed the item in the supply bill which gave the Commissioners of Fisheries three thousand dollars additional to carry on the work at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, on the ground that their regular appropriation was sufficient for all purposes. We do not know from what source the Governor drew his information, nor how correct his conclusions may be; but we do know that the proposed work on Long Island is a much-needed one, and is a step in advance in the good cause. The station has only been in operation five months, and has not only a commendable exhibit of work done in the way of hatching and distributing, but also of much in the way of permanent improvements in such things as troughs, rearing-ponds and fixtures for hatching fresh-water fishes generally.

Although the public recognizes the fact that a hatchery for the salmonidae and other fluvial fishes is a necessity in the southeastern portion of the State, the facts are that the proximity to the salt water renders the Cold Spring station one of almost unlimited possibilities, especially as it is unique in this respect, and has therefore the assistance of the United States Fish Commission, with its extensive connections at home and abroad. There has been no hatchery established for salt-water fishes in America, nor in any other land, and the New York Fish Commission took the lead in trying to establish one, and they only asked for a very small sum to start the work; therefore the Governor's action in this matter is much to be regretted. The springs at this station are so elevated that they have been used to turn mills, and would easily pump salt water to a height of twenty feet or more, where it could be used for hatching codfish, and all other

fishes which are available, as at high tide the salt water comes to within a hundred yards of the old mill which is now used as a hatchery.

The United States Commission has hatched codfish to a limited extent, but has worked with the disadvantage of having no hatchery near salt water. Some were hatched at Gloucester, Mass., and turned into the harbor there, and have since been taken near the docks, where no deep-sea cod were ever seen before; and others have also been hatched in the old Arsenal at Washington, in artificial sea water. No doubt new cod grounds could be created about Long Island Sound and New York city, as well as on the south side of Long Island, by large plantings of the fish, for food is plenty there, and eggs by the tons of millions can be obtained from the live fish brought to Fulton Market. These facts show reason enough to have the work continued, and it is to be hoped that it will not be abandoned, even though the Governor did not approve of a special appropriation for this purpose. Pisciculture is a progressive industry, and its hold on the people is now so strong that it is in no danger of being turned back on account of a temporary impediment.

### OBSTACLES IN RIFLE PRACTICE.

WITH the opening of the present month, shooting will begin on many ranges under official orders from various commanders in the ranks of the National Guard. A number of States have made arrangements for the practice of the men, and considerable time and effort will be expended in securing records of the proficiency, or the want of it, on the part of the troops. Each State seems to have devised a special system of ball practice, and the result is that it is entirely impossible to make any precise comparisons. The Regular Army, too, has a system, and this seems to be a shifting one, so that during a decade past we have seen a half dozen schemes devised for securing a short cut to good marksmanship without the tedious detail of careful range practice.

With a general observance of some one plan of practice, it would be possible to so show up the failings of some of our organizations, that a feeling of emulation would spring up and good results follow; at present there is too much striking about in the dark, and the general public are left in a state of uncertainty, whether or not this banging of rifles, which goes on through each summer on our State ranges, really amounts to anything.

It was the strong point made by the advocates of rifle practice when it was introduced in the National Guard that it was then entirely possible for a member to go through a full term of service and yet never have occasion to fire off a gun. Is it quite certain, then, that this cannot be done to-day? That there are not now members of the Guard who have not had any practical experience with the rifle in the field before the targets? There are certainly many who do not go near the ranges. That this is so, may in some very rare instances be due to unavoidable obstacles, but it is too true that the army methods are sadly at fault. There is not and never has been enough aiming drill in the squad rooms. Without this, work out of doors is worse than useless, and with it the field records are sure to stand out in excellent prominence.

Progress has been made and perhaps a fair result has been secured for the amount of effort put forth thus far in the cultivation of military marksmanship. Still, there is danger that a great deal of waste labor may be expended simply because each worker in the field does not know what other directors of practice are doing. In New York changes of administration have led to changes in the personnel of the Inspector-General's office, and then naturally comes a different way of putting the Guard through its course of training. There are no definite principles guiding. There is no standard set toward which the men are expected to approach, and the result is that there is no end of the work and no way of telling how much the men have profited by it.

It would be unfair to conclude that because but twenty-nine men fitted themselves to shoot in the preliminary competitions for places on the American International team, that the interest on the subject among guardsmen is at a low ebb, or that there is not a general ability to shoot well. It is one thing to shoot for pleasure, or even in fulfillment of one's duty as a member of the Guard, and quite another to undertake the responsibilities of a place on a representative team. Neither is it just to gauge the interest or want of it by the fact that Creedmoor is not crowded by competitors at the fall meetings. Time and distance prevent any such

gathering. It would be worth the while of the Board of Directors here to arrange a programme of matches to be shot on the several local ranges throughout the country, making the conditions so simple that they could be easily understood and generally complied with.

This city is able to furnish a team of any sort of shooters, and over the several States they would find many responses to a well-put invitation for a test of ability. Such matches at off-hand shooting are going on almost every week now in a quiet way, and all that is required is for some central body to undertake the labor of directing and managing them. This can be well done from this point, and perhaps through such a series of shoots something could be done toward breaking down the barriers of localism and place-proudness which now play so prominent a part in keeping riflemen from knowing more of each other, and enjoying their sport in its best feature—that of generous rivalry.

### THE ROD WAS SPARED.

AT the recent dinner to the foreign representatives to the International Fisheries Exhibition, at Fishmongers' Hall, London, in reply to a toast, Mr. James Russell Lowell, the American Minister, said that—

"He had always been jealous of the exercise, the undue exercise, of arbitrary power, and he must confess that he knew of no exercise of arbitrary power more cruel to its victim than that which brought him to his feet when he was at loss what to say. He was in that position, but he could not help thinking there was a sort of retributive justice in it; for it happened to him several years ago, as president at the annual festival of the University of which he was a member, the magnanimous satisfaction with which he used to rise and say that they were honored with the presence of a very distinguished gentleman, (Laughter) and then he paused and saw a shudder pass through the assembly every one of course imagining himself to be the distinguished gentleman meant, the average of distinguished gentlemen in America being very high. (Renewed laughter.) They had never heard of a fish speaking, it was true. There was a tradition of St. Anthony at Padua preaching to the fishes, but now the fishes had been brought to preach to us and to instruct us. If he could only make the speech which was sure to come to his mind as he was going down the stairs when they were all going away, he should have a deal to say to them; but as it was, he thanked his Royal Highness for the kindness with which he had proposed the health of the representatives of foreign countries. The kindness he met with in this country convinced him that he represented less a foreign country than most of the ministers for foreign States there, and that he rather represented the oldest daughter of England. (Cheers.) He believed that some of the exhibits sent from his country would not be found inferior in interest to those in other departments. He held in his hand a rod, one of the exhibits from America, weighing only four ounces and a half, warranted to land a fish weighing five pounds. He wroted a great fisher, but he had exceedingly pathetic associations with the American rod. (Laughter.) He once bought one which cost him \$18, and he took it to a river and had his cast, and at last succeeded in hooking a silver trout, and brought it home in triumph, when he was told that he had caught the most valuable fish in the world, as, seeing that it measured about six inches it had cost him \$3 an inch. (Laughter.)

It is evident from this that Mr. Lowell took to fishing too late in life. A boy, or man, who never went fishing until he could amass wealth enough to buy an eighteen-dollar rod, will never become, as Mr. Lowell puts it, a great fisher. This is not the only instance on record where the rod was spared and the child spoiled, *vide* Solomon. A father who brings up his boys in ways which they do not depart from, buys his sons rods and lines at an early age, or he gives them currency of the realm sufficient for an outfit, and they forego the rod and buy cheap lines and hooks, and apply the remainder of the cash to the purchase of other necessities of boyhood, as marbles, balls, etc. A boy whose angling education had not been neglected, would never figure up that his first six-inch trout had cost three dollars an inch, because the rod had been bought for eighteen dollars. He would have swapped his fine rod for a sled, a terrier pup, and a quart or two of marbles to boot, and have gone into the swamp and cut him an alder switch for a rod and been happy. It is very evident that the American Minister to the Court of St. James has been entrapped by our English friends, who are born anglers; into talking about things that he is not familiar with, in order to lead him on to the question of the Halifax Award and the Fisheries Treaty of Washington.

We suggest to them that if they want to know about the commercial fisheries, or the ichthyology of America, that they ask Prof. Goodo or Capt. Collins. If they seek to penetrate the mysteries of fisiculture they may inquire of Mr. Earle, while Reuben Wood will tell them how the de-lusively is palmed off on the unsuspecting trout as some thing which is desirable as a lunch. We have never heard much of Solomon as an angler, but his maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," shows that he thought that a boy would be ruined if he did not go fishing. We fear that the rod was spared in the case of Mr. Lowell.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

### QUIET SPORT.—VI.

BY MILLARD.

VERY early the next morning Roy was away down the outlet after a fish Uncle Phil had told him about; the one that had given the old man a fall and two, and had thereby established a reputation as a strong, gluttonous warrior. Roy recognized the spot where he made his headquarters, and opened the battle, but with no hostile demonstrations from the other side. It was a beautiful location, a splendid building site for a trout to put up a shanty, and welcome his friends with the best in the house.

Roy's flies are well delivered, yet a half dozen casts from below have accomplished nothing. Put on a scarlet rib, and now get above him, as he may rise if you throw in the contrary direction. Presto, change! a swell in the water and responsive comes the rush of a yellow belly. The fish has done its work and the rod bends into a semi-circle. Does a two-pounder cause any anxiety? Now a ten-pound trout in the hole, and out of trout but no more is a six-ounce rod with a leader fine as silk the strongest tackle in the world, and while you are hardly doubtful of the issue yet there is a chance for the trout. Skill plays the important part, while of chance there is just enough to pepper it; the rest is art. It is no child's play to land such a fish with the finest of tackle. The Irishman who played the violin "be name stringin' his fiddle in the corner of the room" with coarse, heavy and fine, but he would experience none of the pleasures vouchsafed to the master.

Don't occupy yourself with the rest of the world. Forget bonds and mortgages, and look out for your leader. Let securities and collections slide for a bit, and collect and secure your trout, for he is a customer who requires immediate waiting upon. There is no deferring his demand. Fill his goblet with the merry click of the reel, the whistle of the line as it lengthens yea and after yea, the pliant rod bending to the feat the rush, its perfect curve speaking volumes for the skill of its maker; and then, Oh sweetest music, the upward swish of that trout which has taken your fly prisoner and cannot answer it.

As you "give him the bait" to "check him in his mad career," the thrill which runs through your whole system, and your nerves are tensioned to fullest tension. Fighting for every inch of line up he comes for a peep of daylight, but he doesn't like it. A summersault, and down again he goes, this time to the bottom in search of a stone wall, against which he can butt his head and dislocate his jaw or dislodge the hook. It was a good scheme but did not work; and finally he concluded to reform and become a good-natured and charming fish that could live on forever, but you will find to contribute his beautiful carcass for the angler's delectation and his stomach's demands, so after the conditions had been agreed upon he surrendered; and Roy giving him a gentle dislocation of the neck dropped him in his creel, and waded down the stream, the pools below each rock yielding their tribute and adding to the intensity of his enjoyment. Good boy, Roy; you deserve it all for the humane and gentle way in which you took your fish and crack their necks after hauling them. Roy, as all anglers should do, kills his fish before dropping them into his creel.

One evening Uncle Phil tried to persuade Glen to go jacking with him, but as Glen had been there before he declined in favor of one of the others, and related his experience under a jack something as follows:

"Like most lovers of the woods and waters I was anxious to go jacking for deer, more perhaps to gratify curiosity than from any desire to do unlawful shooting, or from scarcity of 'nuiton' in camp; and before that curiosity was thoroughly appeased, I paid for it with a good many hours of waiting and watching, which hereafter will be devoted for sleep.

"It was on the upper stillwater of one of the branches, the east, I think, of the West Canada Creek in Hamilton county, N. Y., where I had my first boat. Giles Becraft paddled for me and did it well, carefully exploring every little put in and point; he never missed a chance whatever the gunner might do. My instructions were can fully given and well digested, and with many words of warning and encouragement I took my place in the boat.

"Now, if there is any hard work to be found in the world, it may be found in jacking for deer, for you are cramped up, and obliged to keep quiet. It was a splendid night for the business, so Giles said, no moon, no wind.

"Put out that pipe or you'll drive every deer five miles back from the water."

"We silently glide past familiar points which we fail to recognize. How ghost-like and weird looks the shore under the strange light. Now and then a frightened crane would rise with a splash, and go down in front. A hedgehog would crawl out to inspect the outfit and then take a truck seat, and then the oxen made their monotonous remarks concerning our appearance, to which we gave no heed.

"The little insects were out that night. All the little winged pests of local fame that make night hideous and uncomfortable by buzzing and biting and crawling over you, had their drawing properties of a well-prepared unadorned plaster. How they did bite, and I forced to sit there like a bump on a log, enduring it all, afraid to fight them off for fear of frightening the deer. Though I endeavored to transfer to illegal hunting some of the zeal and earnestness and patience characteristic of the angler, yet under that insect drawing light I was like a fish out of water save that I did not flop.

"But miseries and pleasures alike have their endings. It was a splendid night to come to slumbers and to sleep. No moon, no wind, no deer.

"Curiously unsatisfied must needs take me under the jack the following night. Giles had gone down to the settlements for supplies and would not return until the next day, so my angling companion was forced to serve as a packman as well as the professional, and thus ended my jacking for that year.

"The following year I went to the West Canada lakes and for three nights was under a jack with no sign of deer. Had a first-class paddler. The third night he turned the jack on a hedge hog sitting on a fallen tree. I fired and the hedge hog dropped in the water dead as Charles II.

"Well, you can shoot," says the guide. "Now, to-morrow night I'll turn the light on a deer for you. I only hunted up this hedge hog to see if you could shoot."

"Shoot! Hang me if this isn't pleasant to be kept up these nights to let you know where I could shoot or not. I might have filled you full of lead for that matter."

"However, the guide was a good fellow and meant no harm. The next night he made good his word, and we had a buck with a bullet in his head hung up in camp; and I had done with jacking unless starvation was starting me in the face and jacking was the only resource left to drive him away.

"My conclusion, after these several nights' experience, is that all the credit for killing a deer in that manner is due to skillful paddling. There is little skill required at twenty or twenty-five yards in the shooter. Buck-ague need not stand in the way. I cannot understand why one should tremble and lose control of himself at the sight of a pair of glistering eyes. No deer shooting could never be attributed to fear nor anxiety.

"But my deer-hunting nights are over unless something happens. I have not lost any deer that require searching for in that manner. You, John Henry, may have my place under the jack. Under the blankets is good enough for your trails."

Uncle Phil and Vardbrough in a buck sometime during the night. A few days ended our visit with Uncle Phil, when we returned to our first camp, and there and in the immediate neighborhood we put in our time to the best advantage. Loth to see the vanishing hours depart, we hung on to them with the grasp of a miser, and improved them to the utmost. Little trials came; little vexations were sandwiched in between the great health-giving pleasures we experienced. The little tricks we heaped away the petty annoyances we snatched with smiles; and renewed our applications of tar and oil. Wet feet and bruised limbs we welcomed in our minds, but we dry them and rub them; and then like the abbreviation on the tombstone, we let them "R. I. P."

Oh, deer, for home. Well, that's a good place when you're nowhere else to go, which reminds me of the old saying, "I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home," and on being asked why he did not marry her he replied, "If I were to marry her, where would I spend my evenings?"

ET COLLINGS, CIVIL, APRIL 18, 1888.

## MUSKOKA LAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noticing several articles in late issues of FOREST AND STREAM regarding the above lakes, I add my testimony in their favor. Having lived for the last year or more here in Gravenhurst, which is on the southern extremity of Muskoka Lake, I am in a position to heartily endorse all Mr. M. McCracken says regarding every log of a number of years, and on being asked why he did not marry her he replied, "If I were to marry her, where would I spend my evenings?"

The fishing is good, as I have had many opportunities of verifying; the small-mouth black bass being abundant and particularly game and well flavored. While not being able to record any extraordinary weights, I find the average runs over two pounds, with quite frequent four-pounders. The bait principally used here by our local anglers is crawfish, which proves killing at all seasons, although the fly and troll take their share. Pickerel are very plentiful, and are readily taken by the troll, minnows, frogs, etc. Mascalouze are also plentiful and are usually taken with the troll. The small streams entering the lakes afford some very good speckled trout fishing. Last week I saw a trout which kicked the beam at 12 pounds taken from a small stream a short distance from the town.

There are many desirable fishing points in the Muskoka Lake, all of which are easily reached by boat from Gravenhurst.

Perhaps one of the best, both in point of beauty and excellence of fishing, is Bala, sixteen miles up the lake. Here the waters of Muskoka Lake find an exit by two outlets within a stone's throw of each other, and each tumbling over a fall of upward of twenty feet in height. They unite a few yards below the falls and form the famed Muskoka River, which enters Georgian Bay, twenty-three miles distant. Immediately below the falls, some of the best fishing is to be had, where bass, mascalouze, pickerel and pike are to be caught. This spot is where the Rudolph Fishing Club, of Pittsburgh, Pa., camped last season. Desirable camping places can be found on most of the islands or shores. Those preferring the comforts of a hotel can be accommodated at Beauman's by Mr. Prosser, or on Lake Joseph at Rosseau, where two large hotels are located, at most reasonable rates.

About July 1 to 15 is the best time to come. The fishing season has not yet opened, owing to unusual light of water. Anglers and campers had better bring their own tackle, but every kind of camp supplies in the shape of canned goods, groceries, etc., can be had here in Gravenhurst, our merchants making it a point to keep everything in that line for the accommodation of campers. The quickest and best way to reach here is by making Toronto, one hundred and fifteen miles distant, the starting point. There take the North & Northwestern Railroad to Gravenhurst. Close connections are made here with all the boats, as the train runs right down to the wharf. The Muskoka and Nipissing Navigation Co. have a splendid line of steamers on the lake, of which the Wendak, Nipissing and Kenora (the latter being a beauty) only just launched are the finest. Anglers and tourists will find the company's officers, from the popular manager down to the deck hands, gentlemanly, obliging and ever ready to do all in their power to make them comfortable and their trip enjoyable. By advising beforehand the manager or secretary of the company, steamers can be secured to land parties at any objective camping point. In conclusion I understand that I will not need to afford my brothers of the gentle art all the information in my power, and welcome any who may call on me.

A. P. CORSELL, M.D.  
GRAVENHURST, ONT., 1888.

## HUNTING AND SWIMMING.

THREE or four of us, young men but old hunters, were smoke from our smoking moccasins circled lightly and dreamily in the air, our conversation reverted to incidents which had occurred on some of our hunting trips. Andy had related how, when crossing Lake Temisconata, in Quebec, they came upon a squirrel swimming at about half a mile from shore. The little animal must have lost his bearings, and doubtless was fatigued by his efforts to stem the wind and reach the shore. One of the party held out his paddle to him he immediately came up and jumped into the canoe. After running about the canoe for awhile, and peering into all the nooks and corners among the cargo, he perched himself upon one of the boxes, where he sat most demurely until the shore was gained, when, with a whisk of his bushy tail, he was off to regain the shelter of his native wilds. No doubt his whistling and chattering were intended for a valuable offering of thanks to the party, but the party could not, as did Hiawatha, understand the squirrel language, yet they accepted his remarks as expressions of gratitude. I hope the little chap has met with no worse friends than those hunters proved to be, and that he still contributes to the welfare and advancement of the province by plucking the cork-producing acorn. I wonder what made the little animal so tame!

"The beast, as I vainly of the plain.  
My form with indifference seen."

That much of the verse applies to his case, with the exception that the hunters were roaming over the water, but the next lines have to be changed somewhat, thus:

"He was so unimpaired with man  
His tameness was pleasing to them."

This little yarn put me in mind of a frolic some of us had one day when camped at Timber Lake, Queens county, N. B. That part of the country is a splendid natural pasture, the grass growing luxuriously round the swampy borders of the lake, and the farmers turn their cattle into the marshes and let them remain there until the fall, when they collect them and drive them to their barns to fatten them for market. We saw some of these oxen swimming over the thoroughfare, which separates the meadows from the mainland, and they kept up a continual bellowing during the transit. The next day, when we went in swimming, it was a fine sight to see a party of them wading in the actions of the oxen, and forthwith there ascended such a loving and bellowing as put the cattle standing on the bank and eyeing us in wonder, to most unqualified shame. The sight of three or four young men, with their heads thrown back and eyes wide open in imitation of the frightened cattle, and splashing and bellowing like madmen, presented such a ludicrous picture, that it was with difficulty that I could keep my head, so exalted was I with laughing.

One tale led to another, and thus I recalled a circumstance which occurred some years ago. I had a Newfoundland dog, a mere pup, but of goodly size, and one day he followed me when I went down to the river to swim. He sat on the raft and watched me while I undressed, and when I plunged in he became very excited, running up and down the bank furiously, and barking every log of a number of years, and on being asked why he did not marry her he replied, "If I were to marry her, where would I spend my evenings?"

Another member of our social meeting then related a little incident called to mind by the last mentioned facts. He was out in his canoe one fine afternoon, and among other fairer passengers was a little pet black and tan answering to the name of Ginger. Paddling up a small stream they were in the boom when a person who had been cutting a floating log was pushed aside to allow passage for the canoe. Inside the boom, caught in the angle formed with the shore, floated a quantity of chaff—buckwheat hulls, etc.—and Ginger, mistaking this unstable surface for *terra firma*, boldly leaped out of the canoe and disappeared in the twainy flood. I do not know if the little animal could swim or not, but if he had, he had certainly been at the river before, and the frantic occupants of the canoe were very much alarmed about him. However, he quickly showed his head above water and began splashing vigorously, and was secured none the worse for his involuntary baptism.

These pleasant yarns led to more important and more serious conversation about swimming, and I come now to the chief object of this paper. That every man should acquire the art of swimming is an oft-repeated assertion, and the truth thereof is in no wise diminished by the reiteration. Much has been written on this subject, and yet there are at this day thousands traveling by water and exposed to death by drowning who, if they should be by any accident placed in water over their depth, would inevitably perish. My advice to all such is that they learn the art, and I am accordingly endeavoring to acquire this useful art. But I wish, more especially to speak to all young men who for pleasure go on hunting excursions by water, in canoes or boats. Apart from the pleasure and health-giving properties of swimming, we obtain, by acquiring that art, the satisfaction of having mastered a new science, a greater store of self-reliance and confidence when on the water, a more graceful physical deportment, such as is imparted by the art of dancing, and above all, the means of preserving our own lives when in danger and the ability to rescue our less fortunate fellow beings. He who can swim ventures with impunity in his fragile birch canoe upon waters where one ignorant of the art dare not trust himself. His impunity is, in a measure, his safety. Only those who can swim and are conversant with the art of handling a canoe, can be said to have acquired the art of swimming. By the art of dancing, imparted by a contest of skill against the tossing whitecaps produced by a good stiff breeze. The occasion often arises when the hunter has to paddle all day in a heavy wind. He cannot always lie by and wait for calm weather. Exposed, as he is, to many dangers, it becomes imperative that he should be able to swim. This fact is so self-evident that I need not dilate further upon it. As for how the novice is to learn to swim the best method to pursue is to practice in company with friends who have already acquired the art. After having learnt the simple methods of swimming the various feats given in books on this subject may be attempted.



Many sad incidents of death by drowning will occur to the mind of all who read the foregoing. I may relate the unhappy fate of two young men with whom I was acquainted. These unhappy victims to the inability to swim were out on a hunting excursion, and when crossing a small pond in their canoe they were upset, and both perished miserably. They both wore belts heavily laden with cartridges, and these probably kept them from coming to the surface when once immersed, and so destroyed all chance of grasping the canoe and making a struggle for life. The part of the country where this kind of occurrence is very lonely, and they might have hung to the canoe until exhausted, and no help could have reached them. The water was not over seven feet deep, and shooled rapidly. Now, a good swimmer could undoubtedly have saved himself, either by swimming into shallow water, encumbered with his belts, or he could have held his breath under water long enough to allow of his taking off his belts. The first thought of a good swimmer on finding himself thrown into the water is to secure a full breath before going under, and to hold his breath while under. But the man who cannot swim is flurried, and of course utterly at a loss to know what to do. He is helpless, suffocated, sacrificed. The good swimmer is, under ordinary circumstances, as safe on the water as he is on land. The person who cannot swim is, under the same conditions, in imminent and constant danger of death. In contrast to the sad event just mentioned, is the experience of a person of my acquaintance who is a good swimmer. He was returning from a hunting excursion, when by some mishap his bark canoe upset, and he and all his utensils were thrown into the river. He was not very far from shore, and after swimming to land with his canoe, he undressed, and returning to the spot, dived and recovered his gun and all the other articles of value, and reached home none the worse for his accident. A person who could not swim would not be in such a position, have been drowned. As before stated, I am aware that in advising all who go upon the water to learn to swim, I merely reiterate the advice of hundreds of writers, but I know personally many who cannot swim, and I am aware that there are hundreds of young men in every large city who are ignorant of that useful art. To all such I say, let not this summer pass and leave you in criminal inability to exercise powers which have in mercy and pity been given to mankind by a wise Providence. ERRATO.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

## SUMMER SPORTS IN CANADA.

AS now is the time when the summer sporting and camping trips are generally laid out, I give herewith a short list of what are, in my opinion, the best places to visit.

Beginning on Lake Ontario, we first come to the Thousand Islands, which are, however, so well known that little need be said. For old sportsmen the islands are of course too much frequented, but there is still plenty of good bass fishing, and many a pleasant day may be spent there.

Rice Lake and the region and lakes thereabout are next in order, and as in the former case are old camping out places, and generally known to the sporting world.

On Lake Erie, the sporting grounds of Long Point and Poudeau, are still able to give a first-class day's fishing and shooting, but the best points are all under lease, and well guarded from the outside world.

I omitted to mention while talking of the Lake Ontario region, that for parties wishing a pleasant camping place with moderately good fishing, and where the modern necessities of life are all handy, the mouth of the Niagara River offers the only camping grounds. Next in order comes the fishing and shooting grounds of the River and Lake St. Clair, called "the Plains." The River St. Clair, where it enters the lake of the same name, passes for some miles through a vast swamp of reeds or rice, which swamp is intersected by shallow channels in all directions. Owing to the wet nature of the ground in the vicinity it is not the best camping ground in the world, but if one can only get a foothold plenty of good fishing and duck shooting can be secured. Parts of the flats have been leased by clubs who have erected club houses at different points.

We now come to Lake Huron, the shore of which for the first one hundred and fifty miles is, like the other lakes, devoid of interest to the sportsman, except in a small way at the mouths of the rivers.

My idea of a camping ground is a place where one can get entirely away from civilization (if such a thing is possible) without having to travel too far and under great fatigue or hardship in doing so—a place where one can get good fishing and shooting, good clear water to bathe in, where the wild fruits of the season are to be found, and above all, a place picturesque enough in itself to leave in one's mind pleasant reminiscences of the sight as well as the sports enjoyed there.

With the exception of the first place mentioned above (the Thousand Islands), the region I have traveled over does not, to my knowledge, contain one spot combining all, or nearly all, the above advantages; shooting and fishing being abundant, but the character of the land, generally reedy and swampy, precludes the quieter pleasures of camping out.

One hundred and forty miles northward from where Lake Huron enters the St. Clair River, and about twenty miles above Southampton (or, as it was formerly and more properly called, Langton), the coast-line changes from that straight shore appearance with a few openings, which it has borne from the foot of Lake Ontario, and again assumes the character it wears at the Thousand Islands.

From Chiet's Point, some fifteen miles above Langton, the coast line to Cape Hurd, some sixty miles distant, is cut up with bays and coves in all directions, and the Fishing Islands run along it for some twenty miles. The shore is low, rocky and covered with reeds. There is plenty of bass, pike, and pickerel fishing in the bottoms of the bays, and capital trolling ground inside the islands for both sail and row boats. Also good duck, bear and deer shooting in the fall.

This region, however, lacks two of the main requisites for a complete camping ground, namely, picturesqueness and a supply of wild fruits. From Langton to Cape Hurd one can see the rugged, rocky mountains. At Cape Hurd, the entrance to the greatest and grandest of all fresh water bays—the Georgian Bay. This bay contains within itself all the requisites of a perfect camping ground that I have mentioned, and, as far as my experience goes, is the only place that does so.

The scenery as one enters the bay from Lake Huron by the Cape Hurd channel, is a fit introduction to strangers. The bay is of the Flower, Cove Island, Bear's Kump and the other islands of the group is really grand. Just around

the cape is Tober Moray, the finest natural harbor on the lakes; nearly a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad, each of access, deep water all over, with banks of rock to which a vessel can tie and ride as if at a dock.

The fishing in this neighborhood is good. Bass in large quantities and pike and pickerel in the bays and coves, and tip-top trolling for salmon trout on the shoals, as many as ten or twelve boats ranging from five to twenty pounders being sometimes taken in one afternoon.

However, we must fish still further to the famous "North Shore." Talk about "The Thousand Islands," why for a stretch of 200 miles from Collingwood to the Bruce mines at the entrance of the St. Mary's River, the islands on the coast are simply innumerable. A man once started to count them, but when he got to seven thousand had to give the contract up as hopeless. One can take a steamer at Millard City drawing ten feet of water and journey by a protected passage inside the islands for 100 miles or more and then only get a glimpse of the beauties of this region. The islands around here are all rock and very picturesque indeed. On almost every island one can turn around after partaking of the substantial of a meal and pick a cupful of wild raspberries, strawberries, huckleberries, currants, blackberries, and in the fall cranberries *ad lib.* without moving from your camping ground. You are within reach of the finest bass, pike and pickerel fishing to be had on the continent, and you can get the best of almost any other fish taken. However, these fish, like the salmon trout, generally prefer deep water in the hot weather. An occasional marsh at the bottom of some of the bays makes duck shooting prime. Bears are also to be met with, and plenty of deer on the mainland.

This region is very easy of access, the Northern from Toronto or Hamilton landing you at Henegawishcane, and the Midland from Toronto or Port Hope taking you to "Midland City," both places being at the southeastern end of the "north shore" chain of islands. Guides and boats can be procured at either place for moderate sums, say one man and a 25-foot sailboat for \$1.50 or \$2.00 per day, and in an hour or two you can be camped in a spot where you can live for a month without seeing anyone, except perhaps a solitary Indian in search of game.

I spent a month in the Muskoka region canoeing and portaging, and I cannot speak too highly of the trout fishing and deer shooting in the early spring and winter, but the difficulty and expense of reaching the good grounds makes it beyond the reach of ordinary camping parties, especially as in pleasant camping weather deer shooting is out of season, and the trout lie too low to be tempted with the fly.

I spent parts of one or two seasons on Lake Superior, but as that region is as yet far ahead of the present wants of the campers-out, I will not say anything more than that fishing and shooting of all kinds are good.

For the past ten years or so I have generally made one of a small party camping out or fishing for a month or two. We generally used sailboats, from twenty to thirty feet long to convey ourselves and stores, but as this necessitated pitching tents and a great deal of trouble loading and unloading the boats, we determined to get a boat large enough to hold us all comfortably and safely.

Last winter I purchased and had fitted out anew the class "A" schooner yacht Explorer. This large yacht is some 60 feet over all, 16 feet beam, and 6 feet depth of hold, has a forecabin for the crew and a large poop cabin with six bunks, and there is room for thirty more large bunks below decks. She carries foresail, mainsail, staysail, jib, jibtopsail, and main and foregigtopsails, and has a large royal yawl capable of carrying fourteen or fifteen people. She can be used for cruising up and down the coast, or cruising in the season, and as they are not wealthy men will, during the balance of the season, be open for charter to any party desiring her on any of the lakes (American or Canadian sides) at a charge of \$1 per diem each. She can call for parties at any port desired. E. LEWIS.

GOVERNOR, CANADA.

## Natural History.

### A NATURALIST IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

TO the ardent sportsman or more patient naturalist, Washington Territory presents the prospect of an equally unequalled in this country, perhaps in the world. Her magnificent rivers and grand old forests, her mountain peaks and beautiful valleys, are a source of wonder and admiration to whoever beholds them. It was my privilege to make one of a party to explore this wonderful region during the summer of '82, and the pleasure I derived from it forms one of the pleasantest recollections of my life, while the many rare birds and eggs which I obtained, and the curious habits noted of those of which little is known, has well repaid me for many hardships and privations.

About forty miles north of the Columbia River there empties into the Pacific a large body of water known as "Gray's Harbor." It is a fine bay, being about twenty miles long and fifteen broad, and with the numerous large rivers that empty into it, drains a wide section of country. It was through this section that I spent nearly a year collecting.

The channel of the harbor is broad and deep, and dividing several miles from its entrance, forms the north and south channels, the whole center, as well as the sides, being immense flats covered by the tides. These flats are the chosen resort of thousands of aquatic birds, and gulls, terns, pelicans, cormorants and hosts of smaller birds literally cover the sands, and when disturbed rise in a perfect cloud, their shrill cries being audible for miles. Here they have congregated from time immemorial to rear their young among the adjoining rocks and marshes, undisturbed by sportsman or collector.

One afternoon after a long walk over these flats in search of new specimens, but without success, I crossed the south channel in my *kumia* (Indian canoe) and landed on the main shore. Sitting down on an old log to rest I heard a peculiar whistle, and turning around, observed half a dozen birds, which had evidently been watching me, and I was soon recognized them as the somewhat rare black turnstone (*Sterna melanogaster*), not a single specimen of which I had as yet obtained. They did not seem to notice me, and I watched their graceful movements and the curious way they would scrutinize the pieces of kelp and shells that lined the beach, and then, if everything seemed satisfactory, turn them over. Woe to the unfortunate insect that had concealed itself there, for it was gobbled up in "the twink-

ling of an eye." While thus busily engaged, a large hawk came sailing past, and frightened them before I could secure my gun from the canoe. To say that I was disappointed would but feebly express my feelings, and as I watched them gradually fade from my sight, I determined to follow at all hazards, so I shoved the canoe in again, and after a hard paddle of about two miles, landed on the flat once more. Hundreds of birds were to be seen in every direction, but no turnstones, so I started down the edge of the water dragging my canoe after me. I soon discovered the objects of my search quietly feeding among a large flock of red-breasted snipe, but they had no notion of letting me get within shot, my repeated efforts to do so only causing them to fly greater distances.

The tide had now turned, and was fast creeping up over the flat, and having ceased to drag my canoe, it was now almost out of sight. At extreme high tides the water, I knew, would reach a depth of six or eight feet, and whenever I was to do must be done quickly, so I tried to catch a shot at long range, and had the satisfaction of seeing one bird left struggling on the sand. I hastened forward to secure my prize, but before I could reach it a large gull (*L. occidentalis*) suddenly swooped down and seizing the still struggling bird in its bill, flew off with it in triumph. I recovered sufficiently from astonishment to send a parting shot after it, but without effect.

The habits of this variety of *L. occidentalis* are somewhat peculiar. If undisturbed they will sit or circle around for hours near our camp, and the moment we would leave they would gather by the dozens, and amid a perfect chorus of screams, would carry off bread, crackers, and even large pieces of meat. Although I had specimens ready to be skinned, and others drying in the air, they never seemed to molest them, and I could not account for it at that time. I have since lost many a valuable specimen in this way. I have also seen these birds pursuing the smaller species of *Limicola*, and especially the surf-bird (*Aphriza virgata*), with the persistence of the pigeon hawk, never for a moment slackening their speed, until the frightened bird fell an easy prey to their capacity, and was carried off in their bill.

I now bent a hasty retreat, and received a thorough wetting before I could secure my canoe, which was now anchored several hundred feet from the shore, and returned to camp without having secured one new specimen.

In conversation with the Indians of this section (Chinooks) they have told me of some very large birds that at long intervals of time visited the harbor. From the closest questioning I concluded that they could be no less than the great wandering albatross (*D. exulans*), the occurrence of which on our coast has been considered as doubtful. I always kept the closest watch for these birds, and one day in September, while pursuing a motley southern storm, I observed, among a large company of Bonaparte's gulls—four birds that quickly attracted my attention; their peculiar manner of flight immediately proclaimed them as albatrosses, and from their great expanse of wing they could be nothing less than *D. exulans*. Hastily seizing my gun and shell belt, I rushed to the beach and was quickly paddling my light canoe in their direction. They were fully a mile from me, and notwithstanding my utmost efforts to get within shot, they would not deign to turn their heads toward me, while I returned disconsolate, not being fully satisfied as to their identity.

Some weeks after this, while walking on the ocean beach, I discovered a large bird partially buried in the sand. It was very much decomposed, and I had some difficulty in getting it stretched out on the beach. There could be no question in regard to its identity, it was a *D. exulans* of the variety which I had been hunting for so long. Whether it had met its death on or near our coast, or drifted from some southern sea, I could only conjecture. It was too far gone for a specimen, so I contented myself with securing the skull, which is now in my possession. These are the only instances of its coming under my observation, but I am now satisfied that it does occasionally visit our coasts.

It is interesting birds of this section are one of its most interesting features. You see them everywhere—in the open glades of the forest, or its darker recesses, out on the bare sands of the ocean beach, and even far out to sea, the whirr of their wings is heard, or their tiny forms are seen for an instant as they dart away. The rufous-backed (*Stelophorus rufus*), and the caliope (*Stellula caliope*), are the most abundant, although we occasionally secured specimens of several other varieties, and numerous nests and eggs. The nest of the rufous-backed species is a tiny affair, constructed from all that have ever come under my observation in being made entirely of bright green moss. It is almost invariably placed at the extreme end of some low branching tree or sapling, and so perfectly does it correspond with the leaves, that it is almost impossible to discover it. These little birds have all the pugnacity of our Eastern representative of the group, and attack birds of ten times their size, driving them away by the violent violence of their bills.

I will close this article by a short account of the habits of the brown pelican (*Pelecanus fusces*), which was a source of much amusement to us. They frequented the harbor in great numbers. Every morning we would see them in companies of from twenty-five to one hundred coming in from the ocean, and at dusk as regularly returning again. One company of about twenty invariably alighted on a point of sand about a mile distant from our camp, where their singular food habits were observed. They arrived there with alacrity, concealing themselves one morning before their arrival in a convenient thicket, we watched them without being ourselves seen. They were all young birds with a single exception, and he was a white-headed old chap who evidently prided himself not a little on his looks. They arranged themselves in a row with the regularity of soldiers, and then the old fellow walked up and down in front of them, and heeding them, and to spare himself to their heads. They all marched into the water and swam off to commence their regular avocations of fishing. Here again it was laughable to watch them. They would sail along a few feet above the water, each bird being attended by about a dozen white-headed gulls (*L. belcheri*). The moment the fish was seen, down would go the ponderous head, and the bird, with wings half closed, would strike the water with a splash that could be heard for a long distance. This was the opportunity for which the gulls had been waiting, and the moment the poor bird came to the surface, they surrounded him like a swarm of bees, alighting on his back, flapping their wings in his face and otherwise so troubling him that he was frequently unable to elevate his head, without doing which a pelican cannot swallow, and in self-defense would drop the fish, which was immediately carried off by his persecutors.

KALKREUTH.

## WHEN THE BIRDS RETURN.

## Editor Forest and Stream:

It may interest some of the many readers of your natural history columns to know just when our friends, the birds, return to their nesting haunts, or pause with us on their way further northward. The following list has been taken with care, and is reliable for this locality. In most cases one bird only would be noticed the first day, the following one the variety would be common.

Robin— <i>M. rubra migratoria</i> .....	March 3
Purple Grackle— <i>Quiscalus purpureus</i> .....	" 10
Phebe Bird— <i>Sayornis phoebe</i> .....	" 10
Red-winged Blackbird— <i>Agelaius phoeniceus</i> .....	" 10
Woodcock— <i>Philobolus minor</i> .....	" 11
Fox Sparrow— <i>Passerculus iliensis</i> .....	" 11
Cowbird— <i>Molothrus ater</i> .....	" 11
Wilson's Snipe— <i>Centrocercus urophasianus</i> .....	April 2
Night Heron— <i>Nycticorax nycticorax</i> .....	" 2
Blue Heron— <i>Ardea herodias</i> .....	" 6
Yellow-shafted Flicker— <i>Colaptes auratus</i> .....	" 6
Mourning Dove— <i>Zenaidura macroura</i> .....	" 6
Yellow-rump Warbler— <i>Dendroica coronata</i> .....	" 8
Chipping Sparrow— <i>Spizella monticola</i> .....	" 9
Red-eyed Vireo— <i>Vireo gilvus</i> .....	" 9
Field Sparrow— <i>Spizella monticola</i> .....	" 10
White-bellied Swallow— <i>Icterus sp.</i> .....	" 11
Grass Finch— <i>Parus gramineus</i> .....	" 13
Savannah Sparrow— <i>Passerculus sandwichensis</i> .....	" 14
Horned Thrush— <i>Hylocichla ustulata</i> .....	" 14
Redpoll Warbler— <i>Dendroica palmarum</i> .....	" 15
Chipping Sparrow— <i>Spizella monticola</i> .....	" 15
Black and White Creeper— <i>Mniotilta varia</i> .....	" 20
Brown Thrasher— <i>Thryothorus rufus</i> .....	" 21
Swamp Sparrow— <i>Melospiza palustris</i> .....	" 21
Pine-creeping Warbler— <i>Dendroica pinus</i> .....	" 21
House Wren— <i>Troglodytes aedon</i> .....	" 25
Black-throated Green Warbler— <i>Dendroica cerulea</i> .....	" 25
Blue-headed Vireo— <i>Lanius solitarius</i> .....	" 25
Spotted Sandpiper— <i>Actitis macularia</i> .....	" 28
Barn Swallow— <i>Hirundo erythrogastra</i> .....	" 28
Chimney Swift— <i>Chlorophaga alpestris</i> .....	" 28
Kingbird— <i>Tyrannus carolinensis</i> .....	May 1
Wood Thrush— <i>Hylocichla ustulata</i> .....	" 1
Golden-crowned Thrush— <i>Sialia arctica</i> .....	" 2
Warbling Vireo— <i>Vireo gilvus</i> .....	" 4
Yellow-breasted Chat— <i>Icteria virens</i> .....	" 7
Yellow-bellied Sapsucker— <i>Prinos carolinensis</i> .....	" 7
Baltimore Oriole— <i>Icterus galbula</i> .....	" 7
Catbird— <i>Tab. socius carolinensis</i> .....	" 7
Indigo Bird— <i>Passerina cyanea</i> .....	" 7
Orchard Oriole— <i>Icterus sp.</i> .....	" 8
Chestnut-sided Warbler— <i>Dendroica pensilvanica</i> .....	" 8
Yellow-throated Vireo— <i>Lanius fluviatilis</i> .....	" 8
Whippoorwill— <i>Caprimulgus vociferus</i> .....	" 8
Black-throated Blue Warbler— <i>Dendroica cerulea</i> .....	" 8
Summer Warbler— <i>Dendroica aestiva</i> .....	" 9
Nashville Warbler— <i>Helminthophaga ruficapilla</i> .....	" 9
Maryland Yellowthroat— <i>Geothlypis trichas</i> .....	" 9
American Redstart— <i>Setophaga ruticilla</i> .....	" 9
White-eyed Vireo— <i>Vireo hodgei</i> .....	" 9
Rose-breasted Grosbeak— <i>Zamelodia ludoviciana</i> .....	" 9
Wilson's Thrush— <i>Hylocichla fuscescens</i> .....	" 9
Least Flycatcher— <i>Empidonax minimus</i> .....	" 9
Solitary Sandpiper— <i>Rhyacophilus solitarius</i> .....	" 9
Blackburnian Warbler— <i>Dendroica blackburnii</i> .....	" 9
Canadian Flycatcher— <i>Myiobites canadensis</i> .....	" 10
Bobolink— <i>Dolichopus caeruleus</i> .....	" 10
Green Heron— <i>Butorides virescens</i> .....	" 10
Blackpoll Warbler— <i>Dendroica striata</i> .....	" 11
Black and Yellow Warbler— <i>Dendroica aestiva</i> .....	" 12
Ruby-throated Hummingbird— <i>Trochilus colubris</i> .....	" 12
Black-billed Cuckoo— <i>Coccyzus erythrophthalmus</i> .....	" 12
Blue-winged Yellow Warbler— <i>Helminthophaga phaea</i> .....	" 13
Scarlet Tanager— <i>Tyrannus carolinensis</i> .....	" 14
Black-capped Yellow Warbler— <i>Myiobites pusillus</i> .....	" 17
Red-eyed Vireo— <i>Vireo gilvus</i> .....	" 20
Yellow-winged Sparrow— <i>Coronatus passerinus</i> .....	" 21
Worm-eating Warbler— <i>Helminthophaga cermatophaga</i> .....	" 23
Mourning Warbler— <i>Geothlypis philadelphia</i> .....	" 27

arrived. The bluebird remains all winter. The kingfisher leaves when the streams freeze and returns with open water.

OLD TRUCKEY.

LONG HILL, N. J., May 24, 1893.

Crows, Robins and Bluebirds.....	Febr'y 16
Song Sparrows.....	" 16
Purple Grackle.....	March 13
Meadow Lark.....	" 25
Carolina Dove.....	" 25
Killdeer.....	April 3
Chipping Sparrow.....	" 4
Red-winged Blackbird.....	" 5
Red-headed Woodpecker, Golden-winged Woodpecker.....	" 7
Yellow-bellied Woodpecker, Downy Woodpecker and Cowbird.....	" 8
Coot, Bittern, Carolina Rail.....	" 9
Green Finch.....	" 9
Kingfisher, Virginia Rail and Snipe.....	" 11
Loggerhead Shrike.....	" 12
Towhee Bunting.....	" 17
Brown Thrush.....	" 18
Barn Swallow, Sparrow Hawk.....	" 20
Wood Thrush, House Wren.....	" 24
Loon, Nighthawk.....	" 26
Yellow Warbler, Wood Pewee, White-bellied Swallow, Bank Swallow.....	" 30
Cliff Swallow, Chimney Swift, Spotted Sandpiper.....	May 1
Warbling Vireo, Kingbird.....	" 2
White-crowned Sparrow, Baltimore Oriole, White-throated Sparrow, Yellow-rumped Warbler and Catbird.....	" 3
Purple Martin, Blue Jay.....	" 4
Redstart, Maryland Yellowthroat, Cerulean Warbler, Orchard Oriole.....	" 5
Great Blue Heron, Green Heron.....	" 6

Golden-crowned Thrush, Scarlet Tanager.....	" 9
Bay-breasted Warbler, Chestnut-sided Warbler and Indigo Bird.....	" 10
Great-crested Flycatcher, Black and Yellow Warbler.....	" 11
Bobolink.....	" 12
Rose-breasted Grosbeak, Cape May Warbler, Blue Yellow-backed Warbler, Blackpoll Warbler, Black-throated Blue Warbler and Black-throated Green Warbler.....	" 15
Blackburnian Warbler, Wilson's Thrush, Blue-gray Gnatcatcher, Hooded Warbler, Canada Flycatcher, Mourning Warbler, Black and White Creeping Warbler, Blue-winged Yellow Warbler.....	" 17
Yellow-breasted Chat, Whippoorwill.....	" 18
Red-eyed Vireo, Yellow-throated Vireo and Acadian Flycatcher.....	" 19
Pewee, Solitary Vireo.....	" 20
Black-billed Cuckoo.....	" 26

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

S. R. I.

## WINTER AND SPRING NOTES, 1892-93.

DEC. 9, 1892.—Took a rusty grackle in good plumage. It was found in a thick, bushy swamp; a spring and fall migrant.

Dec. 12.—Saw a robin feeding on some poke weed berries growing along the edge of a piece of woods. Has been seen several times since in the same vicinity.

Dec. 13.—Saw eight or ten yellow rump warblers among the cedars. They became quite numerous in a few days in the open woods and cedar thickets, until about Jan. 5, 1893, when they disappeared. Saw two song sparrows in a swampy thicket. This is a summer resident.

Dec. 20.—Saw a small flock of meadow larks in the field. The ground is covered with snow.

Jan. 1, 1893.—Pine grosbeaks here. Saw twelve or fifteen among the cedar and spruce trees, all in the gray plumage. A few are seen nearly every winter here. During the winter of 1871-72, I saw a large number of them.

Jan. 12.—Saw three bluebirds among the cedars.

Jan. 14.—Saw a golden-winged woodpecker.

Jan. 15.—A belted kingfisher shot at Mill Hollow, Pamech River, Middletown, across the Connecticut River. A summer resident.

Jan. 20.—Pine finch; shot one from among a flock of goldfinches and lesser redpoll finches; the first and only one taken here.

Feb. 5.—Saw a herring gull flying up the Connecticut River. A few usually seen about the river in fall and spring.

Feb. 9.—Saw an immense flock of lesser redpoll finches, numbering thousands; also a very large flock of Arctic snow buntings on the meadows.

Feb. 20.—A long-eared owl shot. Several barred owls have been taken in this vicinity during the winter.

March 2.—Took great Carolina wren, of which you have published an account in the FOREST AND STREAM. Saw a flock of robins and two fox sparrows. New arrivals.

March 4.—A great horned owl's nest found at Gilead, Conn., containing two fresh eggs.

March 13.—Saw crows blackbirds and redwing blackbirds. New arrivals.

March 15.—Several rusty grackles in the swamps.

March 26.—Saw three pewees.

April 1.—Large numbers of fox sparrows in the woods and swamps; more numerous than I have ever seen them before. Purple finches and cedar birds, which are usually quite numerous here during March, have not yet put in an appearance. Several flocks of wild ducks about the river. A pair of hooded mergansers, male and female, shot.

March 18.

PORTLAND, CONNECTICUT.

[The field notes given above were received long since, but have been mislaid, and only recently came to light. We regret the delay in their publication.]

CHARLES H. NEFF.

## THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

## Editor Forest and Stream:

It is with much satisfaction that we have noted the progress of the war made for the extermination of that great nuisance, the English sparrow. This bird has made his name for himself so extremely obnoxious wherever he has been introduced, that it has become positively evident that he must be got rid of, and that very soon, or he will in time drive every one of our small insectivorous native birds from our cities, villages, and thickly settled agricultural sections. And what have we in the place of our native birds? The meanest little "devil" of the feathered species that was ever created. For the English sparrow is not an insect eater, that we can discover, neither has he a song note or beautiful plumage. But he is ever ready to devour the grain of the farmer, feed upon crumbs about homes, and feast upon the offal around barns and in streets. Hence his readiness to make his home wherever there is the most of this kind of food to be had. After having satisfied his gluttonous appetite he will gather by the thousands upon house-tops, telegraph wires, fences and in idle yards valuable time that our native birds industriously devote to the work of insect hunting. He is a pugnacious little animal, ready for the combat at any moment, not only with other species of birds, but among his own family. There seems to be no good in him, and we cannot see why ornithologists, or any one else, could have the heart to defend this bird in any way. We are glad to see those who have made bird science a study taking sides against this miserable pest, and hope the legislatures of the different States will soon follow the lead and take measures to have the English sparrow exterminated from the whole country.

Here in Titusville, five years ago, the shade trees and shrubbery along the streets and about grounds, were the homes of the native wildwood songsters, and the air was filled with melodious music and even with their sweet voiced notes. Some of these summer visitors were the beautiful plumaged birds from the sunny South, who strayed North, it seemed, to make us glad with their presence; now they are all gone. Seldom one appears since the advent of the sparrow, except a few robins, a family of which is raising a young brood in the branches of a tree a few feet from our window. We do not know of the nest of another native bird in the immediate vicinity.

Hummingbirds used to be plentiful here a few years ago, and they, too, have taken flight and left the English "pirate" to have full possession.

What has been the experience here with this bird, seems to hold good over the country wherever his habits have been

noted. Hence, where there is so much evidence against, and none for, the culprit, there is certain reason for taking vigorous action in the matter. E. C. BELL.

TITUSVILLE, PA., May 23, 1893.

HANGED BY THE NECK.—Onondaga Hill, May 22, 1893.

On the 17th day of June, 1890, directly after dinner, I went out onto the front stoop of our house, and laid down on my back, looking up into the trees and sky, quietly thinking and listening to the birds above me. Suddenly I discovered a cedar bird suspended by the neck to a twig of a slight limb, and the bird twitching in the agonies of death.

Hastily climbing the tree I cut off the limb which suspended the bird and discovered that a string, or rather a fine cotton thread, had been passed through the neck and skin of the bird and twisted about it several times, and also several times around the twig. I think that the bird was hung by a pair of robins who I have seen close by. These are my reasons.

During the forenoon and a short time before dinner I noticed a pair of robins chasing a cedar bird that had one feather missing from his tail, and when I came to examine this bird I saw that there was one feather missing from his tail also. Another reason was that there were two robins chirping and making a great ado close by. I suppose it must have been over the hanging of their tormentor. Knowing the habits and nature of robins very well, I have come to believe that these two robins were the executioners.

Snipe have not been very plenty here this spring. I have heard of a couple of good bags being made, one of thirty-five snipe, another one of ten only. I saw some of them; four of them called a robin in size each. At a place on Seneca River called Mud Lock, over forty ducks and one wild goose were shot in one day. The place is but about eight miles northwest of Syracuse, N. Y. The blue jays have come back to us once more. Out of a flock of twenty-five or thirty I captured twelve and had four sent to me to mount; also nine scarlet tanagers and a few rose-breasted grosbeaks.—GREEN WING.

WOOD DUCKS IN THE BARNYARD.—Saratoga, N. Y., June 2.—In conversation this morning with Mr. D. A. Bullard, one of Schuylerville's solid citizens, the following unusual circumstance was elicited which may be of interest to your readers. A few weeks since some boys passing through one of Mr. Bullard's orchards observed a wood duck fly from a tree.

A duck in the apple tree was then unheard of, and they reported the fact to Mr. B.'s farm manager, who made an investigation and found in the decayed trunk, eight or ten feet from the ground, a nest containing eleven eggs. These were removed and placed under a hen, which in due time came proudly from the nest with eleven brownish-black ducklings. The little aborigines are exceedingly lively and shy, darting to places of concealment with the rapidity of, and on the approach of, a living thing. They regard the voice of the hen as that of a legitimate parent, and she in turn displays the usual solicitude when they bathe in the vessel placed for their convenience near the coop where the foster mother is confined. It is the intention of the gentleman mentioned to make an intelligent attempt to rear and domesticate them, with a view to matrimonial alliances with their civilized relatives.—S.

A HERON CHOKED TO DEATH.—A large blue heron was found dead a few weeks since, and upon post mortem examination it was found that his love for fishing and his "credulity" had caused his untimely demise. He had probably read some of the recent articles in FOREST AND STREAM relative to the expansive capabilities of the throats of snakes, cranes, etc., and thought all things possible. It seems that the heron had tackled a shad fully twelve inches in length, and had succeeded in swallowing about half of the fish, head foremost, when it refused to be "put down," and becoming wedged fast in the throat of the bird, caused its death. The fins prevented the disgorging of the delicate morsel. So, there he lay, a victim of scientific research and misplaced confidence. Fact! Moral—Be very careful what you write in FOREST AND STREAM, as all sportsmen and "fishermen" read it, and being "naturally credulous," may injure themselves by experiments.—A. F. R. (Belvidere, N. C., May 29).

A BEAR'S WINTER SLEEP.—Mr. James Hopper, of Edwardsburg, is the happy possessor of a year-old bear, for which he has snug quarters prepared in the shed. On the 6th of last December, his bear, no doubt feeling drowsy from his quarters, and much to the surprise of his owner, refused to be coaxed out again, even savory dishes, placed at the door of his box, had not the slightest effect upon him. Weeks passed into months, and still bruin remained in a state of lethargy, until people began to look forward to the 17th of March, when all well-regulated bears are supposed to come forth and look for food.

Bruin, for the old story, he came not forth, and it was not until the 28th of the month that he condescended to poke his brown nose out and partake of a little milk, and not until the 9th of April that he may be said to have partaken of a square meal. His long fast does not seem to have disagreed with him, as he looks just as well as ever.—Prescott (Ont.) Messenger.

THE PINE GROSBEEK'S SUMMER HOME.—I found pine grosbeaks at Second Connecticut Lake, May 24, in pairs. The song of one male I distinguished from a medley of songsters at least 300 yards away. He was perched upon a dry tree on the Caribou Bog at head of lake.—N. U.

## Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

DIAMOND PONDS, ten miles east of this village, are yielding some fine catch of trout, as usual with all tributaries of the Androscoggin. A camp will soon be completed there for the accommodation of sportsmen, under the auspices of Martin Noye, a new hand but a royal fellow. Last week, while in temporary quarters across the lake, he was aroused by a call from the terminus of the road, as our half awake would imagine. His loud "hello" in reply aroused one of the guests inside, who quickly recognized the voice of Bibb and exclaimed, "Come in, Mart, and let him go around here he can't swim."

A few deer had been seen on shore at the lower end of the pond. Mart, anxious to show the attractions of the locality to one of his guests, discovered, as he fondly imagined, the form of a deer partly visible through the brush, and while trying to draw attention to it the fog lifted, and it alighted in the top of a convenient tree, as big as a person's do.

COLLEENBROOK, N. H.

NED NORTON.

## Game Bag and Gun.

**GAME RESULTS.**—We are always glad to receive for publication a record of a deer or game season, and will be of correspondents favor us with such advice.

### CONCERNING BEARS.

**B**ILL asked me for a ride the other evening, and got into my cutter. It was a wild night, and the road was long, and as we drove slowly through the drifting snow, Bill lighted a cigar and congratulated himself on the fact that the wind was in our backs.

Under the influence of the weed he became communicative, and it is always a pleasure to me to find him in this mood, when I have time to listen, for he is a man of wide experience in the way, and is no ordinary character.

Bill does not call himself a hunter, but there are few beasts of the forest which he has not seen and slain. He knows the country, much of it intimately, from Denver, Colorado, to the outlet of the Great Slave Lake; has wintered on Lake Nipissing (in old muzzle-loading days), and starred in the Grand Brulee. The dog-rib Indians nearly took his scalp, but he gave them cause to remember his rifle and his gun, and no one carries a scar or two to remind him of their polite attentions.

"Bill," said I, "you've killed bears?" Of course, I knew he had, but I wished to draw him out.

"Yes," said Bill, "I have."

"How many?"

"I killed seventeen one fall."

"How many altogether?"

"About forty."

"Did you ever know a bear to kill and eat a man?"

"No, I never did."

"Ever have any trouble killing 'em?"

"No. I never had what you might call a fight with one. The worst racket I ever had was with a wild stag. He shook me up so I thought I'd never get over it."

"How was that?"

"Why, it was a rousin' big buck, Jim W.—'s got the horns now. You see, he was follerin' a doe. I shot the doe, and him with the other, and thought he was all right, but when I stepped over a log to look for him in the brush, he lit on me so quick I couldn't use my gun. He knocked it out of my hand, and then my knife, some way, and I grabbed his horns. I thought he'd never stop yankin' me round."

"How did you get clear of him?"

"I gave his horns a twist and dislocated his neck."

"That was a lucky twist."

"Yes. I had another time with a buck up on the 'Six Mile' a good deal like that, but I managed to get out a Smith & Wesson revolver I carried then, and shot him."

"Did you ever know a bear to chase a man?"

"Yes, I did—once—your own neighbors, Bill D. Me and my wife, and four or five others, was down to his house that night, and he heard a scuffle in a brush fence about twenty rods off, and thought it was a brace-steer Johnson had and went to drive it away, and he got right up to it before he saw what it was. The bear chased him clean up to the house, and he was white as a sheet when he came in."

"Do you believe a she bear, when she has cubs, will tackle a man?"

"No, I don't; not if he stands and faces her. I can give you an instance with a witness, Henry D. He was the man that come to the tree first when he heard me whistlin'."

I'd been putting up a little warehouse for a man in Kilmont and was going home just at night, with my ax and a basket of tools. When I got to the bridge I saw two porcupines, as I supposed, and started for 'em. They ran up a tree and then I saw what they were, especially as they began to squeal. Then I heard the old bear coming through the brush and had a mind to run, but I thought I might as well make a good fight as a bad retreat, and I dropped my basket and clinched my ax.

The old bear came charging up within ten or twelve feet of me and capered and snorted round, and growled and snarled fearful. Then I began whistling, and after a while Henry heard me and came where I could talk to him, and I told him what was up, and that if he'd stay there and keep the cubs up the tree, I'd go and get my gun.

He said he wouldn't stay there for a hundred dollars, and about that time my wife—my farm, joined Henry's—heard the whistling and the racket and let loose a big Spanish bound I had. Henry set on his bulldog before, but the bear took after him and back he went to the house.

"My hand came up full chisel, and meant business, and it wasn't long till he drove the bear up a tree."

"Well, the short of it was that I stayed by my tree till I got my gun, shot the cubs, and then went and got the old bear."

I spoke of an instance within my own knowledge where two men, seeing a bear near a small wood, went up to it and killed it with axes, and found that it was very old and perfectly blind.

"The fattest bear I ever killed," said Bill, "was blind as a bat. Jim Wilson had a field o' corn that they was workin' in, and one mornin' I went over to watch for 'em. I stayed to the house and talked with the old man till it got to be so late that I told him if I stayed much longer the neighbors 'd think I was after sparkin' some of his daughters, and I put out for the field. There was a stand part way down, where I watched before, and though it was dark I knew what row of corn to follow to take me right to it. Before I had got half way across the field I saw in the dim light something like a log right in the row, and I stopped. I know'd that there was no log there when I seen the place before, but there it was, and it lay perfectly still. Then I moved up a little nearer. I had one of those old English muskets, with two or three balls in it, and I took aim in the darkness and onbitted. The thing hardly stirred. I see I'd killed something, and went back to the house for a lantern. It was an old gray bear and blind as could be, and he'd been livin' on corn, I suppose, all summer, and died with the cob he was eatin' in his mouth. He was fat."

"You hadn't much trouble with him."

"No, not much. I never had what you might really call 'trouble' with 'em. I once thought I was in for it, though, and no mistake."

"Yes in Lower Canada. I'd been following a track in the early snow, and it seemed as if they—there was two of 'em, an old man and a cub—didn't know when they was goin'." I believe they did though, all the same. They

trailed me round—or I did them—hither and yon through a big swamp of several hundred acres. At last they took a beaten track toward night, and I followed 'till I came to a ledge with a hole near the bottom. It wasn't very large, and went down into the ground, or rock, and after looking the place over, I took a piece of a large dry poplar tree, and dropped it in for a plug. I thought I heard a growling, but I went on and built a fire about twelve feet from the hole. Then I took out the plug, lay down the other side the fire, where I could see the hole, and waited.

"It got dark, and I began to feel sleepy. At last I saw the head of a small bear pop up. He just took one look and settled back. Pretty soon he looked out again, and the third or fourth time he climbed out. I drew a bead on him, and knocked him over. Then I waited. In about two hours I see another head. That was a yearling, and when he finally came out, I shot him. Then I waited, and it got pretty well toward morning when I heard a grunting. I guess I must have been asked for the bear was half way out of the hole before I saw her. I jerked up my gun and let loose, and back she tumbled into the hole. Then I thought I had 'em all, and I tried to get the old one out, but couldn't do it. Then I got a torch and slid down into the hole. It branched off level, and I walked on through a sort o' cave, about eight or ten feet high, till I came near the end.

"I'd set my torch down against the side of the cave, and was lookin' round when I heard a growl, and up, on a sort of shelf to one side, I see the head of an old rouser. I up gun and fired, the torch went out, and I dropped gun, axe and all, and scrambled out of that hole, as quick's I could, I tell ye. I thought I was called for. I plugged up the hole again and started for home. I looked up a chum o' mine and we went back, and after listening awhile, went into the hole. I'd blown that bear's head half off. We got 'em out and managed to get 'em home after a while. There was lots o' people went to see the place that fall, and the next year but one there was two more bears killed in the same hole."

MICHIGAN.

### HUNTING RIFLE SIGHTS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I was much interested in a communication from "Occident" which appeared in the *FOREST AND STREAM* last week. It seems to prefer the old-fashioned open sights for hunting purposes. I agree with him to a certain extent as regards using a muzzle sight only—the same as a shotgun. I have made some very good shots with a rifle using a muzzle sight only. The old-fashioned notch and bead I have discarded entirely, and I think that "Occident" would do the same if his experience were like mine. Last year I commenced using a Lyman rear sight; the more I use it the better I like it, and I think that if "Occident" will try one of them in connection with almost any front sight (I prefer the Beach) he will soon change his opinion about the best kind of rifle sights for hunting purposes, and especially for shooting moving objects.

But when aiming with a Lyman sight be sure and keep both eyes open. Don't go to "peeping and squinting" with one eye shut and the other nearly so. Don't try to use the large aperture for a peep sight, for it is not intended to be used for any such purpose; but keep both eyes open, throw up your rifle, and you will find that the eyes strike the line of sight easily and naturally. You don't have to hunt around for your front sight, then find the notch in your hind sight, and then probably take your eyes off the gun before you can see the game; but everything necessary to good, quick shooting is naturally presented, and the eye at once takes in the whole field.

I now have two of the Lyman sights in use, and I prefer them by far to any sight that I ever used or saw. I most heartily commend them, and I have had sport sufficient to satisfy me. (One of them closed) we certainly have no need of gun sights, and if we produce an aberration of vision that interferes with the organic functions of the eye by peeping and squinting, we naturally have no eyes to see straight."

IRON RAMBRO.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

### BAY BIRD SHOOTING ON THE CHESAPEAKE.

I HAVE been putting my breech-loaders, and notably my Greener trap gun No. 10, to a severe test during the last few weeks, for I never in my life saw so many birds, especially early in the season. I have had sport sufficient to satisfy me. (One of them closed) we certainly have no need of gun sights, and if we produce an aberration of vision that interferes with the organic functions of the eye by peeping and squinting, we naturally have no eyes to see straight."

May 16, 1893.—Stopped at the Hygeia Hotel, Old Point.

May 17.—Started for the Chesapeake shore on the steamer Northampton. The wind was blowing high, the bay was rough, and the passengers as a general thing yielded up their breakfast. Reached Cherrystone, a pretentious village of many streets and avenues, but no houses; hired a darkey, a mule, and an antiquated spring wagon to carry me to Ketchum's. The animal was in the last stages of goneness, and I believed if the mule could cheat the buzzards I would make the trip sure. Reached Ketchum's in about five hours—a little grocery and a one-horse oyster and clam steamery built on piles in the bay. Captain Ketchum is a retired merchantman sailor, gun in manner, but accommodating and kind. George Hutchings carried me over to Smith Island.

May 18.—Set the decoys on the mainland shore. Much to my surprise the robin snipe have not made their appearance, but the curlew and calico-bird snipe are in abundance and stool well. Result, forty-one birds.

May 19.—Went with ox cart four miles up beach of Smith Island to Mud Hole, where Ed. Cobb, of Cobb's Island, killed two hundred birds in one day last week, but then Cobb is a put-hunter, and shoots for the New York market, and he has the thing down fine, his decoys are life-like and numerous, his patience untiring and he can whistle every bird to him for a mile around. Did not have Cobb's luck by a long sight, the spoils only amounted to thirty-two birds. No sign of the robin snipe. It is terribly hot, face and hands scarlet and burning.

May 19.—Woke up this morning and upon going to the looking-glass started back with feeling akin to the unfortunate who gazed at the prophet of Koban's countenance unveiled—skin coming off in flakes off face—nose, already large, now of double size, cheeks puffed out, eyes bloodshot, hands out and sore shoulder, bruised and black from kicking of the gun. Some would not call this fun, yet as the Cockney would say, "Wat's the bodds, long as your 'e appy." A stiff wind blowing and the birds flashing by on the

pinions of the wind. Shot until evening and the score was seventy-one birds, all killed singly and on the wing. Still no sign of the robin snipe, which have invariably hitherto stopped here on their migrations about the first of May. The old inhabitants say their absence is something unusual.

May 20.—Sunday, a day of grateful rest and ease. It has been the custom from time immemorial, both in verse, song and story, for the enamored swain to express his desire to fly to a desert isle with his fair one and live in the light of her smile evermore. It is a beautiful sentiment, but I would recommend the love-sick youth and the bashful maiden to stay for a week at some lighthouse, where the moaning of the surf sounds a requiem in one's ears.

May 21.—Again at the blinds; birds more plentiful than ever. Only stayed a couple of hours. Spoils, twenty-one. No sign still of the robin snipe.

May 22.—It is a wonder to me that some of the votaries of the rod and gun do not erect a club house on some of the uninhabited islands scattered around here, where the gunning is fine, the fish plentiful, and where one is free from mosquitoes. I know of one gem of an island in this vicinity.

May 24.—At the blinds at sunrise, and the like of the curlew I never saw before. They came from every point of the compass and in flocks. Such an exciting time don't come often. I had shot both barrels into a whirling, quivering mass, and when in a frenzy of haste tried to unlock the barrels I found they would not open. I separated the barrel from the stock and with a rod tried to force out the shell, which was a brass No. 10 with Berdan primer. In vain—the shell was stuck fast. I rammed and rammed until the rod shivered, and one half stuck in the barrel. And there I was with an empty gun, and the curlew, calico-bucks, black breast and yellow-legs, fresh from their slumbers and careless, and lighting and hovering over the decoys to hunt down, have been in many situations of trying nature in my life, but never one more aggravating and more trying. There I sat—I could not do anything else—the nearest house was two miles distant, and by the time I could walk there and get a ramrod the birds would be scattered to their feeding grounds. I became silent at last, for words were inadequate.

Break, break, break.

On thy cold gray stones, oh sea:

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

May 25.—The tide not being exactly right, did not go hunting. The greatest case on the island is George Hutchings, he has a most excellent fancy. The islanders say that when George wants oysters he goes to a bed and tells some of his colossus lies, and as he proceeds the oysters' mouths open wide in astonishment and then George helps himself with a fork—and old Joe Millerism—but it shows how rustic tradition hand it down.

May 26.—Last shooting day. Killed twenty-six calico backs in about two hours.

May 27.—Walking along the beach this evening found the robin snipe had arrived—they come all at once—to-morrow they will be in millions, and I have to go home to-morrow. Just my luck.

OFF THE VIRGINIA CAPES, May 28.

### FLORIDIAN EXPERIENCE.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

"I hate the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry all is barren!" So wrote Sterne a hundred years ago, and the race of grumblers is not yet extinct. We meet them in cars and steamboats, and they utter their complaints in the newspapers. Especially do they abound among the tourists returning from Florida. One class goes there for health and amusement, and being of vacant minds, with no resources within themselves, they pass through a region full of novelties and see nothing except the poor food, the mosquitoes and the fleas. All these inconveniences are met with in the Northern States, and many of them in European traveling; but to hear these people talk, and to read their indignant letters to the newspapers, one would suppose that fried beef-steak and serratus bread were unknown in New England and the West, and that the mosquito and the flea were peculiar to Florida.

Often have we met with these unhappy people and listened to their complaints. "Florida is all a swamp." "Nothing can grow in Florida, it is nothing but sand." "I've been all over it and I know." "Where have you been?" I ask. "Oh, I've been to Enterprise, staid one night at the Brock House; then I went to the Ocala, and after that to St. Augustine. I am told it's all alike. I wouldn't give a hundred dollars for a whole county."

Then there is another class who try to pass for sportsmen. They go loaded with guns, dogs and rods. They take the great traveled routes and are surprised not to flush quail in the streets of Jacksonville, that they see no deer or turkeys about the Putnam House, in Palatka, except on Orvis's table, or find no bears in Enterprise or Sanford, except in the hotel office, perhaps.

I have seen them fishing in the St. John, Black Creek and Lake Monroe. Having no boatman who knows the waters, they come home with a few catfish or perch, swearing that there are no fish in Florida, and that the whole thing is a fraud.

The tourist who has an eye for natural scenery, or who has a special pursuit among the sciences, will always find nothing of interest in every land, and the real sportsman, who knows where to look for game and fish, and how to kill it when found, who goes into the wilderness properly equipped with guides, or to the remote lakes and rivers, or to the seashore with skillful boatmen, will find sport in Florida, and that of the best. But neither North or South will every day bring success. No one but the creature known as the "trout hog" expects or wishes to commit constant slaughter.

S. C. C.

MARIETTA, Ga.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I see in your issue of May 24 a letter on sport in Florida. Having spent this year some weeks wandering there in March and April, I am able to corroborate much that you say with regard to the badness of the game, the run of the Floridian hotels, and I think most people who visit Florida for winged game shooting are likely to be more or less disappointed; but on the other hand I think he is too sweeping in his condemnation of the sport to be found there.

The greater part of the Gulf Coast is still almost a terra incognita to the sportsman and the tourist, and to anyone who does not mind a moderate amount of roughing it, and





## BASS TROLLING IN FLORIDA.

MY Southern trip last winter was one of such interest and pleasure, that I am already beginning to think of the coming winter, when it can be repeated, and enjoyed even more fully, though the knowledge gained from experience during the first trip.

Although acquainted with the sport afforded by the Adirondacks, the Lake George Region, and the smaller lakes of Wisconsin and Indiana during the summer months, the novelty of trolling for black bass and of gathering violets in the month of January, with the thermometer at 80 in the shade, does not wear off with me in one trip only.

Leaving Chicago on a Tuesday night, in a through Pullman sleeper, we reached Louisville next day, noon, and from there had a pleasant ride to Montgomery, Ala. During this part of the journey we made social advances, compared notes, and became acquainted with our fellow travelers, fifteen in number, and all with through tickets for Jacksonville, some going for health, and some for pleasure.

Due in Montgomery on Thursday morning, we arrived behind time, and somewhat anxious in regard to connections, as our sleeper was to be detached there and taken on by the local trains through Georgia for Albany, Thomasville, and Waycross. Finding that our coach was left on a side track, we learned, after inquiry, that the outgoing train had been gone about five minutes. We had seen it as it pulled out from the station, but had not then realized that it was so "near and yet so far." Looking up some of the officials of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad (and finding them, by the way, to be gentlemen in every sense of the word), we received their regrets that they could not control the action of connecting roads. Learning that we could not proceed before the following morning, we made ourselves comfortable—explored the town and retired to our berths in the sleeper after a day pleasantly spent. Friday morning we were attached to the train for Albany, and started on time, and just in time to see, coming into the depot, the train from the North, with its sleeper full of passengers, who were left over there for twenty-four hours, as we had been.

Reaching Albany on Tuesday, we had the experience of being left there, and from the car windows we saw our train, that was to be, going rapidly away, over a bridge not a hundred yards distant, and under the shrill whistles from our engineer whose run ended at this place. There being no help for it, we accepted the situation, and visited the town half a mile from the little station house.

On Saturday we found the streets of the town alive with the colored men and women on all the surrounding farms who had come in on the horse-drawn, or in carts drawn by mules, and by oxen, single and in pairs. It was a periodical event, and they had all come in to visit, and to buy provisions, clothing, and needed supplies for future use. After twenty-five hours' delay, we left Albany on Saturday afternoon, not sorry that, through the peculiar, behind the age management of Georgia railroads, we had been given the opportunity of seeing much more of the country and people than we could have seen had we taken the direct route to Jacksonville on Sunday morning, and as our little company had become well acquainted and formed pleasant friendships during our five days' journey of about eleven hundred miles, it was with regret that we separated here after planning to meet again later on, at St. Augustine and points on the St. John's River.

The writer, whose trip was for pleasure, including black bass and alligators, spent the winter on the coast steamer, which starts every day during the season for the upper St. Johns, and reached Enterprise in due time. Having engaged a rowboat and its owner, who was a quiet, intelligent colored man, answering to the goodly name of Israel, we prepared for an early morning start. After breakfast, ordered over night by the host of that excellent hotel, the Brooker House, and carrying an ample lunch in the boat, Israel took the oars and rowed us down the river (nearly to the mouth of the St. Johns, flowing in from the south). The fishing here, for there was none in the lake, and using two rods, one a nine-foot bass rod and the other a longer, heavier one, which had done good service over many other waters. Forty yards of line were run off the reels, and then began the expectant waiting, so pleasant and familiar to every fisherman.

The waiting is not a long one—for one reel sings as the running line revolves it—and soon the landing net in the hand of our long line, the bass is hooked and picked. This is a beginning, but we hope for better things. Trolling now in shallow water, one line in the channel of the narrow stream, and one near the edge of rushes showing above the water, I reel in all but twenty yards of line and find, by experience, that the longer lines needed in northern waters, where the fish are more wary and shy, are not needed here, where the bass will quite frequently take the hook very near the boat. Let our hungry fellow jump for and takes the bait, just as it leaves the water near the side of the boat, while being reeled in for examination, and he is safely landed. Using two rods, one line is always in the water, and when a strike is felt upon either the other is laid down for the time, or until the fish is landed, and though there is the risk of tangled lines in the rush and efforts of the fish to escape, I willingly take the risk for the sake of increased sport.

Landing on a small island, our lunch is eaten under the shade of the palmettos, a little rifle practice indulged in with a heron, a duck or one of the myriad "blue peters" in the distance for a target, and then over nearly the same water by which we came, we slowly troll along homeward.

Occasionally a splash and a commotion in the water near by, and a glimpse of a disappearing form, tells us of an alligator disturbed in his afternoon nap, but each one plunges out of sight before I can lay down the rods and grasp the rifle in the bottom of the boat. The hotter the sun may shine, the better does this ugly reptile enjoy its heat, the sounder does he sleep on his bank or log, and the better chance does he then give for our silently approaching near enough for a shot; but it is a sport of itself, and cannot be connected with that of fishing. Meeting a friend in a boat, homeward bound, he shows a seven foot long alligator, which a ball in the head from his fifty-one-calibre Winchester has so effectually quieted that its skin can with safety be removed and taken North as a trophy.

The experience of one day is like that of another—full of sport as one can wish, and by each night my basket is filled, the usual catch being eighteen to twenty-five in number, and running from three to six pounds weight each, of large-mouth black bass, with generally one or more pickerel. One day's fishing on the banks of the St. Johns, is certainly worthy of mention here. It consisted of twenty-two black bass, of which one weighed twelve pounds, one weighed ten pounds, four were of six pounds each, and the rest of the

number were smaller, averaging about three pounds each. None of these had received a dose of shot to increase their weight, as is sometimes done in that section of country.

The best of good times must come to an end, and with regret the Brooker House is left behind and the journey northward begun, stopping at Palatka for a steamer through the Ocklawaha to the Silver Springs, then on to St. Augustine, Jacksonville, and Thomasville. After spending a little time at these more northern towns, on the fourth of the journey, home is reached. Often the thoughts go pleasantly back to the land of sandy soil, crooked rivers, oranges and last, but not least, its black bass which, though not having all the gaminess of the same fish in Northern and colder waters, yet do not fail to furnish excellent sport to the lover of the rod and line.

D. L. WHITTIER.

CHICAGO, May 28, 1893.

## BLACK BASS IN LAKE ERIE.

THE following account from the Dayton (O.) *Journal* shows that bass are plentiful in Lake Erie, and that if the fish are forbidden to be taken in Ohio waters, the citizens of that State can find them in paying numbers in Canada. Point au Pelee is near the mouth of the Detroit River, just east of Pigeon Bay. The correspondent says:

"The morning of the 23d opened with clouds, through which gray and misty palls glimpses of a brighter sky were seen, and by noon the sun, a long hidden visitor, came back to cheer the hearts and make the earth to gladden greatly and bring the lost roads to possibility again. All day long the Dayton anglers, tired of their forced rest, were on the waters, and came back with a total catch for ten rods of 283 fine black bass, the persuasive Commodore and his mate, Mr. Thompson, heading the list with 70 fish."

"The wonderfully vigorous old gentleman, Mr. V. Winters, went, however, one better, having alone caught 36. In fact the water was not fully settled after the gale."

At noon the American Eagle came in with a party of fourteen English gentlemen: Robt. Lincoln, Secretary of War; Gen. Phil Sheridan, Gen. Anson Stager, Gen. Tompkins, of Boston; Messrs. McGinnis and Elliot, of New York; Messrs. Rynson, Seeburger, Sprague and Drane, Chicago; Mr. Mills and Mr. Marshall, Sandusky; Mr. Marshall Field, Chicago; and W. Chisholm, of Cleveland, O.

"In the afternoon, with a 2:30 start, these gentlemen caught 163 bass, and both parties are out fishing for dear life to-day, and the record of May 24, 1893 (birthday of our gracious queen) will, I doubt not, be 'fishfully' celebrated on the reefs of Pelee."

"The Steinhoff runs regularly, and it is quite a comfort to be able to reach the world on every side—to Detroit one day, the next to Sandusky and the South. Up to this date for five days fishing, the Dayton party had caught exactly 1,094 black bass, no pickerel counted, and only the actual count. The respective scores are as follows: V. Winters, 164; Schultz and Bickham, 268; N. and B. Morey, 174; Best and Greulich, 300; Thompson and Cooper, 138; King, 55, or in round figures, 1,100 black bass!"—PELEE.

Following is the score of Thursday: Cooper and Thompson, 70; Schultz and Bickham, 64; Winters, 36; King, 23; Best and Greulich, 45; N. Morey and son, 45; total, 283.

In a letter to his son, Mr. E. F. Cooper, (Commodore Cooper) writes that from cold, steady weather the party were for two days diligently engaged in clearing the doctor's camp fire, but with the first bill of the storm, all hands took to the water. Mr. Thompson sent a barrel of bass home yesterday.

Mr. Greulich returned to Dayton last evening, and was bearer of dispatches. The rest of the party will continue fishing at least until next week.

The *Register* says: The Steinhoff arrived from Point au Pelee and evening at 11 o'clock with a large load of fish. The bulk of the cargo was consigned to Mr. Alvord & Co. There were, however, several boxes of black bass caught by the sportsmen.

## A TRIP TO SNAG LAKE.

THERE is probably no place in this State of any size so conveniently located to the North Woods as our beautiful city, and I doubt very much if you can find a place where there is as much fishing talked, and where there is so much talk there must be some sport, for it is not all of fishing to fish. I have often read in *FOREST AND STREAM* how such and such a one has looked up his favorite rods, reels, etc., and is preparing for a day out. I am not at all of the opinion that one should make his own rods, tents, etc., and keep them in order the year around. I find it affords me great pleasure during my spare time to devote myself to my outfit, in fact I think it quite a study to keep posted on angling, and I think more and more of your very interesting paper every copy I read. In the closet out of my office I keep everything ready for a start, even in mid-winter, if necessary, some have the fever worse than others, you know. It is a long time from September until April, and this year it was May the 15th before we dare venture out for a day.

On that night myself and Billy O., a fellow that loves the streams and lake as much myself, started for a trip of four days up the West Canada Creek. Leaving home at six o'clock P. M. night soon set in, but with light hearts, a good horse, fair roads, and a full moon, we were making good time for nearly a mile, fifty miles, remember. With plenty to eat and smoke we passed the time very pleasantly, and enjoyed the drive as much as any part of the trip, reaching our destination at 3 A. M. The next morning, without a wink of sleep, we were after those little beauties. You know that he who has sport nowadays must work for it. A sleep of two hours at guide Remondan, and an early breakfast well stored away, we were soon on a tramp up Mad Tom Mountain, all for three miles for three miles. With plenty to eat and a beautiful sheet of water, but at the present time it is private property, and therefore no fishing for us. We took the liberty to put our canvas boat together and crossed, but were severely reprimanded by Mr. Matson, the owner of the lake, for daring to trespass on his land.

Taking the trail for Indian River and tramping for a mile, the most of the way in the snow up to our knees, we came to Snag Lake, a little body of water, but well filled with trout. After being there a few moments we saw our guide appear on the other side of the lake, just returning from a trip to Twin Rock Lake. Our calculations proved correct, and by giving him the old whoop he knew us, although it had been several months since we had seen him. Sending him down to the house after the remainder of our traps we went to fishing and had fair luck for the first day. The next was Sunday and the third was Monday. With plenty to eat and I guess most fishermen will know how to get around that. Three days of fishing and then we started

Soon we were under full canvas and "walking the water like a thing of life," to use an expression which is entirely original. In due time the prow of our craft was raking across the sand of the shore, and we took the plank to enable us to get to the shady ground, where we expected to eat our noonday meal. If we were to enjoy fish we knew full well that we must catch them, and so, rigging up, we were soon engaged in a vigorous struggle for something to eat. Fortunately for us, the darkey had taken more than a dozen fine ones of the variety called here "yaller bellies," and these, with a few others, the product of our own luck, gave us an abundant supply for our dinner. The wind was from the north and unseasonably cool, and besides kept the lake in too much agitation for successful angling. To speak in plain English, the fish could not bite. Old Kinkhen K. and Old Billy Pierce, who have been frequent visitors to the lake for the last four or five years, and have caught thousands and thousands, could do nothing, and after several hours of patient effort rolled up their lines and yielded to the inevitable. The fates or the winds, or some other equally potent power, were against us, and but for the providence of our host, we should have had but a spare dinner that day. It is true, "the visiting statesmen" had a royal feast of killed fish, but then the "gentlemen in waiting" had to content themselves with less tempting, though equally excellent food. We include myself among the "visiting statesmen," but "Othello's occupation's gone" went to the lake to indulge in the luxury of fish, and nothing else would have met the demands of our appetites.

It is but just that I should remark that no offense is meant to any one by the words "visiting statesmen," which I have used. At one time they had a certain political significance, but I meant that they should express no idea, except that in our midst there was one or more who had occupied, and even now occupy, a respectable position in the country, and is known to intelligent men all over the United States and their Territories. In all my correspondence with the *FOREST AND STREAM*, whatever may be my views upon questions at issue before the country, I endeavor to maintain the status of an old darkey whom I saw many years ago at a cotton landing on the Mississippi River. It was just after a Presidential election, and the passions of the moment were being discussed, in a friendly way, certain points which had been raised during the campaign, which had just closed. When the boat landed, several of us went to the bank to get a good look at the plantation, and a little variety besides. The subject of politics was resumed on shore, and after some conversation had passed, one of the gentlemen asked the darkey what were his views upon public affairs—in other words, what were his politics, and the answer was promptly answered: "Massa, I don't know nothing 'bout them things. I belong to the Agriculture." With this digression, I resume "the thread of my discourse."

If possible, we had less success the following day. On our return home the wind had veered round to the southwest, and we anticipated "a glorious morning." But next morning it had resumed its former course; and our old friend K. K., regarding it as ominous of ill-luck, latched up his horse, and, with a goodly number of his family, went to the Swamp, a distance of about seven miles from the lake. Teccel, whose tastes do not run on the pleasures of water, much preferring those of land, being utterly disgusted, took a seat with K. K., so as to enable him to reach home that night by the E. C. Railway, on the line of which our friend lived. But we had to give it up; and so soon as we could get all things ready, spread sail, and the haven of our hopes, we should start for the lake, and, as we desired, we went. In about twenty-five minutes, we cast anchor and took to our boats, hoping to get enough for dinner. Our prudent friend, Short, whose hospitalities we were enjoying, knowing full well what "fisherman's luck" sometimes is, not only carried along some prepared victuals, as he did the day before, but had engaged the services of a piscatorial son of Ham to secure us a supply of fish, so that if we failed, we should still have a good dinner. We fished, we fished, it was well that he was so thoughtful, for any two of us could easily have eaten all we caught. The darkey had secured a respectable bunch, and that, supplemented by what we could add, gave us an abundance. I can offer no better evidence of the quality of the fish than the fact that Judge M. managed, by great effort, to dispose of four of them, while Gen. S. showed equal prandial capacity; your correspondent, of course, fully maintaining his reputation in that department of human industry.

I have visited this beautiful sheet of water on frequent occasions, and never but once had such a destruction of my hopes. At that particular time I reached the lake during what we know here as "the long season of May," and it rained so much that I did not even get a chance to "try my luck," though I stayed three or four days. When the weather is favorable, and a good sheet of water, and the fish are in those who are acquainted with the places where the fish congregate, or who are able to procure the services of a guide who is. But it is just like all other places of which I have ever seen or heard—if you fail to hit the right time, you are subjected to disappointment. We missed it. Although we got but few fish, those which we did get were delicious, and the open-hearted and handed hospitality of our host, his genial son, and a very pleasant lady who graces the coffee and of the table with various charms, made our visit one long to be remembered. Indeed, in thinking over the kindness shown us, I feel somewhat as Burrus expresses himself in the closing stanza of the "Lament of Glens, Earl of Glencairn":

"The bridegroom may forget the bride

Was made his wedding wife yestreen;

The monarch may forget the crown,

That on his head an hour has been;

The mother may forget the child

That smiles so sweetly on her knee,

But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,

And all that thou didst do for me."

The following morning at an early hour we bade our kind friends farewell, took the train for Wilmington, where we arrived in good time and in good spirits, and enjoyed breakfast which we found at the Purcell House. Owing to the schedule, we were obliged to remain at this place until 7 P. M.; but we spent the time pleasantly in "receiving" such friends as chose to call on us and enjoying their conversation. At the appointed hour we took the cars, and at half-past two A. M. the following morning were luxuriating upon the couches at my own residence. Once, the banks of the Pee Dee. My friend accompanied me, and did the kindly thing of staying a few days, when he went to gladden the hearts of the "loved ones at home."

WELLS.

for home with forty pounds of fine trout, the largest weighing 14 lbs., pretty good catch after all. We were perfectly satisfied, and, eating a good supper at Theodore's, were ready to start for home on Tuesday night at 3 P. M. with rather a heavy load, for it rained all day Monday. But with a strong horse and stomachs well filled we were on our way as happy as two clams in high water. Bill sang and once in a while I joined in on the chorus, and the night passed on, and the old horse jogged along and reached home about 4 A. M., just in time to see the boys getting out with the morning parties, and we regretted that we were too late to have any big fish stories in that edition.

Utica, N. Y., May 27.

### ANGLING IN PIKE COUNTY.

SO much has been said of late about the backward season all over the country for anglers, that I thought I would devote Decoration Day to testing the truth of such a disappointing statement. I had intended to make up a party of four rods, but two of my friends were on jury duty, and had to drop out. That enthusiastic sportsman, Mr. L. Howard, of Brooklyn, came up to me all beaming with snails and laden down with two fine fly-rods.

There were very gloomy predictions when we arrived at Milford, and old Jake Schorr shook his ten-story white hat down on us when we told him that we were bent upon killing one hundred fine trout or dying in the attempt. Jake said it could not be done with fly, and cunning Pete Hanse would have to snare them with mosquito netting. Even our good-natured host, Frank Crisman, was afraid we were on a fool's errand, but promised to fix things up to the Queen's taste.

We made an early start on Decoration Day for the Pinney farm, with two rods and each man, red bibs and black gait flaps. The Sawkill Creek was low, and the woods were pretty full of lumber. We managed to fill our creels with fifty fine trout, one-third turning the scale at over a quarter of a pound.

Our luck astonished Frank Crisman and Jake Schorr to such an extent that we determined to give the Sawkill two days' more investigation, and so secured the services of that genial young sportsman, George Pinney, who agreed to pick out all the favorite holes both on the meadow and in the brook below Gamson's farm. We put in five hours of solid work, from 6:30 A. M. to 11:30 A. M. and brought back 175 trout, 120 of which were fit to be shipped to New York the same night. Among them were five one-pound fish, fifteen half-pound and thirty that tipped the scale at four ounces.

We gave the Sawkill a parting two hours' visit this morning, and secured 100 speckled beauties that made a good twelve-pound mess. We attribute our good fortune to changing our flies to a smaller size, using cow dung, grizzly kings, queen of the water and royal coachman. The water we waded through is still chilly, but with one or two more warm days will make the trout more lively, so that, I think, on any good evening, after dark, large masses of fish could easily be secured this month, unless the indefatigable colored sportsman, Jim Peggarty, who sleeps on the banks all night, has whipped the streams to sell to strangers and what are known down here as New York city flies.

Milford, Pike County, Pa., June 1.

### SEBAGO LAND-LOCKED SALMON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing a little slip in the *Maine News* that J. Hamilton, the superintendent of the Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad Company, had landed a fifteen-pound land-locked salmon while fishing on Sebago Lake, Maine, I wrote him in order to ascertain the particulars, at the same time congratulating him on the capture of so large a fish and expressing hope that the strength exerted by him in the conflict had been fully restored to him. He wrote as follows:

"Portland, Me., May 26, 1883. Dear Sir—Your kind favor of yesterday is at hand. The salmon was a beauty; thirty and a half inches long and nine inches deep; weighed, after being out of the water three days, fifteen and a half pounds; was in fine condition. I did not use much strength in the capture, but only very light rigging; single leader, oil-silk line and an eight and a half split bamboo rod; but I did have solid enjoyment for a half hour; had it all to myself, as I was alone in the boat. I caught one the next morning of five pounds' weight and another of two and a half; and as I could only spend two days, think my luck quite fair."

The land-locked salmon of Sebago Lake are of a larger size than of all other lakes in Maine. So far as I have learned, none have been taken with a fly. I have tried that method to my satisfaction, and I learn that one of the former fish commissioners tried the fly two days without success. The smelt (a native of the lake) is the principal, if not the sole bait used. The smelt run up the Songo and Crooked rivers during the last of April to spawn, the salmon as well as speckled trout following them up for food. I may say here, in passing, that the smelt are very numerous that they are dropped up by the wind on and peddled through the towns adjoining the lake.

The land-locked salmon run up the same rivers during September to spawn. Some of the inhabitants along the banks and in the vicinity of these streams are also there with torch and spear to give the salmon a bloody reception. This, I have learned, has been their invariable custom for many years to a considerable extent. These night catches have amounted to tons during some falls, some of the fish scaling as high as twenty pounds, the fifteen pound salmon being quite common.

I am credibly informed that quite a number of individuals were detected during the past fall in this illegal fishing and indicted, a few tried and convicted. The remaining indictments are to bring over the parties for their good behavior, as it were, in the future.

I have no doubt that these spears enjoy this sport (?) with its certain results (aside from the penalties of the law) with as much zest as the visitor at the lake does by taking the fish trolling with the smelt on his flycatcher and light rod; hence the difficulty in breaking it up. The question of spearing is not, and can not be argued by those who indulge in this exterminating practice. They are fully aware of the fact. The excitement of this fishing one year and the penalty following may, through a fancied revenge (on the innocent salmon), induce a few to keep their spears bright through use.

It is generally understood, whether truthfully or not, that the Commissioners have from time to time authorized the

dipping up of the small fry of salmon and taken them to Rangeley and other lakes without attempting to keep up a supply at Sebago. This practice has made the inhabitants about the lake somewhat angry, and they therefore justify to some extent their own conduct in the matter.

The Commissioners should in some way meet these spears half way in this business elsewhere than in the courts. Sheriff observed laws are but poorly kept. The lake should be replenished with its own kind as well as with the Grand Lake fly-taking salmon. Then let the inhabitants understand that it is for their own interest more than for that of the anglers to do only the fishing in its proper season.

With a well-kept lake, the spearing banished, there would be multitudes of strangers to be provided with boats, bait, board and teams, dispensing money in liberal amounts. This lake is next in size to Moosehead, with deep, pure water, is the principal feeder of Presumpscot River; supplies the city of Portland with water, and is but about seventeen miles from Portland by Portland & Ogdensburg R. R.

Inasmuch it is optional with the Fish Commissioners upon which lakes and ponds in Maine they will bestow their favors. The Rangeley has received many favors from the board, which are greatly appreciated by all the frequenters of those enchanting and enticing waters. Were there as many influential men to solicit the attention of the Commissioners to Sebago Lake as at Rangeley, and with such liberality, these Sebago waters would soon be comparatively as rich in fish. It would afford more pleasure by far to a greater number of ardent anglers than at Rangeley. It would quell the spears without the aid of the law. It is not known generally what action the Commissioners will take in this matter, but it is hoped, so long as they have already undertaken to break up spearing by means of the law, that their good work of replenishing this delightful lake is already determined. Be it as it may, there is a considerable effort on the part of Maine, particularly the southwestern portion of its inhabitants, beginning with the Governor, who resides but seven or eight miles from it, as well as the anglers from all portions of the State, to induce the Commissioners to do the liberal thing for Sebago, and for its first business to replenish it, then I think the "spears will be beaten into pruning hooks."

Boston, Mass.

### "FISH DAY" AT WORCESTER.

SINCE the formation of the Worcester Sportsman's Club, nearly ten years ago, the annual hunt and game dinner has been the grand social event of the year; and when at the annual dinner last fall Capt. C. A. Allen in his speech suggested that the club might have a "fish day" with the same pleasurable results, the members quickly "caught on," for they saw at once that the project meant two grand dinners a year instead of one. In a previous letter I mentioned that the captains were chosen and the whole matter left in the hands of a committee consisting of Captains Allen and Benoit and Secretary Hartwell. Thursday, May 31, was selected as the day for the fishing, the dinner to be served on the evening of the following day.

It proved to be the best trout day of the season here in Worcester county, and those members who fished near home, as a rule, did the best. Messrs. Colby and Porter, however, made the big catch of the party somewhere in New Hampshire. Capt. Allen made the next best also in New Hampshire. Quite a large party went to Vermont and did next to nothing, while A. Houghton fished near home and caught the best string brought in from Worcester county. Nearly all the members fished for trout, though there were three fine strings of perch and a few pickered, these three being the only kind of fish taken.

There was a large party present at the Bay State House, Thursday evening, to witness the count, which was to close at 10 o'clock, those members who could not get there to report by telegraph before that hour. One splendid string was lost to Capt. Allen because the party could not reach a telegraph station. The count resulted in a victory for Capt. O. A. Benoit. The count followed as follows: Capt. Benoit, 12 trout, 83 points; R. L. Gilbert, 3 F. Davenport and H. E. Smith, 17 trout, 2 pickered, 130 points; A. B. F. Kinney, 26 trout, 6 points; J. M. Drennan, 14 perch, 1 pickered, 6 points; D. C. Sumner, 10 points, fish not reported; Colby and Porter, 540 points, fish not reported; A. H. Perry, 64 points, fish not reported; total, 845.

Capt. Allen's take—C. A. Allen, 18 trout, 131 points; E. T. Smith, 9 trout, 53 points; J. A. Titus, 10 trout, 50 points; Charles Hartwell, 50 points, fish not reported; A. W. Joslyn, 23 perch, 6 points; total, 296.

The dinner, which was served at the Bay State House Friday evening, was the best in the history of the club, which is saying a great deal. The members, with the invited guests, assembled in the parlors and spent an hour socially before marching to the dining hall at 9 o'clock.

Worcester, June 4, 1883.

From another account we take the following:

The dinner was served in the main dining-room, which was before presented so attractive an appearance. The hall was decorated with flags and implements used by sportsmen. Over the side-board was a glory of flags, faced with a network of fishing-rods; at the rear was another glory of flags suspended by rifles; over the tables hung glass balls, clay pigeons and fishing-rods.

#### MENU.

Oysters Served on Clay Pigeons.  
Cremers.  
Boiled Kennebec Salmon à la Hollandaise.  
Boiled Turbot à la Bay State.  
Boiled Striped Bass, Anchovy Sauce.

Mayonnaise of Lobster. Brook Trout in Aspic.  
Mayonnaise of Columbia River Salmon.  
Fried Butter Fish in Crumbs.  
Fried Pickerel, Hunter Style.  
Boiled Connecticut River Shad, Butter Sauce.  
Broiled Fresh Mackerel, Hollandaise Sauce.  
Baked Chicken, Hollandaise Sauce Supreme.  
Baked Bluefish, Stuffed, Genoise Sauce.  
Baked Stuffed Black Bass, White Sauce.

Vegetables.  
Strawberries and Cream.  
Ice.  
Charlotte Russe.  
Coffee.  
Assorted Cake.

Hon. Charles B. Pratt presided at the table. At each plate was a button-hole bouquet with a glass ball as a holder,

This, with pictorial menu and the clay pigeons for oysters, was a very unique feature of the arrangement.

At the President's table were Hon. Charles B. Platt, His Honor Mayor Hildreth, Hon. T. C. Bates, J. N. Frye, of Boston, President of the Massachusetts Fish Association; Dr. T. Noble, President of the Malden Sportsman's Club and Secretary of the Massachusetts Glass Ball Association; Alderman John R. Thayer, Col. W. S. B. Hopkins, Dr. Albert Wood and President Parker, of the Common Council.

After the dinner there were short speeches. The first was by Mayor Hildreth, who said for some time he had been trying to find out on which side he was, but he was not satisfied that he was on the winning side. He was not a fisherman like those present, but he could catch them when they came on the table. Senator Bates was full of anecdotes at the expense of his twin, the President of the evening; his stories of experiences at the State House amused the boys. Next came Gen. A. B. R. Sprague, his pairing off and the results were stated as only the General; the new recruits. Alderman Thayer made reference to the good work the club was doing to elevate the standard of sportsmen. He thought it would be an advantage if the business men would spend more time with the rod and the gun. Col. Hopkins said he always had a liking for sporting; he was not a success with the gun, but he took to fishing in his early days. He closed his remarks, like all the others, with a story.

Remarks were also made by Col. J. A. Titus, E. O. Parker, Dr. M. Earle, O. A. Benoit, C. A. Allen, Dr. Raymont, president of the club, L. G. White, E. S. Knowles, H. P. Verry, Charles S. Barton, also by Dr. Albert Wood, who in very complimentary terms referred to the arrangement of the tables, and the unique manner the hall was decorated, as well as the remarkable bill of fare. He then referred to the breaking down of the American record, the new recruits, ten is overworked, the men are breaking down at 35 and 40. To avert this, out-door sports should be encouraged; more half days should be given up to recreation, to visiting the field with the rod and the gun. Near the close of the evening remarks were made by Mr. Noble of Malden; he closed with the following sentiment:

"The Worcester Sportsman's Club—An honor to the city and the Association. We find its members always and thoroughly 'White' men, which is a 'Goodell' more than can be said of some organizations. We wish there were 'Moore' like them. With 'Hartwell' pleased, they are cordial to their 'Newcomb'—ers, each one pronouncing himself a 'Mann' or, as I might say a 'Holman' in every respect. 'Strong' men there are among them, who for the sake of the trap will take a 'Sawyer' and a 'Holt', and on a 'Day' when they are on their traps, will lay 'Low' their competitors with a 'Sweet'—ness that is refreshing. In a nutshell, they are 'Verry' good fellows, although caught 'Cutting' up now and then. Never out of temper 'Norcross,' invariably 'Hatch'—ing up something for a 'Wright' good time; winning a 'Garland' now and then to add to their wealth of trophies, and a 'Sheldon' to faithfully care for them and their guests always. 'Eager' for a contest at the traps, and when 'Holden' about night it's a 'Cole' day when they get left."

### THE UNITED STATES DISPLAY AT LONDON.

[From the London Morning Post, May 22.]

IN order to convey a definite idea of the importance of the United States department in the International Fisheries Exhibition it will, perhaps, be as well to make use of the following few statistics of the actual condition of the fishery industries in the Grand Transatlantic Republic, kindly supplied by the American Commissioner, Mr. G. Brown Goode. In 1880 the number of persons employed in the fishery industries of the United States was 131,420, of whom 101,684 were fishermen, and the remainder shoremen. The fleet of fishing boats was 6,605, augmented (since 1882) to 7,126, and 44,804 boats, now about 47,000, the capital invested being actually about \$40,900,000. The value of the fisheries of the sea, great rivers, and lakes, was placed in 1880 at \$43,046,033, and that of the minor inland waters at \$1,500,000, in all \$44,546,033. In 1888, however, the fisheries were greater than in 1880, and prices both at first hand and at wholesale were higher, so that a fair estimate at wholesale market rates would place their value at the present time rather above than below the value of \$100,000,000.

These figures will at once prove that the piscicultural trades of a country whose coasts extend from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean, and which contains numerous inland seas are even in their actual (by no means fully developed) condition gigantic. In 1880 the Government of the United States liberally assisted private enterprise, and by its contribution contrived to make the American display in the Berlin Fisheries Exhibition the principal feature of this highly successful enterprise. The Government then voted a sum equivalent to £200,000 for the purpose of the present exhibition, caused Congress first to vote a special grant of £10,000, and then a second of £2,500. The number of exhibitors amount to 250, and the amount of material forwarded equals, if it does not actually exceed, that of the British department. Hence, we may safely declare that this section, after our own, is the most important in the building, and it is at the same time the most interesting to the present exhibition. It is not a mere collection of cases containing miscellaneous articles, often only vaguely connected with the subject of the exhibition, i.e., fishery industries, but it is a complete and thoroughly well-thought-out and designed collection of all manner of objects illustrative of the vast marine and fresh-water fisheries of the United States. It is mainly due to the industry of our individuals that this department presents so remarkably complete an appearance. Professor Baird, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Mr. G. Brown Goode, Mr. R. E. Earle, and Captain J. W. Collins. These gentlemen and several others connected with them have labored almost incessantly for three years past to form this collection, which is certainly worthy of their persevering hard work and of their country's reputation for enterprise. The result is that the visitor barely needs a guide or guide book in order to understand all that he beholds. There is,

for instance, a curious and most eccentric looking fishing craft; our country cousin is at a loss to make out what it is intended for. If he will take the trouble to look above he will see a photograph of this little vessel in progress of building, then a second showing its launch, yet a third illustrating its purpose when out at sea, and, finally, a series of others showing what is done with it until it returns to shore again. Perhaps it is in order better to convey to the spectators the *raison d'être* of this particular boat, to have a model of a fisherman rowing or sailing it out to sea, and lo! there he is, admirably executed in painted wood as large as life, and in the identical costume he habitually wears when in the exercise of his daily vocations. Let us study, for instance, the not over creditable history of the youthful American herring, who at an early stage in his career figures in the European fisheries under false pretences as a sardine. There are about twenty photographs showing us how he and his companions in "voluntary imposture are caught by the million off the coast of New England, and how he is "dressed" in boiling oil, done up in tin cases, and sent on his final tour of the world, with only one extenuating circumstance in his favor, and that is, that even at Nantes it would be difficult to detect his true origin, his taste being identical with that of the Crolese sardine, although if he had been allowed to grow up to maturity he would have assumed the proportions of a Yarmouth herring. In connection with the exhibits of American sardines is a series of wooden models, showing how the fish is cured and fanned for exportation, and also views of the beautiful residences of the capitalists who are making large fortunes by the industry.

In addition to the photographs, pictures and models of men, there are also a series of casts of the most remarkable fish caught in the American seas, notably curious being those illustrating the gigantic "devil fish," or *pieuvre*, rendered famous by Victor Hugo's marvelous but by no means exaggerated description of the monster in "Les Travailleurs de la Mer." One of these, the exact size of life, could not only attack and soon destroy a man, but render himself highly obnoxious to a large-sized shark. Of course the American oyster, valued principally for its edible qualities, is exhibited in a most marked manner, and especially really is, one of the chief products of the country. Its importance is emphasized by numerous canned specimens, and also by plaster casts showing the most incredible size to which the transatlantic mollusc grows. Some of the bivalves, though worthless for food, are, nevertheless, extremely valuable for the beauty and quantity of the deposit of mother-of-pearl which they shed. The utilization of this material is shown by a collection of brooches, necklaces, etc., and by one large cross surmounted by a wreath wholly composed of the glistening shells found in Florida. In this connection may be mentioned the various objects manufactured from the ivory of the whale and walrus, and the superb display of artistic articles sent by Messrs. Tiffany & Co., of New York, made out of alligator hide, tortoise-shell, and fish skins, mounted in ivory, bronze, and silver in a manner at once so remarkable and so perfect as to attract universal admiration. In order to render the department still more complete there is a certain case which will amuse as well as instruct. It contains nearly all that Jack loves most dearly. There is his not-too-much-thumbed Bible, his well-used pipe, his thread and needles, and his buttons, his "lucky" cents and shillings, and his library of "The Fisherman's Own Book," "The Cruise of the Rocket," and sundry of Marryat's works. You will hang a beloved accordion, and his improvised drummer board, and there is a genuine bundle of his "love letters," not forgetting his rather soiled pack of playing cards. In that case the visitor can study for himself all poor Jack's simple wants and domestic ambitions.

In order the better to explain the completeness with which the several fisheries are represented, the cod fishery will illustrate as well as anything else the thoroughness of the display. The geographical distribution of the cod, as well as the favorite localities of its capture, are first of all shown on a series of large maps. Then the biology and embryology is explained. The fishery of the cod is next illustrated, with models of vessels and boats employed, with actual apparatus, trawls, hauls, etc., of every conceivable kind, while the methods of the fisheries, the passage to and from the banks, the process of cleaning and curing the fish at sea, the dangers encountered—dread, all the incidents in the cod-fisherman's life are graphically illustrated by large pictures. After this come the numerous methods of curing the fish for market. For instance, a schooner lands on a Gloucester wharf her cargo of hundreds of quintals of salt codfish, which are dried, skinned, boned and pulverized, and then converted into the famous "Alder's evaporated codfish," an article of food which this exhibition will soon, probably, as greatly popularize in England as it is already in America. Numerous specimens of the fish are to be seen here, and the ladies have tasted it declare that it is without question the cheapest and best relish of its kind they have ever eaten, and the same can be said of the "boneless cod," which is delicious and known all over the interior of America, as it will doubtless be long in England.

There is also a vast collection of boat and vessel fittings, such as seine boat gear, blocks (of which a Boston firm makes a grand display), anchors, trawls, and anchors, etc. The welfare of the fisherman has not been overlooked, and the interest gains its culminating point when contemplating the collection of life-boats, fog-signals, fog-horns and other articles intended to secure the greater safety of vessels at sea. Captain Collins's most effective fog-alarm occasionally emits a by no means dulcet, but at the same time a most far-sounding howl, which certainly startles the ladies (for it is to be heard at a tremendous distance at sea as well as on shore). The exhibition of objects belonging to the United States Life Saving Service and Lighthouse Board, displayed at the extreme end of the department, is as complete as possible, and includes the original Francis patent life-car, which was first used on January 12, 1850, and was the means of rescuing 200 men, women and children from the wrecked British vessel *Yslyre*. This collection is also admirably illustrated by oil sketches and life-sized models. Close by is a cabinet which doubtless will attract ladies, since it contains an assortment of the richest sea otter and seal furs yet seen in England, and exhibited by the Alaska Seal Fur Company.

Salmon breeding and other fishculture are illustrated by a complete and historical series of the apparatus used in the preparation of fish from a comparatively early age down to the time, when they are ready for gradual progress from the beginning of fishculture in America to the present day. A series of tables has been also provided with the most improved modern appliances for hatching fish eggs. This apparatus may be classed under three heads—the "closed,"

the "trough," which requires running water, and the "floating" apparatus, the latter being a hatching box placed in a small lake. There is a large water tank, the water in which is forced through the fish-hatching appliances by means of a gas engine, so that the actual work of hatching can be carried on and studied in the presence of the visitor. Another feature is the group of models of experts in the act of procuring the eggs and laid from the salmon. One of these represents the "spawn taken" kneeling on one knee, clasping under his arm a fine female salmon, from which he is pressing the eggs with his thumb and forefinger. There are also photographs of all the American fish which have been propagated by fishculture in America, as explaining the development of the egg and the growth of the fish in the egg from day to day, followed by others explanatory of the size and condition of the fish after it has been hatched.

Other photographs illustrate the method employed in the United States of transporting young fish to various parts of that immense country. A great variety of novelties in the way of tinned, dried, and otherwise preserved fish of all kinds is shown, and among other things of interest should be mentioned Le Paze's fish glue, an adhesive which can be used for mending glass, china, and furniture, and which is said to be the strongest yet discovered. It certainly is much stronger and cheaper than either gum or any of the better known cements.

In connection with the United States Department is the U. S. Fish Commission steamer *Albatross*, of about 1,000 tons, a model of which is shown, and which will arrive in the Thames towards the middle of June. She is designed especially for deep-sea research, and is fitted with all kinds of fishing and dragging apparatus, so that she can capture anything in the sea from the thinnest to the thickest. She is under command of Captain Tanner, and forms a part of the exhibits, to which the American Commissioners intend to extend special invitation.

**SPORT IN COLORADO.**—Gunnison County.—Starting out from our cabin one beautiful morning in June, with my shotgun strapped to my back and my fishing rod in my hand, I thought I would follow up Maroon Creek, which is in Gunnison county, and have some fine sport with the trout, with which the country is so rich. Such sport I did not find. Hardly a cast but I would hook some speckled beauty and they would take almost any bait. I tried two or three different colored flies, grasshoppers, and even a piece of red flannel. It did not seem to make any difference whatever with them as to what they wanted for breakfast, so you can imagine the sport I had. After following up the creek for about two miles, I came across a large drift pile. A huge pine tree had fallen and laid across the creek from bank to bank, and driftwood coming down the creek had caught and formed a sort of waterfall, and there is where I caught some beauties; one was one of the finest specimens of salmon-trout I have ever seen. He measured 34 inches, and was a deep red color. It seemed almost a shame to eat him for he was such a beauty. About twenty yards above the drift pile a large pine tree extended across and I thought I would try a cast there; so walking out on the tree I was just about to cast when I heard a rattle of stones and sticks, and looking up the side of the ravine saw a wildcat coming down, apparently to get a drink. He trotted out on the drift pile and just as he reached the middle of the pile I let him have both barrels of my shotgun, nothing but No. 6 shot, but woe to me, for the recoil of the gun kicked me over into the creek and I got the nicest rolling over and wetting I have ever had. I got out all right, though, for it was only about three feet deep. After finishing my breakfast and looking over the cause of all this trouble, but Mister Wildcat had gone far away and left nothing but a few blood drops. I had enough for that morning, so, picking up my string of trout, I went back to my cabin and soon had a fine mess of fried trout.—PAUL SCOTT.

**THE BERTRAND ISLAND CLUB.**—A number of well known gentlemen in New York city interested in shooting and angling have recently purchased Bertrand's Island, in Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, where they propose to build a club house. In addition to the island, which contains about twenty-three acres, a tract of shore land has also been secured. At present the membership will be restricted to fifteen, and the organization will be known as the Bertrand Island Club. It will be governed by rules similar to those of the West Jersey Game and Protective Association, and henceforth anglers out of season in the waters of the lake will be prohibited. The Club proposes to restock the lake with black bass and other game fishes. During the summer the club house will be kept open for the benefit of single members; but a number of the married clubmen propose to lease small plots of ground from the club and build cottages. The members are George B. Post, president; G. W. Campbell, Jr., vice president; J. Heron Crossman, treasurer; E. W. Nicholas, secretary, and Messrs. A. N. Martin, J. F. Cox, James Kent, Jr., J. A. Risley, B. K. Jameson, Frank Jenkins, Henry L. Pierson, Jr., and E. S. Rawick.

**WHITEFISH TAKE THE HOOK.**—BLACK BASS.—I have seen a good many articles of late upon taking whitefish with bait, etc., but have not notice of a single instance of one being taken with spoon by trolling. Once, some seven or eight years ago, I was fishing for pickerel with a spoon on Lake Cayuga, N. Y., and caught a whitefish weighing over four pounds. It was not hooked, but caught with the hook well in its mouth. Was this not a rare occurrence? First of all, the black bass fishing can be had at Niagara, Ont., at the mouth of the Niagara River. No fly-fishing, they are taken with chub and by trolling. Good folks, boats, etc. Good fly-fishing can be had later in the season at the same place for white or silver bass, which are very game, bite fast, and are taken in good numbers. As many as sixty to eighty are taken in an evening.—NIAOARA.

**PENNSYLVANIA.**—Philadelphia.—Hundreds were fishing yesterday along the Schuylkill for black bass, it being the legal opening day of the season. Up the river, near Pottsville, anglers outnumbered the fish. On the train from Reading in the early morning there was a large delegation, which was joined at Pottstown by a contingent from the latter place. All went for Yankee Dam at Limerick, or Pawling's Bridge, both considered the best places in the upper Schuylkill for bass fishing. The catch, I learn, was good. It is said that the season is backward this year, and that the sport is better than at least in the spring before the writer is tempted to join his rod for bass.—HOMO.

**A WORD ABOUT GEORGE DAWSON.**—June 2, 1883.—I do not believe in having time drag on my hands because there are no books or papers in camp. I am no book worm, but give me a hammock, a shady spot, such books as these for the first two or three days after getting into the woods, and I am happy. I think Dawson's works the purest of the kind ever written. They touch the keynote of kindred souls. They are pitched high, and must elevate the mind of the careful reader. They are deeply reverential, and will purify many a thinking mind.—NORMAN.

**MINNESOTA.**—Pillsbury, May 28.—Fishing in all the many lakes throughout this section is now excellent. Bass, wall-eyed pike and pickerel are to be had in abundance. I will gladly provide the best quarters possible, i. e., farm house accommodations, for any brethren of the angle who may wish to try our waters.—J. B. LOCKE.

**LARGE SHAD.**—A shad weighing eight pounds was on Mr. Blackford's slabs last Saturday. It came from the Connecticut River.

## Fishculture.

### "MISDIRECTED FISHCULTURE" AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your editorial comments upon my rejoinder published last week you express the opinion that I have done me injustice, and that I have been "interrupting progress of fishculture," whether intentionally or through mistaken notions [you] cannot say. Now, Mr. Editor, if you will state the particular facts upon which you base the opinion that I am an "obstructionist" in this matter, or whether it has been confined to the construction of "some carp ponds and making speeches before the Legislatures of Pennsylvania and New Jersey."

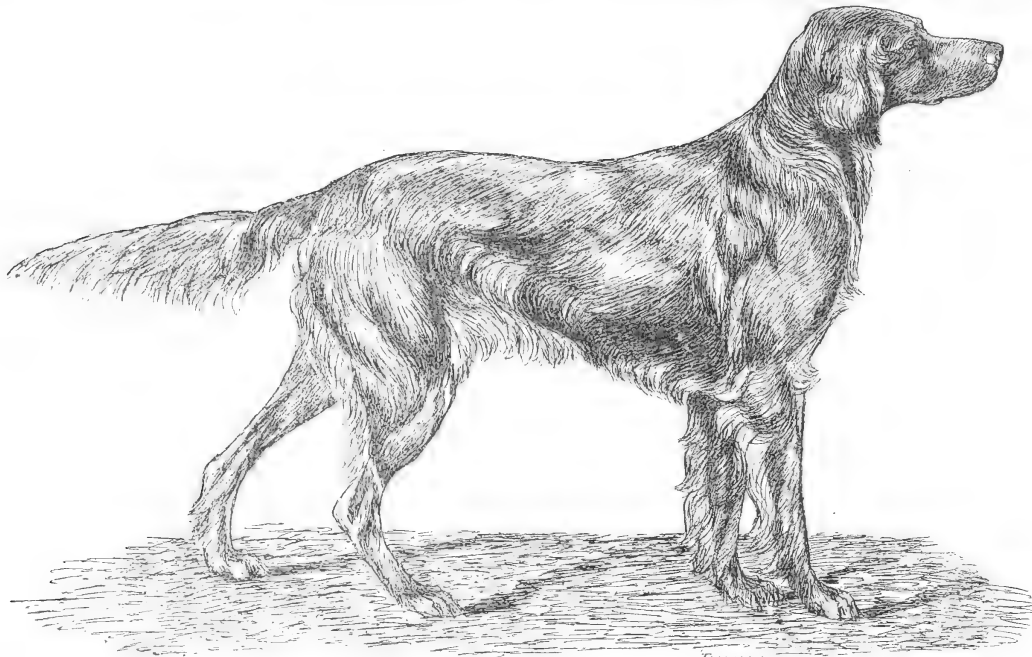
In the first place, you have received a copy of my humble monograph on "Carp and Carp Culture." You are aware of the same quite sharply (without offense, however, and the presumption is that you must have read it. If so, you found on page 6 a reference to Dr. Garlick and his operations of 1853, which you can judge whether my interest in fishculture has extended back twenty-eight years or whether it has been confined to the construction of "some carp ponds and making speeches before the Legislatures of Pennsylvania and New Jersey."

Never as I said before, the files of the FOREST AND STREAM for eight years past will afford some evidence upon the subject. And further, my letter files contain a somewhat prized accumulation of personal communications from the editorial department of the FOREST AND STREAM for eight years past, containing statements strangely at variance with those now emanating from same source. I know, by a little experience, that facts are sometimes developed which necessitate an editorial change of front. I, at this moment, recall a case in your own experience, and will not write: thus, thus, powdered epistle. Mr. Editor, do not hesitate to fire out your facts which will prove me to be the fishcultural sinner portrayed in both your late editorials upon the subject. It is possible that I am rendering myself open to the charge of "egotism" by asserting that I am perhaps sufficiently quoted as an authority to render it desirable for the public to know whether I am now, or have been during the past quarter of a century or more, obstructing legitimate, practical and intelligent fishculture, or whether I am, as you and other ardent anglers are apparently endeavoring to rent a little pent-up jealousy through the medium of FOREST AND STREAM.

If the mild expression, on a few occasions only, of my individual opinion, that the late New Jersey Commission did not use the State appropriations intelligently in many cases, is sufficient basis for your assertion that I have "been very hostile" to the Commission, then I will plead guilty to that count in your indictment. Certainly I have not antagonized them otherwise, and upon that count I look for acquittal. You certainly do not quote me correctly as to what I said in your office concerning my remarks before the Pennsylvania Legislature. After having referred to some of the misdirected efforts of the State's fish culturists and Commissioners, I was asked by one of the members of the Legislature the open question, if I could recommend an appropriation for the Fish Commission. I replied that if I were to answer the question, affirmatively or negatively, without qualification, my reply would be liable to misinterpretation. I then expressed my opinion the Legislature should grant a liberal appropriation for fishculture, but under proper conditions; that I had a high opinion of the Fish Commission, who ranked far above the average of State Commissioners, and could not conscientiously recommend an appropriation to be expended as heretofore; that most of the previous experiments were failures, that although these experiments were justified under the existing conditions, the Legislature should not continue expenditures by the State in the same direction. I then recommended a consolidation of the Fish Commission with the State Board of Agriculture, as stated in my last communication. This is the substance of what I said briefly in your office. I have no other explanation to offer. I am a member of the Commission of New Jersey. I replied that I only knew Mr. Jenkins of Camden, that I was not aware that he had any experience in fishculture, that he was an authority on planked salmon, and, upon that point, an expert. I was not a public prosecutor, would be likely to make it lively for wild violators of the fish laws, and would be one of the most valuable Commissioners who had held the office in New Jersey.

And now in regard to your assertion that the carp "is a poor table fish," etc. I have conversed with over twenty persons who have tested their table qualities, and most of these parties were epicures. All except one extolled their table qualities, and this one's test was of a specimen taken from a filthy pond. I am not the least bit rigorous in that regard. I have had ocular evidence of its wonderful success in numerous ponds constructed by me for several of the leading business men of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. Nor do I antagonize the carp fishculture of other fishculture. On the other hand, I am enthusiastically in favor of continued, well-directed, and every experimental work, such as most of that performed by the United States Fish Commission; but not constant repetition of exploded follies. By exposing the latter, I am aware that I incur the hostility of those who are in the habit of repeating these follies, and I am not so stupid that I can not understand the "true inwardness" of the petty antagonists which, like one of the snappish enemies of the carp, are not the least bit rigorous in that regard. I do not think the FOREST AND STREAM is justified in its course without proper investigation, which would surely change its trend.

By reference to your editorial leader I find that I have not referred to you denials that the Delaware was an original salmon stream. I think I have referred to you more to your assertion than it will me to prove mine, though I cannot furnish as direct proof as might be required in a court of law. For several years past numerous reliable Pennsylvania farmers have published statements that the Delaware was the original records of Pennsylvania make repeated reference to the abundance of salmon in the Delaware. An aged Quaker gentleman, recently deceased, whose grandfathers were residents of Philadelphia, in his will, in which he was heard when speak of the abundance of salmon in the Delaware, was in their day. The late Thaddeus Norris assured me in 1876 that he had no doubt of the Delaware being an original salmon stream, and was well known that he was an industrious and reliable investigator of all matters relating to river fishes of



GLENCHO KENNEL'S RED IRISH SETTER BITCH "TRIX."

WINNER OF FIRST IN OPEN CLASS, NEW YORK, 1883.

America. Mr. Norris attributed their disappearance to continued fishing out of season.

I am now becoming an old man. While a mere boy I watched from the bank of a tiny green mountain brook the curious operations of a pair of trout over a bed of gravel, but could not imagine what they were up to. Doctors Garfield and Ackley were the first to enlighten me, years later. From that moment my investigations practically commenced. I have from time to time shown, had opportunities of studying the New England trout streams, now practically barren. After patient investigations I have come to the conclusion that the depletion of the larger portion of our trout and salmon streams is, in the main, due to the clearing off of the forests and the filling of the soil contiguous thereto, rendering them warm and muddy, and while these conditions exist I believe it useless to spend time and money in repeated attempts to restock them with members of the salmon family. If this constitutes me a crank, young men may see in the situation some reason for endeavoring to read me out of the fishculture ranks.

117 MARKET STREET, Philadelphia.

[We repeat that we had no intention to belittle Mr. Peirce's efforts in behalf of fishculture. The question about which we took issue with that gentleman was his reported statement that fishculture in the United States had not been successful. We believe that it has been. The matter under discussion has assumed the shape of a local dispute between Mr. Peirce and the former New Jersey Fish Commission, as to the manner in which the latter have expended the State appropriations for fishculture, and this point we may leave for them to settle among themselves. We believe that evidence is lacking to show that the Delaware was an original salmon stream, and this view is supported by the best authorities in the country.]

**FISHING BY ELECTRICITY.**—According to a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, the electrical apparatus of Prof. Baird's expedition is very complete. The search light is one of the most novel of the wonderful inventions of the nineteenth century. It consists of three Edison electric lights of sixteen-candle power each, enclosed in a hermetically sealed glass case, which is surrounded by a glass globe, and capable of resisting the pressure of the water at a great depth. It is proposed to sink the lamp and illuminate the sea by turning on the light. This, it is expected, will attract the fish, and a net ten feet in diameter at its mouth, placed below the light, will be drawn at the proper time, and the unknown fish of the lower waters will be caught. "It is an improvement," said one of the officers of the ship, "on the method of the Indians, who searched the rivers at night time with a burning pine knot in the bow of his canoe, and a spear in his hand, but the idea is really stolen from him." Paymaster Rich has the most perfect arrangements for his work. He will be able to photograph fish and shells, as soon as they are taken out of the water, by a vertical camera. This is necessary, as in some cases the air changes the form of some of the curiosities of the sea. The sea water will be brought to the surface from any depth desired for analysis. During the trip of the Albatross from Wilmington an arc light has been first successfully operated on an Edison circuit, and an invention has been completed for lighting the surface of the sea, which will be useful for signaling, and for the prosecution of all kinds of work at night.

**THE FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.**—As we go to press the American Fishcultural Association is in session in the room of the Farmer's Club, Cooper Institute, New York. The meeting will continue through Thursday, beginning at 11 A. M. As usual we will give a full report of the proceedings.

#### PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

Roundabout roads are out of favor. Short cuts are popular and practical. Besson's CAPSINE FORKES PLASTER is in this respect and all others in advance of the times. It is fast supplanting all other external remedies. It does not poison; it acts to-day. It is commended by eminent physicians. It never fails to afford immediate relief. Price 25 cents. Word "Capsine" cut in middle of the plaster.—*Advt.*

The good qualities of Greenwood's Improved Oarlock are demonstrated by the constant and increasing demand for them in city and town, and by the universal favor they receive from boatmen of experience and understanding, also in their adoption by some boat clubs to the exclusion of all others, and again by the many testimonials of their superiority received from purchasers every where.

## The Kennel.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

#### FIXTURES.

##### BRECKEN SHOWS.

June 12, 13, 14 and 15, 1888.—Chicago Bench Show, Chicago, Ill. Entries close June 1. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

##### FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1888.—Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1; for the Members' Stake, Nov. 17; for the All-Ages Stake, Nov. 1. W. A. Custer, Secretary, Flatbush, Long Island, N. Y.

November 29, 1888.—Robin's Island Club's second Annual Field Trials at Robin's Island, L. I., for members only. Entries close Sept. 1. A. T. Plummer, Secretary.

December, 1888.—National American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Eryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

#### THE DOGS AT THE NEW YORK SHOW.

##### Editor Forest and Stream:

There just finished reading Mr. Stuart Taylor's letter anent the last New York show, and I feel inclined to reply to it in a few words. I entirely agree with him when he says, "There are a great many disagreeable people in this world, and the more I see and hear of this class of human beings, the better I love dogs." And it is because I do love dogs, the dogs of the present day and the very ones which Mr. Mason says "are degenerating into worthless curs" that I feel constrained to break a lance in their behalf. Mr. Taylor remarks that his standpoint may be too critical. I consider him most hypercritical—not of the managers, but where dogs and dog shows and judging is concerned. I thought so when his former letter to FOREST AND STREAM appeared, in which he said that he had attended one of our former shows and also one of the large English shows (Crystal Palace, I think it was), and, in his opinion the dogs at both places were a poor lot. Now, I am sure that his suspicion that he may be too critical is well founded.

Of all the pointers and English setters there was not one who was right in stern; in fact, they were all "faulty to a peculiar degree" as regards their "tails." I wonder if Mr. Taylor thinks it best to improve upon nature, as was done in the case of the "tails" of two of his dogs, viz., the little bull-terriers Pegasus and Kittie. It would seem unreasonable that out of one hundred pointers and nearly two hundred setters nature should not have seen fit to bestow at least one "tail" good enough for the rest of the dogs! Says Mr. Taylor: "If any lover of the pointer will point out one to me that was on exhibition that is not faulty to a peculiar degree in stern, I will make him a present of any one of my dogs he may select." I am as much a lover of the pointer as anyone, and I believe I could select pointers which were on exhibition and whose tails were all right. But I doubt if I could satisfy Mr. Taylor, and as I do not want any of his dogs I shall not make the attempt. I had only one dog at the show this year, and I know his "tail" would offend Mr. Taylor. In the ring he carries it somewhat after the manner of the foxhound, which the "excellent sportsman" confounds with the pointer, but in the field I never found cause to complain of the graceful and efficient carriage of this same scum.

I do not pretend to know all classes of dogs as well as Mr. Taylor, but I do think I have a fair knowledge of pointers and setters. I take issue with anyone, be he English or American, who belittles our sporting dogs. I have had the pleasure of attending nearly all the large shows in this country, but I have never been in England when the large shows were open; so I can only speak from hearsay about the foreign dog shows. In 1880 Mr. Hugh Deziel told me that he had no idea that our dogs, particularly the sporting classes, were so good as he found them to be, and he told me that we could beat them in the very class of dogs which they particularly affect in England, viz., the English setter. This year Mr. Herbert Inman came to me and said that he had gone critically among the dogs, and that our show was better on the whole than the great English shows which he had attended last winter. This gentleman had just returned from England and is a judge of dogs.

I know we are not far behind our English cousins in sport-

ing dogs, as is too often said by some English dog dealers, who would be our teachers and counsellors and guides for a consideration! Let us do what Mr. Stuart Taylor suggests, "improve the dog as we improve the horse, by careful breeding and judicious selection," but do not let us be discouraged because our dogs and dog shows do not meet the approval of such men as Messrs. Mason and Graham.

ROBT. C. CORNELL.

NEW YORK.

##### Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Stuart Taylor says in his "Notes on the New York Dog Show": "I saw no English setter there I would give one hundred dollars for in current coin. Show me just one out of all that got grouped in the examining ring that did not carry right royally a defiant curling flag," etc. He also wanted one showing with a good chest, substance and bone, etc.

Now I trust that Mr. Taylor will accept my refutation of these sweeping charges in the spirit that prompts me to answer as I will neither enter, nor do I count any controversy. I will merely say this to Mr. Taylor, in good faith and kindly spirit, in justice to my dog: That if he will take the trouble to visit me the fourth house on Linden Boulevard, Flatbush, Long Island (street cars run every five minutes), I will tender him a most courteous, hospitable and gentlemanly reception to my home, and take the utmost pleasure in proving to him that he did not scrutinize so carefully, nor is his sight so keen as he thought. For I have an orange and white field trial setter, three years old, full of as good useful substance, bone, sinew, perfect chest, and that he carries a tail "according to Hovle" always, and this same dog faced Major Taylor. This is no bid for his best dog. I don't want him. I only ask him not to condemn my dog because found in company unsuited to his taste and fancy.

I agree with him in some things, but in regard to my dog I fear his wholesale slaughter has been indiscriminate. There is need for no one to hold the end of my dog's tail. He has ample courage to do the same unaided. In conclusion let me add, I have others of this same type, fast staunch, and enduring—just such dogs as hit the eye, and good as ever greeted the gaze of practical sportsmen. WASHINGTON A. COSTER.

FLATBUSH, L. I.

##### Editor Forest and Stream:

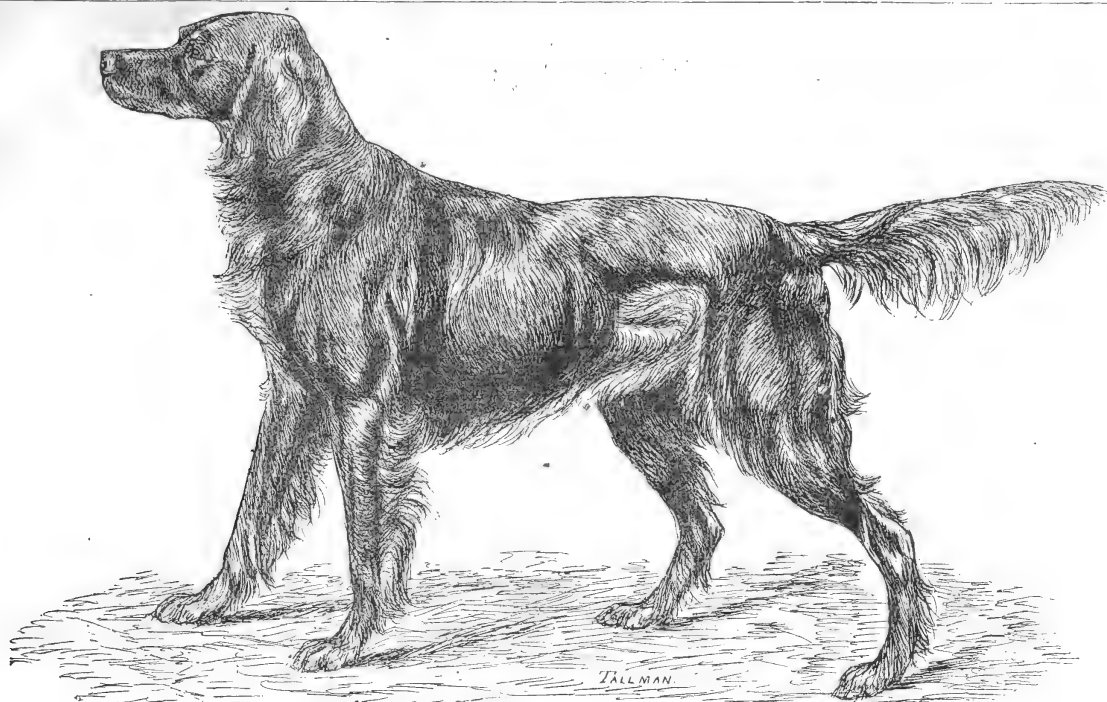
A few remarks seem to me called for by Col. Taylor's last letter:

1. As to breadth of shoulders in setters and pointers. I inquired if there were any later and better authorities on this subject than Stonehenge and Idstone, whom I quoted as favoring narrow shoulders. In reply, Col. Taylor cites only Lavender, whose views on this point now are, I believe, generally conceded to have been wrong. The idea that breadth of shoulders greater, say, than Lavender's is essential to endurance and stamina is one that has very few adherents among the men who have given most intelligent attention to the subject. Col. Taylor ingeniously advances as an argument the fact that a narrow and shallow chest is undesirable in a man. So it is in a dog, and no one denies it. But I never heard that broad shoulders improved a man's chances in a long race or a short one. Depth of chest, thickness fore and aft, is pretty essential to good wind in a man. The analogy between man and the dog is not perfect, but as far as it goes, it is altogether against the Colonel. For use in harness broad-shouldered dogs are probably the best, although I do not wish to be supposed to speak as an expert on this point.

2. As to the color of setters Col. Taylor wrote that the setters at the New York show of 1882 were "wretchedly colored." Now, the preponderating color having been shown to be blue-black or black and white, with or without tan, he merely says he does not like the color. I am far as it goes, he is pardoned for doubting if being disliked by Col. Taylor is the same thing as being wretched.

3. As to liver being a "setter color." Here, also, the Colonel has toned down his original statement. He first said he remembered the time when it was regarded as exclusively confined to pointers and "everlastingly condemned" in a setter. Now he says it was regarded as "almost a blemish and not desirable." But even this last statement is too strong. The worst that should be said of liver is that for setters it is not so desirable as some other colors, principally, I think, because of its liability to fade. Faded liver is certainly a very ugly color, but it is my impression, although I do not know the fact, that a good dog liver is as durable as any other color, and it is certainly handsome. To my mind it is absurd to regard it as a sign of impure breeding; while for utility in the field it is





GLENCHO KENNEL'S RED IRISH SETTER DOG "GLENCHO."

WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE IN OPEN CLASS, PITTSBURGH, 1883.

unobjectionable. I should like to know just when it was "everlastingly" adumbrated. Was it during the career of Pride of the Border? Or before the existence of bench shows in America?

After what Col. Taylor has recently published in *FOREST AND STREAM*, I think he ought, in fairness, to show us, say at the next bench show in New York, what a setter or pointer should be. I should say he would be willing to take some trouble and incur considerable expense for the purpose. I for one shall look for his entry with some curiosity.

I am conscious that I have written in a more personal vein than I usually care to indulge in. I have done so because I consider that when a man writes in such a lofty strain of criticism as Col. Taylor, everyone else has a perfect right to examine and question his qualifications as a critic and to expose, if they can, his inconsistencies. It is hardly necessary to say that I concur in some of his ideas, especially about the tail-holding and setting up the dogs to look as wooden as possible. That kind of performance has often afforded me amusement, and I should be sorry, therefore, to have it abolished. *Pickett.*  
New York, June 2, 1888.

## CHICAGO BENCH SHOW.

(From our Regular Chicago Correspondent.)

**T**HE International Bench Show to be held here at Battery D Army, June 12 to 15, inclusive, is attracting great attention over the country, and being under the management of Mr. Charles Lincoln, there is little doubt as to its great success. The judges selected are well qualified for the position, and it is considered very fortunate that such a selection has been made.

Some information was gathered by your correspondent as to entries, though the official closing is not until June 4. There will be about 1,000 dogs entered in the seventy-four classes. The secretary has heard from the East, and a special car will leave New York on Saturday evening with twenty-five dogs of the fox-terriers, Yorkshire terriers, pugs, bull-terriers and bulldogs, all first-prize winners. A queer entry will be a wild Mexican dog, weighing only one pound and one ounce, by T. S. Peabody, of Chihuahua, Mexico, and it arrives here next week in charge of a guard, who never leaves him. This is the second time that one of these dogs has been exhibited in the United States. The other time was three years ago in New York, when a Mexican lady exhibited him. Another great entry is the celebrated pointer Bang Bang, entered by the Westminster Kennel Club for the first time in this country. He is now on his way across the waters. Every one will want to see him. The champion mastiff, Nevison, winner of thirty-three first prizes and cups, and the champion St. Bernard, Bonivar, both world champions, will be exhibited. It is announced that the great sire of the English bulldog, Rake, will be exhibited. The Hornell Kennel Club will enter a number of spaniels. Mr. J. H. Whitman, of this city, will enter some famous dogs, and, all in all, the promises for a grand and interesting list. There will be a large number of toys, poodles and pugs exhibited.

The building in which the show will be held is spacious and easy of access, and without doubt will be well filled each day with admiring crowds.

## CHICAGO DOG SHOW.

**A**T a meeting of the local committees of Chicago passenger agents, representing the following railroad companies: Baltimore & Ohio, Chicago & Grand Trunk, Lake Shore, Michigan Central, Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati & St. Louis, the following circular has been issued: "Circular No. 46, Chicago Dog Show. To be held June 12th to 15th inclusive. Decided to carry dogs free, at owner's risk, when crated and accompanied by owner or caretaker."

The express companies have agreed to return dogs free if the same have prepaid their usual rates to the show.

CHAS. LINCOLN, Supl.

Arrangements have been made for special baggage car which will leave Jersey City depot of Pennsylvania Railroad 6 P. M., Saturday, and go through to Chicago without transfer, arriving there about 8 A. M., Monday, thus giving the dogs a rest before the show opens. An experienced dog man will accompany the car to take care of the animals, and ample food and water will be provided. Those who desire to avail themselves of this opportunity must apply to Mr. W. T. Dunnell, Room 5, 160 Broadway, before 4 P. M. Friday.

## GLENCHO AND TRIX.

**W**E give this week cuts of the red Irish setters, Glencho and Trix, owned by the Glencho Kennel, Peckskill, N. Y. Glencho is a capital specimen of the Irish dog, with but few faults. He made his bow to the public at Pittsburgh last April, where he easily captured first in the open class. He is not quite two years old and not yet fully matured. He is by champion Elcho out of champion Noreen. Trix is one of the best formed Irish bitches that we have ever seen. Her first appearance was at the New York show last month, where she won first in the open class. Soon after her arrival at the show she was purchased for the Glencho Kennel by Mr. Wm. K. Leute, of Seville, Fla., who was offered a large advance upon the price paid, but wisely refused to part with her. She is three years old, and is also by Elcho and out of Fire Fly. Both are said to be excellent fielders, and their owners may well feel proud of them. The cuts are from sketches by Harry Tallman, and are capital likenesses.

## THE SAN FRANCISCO DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At your request I send you a few notes anent the Dog Show of the Pacific Coast Kennel Club, held at San Francisco last week. To show your readers that I am thoroughly competent to perform the task, I will state, *on possum*, that I had the honor of assisting the judges at Watertown, in 1878, or at least one of them (I picked up his hat). I also had the supreme pleasure of howling at Chicago early the next year when the judges placed such weeds as Ariam's Rock and old Leicester over my favorite, the beautiful Paris. I had my revenge, though, when Elcho beat Erin and Rufus. Here I rest my case, as the fact that I selected Elcho for premier honors upon his first appearance, when taken in connection with his since brilliant career, is proof "strong as holy writ" that as a reporter of dog shows I am *an fait*.

The show was held in Union Hall, on Howard street, commencing on Friday, April 27, and closing Wednesday, May 3. I was unable to be present until Monday, which was perhaps fortunate for me, as according to all accounts things were badly mixed during the first two days. Indeed, I thought that considerable more straightening out might with benefit have been applied to affairs all through the show. There were said to be about three hundred dogs present, which is perhaps a fair estimate. The catalogue was a "delusion and a snare," as many dogs entered were not to be found; but to balance this there were quite a number shown that were not down in the list; and worse than this, not a few of the dogs were entered in wrong classes. The building is not large enough for such a show, and the space allowed the spectators was at times uncomfortably crowded.

The dogs were upon the whole a fair lot, much better than I expected to see. The English setters were a class, the best of the show. The judging was upon the whole as satisfactory as could well be expected, although there was considerable growling by some of the "outs," but in most cases a glance at their exhibits would plainly show that the error in judgment could not be charged against the gentlemen who made the awards. Take it as a whole, the show was fairly successful. Let us hope that it is the precursor of a series of meetings that will give to both a benefit and an honor to the sportsmen of the Pacific slope. I fully intended to give a learned dissertation upon the comparative merits of the dogs exhibited, but I find upon looking over my notes that owing to the lamentable ignorance displayed in classifying them, some of my winners were transferred to other classes, and I will therefore refrain from comments. *Verbum sap.* Following is a list of the awards:

## FOXHOUNDS.

Dogs: 1st, Prof. E. P. Heild (imported tracky); 2d, withheld. High com., J. M. Bassford (Nap).

Bitches: 1st, withheld; 2d, J. M. Bassford (Judy). Very high com., Frick & Martin (John).

## GRYHOUNDS.

Dogs: 1st, J. J. Murphy (Stone-wall Jackson); 2d, T. J. Cronin (Chickopee). Very high com., W. Lane (Ruler).

Bitches: 1st, Robert Lyon (Young Minnetta); 2d, John Dugan (Lulu Newark). Very high com., T. White (Fly); Jas. Henderson (Gypsy).

Puppies: 1st, J. E. Carroll (Master Turkey).

## DEERHOUNDS.

## SCOTCH.

Dogs: 1st, Capt. A. J. Hutchinson (Sheik).

## SETTERS.

## ENGLISH.

Dogs: 1st, H. D. Bartlett (Rob Roy); 2d, J. C. Nealon (Dick). Very high com., D. E. Goodman (Bob). High com., J. de Vault (Bill).

Bitches: 1st, E. H. Farmer (Queen); 2d, T. R. Jacobs (Fannie). Very high com., J. le Vault (Beauty); M. D. Goodman (Daisy G.).

Puppies: 1st, E. H. Farmer (Markie); 2d, John de Vault (Royal Duke). Very high com., H. D. Bartlett (California Rose). High com., R. W. Martin (Jim Budd); R. W. Martin (Jess); H. A. Mayhew (Mars).

## LLEWELLYN.

Dogs: 1st, E. L. Mayhew (Dan); 2d, O. K. Hopkins (Coin II.). Bitches: 1st, Henry Payot (Cleopatra).

Puppies: 1st, D. M. Tyle (Daisyette); 2d, J. B. Martin (Chispa). Very high com., E. L. Mayhew (Topsy).

## IRISH.

Dogs: 1st, H. M. Briggs (Race, Jr.); 2d, R. W. Hills (Nemo). Very high com., Samuel Austins (Ben). High com., Geo. Kommer (Flash).

Bitches: 1st, H. C. Chipman (Beatrice); 2d, H. M. Briggs (Fern). Very high com., Frank G. Abell (Red Bess). High com., Wm. Hearst (Kato II.).

## GORDON.

Dogs: 1st, Dr. H. C. Davis (Duke); 2d, F. A. Tafts (Dorr). High com., J. S. Van Doren (Patsy).

Bitches: 1st, C. Krumbach (Nellie); 2d, T. J. O'Keefe and S. L. Abbott (Peggy). Puppies: 1st, E. N. Underwood (Fannie); 2d, W. W. Morrison (Professor).

## POINTERS.

Dogs: 1st, G. W. Bassford (Ranger Boy); 2d, prize withheld. Very high com., R. E. Bell (Jack). Com., Dr. H. C. Davis (Rex).

Bitches: 1st, G. W. Bassford (Grace Bow); 2d, G. W. Bassford (Josie Bow). Puppies: 1st, Geo. H. Peabody (Victor Bow); 2d, H. A. Bassford (Butte Bow). Very high com., J. M. Bassford (Keno Bow); Gen. G. B. Crosby (Bow, Jr.).

## SPANIELS.

## RING CHARLERS.

No award. Irish Water. Dogs or Bitches: 1st, Albert Miller (Dash); 2d, A. W. Havens (Roger). High com., C. A. Story (Ben).

## ENGLISH WATER.

Dogs: 1st, R. C. Johnson (Jannus); 2d, J. F. Hoffmann (Sam). Bitches: 1st, John Struven (Nellie).

## Cocker.

Dogs: 1st, Miss V. Rutter (Kiddie-a-Wink). ENGLISH RETRIEVERS.

Dogs: 1st, A. C. Tullio (Curley); 2d, E. H. Friten (Bob). Bitches: 1st, John N. Korrner (Nigger); 2d, Wm. Betel (Nell). Very high com., James Lawler (Juno).

## NEWFOUNDLANDS.

Dogs: 1st, John Guellet (Dover); 2d, J. E. Slenkey (El Monte). Very high com., C. A. Story (Dick).

Bitches: 1st, Wm. Cawley (Flora). ST. BERNARDS.

Dogs: 1st, M. L. S. Sanceron (Lion); 2d, H. M. Norton (Jack). Very high com., W. H. J. Matthews (Toot).

## GREAT DANES.

Dogs or Bitches: 1st, A. B. Spireckels (Diana); 2d, O. Tolle (Baton). Puppies: 1st, O. Tolle (Major).

## MASTIFFS.

Dogs or Bitches: 1st, James Henderson (Juno); 2d, W. F. Pettigrew (Sport). Puppies: 1st, Thomas F. McNamara (Queen).

## COLLIES.

Dogs: 1st, J. McNab (Max). Bitches: 1st, J. Cullaghan (Gypsy).

## DALMATIANS.

Dogs: 1st, Dr. E. H. Woolsey (Spot). Very high com., Dr. E. H. Woolsey (Speck).

Bitches: 1st, A. J. Kelly (Nellie Dotter); 2d, H. B. Slocum (Dolly). Puppies: 1st, F. W. Sharon (Tiger); 2d, W. T. S. Moley (Hull). Bitches: 1st, A. B. Trauman (Sadie McCallan).

## TERRIERS.

Dogs or Bitches: 1st, W. M. Dyer (Sabbath); 2d, Samuel Ambler and J. H. D'Arcy (Nell). Very high com., F. Dwyer (Lion).

Dogs: 1st, L. T. Ewen (Pete); 2d, D. Shannon (Paddy). Bitches: 1st, J. W. Orndoff (Gypsy); 2d, J. F. Carroll (Fly). Very high com., J. B. Lewis (Anna). Puppies: 1st, W. W. Tuffy (Tuffy); 2d, D. F. Crowley (Tome). Bitches: 1st, C. H. Joubert (Bess) imp.

Dogs: 1st, Robert Bruce (Fido). Bitches: 1st, W. Hearst (Blue Bonnet). FOX.

Dogs: 1st, J. Boyd (Dandy).

with six times their bulk of water; in the ear and gently knead to base with the fingers. We would also advise an occasional dose of Epsom salts. Feed plenty of well-cooked vegetables.



Sept. 12.—After the usual swim and breakfast, went out for a few hours, returning as before.















# FOREST AND STREAM.

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## THE TEAM QUESTION.

BEFORE the issue of another number of the FOREST AND STREAM, the American team will have sailed for the British shores. They will go accompanied, we are sure, with the best wishes of every American citizen, and we hope with enough of the coin of the republic to make their jaunt a pleasant one and enable them to fitly discharge the duty of representing the American National Guardsmen on foreign ranges.

With the history of the make-up of that team our readers are familiar. It is a squad which fairly represents to-day the best available shooting material in the ranks of our citizen soldiers. It is not easy to secure a dozen or more men who are willing and ready to make such a trip as that undertaken by the American team, and especially when these men must be experts in a very difficult art.

The National Guard of the country does not make a very creditable showing in this matter. After months of notice, we find but twenty-nine men appearing to contest for places on the team, and of these several were shooting merely for a record. The fact is, that marksmanship has not yet become a part of the Guard system here. While the public and the men in uniforms will flock from near and far to witness a contest in the manual of arms, or to see a picked company strut up and down a paved plaza in the evolutions of the squad drill, but a man here and there can be found who has a well-founded knowledge of ball practice, and who can put that knowledge into play. Aside from the beggarly show which the Guard of the whole country makes when compared with the whole male adult population, there is wanting in the Guard, as at present organized, that conception of a soldier's duty which gives to rifle shooting an important place.

But the team as organized is a strong one. A glance over the records made during the weeks of preparation and drill at Creedmoor, will show to the experienced reader that the men come very near to the maximum which may reasonably be expected of a military breech-loader. A year ago the

British team, which visited America, and had such an easy victory, were not as competent as the men now leaving our shores. That is, judged by the records made by them in practice and in the match. There were certain points in which the English team showed great strength. Individually they were far in advance of the men who composed the American team, and we cannot hope to equal them in that respect until we too have secured such an immense field of choice as is shown in the ranks of the British Volunteers. This year will find a system of team management and discipline, which will mean a great many points on the American score.

Public opinion in regard to the team has been largely modified by the action of the Board of Directors. A great deal of childish wrangling and foolish exhibition of petty spite on the part of the "has-beens," has served to bring the whole matter into much dispute. There should not have been from the start anything concealed or done in an underhand fashion. There was such a star-chamber proceeding, and while the popular verdict would, in all probability, have sustained the directors had they declared their opinion that the rejected marksman was an undesirable person to place on a team, there is no doubt that the N. R. A. management has lost much in popular confidence by the far from manly fashion in which Mr. Farrow's case was disposed of. This is a matter which, so far as the present team is concerned, has passed into a "by-gone," and unpleasant things of that sort are always best when forgotten.

The work of the team is before it, and for that work it is fully competent. Col. Howard may not be statuesque, but he has managed to show that he has a quiet working method, and if the men are acting in good faith on the ammunition question, he ought to know just what he can rely on from each man. This is something which the captain of the last team never did know. Should defeat come to the Americans, it will simply be that chance of conflict which may at times send the best equipped and most competent adversary to the wall. It will not be from that utter disparity between the opposing forces which marked the match of 1882.

The pressing need now of the team is a substantial financial backing. The entire National Guard of the country will be disgraced if the team is sent abroad poorly equipped, and the civilian citizen will share in that disgrace. From our knowledge of the management of the team we feel safe in vouching for the economical expenditure of all funds raised for this purpose. There has been much sacrifice of time, labor and money by the men on the team, far more than may ever be known to the world at large; but every man who will feel a thrill of pleasure in the victory of the team should do something toward bringing such a result about and this can be done in a measure by liberal subscriptions.

## FISICULTURE IN ENGLAND.

IT is only within the past two or three years that a few of the more advanced fisiculturists of England have taken to reading the reports of what has been done in the United States and in Germany, and have candidly told their fellow workers that England was far, very far behind those countries. It is exceedingly hard for Englishmen to believe that their land is not up to the standard in all things, and when Mr. Arthur Chambers, President of the English Fisicultural Association, and Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, both publicly stated that their country was far in the rear in this matter, it created some surprise. The fact is, that for years there have been some efforts in this direction, but they have been the work of individuals, who realized the necessity of increasing the stock of fishes, but who lacked the financial support of the government. Mr. Francis Francis early started the good work of salmon breeding, and of sending the eggs to Australia, and he was followed by Mr. Buckland, who, however, seemed to be ignorant of what had been done abroad, and therefore groped in the dark to a great extent. To illustrate this, he packed salmon eggs for Australia on the day they were taken and, of course, lost them, where if he had taken the pains to read American reports, he would have learned a fact known for years previous by all intelligent fisiculturists, that the egg does not bear long transportation well until the embryo is visible to the unassisted eye.

These facts have been called up by the following extract from a report on the International Fisheries Exhibition in the London *Field*, which says of the American display:

In pisciculture there is a large and varied show of models and other apparatus. Many of the models appear to be rather needlessly complicated, though exceedingly ingenious. There were plans

of hatcheries, trays, carriers, hatching boxes in various forms and of varied ingenuity. The same may be said of a large collection of models of fish passes and salmon ladders. They are ingenious beyond all doubt; but many of them are, we fear, too ingenious to be practicable. In these matters there are certain broad principles to be observed: if these be recognized the work is easy; but if they be not, all the ingenuity in the world will not replace them. Among the most interesting things in the American exhibit is a large and fine series of black and white pictures of all manner of piscicultural operations. The United States have done well, and altogether make a fine exhibition.

If there is anything in which the fisiculturists of America excel it is in their apparatus which is designed to accomplish the greatest results in the least space and with the minimum of labor. There have been implements devised which are needlessly complicated, and these are possibly shown with the Government collection, but they are not those which are in common use, or which will be found in the models of the best hatcheries. Of the salmon ladders which the *Field* fears are "too ingenious to be practical" there are some which exceed by far any in use in Europe. For instance, the McDonald fishway may appear to be complicated, but its principle, which is different from any other, is simple enough when seen at work, and a fishway up which a man can row or pole a boat is certainly a practical one. The "broad principles" in the construction of fishways are, a diminished speed of water down an incline as short as possible. The device which accomplishes this in the best and cheapest manner, need not fear to be called ingenious.

There are some excellent private fisicultural establishments in England which sell eggs and fry at high prices, such as obtained in America ten years ago, but beyond stocking the waters of some of the nobility, not much has been done. The proposition to hatch what in England are termed "coarse fish," such as pike, and the cyprinoids of the rivers, has received much favor, and if the new Association carries it out, it will afford both food and sport for those who do not own vast parks with lakes and streams, which are of use only to the owners. We believe that the day will come, and come soon, when England will work up to the present high standard of fisiculture on the Continent and in America, and those who plainly tell the people that they are behind other countries in breeding fish are the best friends of the cause. If the new Fisicultural Association can work up popular interest in this question and obtain government recognition and financial aid, we expect to see a body of progressive fisiculturists spring up in that land that will make their mark on this industry, provided that some person whose only claim to distinction is a long title is not put at the head of it.

England has several earnest workers in this field besides the gentlemen named. Mr. Charles W. Harding has been experimenting with the breeding of mussels and oysters in Norfolk; Mr. Charles C. Capel, of Fooks Cray, Kent, has a hatchery for *Salmonide* which is well known on this side of the water, and there are others who are earnest, capable men, who should long ago have had charge of government works to provide fish for the million, instead of for the few wealthy persons who plant them merely for sport.

Fisiculture in England has been mainly a toy for the rich to play with, and hence there has not been that stimulus to devise space-saving and labor-saving apparatus, which will turn out millions of fish into the public waters at the least expense. It has never had the slightest aid from the Government, notwithstanding the fact that thousands are engaged in the coast fisheries, and that the people consume vast quantities of fish. The salmon rivers of Great Britain are kept from exhaustion by protection alone, but with a plentiful yearly stocking would produce many more fish than at present. The Fisheries Exhibition, now in progress in London, should open the eyes of the Members of Parliament to these facts.

THE REPORTS RECEIVED from the various fishing localities, far and near, would seem to indicate that the prospects for the sport this summer are unusually good. The season opened very late in all localities, and those who tried the overfished streams near the cities, as soon as the law was off, returned disappointed, with empty creels and drooping rods. We are inclined to believe, however, that this is to be a good fish year, and that the same old frosts and storms, which annually destroy the peach, the corn, the wheat and the ice crop, have this year left the trout and the bass harvest unharmed.

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL will publish in illustrated book form the two series of "Florida Sketches," contributed to this journal. The entertaining material contained in those papers was ample for a successful volume; and our readers will welcome them in the new form.



more for a watch-dog than anything else. After going twelve miles up the valley we reached the Santa Ynez Mountains, and began the ascent. We lightened the load for the mules by getting out and walking up the steep places. Wild cherry or plum trees grew abundantly by the roadside, and their sweet fruit was very refreshing. When plentifully laden, the fruit sometimes intoxicated a person. The day being warm, we toiled slowly up the mountain. Several times we came upon the trail of a huge rattler or other snake, which lazily dragged itself across the dusty road, and after two hours' hard climbing, we reached the summit. The view above well repaid us for the exertion. Range upon range of brush and timber covered mountains stretched before us for miles. Three thousand feet below, across a deep canon, the road lay serpentine. Windings no longer disappear, but they reappear further on, until it is too slight in the distance. Fifteen miles away is the grand Pacific, its various currents plainly visible; some of dazzling brightness from the sun shining upon them, and others of a deep blue color. In the air above are a number of vultures that would measure from eight to ten feet across the wings, lazily wheeling about in large circles. Everything is quiet. Even the birds are silent from the heat. A cold and air of business pervades the scene. One almost imagines he could live forever on nothing but climate and this enchanting view. But we are soon roughly aroused from our reverie by the voice of Frank telling us to "come on, and not keep us waiting all day!" We reluctantly leave the spot, and getting in the wagon begin the descent. On making a sharp curve we ran over a rattlesnake, and it being only crippled, we couldn't resist the temptation to get out and eat its earthly career, thus adding its nine rattles to our collection, the largest of which consists of fourteen rattles and a button.

We ate our lunch in a shady recess near the road, where a cold spring of pure water bubbles up, and by two o'clock reached the foot of the mountain. About five o'clock we came to the ranch of Mr. Cyrus Marshall and decided to camp there for the night. Mr. M., being an indefatigable worker, we were somewhat surprised to see himself and wife dressed in a cotton and air of business pervades the scene. One almost imagines he could live forever on nothing but climate and this enchanting view. But we are soon roughly aroused from our reverie by the voice of Frank telling us to "come on, and not keep us waiting all day!" We reluctantly leave the spot, and getting in the wagon begin the descent. On making a sharp curve we ran over a rattlesnake, and it being only crippled, we couldn't resist the temptation to get out and eat its earthly career, thus adding its nine rattles to our collection, the largest of which consists of fourteen rattles and a button.

We were on the road by daylight the next morning, and camped about eighteen miles up the Santa Ynez River at a beautiful spot. We were kept awake that night by the coyotes, and it being moonlight we endeavored to get a shot at them, but were unsuccessful. Before the sun had risen the next morning we were on our way, and leaving our two companions to their slumbers, hastily rigged our fishing tackle and stole down to the river a few feet away. The river is not more than thirty yards wide at any place, but it is very clear and contains lots of trout. We made a cast and immediately felt a tug, and then a rush, and presently landed a fine one that would weigh a pound and a half. In a few minutes twenty-three were in our creel, averaging a pound more in weight, and in the evening more a number of them were in the frying pan. The savory aroma greeted the nostrils of Jim and Frank on awakening, caused them to den their clothes in haste. After a breakfast of fried trout, camp biscuit and coffee with condensed milk, we made our plans for the day. We were all going to hunt. Jim started out one way and Frank another, while we stayed a few minutes to fix up things around camp. Just before we were about to look across the river and saw a large coyote trotting along. He was about thirty yards away, and taking good aim we blazed away. A little spout of dust raised before him, and the fact was made apparent that we were not Dr. Carver or some other famous shot. We concluded not to shoot again, for when we got ready the coyote was about half a mile away. When he heard the shot he started, and all that could be seen of him was a grayish streak.

Before we got fairly started from camp we heard Frank fire six or seven shots in rapid succession, and soon he came running to camp after Dave to help him in capturing two bucks he had wounded. Dave took the track of the one that had gone toward the river, but after going half a mile lost the track, and appeared much at fault. We assisted him, and finally he found it again and soon came upon the track of a very vigorous two-year-old buck, with one hind leg broken, but he was well rested, and the fight was truly exciting. The deer would strike most forcibly with his fore feet, but the dog would watch his chance, and seize him by the throat, choking him down, when, loosening his hold from exhaustion, the fight would begin again with renewed fury. But it was evident that the dog would prove the victor, and calling him off we shot the deer through the head. After trying in vain to drag him to camp, we huffed him over a rock, and he was soon dispatched. We had followed the track fully six miles, and were now two miles from camp, as tired and footsore as can well be imagined. We hung the buck and hobbled back to camp, gave Dave an early dinner and washed him in the river, he being covered with blood from his recent encounters. Jim returned with a few quail as the result of his skill.

The next day we found a bee tree near camp and Jim rode one of the mules eight miles to borrow an axe to cut the tree down, and found that he had come upon a three or four year-old buck, with one hind leg broken. Everything showed that the battle had been severe, but Dave had conquered, and the deer was now at his mercy. After resting about twenty minutes we pushed the buck with our foot, when he jumped up straight nearly six feet and started down the mountain, bounding over brush and rocks at a rapid rate, but by the time he had gone two hundred yards he was again on the ground, and was soon dispatched. We had followed the track fully six miles, and were now two miles from camp, as tired and footsore as can well be imagined. We hung the buck and hobbled back to camp, gave Dave an early dinner and washed him in the river, he being covered with blood from his recent encounters. Jim returned with a few quail as the result of his skill.

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were opposite him, and we were so near that we could almost or quite touch him with the whip. He ran about two hundred yards and stopped, looking at us, as if wondering who we were. He had probably never seen the like before. As we had plenty of fresh meat we didn't bother him. Going on a few miles further we came upon a hunter's cabin. The occupant had not seen the face of a white man for three months and was overjoyed to see us, and gave us the privilege of using anything of his that we cared to. He was a fine specimen of a backwoodsman, standing full six feet, straight as an arrow and a fine shot. Surrounded by his dogs, horses and chickens he leads a secluded life. He had about thirty deer skins, and pressed us to accept all the "jerkey" we wanted. He informed us that he came from New Orleans in 1860, and since then had led the life of a hunter and trapper. His pride about the breed-leader is so strong that he would not allow one the space it took up, and so he uses the muzzle loader entirely, hardly looking at our Winchester.

We pushed on two or three miles further and camped. Not having any fish for supper, Jim and the writer went to the river and saw in one pool what we estimated to be at least a thousand trout, and in the shallow water we caught enough with our hands for two or three meals. Nice, large ones, too. We killed a rattlesnake that day that measured four feet in length and twelve inches in circumference. It was the largest we had ever seen and had eleven rattles. The next morning we saw three deer feeding on the mountain about four hundred yards away, while we were eating breakfast. Frank took his rifle, and by making a detour succeeded in bringing one down. I went to his assistance, while Jim went after a couple of coyotes he saw some distance away. When I reached Frank saw that he had killed one of the largest bucks I had ever seen. The bullet went in one ear and came out the other, killing the deer instantly. Frank declared that he had killed it at fully 275 yards. We disputed the matter with him, until we stepped the distance off and it was just 153 paces. With difficulty we dragged the deer down the mountain and then went to camp and hitched the mules to the wagon. To bring the deer to camp, but he was so large that we could not lift him into the wagon, even after the entrails were removed, and we were not very weak, either. By cutting the head off we finally got him into the wagon by very hard lifting, and started for the camp. If Nast could have seen us logging away at that deer he might have enriched *Harper's* with a cartoon that would have added to his fame. After returning to camp it was hard work to hang him high enough to dress, but after much trouble succeeded in doing so. He was a decidedly the largest deer we ever saw, and his wide branching antlers probably grace the walls of Frank's room at the present moment. Jim returned after we had accomplished all the hard work, minus a coyote, but with a lynx he had killed. Its color was white and yellow, and it was eighteen inches tall and twenty-nine inches long. We saw a large bear track that day that measured nine by fourteen inches. Its large size was caused probably by the hind foot stepping in the track made by the one in front.

No bears were seen by us on our trip, though numerous tracks were noticed. The writer killed only one deer, and that was a small one. We killed a great many quail, they being very plentiful, some flocks that I have seen numbering thousands. When a flock of that size take wing the noise made resembles distant thunder. In some places farmers have to guard their young grain from their depredations. Trout were abundant almost everywhere in the streams. We saw many deer that we did not shoot at, because we had plenty of fresh meat. One herd contained thirteen, all grown ones. Although we saw no bears on this trip, we did on others, and in the future may describe how we were treed by an old clubfoot.

FALLS CITY, NEB.

## FROM A SPORTSMAN'S NOTEBOOK.

NEVER could understand why all compass needles are not of such form as to designate, at a glance, the north pole.

Most of the pocket compasses have the needle pointed alike at both ends, one end being polished, and the other, the north, left blue.

Supposing a fellow, having failed to notice this difference, should become lost, and "consequently" turned around, and what use would the compass be to him? Of course, no old hunter would be caught in any such foolish scheme, but the tenderfoot might. If the t. f. were a scientific man, or one who happened to remember all the points in the natural philosophy of his school days, he could easily prove to himself which was the north pole of the needle as follows: Hold the compass on a level spot on the ground, hold the gun nearly vertical, look at the muzzle, one end of the needle outside the case of the compass would be pointed toward you, and violently repelled; this is the north pole. In the Southern Hemisphere he would have similar effects with the south pole, or blank end of the needle. Any mass of iron, set on end, would answer the same purpose as the rifle barrel. This effect is supposed to be due, partially, to the "magnetic moment" of the iron, and also to the natural polarity due to the earth's influence, a subject of prolonged study by Sir W. S. Harris, who published a report for the use of iron ships.

Last Sunday I watched the movements of a crow-blackbird in my door yard. He was only about twenty feet from me, and by using an opera glass I could see everything plainly. He would hop around and tip his head to one side and peer steadily for a moment at the sod, then with a few picks he would bring out an angle worm. This he would put his foot on and pull in two, and swallow the parts. Finally he found what appeared to be a May bug. This he pulled to pieces, but I could not tell whether he swallowed any of it or not, but he kept what appeared to be the wings or thighs, and, perhaps, some other parts in his mouth. Then he found more worms and would lay down the pieces of bug until he had eaten the worms. This he repeated several times, always picking up the pieces of bug, which he finally flew away with. I suppose these were tidbits for his young.

Talking about fishing, I did some funny work one time. It was during the war. I was on the Gulf, bound for Southwest Pass, mouths of the Mississippi, from Brazas de Santiago. The little schooner was sailing along very slowly, when we noticed some large fish acting very strangely. One was much larger than the rest. I should think, as I remember it, some five or six feet long. This one kept directly under the boat, except when she came out to chase away five or six smaller ones, perhaps thirty inches long. She

would drive them further than we could see in the beautiful clear water, but returned to take station under the boat, to be soon followed by the smaller ones, which would linger just under and alongside the rail. We had a dolphin line over the stern, with a ring attached to the large hook. I took this hook and bound it to the end of a pole, with the stout cord still attached to the hook, and carried up the pole, as a measure of safety. With this rig I sat on the rail midships, and by divers jerks and twitches, finally hooked one of the fish near the tail. With the help of the captain I succeeded in hauling him aboard.

This fish were called by the captain of the schooner "albicore," as near as I can remember, and he said he never saw one caught, and laughed at the idea of my attempting it. After one was caught he took a lively interest in the matter, found an old spear-head in the hold, which we sought out to the same pole, and succeeded in spearing another fish, when the rest suddenly disappeared.

That day we had a fish dinner. I was hungry; had been living for some days on army rations, bacon smothered in onions, which I detest. My mouth waters at I write of it. I have "fed" at some high-toned tables, with all the adjuncts of sauces, but no fish ever tasted half as good. This isn't much of a fish story, compared with your "Jottings from Jersey," but the statements are cold facts.

Would like to know whether I have the correct name for this fish; he was dark blue. I think, on the back and light beneath.

We afterward speared a dolphin, the "King of the Sea." He was the most beautiful fish I ever saw, the "rainbow-tinted" sides of the "speckled beauties" being way off in comparison. I remember that the top part of the dolphin's head struck me at the time as being of the most perfect lines for clearing the water, that is from the mouth up. Turn him on his back and the top of his head would make a model for the prow of a clipper. Am I right or is my memory at fault?

In cooking the dolphin the old superstition of putting a piece of silver in the pan with the fish was followed, and as the silver was not discolored we ate the fish.

Speaking of explosives, the *Scientific American* quotes from the London *Observer*: "An explosive is a body of unstable chemical composition, which, when its chemical equilibrium is disturbed, suddenly expands in bulk. Gun cotton may be held in the fingers and burnt, but if a detonator be attached to it, and it be clapped between the palms of the hands, it will blow a man to pieces."

Chloride and nitrogen will explode with terrific violence if the bottle containing it be tapped with a feather. Explosives may be roughly divided into combinations which are purely chemical and those that are chemical and quasi-chemical. Nitro-glycerine is purely chemical. All purely chemical compounds decompose spontaneously and group themselves into sub-combinations of a treacherous nature. Nitro-glycerine can be carried about safely, but if kept for any length of time it passes through internal changes which render it unsafe.

I suppose black powder to be a simple mechanical mixture, and if kept dry can be kept for centuries unchanged. Is it about wood powder? Probably the boys had better use it if at all, and if they do, they should be very careful. It is pretty powder to use, for many occasions, and it is to be hoped it is as safe as it is declared to be by the manufacturers.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

## Natural History.

### ANOMALIES IN BIRD-LIFE.

I HAVE spent most of the present spring at Northford, Conn., a little village located seven miles northeast of Long Island Sound, just above New Rochelle. On Thursday morning, April 26, as I was walking there near Farm River, a man named Dunklee told me he had just seen a "white robin." Thinking he possibly was mistaken, I hurried on in pursuit of the curiosity. I found that Dunklee was right; it was a genuine red-breasted robin (*Turdus migratorius*), and as tame as a chicken. It permitted me to come within five or six feet of it, and even my nearer approach occasioned it no serious alarm. Its head and breast had the usual color and markings of a male robin, but every other portion of it was perfectly snow white. Flight, size, "chirrup," everything, except the strange coloring, proved unmistakably that it was a robin.

This and several similar instances already narrated lead me to suspect that some species of birds occasionally combine with other species. Many ornithologists will smile at this, while others, perhaps, will think it over and reason that it is not altogether impossible. When it is once considered that, with the exception of a mere handful of scientists, the habits and peculiarities of birds are not generally observed, and that new facts are constantly coming to light, equally as strange as my theory, those deeply interested in things ornithological certainly must concede that what I have said is worthy of a second thought. In support of my theory one instance has come under my personal observation, which I must give now for the expansion of my door-yard. A Baltimore oriole (*Icterus baltimore*) nested in my door-yard last summer that differed from all other orioles that I ever saw or heard of, in this respect: after singing its own sweet song it would rattle off the whole beautiful jargon of song, common to the catbird (*Geothlypis trichas*), even to the spiteful cat yawl that gives the catbird its common name. Optical illusion, delusion, or other absurdity may be argued, but I know better: the bird was not in my study windows all summer long, and I saw and heard it several times. It is possible, and barely possible, that the oriole had learned to imitate the catbird's song, but I doubt it. It would be no more absurd to argue that an eagle might, under certain circumstances, learn the coo of the dove. Scientists accept the term hybrid, or mongrel, in describing monstrosities in the quadruped kingdom, and I am at a loss to understand why they reject its application to birds. It is possible that thorough investigation may some day show that the fanciful and pretty theories that now exist respecting "bird-virtue."

LEW VANDERHOEF.

NEVERVILLE, N. Y., May 11, 1883.

[That hybrids between different closely allied species do occasionally occur among birds is well established, but that such occurrences are rare is very certain, and that such hybrids are fertile *inter se* and produce young like themselves





## Game Bag and Gun.

**GAME RESORTS.**—We are always glad to receive for publication such reliable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

### A DEER HUNT NEAR MONROE, LA.

BY G. D. A.

SEVEN miles above Monroe, on the east side of the beautiful Ouachita river, is one of the most noted, pleasant and successful places for deer shooting in the State of Louisiana. I mean in ante-bellum days—just at it is at this time I am unable to say. In addition to deer, no better ground could be found for indulging in the delightful amusement of hunting wild turkeys or chasing wildcats. The lake and river abounded in barfish—or striped bass—trout, and every variety of perch usually found in Southern waters. It is called the "Horseshoe," being a peninsula formed by a large lake in the form of a horse shoe, the heels of the shoe reaching out for fifty yards of the river, and not over two hundred yards apart. The interior of the Shoe was a long, rather narrow body of land, pretty high in spots, and covered with dense long fishing-pole cane. Parallel with the banks of the lake were several sloughs filled with water in winter, but dry in summer. Many water oaks and persimmon trees grew in these sloughs, the acorns attracting the ducks and the ripe persimmons the deer, which are especially fond of this fruit. The Shoe itself was a long and wide lake, deep in places, and with high banks generally on both sides. At the time in which this hunt, to which our article is devoted, came off, this lake abounded in alligators; in fact, they were so numerous that the deer would not take the water unless absolutely compelled in order to escape the dogs and hunters, and no dog would cross it often more than once or twice if not caught by the alligators, being so badly frightened that they never venture into the shallow bird-line slough. It was not very wide across the Shoe, but there was a sufficient body of land to offer a strong attraction for the deer, on the same side of the river on which the lake was, to go there and lie during the day, and even a stronger one to the deer frequenting the pine flats that bordered the river on the west side. Those deer would swim the river at the point between the heels of the Shoe, and then were safe from the hunters that pursued them from the east side. At night they swam back and fed on the hills and pine flats.

Often as many as twenty to fifty deer would lie in the Horseshoe at a time. It only afforded hunting for one day. The plan of the hunters of Monroe was to send up a party of servants with the dogs in yawls, to go by water, and land at the mouth or rather head of the Shoe, while they rode by land and generally arrived some time before night, so as to occupy the whole heat and keep the deer inside until next day.

Mr. Charles W. Phillips, of the old firm of Williams, Phillips & Co., had arrived from New Orleans on his way to visit his plantation on the De Siard Island, on which island was this Horseshoe. His friends, consisting of James McEnery—the eldest brother of the Gov. McEnery, Tom Scarborough, Joe Mason, Henry Dinkrave, his half brother, and Ludeling, subsequently the Chief Justice of the State, and your humble servant, met and agreed to give Mr. Phillips a hunt at the Horseshoe; to go up one afternoon, camp that night and return the next day.

A more lively, jolly set never went hunting, prepared to enjoy themselves no matter what turned up. All were successful hunters except Mr. Ludeling, who, I think, had never taken so long a hunt before, and I am certain had never killed a deer until on this occasion.

Three yawls were sent up the river with the hounds, and supplied with all the fine liquors, wines, cards and good things that the eating and drinking saloon of Charlie Austin (who was then living, but a short time afterward was basely murdered) could supply.

The hunters took their guns and rode on horseback to the appointed place. Strict orders had been given to the servants that rowed the yawls, to make no noise until they had gone into the canoe, and to get certain old fowling coats, should they reach the rendezvous before us. My shotgun had been sent on the yawl, and I bore my rifle, intending to have a turkey hunt, or a still-hunt the next morning at daylight.

There were seven of us, four have been gathered to their fathers, and three survive. In those days, fine wines, liquors and card-playing, (whist and euchre), were the fashion, and I must confess, I was not a very good player, but cigars, that one could get them in perfection. I never drank, nor did I play cards, but as to cigars, one could always get on my good side, if I had one, by offering me a genuine old black Cuba-Principe.

We reached the ground in advance of the negroes, kindled fires along the 200 yards between the heels of the Shoe, and had a merry time before the arrival of the yawls. After that time, ten or twelve negroes, each with a gun, came out and each sea of himself to have a good time generally. We congratulated ourselves on being the first camping party of the season, since we could find no signs to indicate that any one had been in to disturb the deer. My particular hunting friend, Henry Dinkrave, gave me directions how to take a stroll outside of the lake, in order to learn the bearings of the woods, so as to have the still-hunt the next morning. I took my rifle and went off to camp at six directions while a part of the hunters rigged their fishing poles, and during my absence had succeeded in catching more bar, or striped, bass than we all could eat. I returned by sundown, having learned all I desired about the surroundings and the game. I found a long piece of ground on the lake, from which the cane had been burned, leaving it clear of undergrowth, and on this place were plenty of signs of deer and turkeys. The ground under the cane was covered with acorns, and the deer fed at night. I saw ten fresh and large "scrapes" made by the bucks, and I was confident of finding one there the next morning.

It had been agreed, too, that no one should fire a gun before morning, for fear of frightening the deer inside of the Horse Shoe. Mr. Dinkrave had taken a walk along the high bank between the heels, and reported finding a great deal of sign of deer. Sanguine was every one about this note of success, successful hunts that had been witnessed on this note of success. After the heartiest supper I ever ate, and one I really enjoyed, I laid down in my blanket to watch the party earnestly engaged in playing euchre. "I'll bet a hundred dollars," said Phillips, putting a small trumpet on Scarborough's

ace of diamonds, "that I kill the first and biggest buck to-morrow."

"Take that bet," replied each, "that you don't."

"Bring that basket of champagne here," said McEnery, speaking to his servant; "I'm getting awful dry."

"I'll bet a hundred dollars," said Phillips, "that I will get a good old Bourne whisky, I do not know."

"I'll bet fifty dollars that Ludeling kills a deer," said Scarborough.

"I'll take it," said Dinkrave, "for he never shot at one in his life."

"Don't you bet, Tom, for I really never shot at one," said Ludeling.

Before lying down I had got Mr. Dinkrave to promise to wake me up before light in the morning. I knew they were going to play and drink all night. So, after watching them for some time, I turned over to go to sleep, but I heard, before I went off into the land of Nod, Mr. Mason offer to bet a large sum "that if a deer was killed that Col. A. would be the one to kill it," and another sum that I "would kill one on my still-hunt in the morning," both of which bets Mr. Phillips took, and then called for the fish and oysters and coffee.

I had no more, until nearly daylight. I felt someone pulling and shaking, and recognized the heavy speech of Henry Dinkrave, "Get up (hie) Col. A. (hie), if you want to go still-hunting (hie), here's a cup of hot coffee." In a moment I was up, drank the coffee and started, telling Henry if I shot and blew my horn, to come to me, with a horse. Unfortunately I omitted to take with me any matches. I had lighted a cigar when I started, and had a pocket full of me. It was the dark of the moon in October, and it would only be visible a short time before day-break. A more favorable time for finding the deer could not be chosen, besides, the ground was damp, it having rained the day before we left Monroe.

It was about a half a mile to the "burn" I had found the evening before. There was good walking along the edge of the water of the lake, and all I had to do, after getting to the burn, was to softly creep up to a high bank and peep over the edge. The first and second time I did so nothing was seen, but the third (by the way, is not the number three a lucky one?) I was rewarded by seeing a massive head with a wide pair of antlers appearing above a large prostrate cottonwood tree. The buck neither saw nor smelt me. I had discovered the omission of having no matches, and I could not afford to lose my lighted cigar. Creeping back, I laid the cigar in a place where I would have a sufficient light to see my rifle and spent the time in the triagers, and then peeped over the bank. The deer had not moved his position. Never did I take more deliberate aim. It was true, it was barely light enough to see the sights; but then the deer was not over forty yards from me, and I could make allowance for that distance. Not the least excitement about me, the heart beat all right, the nerves were steady from the cup of strong coffee, and the stock and barrel of the rifle were held as steady as in a vise. I thought the eye was too good a target for the deer's light, and I had better unjoin the neck bone, just back of the head, as he was presenting a side shot to me, the high log covering all the body from sight.

The shot was made, and when the smoke blew to one side I saw a deer bounding off, making high jumps and whistling as he went. He did not go fast, and before he got a hundred yards he turned around, stamped the ground as if in regard, and acted very strangely for a deer that had been shot at. I quietly stepped down, and getting my cigar, which was alive, loaded my rifle and cautiously went up the bank and peeped over again. There was that huge buck still in sight and whistling and snorting, but further off, not less than 150 yards. Putting down the cigar on the top of the bank, I raised the rifle and fired with a rising aim as it came to the shoulder. The deer presented a beautiful side shot, I aimed just behind the head, and oh! how good I was when I saw him spring from the ground and then pitch over on his head. My esteemed young friend, Joe Mason, had won his bet. First giving the cigar a few long whiffs, I seized my horn and blew three long blasts as heartily as I ever did on any occasion. I had to blow a good many times before Dinkrave, with Tom Scarborough and James McEnery, came to my assistance with two horses. Hearing his shots, Henry Dinkrave insisted on taking two, as he asserted he was confident I had killed two deer, predicated on the premises that I did not miss when I had a fair shot.

When the three arrived I am very certain three weaker-kneed hunters never assembled around a big deer with the intention of putting him on a horse's back. They were not drunk, but in the most agreeable state of "tightness," in the best of humors with themselves and everybody else, and so, out of it while night's carousal, they did not collectively possess the power of lifting a deer.

I had cut the throat of the deer and was seated upon his head quietly enjoying my smoke when my friends came up. They were much surprised at his great size and his being so fat, and so dark a blue in color. His antlers had six points on one horn, and five on the other, being very wide set and remarkably keen pointed. Mr. McEnery remarked that "Joe Mason (his brother-in-law) should take them to Charlie Austin as Joe had won the bet. I wanted to cut the deer's head off and take out the entrails in order to render it easy to put him on the horse. This Tom Scarborough and Dinkrave objected to, as they wanted to take him just as he was to Charlie's for a show, and to win a champagne supper on his weight. It was the most awkward squad I ever saw undertake to get a big buck on a horse. When not under the influence of such a night's frolic, I have seen Henry Dinkrave take up such a deer and put him behind a riding easily as I would a small dog. Now, all three failed to do it, until after many an effort, my part being that of holding the horse and keeping him steady. Finally they succeeded and we started back. When we got opposite to where I first shot at the deer, looking over the big log, I asked Tom Scarborough to ride to it and look to see if there was not a dead deer there, telling them what a pretty shot I had and how steady I was to have missed that deer.

"Hold, Scarborough," said Henry, "I'll wager an oyster supper to-night for the crowd there is a dead deer behind that log."

"I'll take a half interest in it," said McEnery.

"And I won't risk a cent," said Tom.

"Well, I'll give the supper if there is one," said I.

Mr. Scarborough rode out to it, and then shouted for us to come and see the largest and fastest buck he ever saw. Sure enough, I had made a center shot, and struck him precisely where I aimed. The second deer must have been either lying down, or, if standing by the side of this one, was concealed by his greater size. The sudden death of his

companion, and not seeing any one, caused him to net as he did, and lead to his own death.

"Now we are in a fix," said Mr. Henry Dinkrave. "Let us all blow our horns and get the others to come. If we had as much trouble to get that buck on the horse, what will it be to put this one on that much larger one?"

The proposition was agreed to, the horns blown, and not being answered at the camp, I proposed to ride to it, and get the rest, for if either of the others should go, they would consider it only a ruse to get them to come. This was agreed to. I had not gone fifty yards before Dinkrave shouted, "Be sure to bring the negroes and the demi-john."

The camp was reached. The rest informed of the success and wants, and taking one negro man, we all started back.

I shall never forget Charlie Phillips' hearty oath of admiration, (and he could swear with more emphasis than any one I ever heard) when he examined that buck.

Dinkrave proposed that I should drive for them, as I had my share of the sport, and it was unanimously resolved that I should not be allowed to take my Greener lamint double-barrel shotgun. Henry remarked "It would be a most accident if I got a shot with a rifle, and he did I propose I should have another chance that day. With the aid of the negro man, who was quite sober, the buck was lashed on the saddle and we went back. Mr. Joe Mason telling Mr. Phillips he would have enough champagne to drink at his expense for a couple of months. Breakfast was ready when we got back to camp. I had a vigorous appetite and laid in a goodly supply of catables, and had a lunch put up, as I expected to make repeated drives in the Horseshoe until all the deer were driven out, and it would be time to return to Monroe.

Mounting my horse, and securing my rifle, with partition instructions from Dinkrave how to drive, I blew my horn and dashed into the drive. The hounds struck a trail within sixty yards of camp, where the deer had been as far as a drop of the second bottom, and seeing our camp-fires afraid to venture down, they stood at home, waiting the word of the horse before the dogs would unpick deer. In ten minutes began the skirmish firing. Standers had been posted about forty yards apart, from north end of the heel to the south, a distance, as before mentioned, of some two hundred yards. The one at the outer stand being Phillips, and at the lowest stand was placed Ludeling, the other four gentlemen respectively filling the intermediate distances. It had been agreed upon to shoot at the heels of the deer, and to hunt down the double report from McEnery's gun followed, and still no flagging of the terror-stricken animal. Then boomed the barrels of Joe Mason without a halt, when the last shot had to be made by Mr. Ludeling. Adjusting his gold glasses to take a better sight, as the deer passed broadside about twenty-five yards, mechanically he shut both eyes after seeing which way the animal was running, pressed both triggers at once, and then came a tremendous report, a double shot, and then behind for Joe Mason with the loads from Ludeling's gun and replaced them with double charges of powder and shot. Down went that unfortunate deer as dead a shot as ever was made, only one shot striking, and down went Mr. Ludeling on his back.

The dogs ceased running after the last shot, and I came out as fast as possible to ascertain the kill, fully expecting to find not less than a half dozen dead deer after twelve successful heavy gun shots. All were in a merry glee and bent upon giving Ludeling a good bloodying, according to hunters' usages, as this was his first deer; while he was contending most strenuously in arguing he had gotten enough by that joke of Mason's, as his face and shoulders would not get over it for a month of Sundays.

Toddies and cigars were distributed, and I went back into the drive, to see if I had seen any other deer. Besides this one, in a very little while the dogs started again. The deer were rather afraid to go out at the same place, and doubled around the whole drive a time or two before they made the leap down the fatal bank. Five double shots were fired, and when I came out again I found four more had been killed. Phillips, Scarborough, McEnery and Mason each bagging a deer—three pretty good-sized bucks and one stout doe. Dinkrave did not get a shot.

I came out this time, I saw quite a number of deer dashing back, with no dogs after them. This I told the hunters, and advised them to keep a sharp lookout, as I felt sanguine of running out quite a herd of deer the next time. Taking the dogs back under the bank of the lake until I reached the center of the Shoe, I rode up the bank and the pack burst into full cry. I had been very quiet in driving, not hallooing to the dogs, and endeavoring to get a shot myself. The game was so thick that, though within the bushes, I came within twenty or thirty steps, yet I could not get a shot with a rifle. The herd of deer made a straight run for the standers, not doubling any. Again came the booms of all the guns, everyone getting in both barrels. Dinkrave killed two fine bucks, Phillips killed a doe, McEnery bagged one, and the other gentlemen all had a hand in killing a fawn of one summer.

To my regret I heard the whole pack coming back, and straight to me. I was riding up a persimmon slough that was open sufficient to get a shot. Quickly I discovered the horns of two bucks I mounded over the bushes, and just about to get into the head of the slough, where I had stopped my horse. I was waiting for them to come as near as possible before shooting. The hounds being so close upon me, I knew I would have no opportunity to get a standing shot, and if I got one at all, it would be running by in the bushes, as among the persimmon saplings. Just when they had gotten to the place I wanted to fire, a breeze blew from me to the deer, and instantly the foremost sprang into the high cane, and as the other attempted the same movement I pulled down on him, and was so fortunate as to break his back. This was the smaller of the two. The dogs bit it for a while, until I succeeded in cutting his throat, when all my efforts were unavailing to keep them from following the deer. I had heard him bark, and I knew he was running, and I did not wish the dogs to follow for fear of the alligators. Deer and dogs all crossed without being attacked, and I seated myself on the bank to blow my horn, with a

\* "Experiments on Velocity, Time of Flight etc., of Small Shots." By Major W. McClintock, R. A., Assistant Superintendent Royal Small Arms Factory, Enfield Lock. Published in the London *Field* of February 3, 1883.





## ROUGHING IT AFTER BLACK DRUM.

ON THE BAY SIDE, CAPE MAY, SHORE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

James K. Polk Schellenger sent me a telegram Friday, which read: "Cape May, N. J., June 18. Black drum biting like thunder on the Bay side, come now." Knowing J. K. P. Schellenger and his companion in piscatorial, Charley Stratton, of Cold Spring, to be veteran fishermen, and to be better posted than any two men on the island, in the habits and habitats of the red or black drum, I hastened to pack the biggest valise I had for the 8:30 P. M. train for Cape May.

In vain did my brilliant and agreeable friend and son of Esculapius, Dr. H. Gené Taylors, warn me that I had only been a week out of bed with the worst attack of "the stranger's fever," as it strikes the average incautious man in South Carolina, that I ever had, and was still on a diet of beef tea and boiled milk.

"Well, Doctor," I sadly replied, "you know what the fascinating Dr. Pepper, of Philadelphia, told me. 'If you hadn't been made of iron you would have been dead ten years ago.' 'Go I will,' I added. 'If politics in a quarter of a century has not caused me to pass in the ivory,' ten days drum-fishing won't do that thing." Crider, of Philadelphia, had rigged my drum lines with a copper wire, three inches in length, soldered to the hook; but while it gives security, the copper wire is too heavy, and don't let the clam bait float freely enough, as it does with an ordinary sinker only. As at present advised, I prefer the old style Cuttyhunk line, an ordinary "sheephead line."

While the black drum is game enough, as I found out Saturday, the copper wire is needed only for red drum, for in fishing in September for these with my gentle friend, Spicer Leaming, I always lost three where I "bag" one. Judge Miller (W. J. G. P. Society), says the word "bag" will not be properly applied to catching fish, but only to feathered game. Well, I only know the inimitable Col. Lansing sewed up my eighty-pound drum in a "bag" and I took it home. So I will inform the judicial mind (of the W. J. G. P. S.) if that isn't "bagging" a fish, and a big fish, then the malaria has weakened my intellect, which is barely possible; for, frankly, I have my opinion of a man (even J. M. S.), my best and earliest friend, who will spend five hours and a half in cockle shells, in the face of a strong northwesterly wind in order to catch three drum.

A Cumberland lawyer cheered up my expectant heart, on my arrival at Cape May, by telling me how, at Pierce's Point, near Cape May, he caught a sixty-pound black drum last week, on a rod and reel, with a blue or weakfish line. My friend Boyd is as modest as a woman, and the law and the rod and gun are his forte, while a love of notoriety constitutes his *piu*.

But it warmed my blood in all my veins to hear him tell of his triumph, which is something I never heard of before, and it was done. It argued that drum could be caught *ex improbo*.

I said to that imperturbable old sailor and fisherman, Jas. Knox Polk Schellenger, "I want to go by daylight, I came here for drum." It is not the "ear-piercing fire" I wish to hear (the G. A. R. were parading), it is the "drum/salams" I seek, with a "hook."

"Well, now, stranger," said J. K. P. S., putting a quarter of a pound of navy tobacco in his mouth. "Go a trifle slow."

"Dozen my skin, do you suppose me an' Charley Stratton don't know when these 'ere animals bite?"

I yielded gracefully to the superior intelligence of J. K. Polk Schellenger, who is as good a sailor and as brave and lucky a fisherman as ever sailed the ocean blue. He has enough of the dare-devil spirit in him to make him interesting and decidedly compensable. He called for me at noon and we drove up to Cold Spring, three miles from Cape Island, behind the young fisherman's last gray trotter. We found Stratton with a good sized anchor over his shoulder, near the water, at the bay side, eager for the fray with the big fish!

Stratton reminded me of the apostle Paul in one thing. He had that generally battered appearance (always becoming to your true friend) that "Hostetler's bitters" was produced, and means "game" and thought he must have been forty times shipwrecked and in perils off by land and sea, as Paul was.

But very quickly the little boat was bailed out. I was seated in the stern; overcoat on; for the southwest wind was high and threatening.

But we had come for big drum.

With two pairs of oars, two smart arms the three miles up the bay—we were compelled to row to reach the drumming grounds—were soon past, and Stratton threw out the anchor in the likeliest-looking spot close to the bar, but out in deep water. We could hear the sepulchral sound of an occasional drum, under water, which was merely a prolongation of the word "D-r-u-m." Imaginative fishermen say it is the love call of the male for the female.

All eyes, my friend, were turned over the stern at sharp 2 P. M. 8:30 P. M., not a bite, and the wind blew and the storm beat on that tiny little boat, a mile from shore. I looked at the weather-beaten but most genial face of C. Stratton. He looked more than hopeful as he handled his line, dyed with peach leaves so as to make it look more like the eel's skin waves.

"Anything to eat?" I said to Stratton, very dolefully, for in my eagerness, my slender live pounder, I had forgotten both Lullaby's precepts for the *cheval d'at* *debut*.

"Eat," repeated the solemn Stratton, "when we rough it on the bay for drum, 'Polky' and I feed on tobacco. We don't think of eating." My heart sank to the depth of the fishing banks, twelve fathoms at least.

Finally, after much keel-hauling in the stern, a small bottle (half pint) of "Hostetler's bitters" was produced, and one pound of oyster crackers, and one-fourth of a pound of cheese. In silence and in fear of a rebellious stomach, I made wild havoc with the cheese, and took a sip of bitters to wash down the skippers. It tasted worse to me than Dr. Pepper's latest prescription for the "malaria kakexia"—quinine dashed with strychnia. Better "revels dashed with wine," said I, quoting Lullaby.

"Hey," said James K. Schellenger, not catching on to the language of poetry. "Anyhow," he said, sympathetically, "for a sailor's heart is always in the right place, 'Col. Lansing said this bitters was a good substitute for whisky, and I knew you was temperance.'"

"In ten minutes we'll have a drum, by gosh!" This encouraged me immensely. It was growing cold. He insisted on giving me his weakfish line, and in five minutes I felt some power akin to the Norway Macdorm sucking at

my bait. "Hush!" said Schellenger (he of the Presidential name), "let him swallow the bait and when he starts give your line a strong pull." I did it.

The drum evidently thought Dante's Inferno was let loose on him, and came straight to the surface. (Here differing much from the red drum, which hides and sulks as long as it can from the face of man.)

Suddenly the black drum darted away, so as to sting the pulps of my hands. I gave the drum a strong pull, knowing I could drown him or tire him out in less than half an hour if my line didn't break; the very thought of which made me quake in my boots, and Schellenger, full of red blood, took a new and immense chunk of "Old Virginny" in his mouth, rubbed his hands together and yelled, "By the jumping jingo, that doggone lawyer has been a drum-master afore!" and when I brought to the surface his majesty with the black bands over his back and the red side they resemble a red drum closely, J. K. P. S. whispered, "Easy, easy James; you handle him handsomely, by jing!"

Away he darted again; (a fair vision of the drum showed him to be an eighty-pounder) I was worse scared than when I called on my first sweetheart at Hanover, Ind., thirty-seven years ago; but in twenty minutes he showed signs of surresis, and, as he crawled along, he brought his long side and yanked my left hand in his gills and thung on the bottom of the fishing skill the biggest drumfish I ever saw.

There was joy in that camp. We caught three in half an hour, and as the wind rose they ceased to bite. But, like true sportsmen, we lingered till 7:30 P. M., reluctant to leave the sacred ground. That night I tasted drum steak. "Old wine and fat venison" never tasted sweeter. Need I confess I laid in bed, at Sunday a sick man, drinking butter-milk and taking quinine and strychnia every three hours.

But I do not regret it. I find I can walk about my room to-day, and if I live till Saturday of this week, D. V., I will take a "whack" at the Bay View drum again. No man I ever knew ever died from going a-fishing. Horace Greeley died because he could not find time in his years to catch a trout or a delf. The black drum will live here here the middle of July.

CAPE MAY, JUNE 4, 1888.

JAMES M. SCOVILL.

## FISH PROSPECTS IN THE NORTH.

THE continued heavy rains have kept the waters in our lakes and streams up near high water mark, which has prevented the devotees of the "gentle art" from making, until quite recently, the large catches so earnestly sought after. Within the past few days a few good fish have been taken in the river quite near the city. One, a mascalonge, that tipped the beam at forty-five pounds. May 24 to 27, Mr. Leach, President of the M. G. C., with Messrs. Malby and Craig, members of the same club, visited their grounds at the mouth of the Mississippi River, but owing to the high water, their catch of bass was very small. Both in numbers and weight. Six years ago several thousand California salmon were planted in this river at Hightgate Falls, and this season quite a number of them have been taken by bait fishermen, and several hundred have been taken on "the sly" with the Frenchman's "little spear." Last week the writer visited the trout streams in the vicinity of Rutland, Vt., which, with picturesque, for between the trout fisheries, whose number is legion, and the country boys' snare, *S. fontinalis* has become a scarce article in that locality. Messrs. A. W. Higgins, J. C. Dunn, Dr. Putnam, of Rutland, with several other Vermont gentlemen, have associated themselves into a fraternal body, and have purchased from the Canadian Government a tract of land that contains several trout lakes, located north of the St. Lawrence, near Rivière du Loup on bank. These gentlemen were here in town to-day, en route for their newly purchased property, and the reception that they received from some of our resident sportsmen, proves that there are warm hearts among the sportsmen here in this city of the North. The great northern wilderness, which extends across the continent from ocean to ocean, and northward to the Pole, so far as it has been explored along its southern border, is full of trout lakes, and is a veritable paradise for the fly-fisher, who does not mind roughing it. During the summer months we can safely guarantee that it contains to the square inch a greater number of mosquitoes and black flies than any other country in the world. The most fragrant rose has the sharp-

MONTREAL, JUNE 5.

STANSTEAD.

## BLACK BASS IN THE OSWEGO RIVER.

THE Oswego (N. Y.) *Palladium* says: "The Oswego River is the favorite haunt of that gamiest of all the small fly gobbling fish—the brook trout not excepted. The black bass of the Oswego River run from a half pound to two and a half—the latter not plenty—the average being from three-quarters to a pound in weight. These are genuine black bass, and they contain more fight to the square inch than any fish that swims."

"The indications are that the fishing on the river will be good this year. In the past there has been a good deal of net fishing done in the early spring and in violation of law. There has also been large destruction of bass by the celtivres at Fulton and other places. We are informed that this spring little of this piracy has been done, and the law-abiding sportsmen of the river say that for the past week, at sunrise and sunset the rises have been plenty and the indications of game very encouraging."

"We have in previous years told about the places in the river where the black bass live. At the risk of being tedious we will briefly mention some of the places where a summer day may be spent and the favorite haunts of the bass. Generally it may be said that the whole stream, from its mouth at Oswego to Three River Point—twenty-three miles—is one stretch of fishing bottoms. Of course some places are better than others, and here are a few of the better places."

"Back of the mills and starch factory in this city, among the rifts, and even down to the upper bridge, good black bass can be had in the early season and are 'fished out' during the first day and up to the high dam on the west side of the stream there are some excellent bottoms, and in the rifts under the high dam and near the water-works pump house, there are some of the finest bass in the whole river. The skilled fisher who chooses his flies aright, and who whips the waters about this dam, will not come away with an empty basket."

"Above high dam comes 'Brosmer's level'—one of the best on the river, though it is short, and consequently not

so attractive as some of the levels. There are, however, splendid bass here, and the writer has spent many an evening there, coming home loaded, not with Brosmer's beer, but with handsome black bass. Bait can be had on this level at the lock-house opposite the brewery. If the fisher goes up the west side he can bail the lock-house from the high embankment near the brewery."

"The Minetto Battle Island level is, however, the favorite reach on the west side of Fulton, if not on the whole river. Minetto is the point to take bait, and from there up to Battle Island—four miles—it is one constant succession of bass beds, that give the angler the most delightful sport. Here the river is in all respects lovely, and the scenery is simply enchantment. No wonder is it to us that that part of Oswego River has become famous, and that lovers of angling and of the beautiful in natural scenery come from all quarters to enjoy it."

"At Minetto there are plenty of boats and oarsmen. 'Wash.' Rowland, the king fisher of the river, lives here, and he has now five or six of the best fishing boats ready to drop into the water on Monday. Henry Rowland and his son also have boats and oarsmen, and are ready to meet any emergency."

"From Battle Island up to Fulton there are some 'bars,' but not many. When you go to Fulton, however, you come to good fishing, as some of the men who work in the Oswego Falls factories, and who throw a fly with skill, can testify. There are boats to be had at Fulton, in which you can whip the stream up to Ilionville, passing the ruins of the old horse shoe dam, among the sunken beams and walls of which, we have no doubt, there are at this minute hundreds of black bass, and a trout or two, and a large one. Above Ilionville is the famous 'bar' of a last of nearly half a mile in length, where the fly-caster never fails to get many a 'rise.' The season of 1883 is now imminent. We believe it will be a lucky one, and that there will be a 'heap of enjoyment' on the Oswego river this summer."

## A TOUCHING CHRONICLE.

A KIND-HEARTED correspondent sends us the following story, which has been printed in a local paper, said to have been related by ex-Police Justice Scott, of Kingston. The Judge is in the habit of spending a few days each summer at Milford, Pike county, Pa., where he takes many and large fish, for he is a potent man with an angle. The following is one of his experiences:

"One dark I came out at midnight with my gun, and on shedding tread," said the Judge. "A party of us was camped twenty miles from Milford, in the wilderness. Our tent was pitched near a trout stream. We went for trout and woodcock. We'd had terrible bad luck, although some of the fellows with me were about the best sporting ducks in the country. One day I stayed in camp while the others went out fishing and hunting. I was stretched out on the grass in front of the tent, when I saw a small animal head up out of the creek. It looked around cautiously, and then crawled up the bank. It was a mink, and a steel trap was fast to one of its fore legs. I raised up, and the mink dragged itself right toward me. It stopped every few seconds, laid its head flat on the ground and looked at me with the most pitiful look I ever saw. I first thought I'd shoot the mink, but I couldn't. My mind wandered to what its strange actions meant. The mink crept on to within two feet of me, and turning over on its back laid up the paw that had the trap on it. There was no need of its saying a word if it could, for the action said as plain as possible, 'Please, now, take this trap off won't you? You bet in less time than it takes to tell it I had that mink free from its cruel encumbrance. Its eye spoke volumes of its distress, and it hopped back to the creek and disappeared."

"The incident slipped my mind in a short time. The boys came in late in the afternoon. They had about a dozen little trout and three woodcock. There wasn't enough to make a meal in a frying pan. We made up our minds that all the trout we'd have for breakfast would be a hunk of salt pork. We turned in that night all in low spirits determined to begin the next morning to get a piece of sunrise in the mountains that I'd read so much about. There was a big flat rock on the outside of the tent, near the entrance. When I stepped out and my eyes fell on the rock I was startled, and no mistake. The fact of the matter is, we were all afraid of rattlesnakes, and had with us a festive demijohn of brandy. I saw the mink, and I saw it with these old bastards, and when I saw on that rock, as plain as day, a pile of the biggest trout I ever set my eyes on, I thought maybe my nerves were a little off. I went back and woke up Baltus Westbrook and asked him to come out and see if there wasn't a bear track along the edge of the creek. Thinks I, if Baltus don't see them trout, I strikes in for Milford and a doctor. When Baltus stepped out of the tent the first thing that he saw was the rock. He jumped about ten feet and fairly yelled:

"'Trouf, by the living jingo! 'Where did you catch 'em, Judge?'"

"I was saved, but where the trout came from was the mystery. I suggested Providence, but happened to remember the section of country we were in, and knew that couldn't be. There was no way in which the trout could have been so good. We didn't let our speculations as to the source of their supply interfere with our appetites, and there was no salt pork fricé that morning. The episode raised our spirits, and we concluded to stay another day. We had good luck gumming that day, and when we found another pile of big trout on the rock the next morning we made up our minds that some bark peeler to whom we had given supplies the day or two before were repaying us with these old bastards. But I made up my mind that I would find out for certain. So that night after the rest had gone to sleep, I crawled up to the door of the hut and peered out. It was a bright moonlight night, and I could see almost as well as if it was day. About midnight I saw something black emerge from the creek. It came stealthily toward the tent. It was a small animal, and as it came near the tent I saw that it was a mink, and that it had a trap on its mouth. It hopped back to the creek, it deposited on the rock and then limped back to the creek. Everything was as plain as double six to me now. The mink that I had rescued from the trap was showing gratitude by catching the largest trout it could find in the creek, and placing them at my disposal."

"I told the boys next morning. Baltus Westbrook thought it was very kind of the mink. He said he'd never seen no mink before, and he thought it was a very poor opinion of it. That day we concluded to break camp and go home. One of the party had taken a young dog out with him to give



him some training on woodcock. At the first fire of a gun the dog made for another part of the country, and we never saw or heard of him again. When we packed up our things, we couldn't find the dog's chain or the collar it was fastened to, and we started on without it. I was walking out of the woods behind the wagon. We hadn't gone more than a hundred yards away from camp, when I heard a noise behind me. I looked back. There was that mink, flapping his my back. He had the dog collar around his neck, and when I turned around, he raised up on his hind feet and held the chain up to me with his fore paws. That mink was so blame grateful to me that he wanted me to take him home with me. It touched me to the heart. I took him in, but, poor fellow, the trap had injured him so badly that he died of lockjaw."

#### PHILADELPHIA FISH NOTES.

**BLUEFISH** appeared simultaneously on the different points of the New Jersey coast this week. Every inlet of any importance was thronged with them, but, as is generally the case, Barnegat showed larger fish than Little Egg Harbor inlet. The bluefish at the former place ran from three to five pounds in weight, and at the latter I told they were smaller. The writer last week (June 2), anxious to learn the exact condition of the bluefish in the Schuylkill and at the same time wishing to give a beginner his first lesson in fly-casting, took a boat at Flat Rock Dam and rowed up the river as far as Conshohocken, and on the route passed a number of anglers and found quite a number of fish had been taken during the day. Those a mile or so above Shawmont were quite large.

While casting along the shore for snubb for practice, I saw a Mr. Sellize, of Philadelphia, take a large, fighting fish and a half pound, and having left his landing net on shore, manage his boat with one hand, rowing in for the pot, while with the other he played the fish, and finally boated him, a very masterly feat to witness, I assure you. Mr. Sellize had several other bass he had taken during the day, and tells me all the fish he secures in the Schuylkill are from the river above the dam at Manayunk, about the locality I saw him, above Shawmont, and that the residents about the place do not know how to take the large ones, and hence resort to fish.

The last "haul" of the season with the big seine was made at Gloucester, yesterday, and it was stated by the captain of the smack which brought the final catch of ninety-five shad and a quantity of herring to Dock street wharf fish market, that the Gloucester shad fishing had been "cut off" for the season, although it does not end by law until June 10.

The take has been so poor this year, especially recently, that it was determined to wind up on the 6th. The highest catch was on the 14th of May, when 1,600 shad were secured, on the 8th of May, 1,200 were taken, and on the 15th of May, 950 were brought in. The lowest number caught any one day was 51. The season has been a very poor one both in quantity and quality.

Two small whales (black fish) were stranded last week on Peck's Beach, N. J., and the natives are trying out the blubber. Coal oil will be at a discount in that locality for a time. Could this have affected the late move in petroleum?

The rock bass should by all means be planted in the Eastern Pennsylvania streams, near Philadelphia, by the Anglers' Association of Philadelphia. It is not so palatable a fish for the table as the black bass, but he will take the fly more readily than his larger cousin, and is a game fly fish will reward oneself well. He will rise where the black bass will not, and grow to a fine weight, and no doubt many streams could be found where he would thrive. Are they not easily procured?

JENN.

**PERSISTENT POACHING.**—We are informed by Mr. S. V. R. Brayton, one of the New York State game protectors, that on the 28th of May he took from the Mohawk River two pipe nets belonging to a Mr. Wolf, a deputy sheriff of Waterford. As one net was in Albany county, and the other in Saratoga county, Mr. Brayton began an action against Mr. Wolf in each county. He says that Mr. Wolf has defied the law for three years, and has now begun an action against him (Brayton) for destroying his nets, and the latter has been summoned to appear at Saratoga on the 29th of May. Mr. Wolf is a lawyer, and says that his deputy sheriff it costs him nothing for counsel, and therefore the latter has an advantage over him, he having to give bail, which would trouble him. There is no protective association in either county, and he therefore asks for assistance.

**THE ROCHESTER WEST SIDE CLUB.**—The West Side Fishing Club, of Rochester, N. Y., held a meeting at the Bay View House on Thursday, June 7. Much successful fishing was done by some of the members during the day, and at the club dinner there was a full attendance. After the banquet the following officers were elected: President—Fritz Ziegler; Vice-Presidents—J. Bauer, Joseph Fleckenstein, Jacob Gerling, J. H. MacGregor, John MacGregor, Philo Black, J. Buchanan, James Cassidy, Y. Fleckenstein, S. S. Brewer; Recording Secretary—Charles Bernhard; Corresponding Secretary—Frank R. Swain; Treasurer—John A. Felsing; Master of Ceremonies—Charles R. Pimeganz; Committee of Arrangements—Joseph Haungs, L. Stadler, L. P. Steimes, H. Bertel, C. Mackley, J. Schreiner, A. Haungs, W. Bishop, George Munnack.

**WEAKFISH AND STRIPED BASS.**—Oceanic, North Shrewsbury River, June 5.—The weakfish are just commencing to bite. I took the first two this afternoon with crab bait. The New York Herald of Monday stated that only two ripe striped bass had ever been taken. Thirteen years ago I purchased a thirty-pound ripe female. This was in March. I am quite positive that this fish spawns in the spring. I think the spawning of this species of fish could be studied by the Maryland Fish Commissioners, as the harts of rock are at times very large at the mouth of the Bush River, Maryland.—WILD.

**MASSACHUSETTS GAME LAWS.**—The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association have issued in neat and compact form a compilation of the laws and game laws of the State for the present year. The little pamphlet is so small that it can almost be carried in the vest pocket, and its general distribution through the State will do much to help on the objects of the Association.

**SALMON FISHING.**—The undersigned has some salmon fishing upon two of the best rivers in Canada at his disposal. Address at once "Salmon," this office.—ADE.

**HARD TO CATCH IN TEXAS.**—The turpans are never eaten here, they are so active that one is seldom caught; are made of fiddle strings, we think. As soon as they strike the bait and get fast they commence leaping high in the air, shaking their heads as a terror does a rat until entirely free from the hook and line. Although fishing in this bay during the summer months for many years, and having had them take my tackle almost every time out, I have never yet caught one.—CARONKAWAY (Galveston, Tex.).

**LAND-LOCKED SALMON IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.**—On May 18, Mr. B. F. Tappan, son of Attorney-General Tappan, of New Hampshire, took, on Sunapee Lake, N. H., a land-locked salmon weighing 61 lbs. This was one fish of Mr. Samuel Webster's plant of 1877.

**BLACK BASS IN LAKE ERIE.**—Erie, Pa., May 28.—The black bass season has been at its height here for the past week, and is still excellent. One man has caught from two to forty nearly every morning for the past week or two.—C. II.

**BLACK BASS.**—In the July number, we have an illustrated article on "Black Bass Fishing," by Dr. J. A. Henshall. The name of this writer is a sufficient guarantee that the sketch will be of a high character.

**NEW JERSEY.**—Oceanic, June 8.—3 P. M. The first small bluefish of this season are coming up the channel, not full fed, only caught one. 5 P. M. Just caught first bass (striped) trolling.—WILD.

### Fishculture.

#### THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

##### SYNOPSIS OF PROCEEDINGS.

THE annual meeting of the Association was held in the Farmer's Club rooms of the Cooper Institute, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 6 and 7, President Page in the chair. On opening the President said:

"A year has rolled round since our last meeting, and there are a number of things to be said about our work. It can be said with truth that, since the beginning of fishculture in the United States, there is no other branch of industry that has made such progress. It has spread from Maine to California, and from Minnesota to Texas, until nearly every State and Territory has its Fish Commission, and most of them have an appropriation to work with. These funds have been put in the hands of Commissioners, who give their time and energies to the work, and but few receive any compensation for other than the knowledge that they are doing good to their fellow men. It will be needless for me to go into detail in this matter, for I see before me men who have for years carried on the work in its broadest form for the National Government, and who are familiar not only with the work which they have been engaged in, but are also familiar with the whole literature of the subject, and know what fishcultivists in other lands have done. I might, however, be permitted to refer to the efforts in stocking waters heretofore made by the black bass, which has come to be known as the American game fish. In the West and in the South it is found in the creels of the angler and on the slabs in the Markets. They are now so abundant in the States of the West, that they are now so abundant that they were unknown a few years ago, that they can be bought in the markets at a price within the reach of the poor man. Coming recently from the interior, I had an opportunity of examining the markets in St. Joseph, Mo., and found among the marketmen frequent acknowledgments of the work of fishcultivists, and of the teachings of this Association, and a thorough knowledge of the fact that, if the bass are protected in the spawning season, they become like the country fishes everywhere, and tend to lower the price of other fishes. We who live on the shad rivers, mark the manner in which the supply is kept up, in spite of the increasing demands of a growing population. Col. McDonald has taken for his house a few thousand eggs in process of hatching at Mr. Blackford's Fulton Market, which he brought on from Washington to show the process. After they are hatched, they will be taken charge of by Mr. Mather, of the New York Fish Commission, and deposited in the Hatchery, where they will be raised to the number of one million a fortnight ago. Pardon me for relating a bit of my personal experience abroad: Happening in London at the inception of the plans of the Fisheries Exhibition, now in progress there, I called on Mr. P. B. Sars, Secretary of the Fisheries, and found that time it was not known that our Government would send a display, and by request, as there was only three days before the passage of the yearly appropriation bill, I called to Senator Fife, of Maine, on the subject, and also sent a duplicate message to the United States, and the matter was made bills trembling in the balance, yet in two days an appropriation was introduced into both Houses, and was signed by the President. Our exhibit at London is a most creditable one, and it is generally admitted that the United States were much favored. Another fact: Making the acquaintance of Sir James Maitland, of Sterling, near Edinburgh, I found that within seven years he had achieved great results in fishculture. He has hatched and reared 1,000,000 eggs, alone, without the aid of a report on the food and habits of the young, and assistance from any of his men. His expenses for the year cost sixty thousand dollars, and he has made fishculture a success in Scotland. Up to April, of this year, he has sold ten thousand dollars' worth of young trout and salmon, and his example has been largely followed in England, Ireland and Scotland."

The Secretary then read the report of last meeting, and the following new members were proposed: W. H. Schieffelin, Frank J. Burt, and Mr. A. L. J. Jones. His report was read favorably. Another fact: Making the acquaintance of Sir James Maitland, of Sterling, near Edinburgh, I found that within seven years he had achieved great results in fishculture. He has hatched and reared 1,000,000 eggs, alone, without the aid of a report on the food and habits of the young, and assistance from any of his men. His expenses for the year cost sixty thousand dollars, and he has made fishculture a success in Scotland. Up to April, of this year, he has sold ten thousand dollars' worth of young trout and salmon, and his example has been largely followed in England, Ireland and Scotland."

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fish, kingfish, menhaden, and other small fish. In conclusion, Mr. Blackford stated that they were not prepared to draw conclusions from these examinations, because the time in which they had been conducted was so short. Another year they will have more data to draw conclusions from.

Mr. Fred Mather read a paper on "Snubbin' their Habits and Plans for their Destruction." He declared this fish to be a pest to fishcultivists. It was a voracious feeder and produced nothing but a mass of useless food for fishes, as its numerous spines made it a thorny mouthful. It ate worms, flies and insects, and thus became a formidable competitor for young, valuable fish, and it also devoured a young salmon. The snub made its nest near the shore, and June was its spawning season. Dynamite was first suggested as the best method to destroy this fish, but Mr. Mather thought that they could be more easily destroyed by dropping small lumps of quicklime into their nests.

Mr. Phillips then read a paper by S. M. Johnson, of Boston, on "Legislation for the Protection of Lobsters." It was briefly as follows:

The true sportsman angler, when he carefully releases the fingerling trout and returns it to the stream, intuitively recognizes the true economy of fishculture. With an application of this same law to lobsters great good might be done. By returning to the grounds all that are mature, and placing the limit so as to allow time for reproduction, a constant and sufficient supply of young lobsters would be secured. I think, can be accomplished in no other way. The results of this plan seem to be very generally understood, but the great difficulty in determining what good has been or may be accomplished arises from the fact that the laws of the different States are not uniform, and that moreover, they are often disregarded altogether, so that no satisfactory knowledge of the benefit derived is possible until these difficulties are removed.

It was suggested that all traps or pots be so constructed that the laths or sticks shall be sufficiently far apart to allow all small lobsters to escape, and that a funnel hoop shall be used of not less than five and a half or six inches in diameter. The disposal of the spawn-bearing lobster is an important matter, and worthy of careful consideration. The general opinion is that if the limit is large enough, a sufficient quantity would be included in the number returned to the grounds to provide for breeding necessities. The plan of having a closed season is frequently advanced.

The essay closed with a regret that lobsters are becoming every year scarcer and scarcer, and the hope that legislation would soon end this difficulty.

The Association passed a resolution at the conclusion of the reading of the paper that State legislation be urged to make provision for the preservation of lobsters, as suggested in Mr. Johnson's paper.

A recess was then taken and in the afternoon a very carefully prepared paper on "The Distribution of the Black Bass," by Dr. J. A. Henshall, was read, and elicited much discussion. The original habitat of this fish ranged from Virginia to Florida, and from Canada and the Red River of the North to Louisiana and East Mexico; it embraced the whole of North America south of the British possessions and east of the Rocky Mountains except the waters flowing into the Atlantic in New England and the Middle States. Of the two species, the large-mouthed bass had the widest distribution. The small-mouthed bass had a somewhat more restricted range, not extending east or south of the Allegheny mountains. The habitat of the black bass had been extended by transportation and by means of artificial canals. It had also been successfully introduced into inland waters, and was now occupying a wider range than any other fish in the world. The black bass was in a manner omnivorous. Crawfish and minnows were the principal food of the adult fish, and in addition to this they fed upon insects, larvae, frogs, etc. Mr. Ensign stated that he had protected a few hundred young bass into trout streams, where it would be sure to devour that game fish.

An interesting paper entitled "Food Fish and Fish Food," by Mr. Deacy, was then read, in which he advocated planting food for the fish when they were placed in ponds or streams.

##### SECOND DAY.

Col. McDonald read a paper on "The History of the Experiments Leading to the Development of an Automatic Hatching Jar." He traced the work of practical pisciculturists from its inception to the present time, and showed the various forms through which the hatching of fish eggs has passed. He demonstrated on the blackboard the different experiments which he had made by himself, and by others, in order to prevent the loss of eggs and to provide for the separation of the dead from the living eggs. The separation of the dead from live eggs he said, was formerly done by picking out the dead eggs, but now it is done by means of a sieve, and obtained such proportions that hand picking became impracticable. The syphon had been used, but this system did not prove satisfactory. Noticing that the specific gravity of dead eggs was less than that of live ones, Col. McDonald had devised a method of hatching jar the water in which the eggs were placed in egg-shells and also the young shad when hatched. This jar in shape resembles the glass flasks that are seen on the shelves in apothecaries' stores, but with a rounded bottom. The water in the jar was kept at a certain level, and the bottom of the jar. Another tube passed about one-third of the way down. The jar is half filled with shad eggs, and the water is forced through the long center tube, causing a violent revolution of the contents. The live, healthy eggs immediately fall again to the bottom, while the dead lighter ones are thrown up and forced by the current through the other tube into another jar.

Mr. Fred Mather read a paper called "The Transportation of the Great Water Cucumber," in which he advocated ending them packed as fish eggs.

A paper of great interest, by Dr. T. Garlick, on "The Beginning of Fishculture in the United States," was then read. It was a well-attested paper, and it was very interesting. It was listened to with great attention. He drew diagrams on the blackboard and illustrated the principles of the construction of the new fishway. Among other things he said: It is a well-attested fact that the river fisheries of the Atlantic States have steadily diminished in value and importance, and, as a consequence, probably have concurred in producing this decrease. First, the capture of the greater portion of the run each year may not have left sufficient to maintain production under natural conditions. Second, the construction of dams and obstructions in the rivers has, in some cases, entirely cut off the run of fish from their spawning grounds. The remedy for this condition of things is to be found, first, in such legislation as will permit an extension of the season, and second, in the supply by artificial propagation and planting; third, in extending the area of breeding and feeding by overcoming natural obstructions by means of fishways. Fishways are various devices for enabling fish to surmount obstructions which otherwise is impossible to them. A fishway to be effective must fulfil certain conditions. First, it must be accessible; that is, the foot of a fishway must be so located that the fish may enter it. Second, it must be such that it may receive a sufficient volume of water to attract the fish. Third, the water must be discharged with such velocity that the fish may readily enter and swim up it. In what is known as the step fishway or pool-and-fall fishway, the water is brought down from its elevation in a series of short, steep flights, the height of each of such a size in comparison with the volume of water entering them as to bring it practically to rest after each drop, and in this way to deliver the whole volume at the bottom with a rapid acceleration than it has in dropping from one pool to the next.







G. E. F. Howard,  
Captain American Military Team,












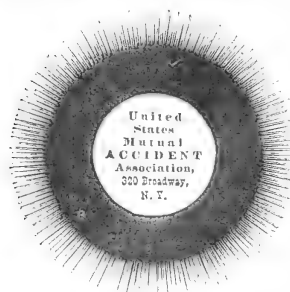




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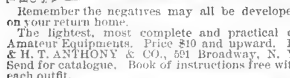
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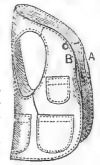
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## GAME SLAUGHTER IN THE WEST.

INFORMATION from authentic sources makes it appear that the Game Protective Association of Wyoming is not doing the good work that we had hoped to see performed by it, and which the list of its officers and the tone of its inaugural address to the citizens of the Territory, warranted the public in expecting. In two essential particulars complaint is made that there is a failure to take necessary steps to punish violators of the law.

Some years ago the rapid decrease of the beaver within the Territory induced the passage of a law protecting these animals for a term of years, and forbidding their capture under severe penalties. For two or three years this statute was well observed, but during the past winter it has been openly violated, and the Wyoming newspapers have at frequent intervals contained local items like the following:

"John Smith has been trapping on the Labonté and neighboring creeks, and has brought in forty beaver as the result of his season's work."

"Peter Jones killed two beaver last week near the head of Rock Creek. Beaver are scarce there now, and Pete was lucky to get these."

Items such as these have had sufficient currency in the press to have attracted the notice of the officers of the association, and it would seem that by a little effort some one of the numerous law-breakers might have been brought to book and punished. A single conviction would have put an end at least to the open violation of the law, and would have greatly increased the respect in which the society is held by the public. The protection of the beaver is not less important than that of game animals, and we hope that the recurrence of another trapping season will find the officers of the Wyoming Association so far on the alert, that any open violation of the wise act in regard to this great rodent will receive prompt punishment.

During the past winter not a little elk skinning has gone on in the Territory. The law forbidding the sale of hides

has been evaded by transporting the skins by wagon down to Fort Collins, Col., where they are readily sold. It is true that the elk and the blacktail deer and the antelope are not slaughtered in anything like such numbers as they used to be a few years ago, but this is the result more of the scarcity of the game than of any respect felt by the skin hunters for life or law, or any apparent efforts on the part of the Wyoming Association to stop the butchery. We have no desire to be hypercritical nor to belittle the difficulties of enforcing the law in a country where the conditions obtain which are found in Wyoming, but we do wish to see the fast disappearing game of the Rocky Mountains protected from the skin hunter. We know (few men better) that it is simply impossible to prevent the slaughter, except by closing the markets, but the wagons which carry the butchers' spoils to Fort Collins pass through or close to Laramie City, and so the traffic ought to be detected and stopped. If, as was at one time hoped would be done, the stock men all over the Territory would take hold of this matter of game preservation in earnest, they could, in a very short space of time, make the butchers and illegal trappers feel that their shameful business was a dangerous business as well.

If anything is to be done for the game it must be done speedily, for each year shows more plainly than the preceding one that the big game of this continent is doomed. Only in the Yellowstone National Park, if the United States officials do their duty, has it any hope of surviving the ruthless persecution to which it is constantly subjected.

ONE OF THE FOOLS.—A correspondent writes to us that, misled by the glowing but false representations of a contemporary, he forwarded some time ago the fee for membership in a certain Western hunting club, and received from the officers promises of information and assistance in a proposed expedition to one of the Territories. Since the receipt of the acknowledgment of his money, he has had no further advice from this so-called club, and he now asks whether there is any means by which he can secure the return of his fee or in any way obtain satisfaction. We presume not. This is evidently a case of the "fool and his money soon parted," and we confess we have no sympathy with the fool. A man who has not intelligence enough to use ordinary prudence in dealing with strangers, deserves to be plundered. It is from the ranks of this class of simpletons that the unfortunates are drawn who become the prey of the "bunco steers" and "sawdust men," and those, scarcely less silly people who answer catch-penny swindling advertisements under the impression that while all the world beside will be duped, they will be dealt fairly with. How anybody outside of the walls of an idiot asylum can be imposed upon by the shallow devices of these sharpers is very mysterious, and yet the rascals, if we may trust the frequent exposures of their practices by the newspapers, make a fat living off the world at large. It may be set down as a true principle, that in the long run all attempts to get something for nothing will prove failures. All things have their price and are worth what they will bring, and any effort to obtain them without rendering an equivalent, whether it be in money, in labor, or in marketable goods, is a clear violation of the most self-evident principles of political economy.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of the capture of a hooded seal on the New Jersey coast, and its exhibition alive for nine days at the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia, will be a matter of great interest to many of our readers. Mr. Brown gives in another column some valuable notes on the subject, though the death of the captive precluded any lengthened observation of the habits of the species in captivity. The hooded seal is known among sealers as the most ferocious and difficult to capture of the species commonly found on the North Atlantic coast, and the Philadelphia specimen, even though so young, appears to have shown the usual temper of its race. We learn from Dr. C. H. Merriam, whose name is familiar to all our readers, that during a recent cruise which he took on a sealer along the Newfoundland coast, and among the ice fields off Labrador, he found this species quite abundant. He secured during the cruise 120 specimens of seals, most of them *Cystophora cristata*. Mr. Brown is to be congratulated on having secured for his collection so uncommon a species of seal. And the bringing together of the hooded seal and the sea elephant—two rare and closely related forms, yet from such widely separated localities—was a piece of great good fortune. We shall look with interest for Professor Chapman's paper on the anatomy of the present specimen.

## THE WIND-GAUGE QUESTION.

THE wind-gauge question is the one drawback upon the prospects of the American team, so far as its preliminary practice is concerned. It was thought that the Wimbledon rules might be construed into keeping the American team men from practice during the Wimbledon meeting, but the discussion at the spring meeting of the members of the British Rifle Association further showed that the rifle-men of the visiting team using the screw wind-gauge had little prospect of admission into the many matches at the great meeting.

The speaker, at that meeting, who urged that the utmost liberty should be given the American team, was silenced by the remark that as the Americans had not made a formal demand for the use of the screw wind-gauge, therefore it was evident that it was a matter in which they had no interest, and that it was a matter of utter indifference whether or not the rule prohibiting the use of such wind-gauges was enforced at Wimbledon.

The speaker should have remembered that it would hardly have been courteous for the visitors to look ahead in this way. It is known to the British Council precisely what sort of weapon the Americans have prepared for the match, and it is known that they will wish to practice with these arms as much as possible upon the very range and at the very firing points from which the final match is to be fought. If such privilege is not accorded them, they will go into the match handicapped to a certain extent, and certain very invividious comparisons will be made with the treatment which the British team received a year ago. At that time Creed-moor was thrown open fully and freely to the visitors. They fired over the same ground which was to be used in the final match, and no restriction of any kind was placed upon their use of the range.

The American team in England would like the privilege of getting all the shooting possible over the Wimbledon ranges during the fortnight of the general competitions. It will not do to say that the pool targets are open to the general marksmen on the range. The exercise at the pool targets generally consists in standing for an hour or more in line, and then hurrying through a few shots, so that the value of the shooting, so far as making any acquaintance with the range is concerned, is about nothing.

If the full value of the fortnight's stay at Wimbledon is to be gained by the Americans, it must be by the right to enter without hindrance all the several military breech-loader matches. In this way, too, the English rifle-men may learn something from the methods of the Americans, and there certainly will be cultivated a good fellowship between the Guardsmen of the two countries, which is after all no small part of the permanent benefits of an international match.

We beg our English friends to disabuse their minds of the idea that the American team are indifferent over the fact that the Wimbledon programme, as it seems to be arranged at present, shuts them out of many of the most valuable practice matches, and if this exclusion is kept up, it will do much to weaken our present faith that the match is to be one of a fair field and no favor.

THE MEN who sailed on Tuesday in the steamer Alaska to compete with the best rifle shots of Great Britain, went off in good health and spirits, accompanied by the cordial good wishes of a large throng of spectators. Although no predictions can as yet be made as to the probable results of the contest in which they are to engage, it seems certain that the prospects for victory are far better than they were at this time last year. We have every confidence that the men will do their best, and the arm with which they are equipped has shown that it can do most accurate work. With which ever side the victory may rest, it seems likely that the scores on both sides will be very satisfactory.

PLENTY OF BIRDS.—Private advices from several of the Western States speak most encouragingly of the prospect for the fall shooting. It is rather too early yet to predicate much upon such reports, for a great many things may happen in the two months that intervene before even the prairie chicken shooting opens. Still it is satisfactory to learn that in many sections the birds wintered well and have had favorable nesting seasons.

GAME PROTECTOR NEEDED.—The need of a game protector for New York city, and one for Long Island, is every day more apparent. Will not the State executive help the sportsmen to protect the game and fish?

## THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS CLUB.

THIS famous club will have its fourth annual dinner at the Manhattan Beach Hotel on Tuesday, June 26. The invitations, requesting members to assemble at the time and place named at 6:30 P. M., have been issued. These say that the club will meet "to discuss the qualities of many rare and excellent fishes, as well as of some less prized but not less toothsome mollusks, reptiles, and denizens of the deep, interspersed with such due admixture of familiar flesh and fowl as may sustain the strength of the least adventurous, and satisfy the yearnings of the most fastidious."

We fear that this indicates a backing down of the club from the high ground it has occupied, as it certainly intimates that it is about to make concessions to popular prejudice by introducing into its feast a "due admixture of familiar flesh." The club has claimed to be a medium for introducing to the public certain inhabitants of the water, as well as "denizens of the deep," which may prove to be wholesome food, but against which there has existed an ill-founded prejudice because of a lack of beauty in either their countenances or in their general appearance. In this good work they have had the moral support of those who look beyond the surface of that vague science called political economy. The club has introduced to public notice the despised skate, which is now occasionally sold in the markets, but which was long tabooed for no good reason. The skate is largely eaten in Europe, but not being in fashion here, our poorest people would not touch it because it had the reputation of being uncleanable, and, as a consequence, tons upon tons of this very good fish are thrown away every week, while thousands of people in New York are in want of a dinner.

The new departure of the Club is to be regretted because the average man will decline water snakes, snails, angle-worms, and shark's liver, when the menu contains "familiar flesh and fowl," and so the usefulness of the club may be greatly impaired. We hold that a member of the Ichthyophagous Club is bound to slake all inherited prejudice, and eat every living thing which the waters produce, even including those vague and possibly horrible things described as "denizens of the deep." To this end each member should insist that there be no "familiar" dishes, and that every other member and guest should eat of every dish that is served, in order that the public may know what is good and wholesome. If by any chance a few of the members should die from the effects of some poisonous monster's flesh, then those members' names should be inscribed upon the roll of honor, and pass into history as those who have died to benefit their fellow men. Certainly no one can accuse those brave men, who have unhesitatingly swallowed hellbender steaks and fried sea-snails, washed down with octopus soup, of being afraid to carry on the war against prejudice through any fear of personal harm. We certainly do not; we know too well the stuff that they are made of, to suspect that the proposed concession is at all dictated by personal considerations, and feel sure that had they been among the grenadiers of Frederick the Great, when their comrades hesitated before a charge which looked hopeless, and their king rode in front and asked: "What! do you fellows want to live forever?" they would, with one voice, have answered: "No."

Reading between the lines of this invitation, we see only a desire to please the new members, and perhaps to cheer them on by devouring the mysterious "denizens" before them, while they (the new members) content themselves with "civilized" food until they can screw their combined courage to the sticking point, and gradually arrive at the point when all pre-conceived notions as to what is edible have vanished, and the effect of an early education which was filled with prejudice, is partly or wholly gone. All have heard of the honor that is due to him who makes two blades of grass grow where but one vegetated before, but we think that an equal amount of merit should attach to those who teach us how to use what the earth or the waters provide, especially such things as are thrown aside as not fit to eat, when no one has tried them to find out whether they are or not. The fact that our grandfathers did not eat certain things is no reason at all why we should not test them, and a broiled "toad-fish" may be equal to any other fish, for all that the fisherman, who catch and throw them away, may know. The fishermen of Connecticut will not eat sturgeon, the royal dish of England, and yet they eat lampreys which the New Yorker turns up his nose at. Neither of these persons have tasted the fishes in question, nor would they do so unless under compulsion.

It might be well for the Ichthyophagi to consider the propriety of having different degrees among the memberships, and to mark these degrees by divisions at the table. For instance, a new member sits at the foot of the table, and notes are taken of the dishes of which he partakes. If he goes through with the muskrat stew and the toad-fish, he is admitted to a higher seat at the next feast, when, if he devours his water snakes and fried angle worms with gusto, he is promoted to be a brother in full standing. We are glad to learn that the old custom of the club of holding a new member on the floor and inserting repulsive "denizens of the deep" one after another down his esophagus with a pump, has been abandoned. This course only produced nausea in the strongest stomachs, and in several fatal cases the corners strongly condemned the practice. That was one extreme, the new departure of pandering to prejudice is another. The true method of inducing the novice to eat of the unusual viands lies between the two.

Those of our readers who would like to unite with this body of philanthropists, may have an opportunity of joining the martyrs to nightmare and dyspepsia by addressing the officers of the club, which are, as given on our invitation, as follows: President, John Poor. Executive Committee—Eugene G. Blackford, Robert B. Roosevelt, Fred Mather, Charles R. Miller and Barnet Phillips. We hope that all who propose attending this fourth annual dinner will notify us where we may find suitable data for an obituary notice, as we already have on file complete ones of the older members in readiness for any emergency.

FOOD AND SPAWNING OF STRIPED BASS.—In the proceedings of the American Piscicultural Association, in another column, will be found some notes on the food of the striped bass, by Prof. H. J. Rice, and also some account of the successful hatching of the fish, by Mr. S. P. Worth. The bass has been hatched in very limited numbers, just enough to experiment with, for years, but the pisciculturists have found where they spawn, so that they can be obtained in quantities. Mr. Worth is the first to obtain the eggs in large numbers.

JUNE WOODCOCK.—A correspondent writes us that at the Manhattan Beach Hotel, at Coney Island, John Breslin proprietor, he saw a few days ago twelve woodcock—small young birds. Will Governor Cleveland give Long Island a game protector?

## The Sportsman Tourist.

## SPORT IN CALLAO BAY.

IT may be of interest to some of my fellow-readers of FOREST AND STREAM to learn a little of life, from a rod and gun standpoint, in this quarter of the globe; and on that supposition I give you a few bits of experience from the lives of a friend and myself, who are in temporary exile in this dreary spot, and who are forced to devise all sorts of expedients to prod dull time along.

On account of the present military occupation of this unfortunate country by the Chilians, which precludes all possibility of getting into the interior, my experience has been confined entirely to the coast, and, indeed, to a very limited extent of that. From all accounts the upper plateaus of the mountains, fifty or seventy miles inland, abound in game of great variety, and, barring the rarest atmosphere, it is easily bagged. Properly speaking there is no game at this point on the coast, unless an occasional flock of bay birds, with a stray curlew or two, may be so denominated. But to my yarn which, though it has little to do with game, does deal to a slight extent with fishing line and rifle.

To premise I state that our present home is on board the United States steamer —, at this time lying at anchor, close under the lee of the island of San Lorenzo, some four miles southwest of Callao. I make this reckless statement with a full realization that it will be apt to blast my reputation for veracity among those acquainted with the present state of our navy; but, if necessary, I can produce affidavits to prove that I am not a liar, and will condemn me without previously investigating the case.

Having stretched your imaginations sufficiently to grasp this fact, please consider us in strict quarantine, greedily willing to receive anything in the fresh fish line capable of being eaten, and you have our exact status.

The doctor and I, being the only officers on board who were fond of fishing, notified ourselves on the altars of our respective gods, and thus we volunteered to daily sallies forth with hook and line, in search of what the sea might yield us. For a fishing ground we chose an old launch, anchored near the island shore, in some three fathoms of water, and thither, with hand lines (neither love nor money will purchase a rod in Lima or Callao), we daily repaired and caught large quantities of fish, called by the natives "cabrilla." They are a fine food fish, weighing from one to three pounds each, and outwardly much resemble the ordinary fresh-water perch. We also caught mackerel, eels and various other fish, mostly useless for table purposes. Every day while fishing, we lost several hooks and parts of lines, which were carried off by some immense fish, whose movements, when hooked, were as uncontrollable with our light tackle as would have been those of a locomotive. After a few days this naturally grew a little monotonous, and we determined to try and get a glimpse of the creature that was apparently amusing himself so highly at our expense. We, accordingly, each procured a large cod-line, to which we fastened three heavy hooks, and half a pound of lead. These machines we baited with a good-sized mackerel, and let the bait lie close to the bottom along the launch. We took the precaution, luckily, to coil down about 100 yards of each line in the launch for the time being.

The second day of the trial of this device, just as we were winding up our light lines for the day, and when the bottom of the launch was well covered with flapping fish and squirming eels, the Doctor's big line started over the side for Callao at about fifteen knots an hour. He made a wild grab for it, missed it, fell down in the bottom of the launch, recovered himself, spit out a couple of stray eels, and a good deal of strong language, and finally got hold of his much-needed line. He has ever since wished that he had fallen down again, for that line was probably the worst thing he ever got hold of. The Doctor is not of a prevaricating disposition, and when he took firm hold of that line and excitedly shouted, "I have got him," he doubtless thought he was telling the truth; but it was but another version of that old, old story of the man and the bear, and he only kept up communication with the terminus of the line long enough to get two of his fingers out and in toward the boat. He let go, remarking with a good deal of unnecessary force, "The d—n beast can go to — Cotopaxi." Whether or no the occupant of the far end of the line heard this expression, I cannot say, but I presume it did, for it immediately stopped, doubtless to give the remark due consideration, and to cogitate upon the feasibility of taking up the liberal course of travel, opened up for it by the Doctor's quaintly worded remark.

The sudden stoppage of the line caused us both to think that our game had escaped, but a cautious pull satisfied us

that his flag was still there, and as it showed no signs of immediately renewing the fight, we prepared to do a little work on our end of the line. The fish was on the Doctor's tackle and the place of honor belonged to him; accordingly, having duly fortified his hands with a pair of gloves and some old junk, he declared himself ready to begin offensive operations. Fearing our customer would foul the anchorage of the launch, we got into a small boat alongside, the Doctor handling the line very gingerly during the transfer operation. When all was ready I took the oars and rowed gently in the direction in which the line trended, the Doctor meanwhile taking in the slack of the line and coiling it carefully down in the bow. When he had got in about seventy-five yards he found it about up and down. He then braced himself ground out the line with a "big brute," for cutting my fingers," and gave a yank on the line that would have fairly staggered a bull. It was sufficient. The fish evidently thought a young earthquake had generated right under it, and accordingly started for a cooler clime, but in making calculations it forgot to take into consideration the new ties it had so recently formed, and was forced to stand upon the order of its going. The Doctor had his blood up now, and out the line went. The fish, however, was not fifty pounds pressure. Even with this strain on the beast had it all its own way for a long time, and towed the boat backward and forward like a cork. When the brute tired of this kind of fighting it began sulking. It would lie on the bottom and would not stir more than a few feet, jerk and pull the line as we would. Whenever it did move the Doctor worried it as much as possible, and finally, some forty minutes after the battle began, our fish came to the surface about twenty feet from the boat. As soon as it broke water our curiosity was appeased, and we saw that our line-breaking, hook-stealing friend was one of the ray tribe. We thought it had given up, but it was apparently satisfying its curiosity also, for as soon as it saw the two objects it was fast to it made a desperate rush for liberty. That was his last fight, for the next moment he was gone, and though extremely violent, did not continue long. It came to the surface again and again, and we shortly had it close alongside the boat. I told the Doctor to keep a taut line on, while I took a knife, with a ten-inch blade, and prepared to give the beast a death-blow through the brain. Our scheme of annihilation was very well planned, but "The best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley," and when I, with a quick stroke, struck the spot, the fish, with a low blow, the brute, with a tremendous splash, moved off a few feet, and I rammed that knife countless fathoms down into the bright blue waters of Callao Bay. I stretched my temper further than I did my arm, but, although I shortly regained my usual sweet disposition, my right arm is still several inches in excess of its normal length. You can, perhaps, imagine the blissful satisfaction I experienced when, shortly after my mishap, I succeeded in cutting that knife (with my left hand) into a fatal spot in our quarry.

The Doctor thought my accident very funny, and did not get over his hilarity till he began surveying his capture. Then the overwhelming knowledge of his own puissant prowess so overcame him, that he would not deign to notice so insignificant an individual as myself. I felt my own inferiority, and accordingly made good his hole, and went ashore, to be what on the island. There the fisherman, from the water, by means of a crane, and deposited on a small hard-car, whence it was removed to the scales at the smelting works adjacent, and found to weigh 81 pounds. The Doctor, whose fishing experience had heretofore been mainly confined to trying how far he could throw a three-quarter-pound bass through the cerulean atmosphere of a fair day, by means of a root catch, was now completely overcome by the weight of his own lauricels, and fully realized that, unless I wished to everlastingly forfeit his regard, I must catch a fish weighing well up in the double figures. So the following day I girded up my loins and sallied forth to redeem my lost position. The Doctor condescended to accompany me, but the expedition was a barren failure, as my life was greater than the hole was to me. The day succeeding that, however, fickle fortune smiled upon me, and I succeeded in hooking two rays. The first one got the line foul of the buoy anchorage before I could get him under control, and soon broke away. Shortly after I hooked another, and after about an hour's hard work, much similar to that described before, I landed the largest fish, by over a hundred pounds, that it has ever been my good fortune to capture. The fish, as you have seen, had dimensions were: From tip of nose to tip of tail, six feet two inches; from the extremity of one enormously developed pectoral fin to the extremity of the other, five feet eight and one-half inches; weight, 130 pounds. Its large bulging eyes, uncouth rhomboidal shape, and long flexible tail, gave it anything but a fish-like appearance, and made up a *tout ensemble* that was extremely hideous. The fish, I have been speaking of, gave a single spike at the base of the tail, and from the limited means at my command for obtaining such information, I concluded them to be *Raja triggon*.

If any of my readers wish to get information as to the edible properties of this fish, I refer them to Col. H., of the island. He, burning to make a discovery in gastronomy that would pleasantly astonish his fellow gourmands, had a steak cut from one of the rays, served it up, and the following morning was the first course at a breakfast to a few friends. His guests were not hunting for discoveries in that line, and, after being helped, they patiently waited for the Colonel's verdict on the newly discovered delicacy before bestowing their meed of praise upon his deserving head. He took a generous mouthful upon his fork, placed it where he thought it was going to do the most good, and, with an ecstatic smile, began munching away. The hole was quickly made to fade, and soon died away entirely. Then his face assumed a sickly green color, and remarking, "I am not overfond of rich pastry for breakfast," he left the room amid the roars of his guests. The new discovery was afterward tried upon a dog, but he, less reckless than the Colonel, would not even deign to put a bit of it in his mouth.

A short distance off the southern end of San Lorenzo there lies a small, barren, uninhabited island called Branton, where large quantities of sea lions daily resort to bask in the warm sunshine. This fact we had noted several times while out sailing, and had particularly observed one spot where they might be very closely approached under cover. This we resolved to take advantage of, and a few days since we made up a party of six, suitably armed, took possession of the ship's sailing launch, and got under way for our proposed fishing ground. As we intended to be gone most of the day we carried a loaf of bread, to stave off all danger of water famine, and the Doctor thoughtfully compounded a few mild prescriptions, in suitably labeled bottles, that gaunt hunger might be balked should he attack our jolly crew.





## Game Bag and Gun.

**GAME RESORTS.**—We are always glad to receive, for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

### THE CAMP.

IT was the close of a hot dusty day toward the middle of August, that a party of adventurers lighted their camp on Elizabeth Point, on the eastern shore of Thirteenth Pond, a small lake just beyond the hither bounds of the great northern woods.

A group of four, all of middle age, men whose harsh hands gave token of daily toil, though they had left their cares and labors, turning their backs for a season upon the harvest field and the workshop, they had come hither for rest.

Their mission here was to give respite to muscles, long taxed, to divert minds from a constant unvarying round of cares. The location and arrangement of their camp showed that they were no novices at least in this branch of woodcraft, for their tent was pitched on a little timbered promontory commanding a view of the whole western shore of the lake, some three miles in extent, a rough and jagged mountain line coming down abruptly to the water's edge, indented here and there with sharp gaps between peaks that loomed darkly against the evening sky, and threw their black shadows now quite across the lake at their feet. An airy tent set with front toward the landing, formed an awning under which boxes of provisions and utensils were arranged for convenient use, four stakes supported the large square cover of one of the boxes for a table, towels hung from a line overhead, a bar of soap lay in a notch cut in the side of a convenient tree, and by the side of a huge log upon whose trunk one or two of the campers were sitting, gleamed a pile of coals which, fanned by the little gusts of wind now and then whistling up from the lake, threw out a genial warmth quite pleasant in the somewhat chilly evening, which in these forest wilds often succeeds even a hot day.

They had evidently finished their supper, for the tin plates and cups were neatly washed, arranged bottom up on the table, and, save a kettle steaming on the fire, a frying pan, coffee pot, and tea kettle, had been driven into the trees, conveniently near, no other utensils of cookery were to be seen, but a covered box adjacent to the table and now used as a seat, is strongly suggestive of being the corner cupboard of this forest kitchen. The party sat some time in silence, looking dreamily at the decaying fire, or watching as the darkening shadows close over woods and lake, till the sharp cut outlines of the opposite peaks become only the dark background of a dim, uncertain picture, growing more indistinct even under the eye of the observer.

But now an armful of dry branches thrown upon the fire sends up an inverted shower of sparks among the overhanging leaves, and soon a bright and cheery blaze brings into clear relief the figure of him who is evidently the chief cook of the party, as now stirring into great activity the crackling pile, or kicking back some straggling brand, he finally lifts with a knowing look the lid of the kettle, on the fire, peers for a moment into its steamy depths, replaces the cover, and turns his back to the fire with the remark:

"Well, boys, there's the foundation of our breakfast, anyhow, provided we can't do better, but I'm bound to try again to coax those stupid trout to bite in the morning."

An instant's pause—a deprecating glance at the dull smoky sky and, "It's up hill business, this confounded dry weather though." The speaker is the Knight of the Hammer, spare, muscular, square-shouldered, above the medium height, with a forehead and phrenological development combined with a quick decided movement that proclaimed him at a glance a master of whatever he undertook, now stood facing the others with the question, "R, did you notice how much below the mark along the rocks the water has fallen?"

He addressed a farmerlike-looking person, who replied familiarly, looking up for a moment from a breech-loading rifle which he was cleaning, and then with some casual remarks, resumed his work.

Seated on the box previously mentioned, with elbows on the table and his head resting on both hands in an attitude of deep meditation, was perhaps the most remarkable man of the party. Slightly round-shouldered, but with a chest both broad and deep, fully six feet in height, with massive limbs, somewhat untidy in manners and person, his strongly marked features and the accompanying head made up an organization that Fowler would, untouched, have pronounced one of great power.

Here was a man of signal ability, and one who, upon occasion, could rectify oars or swear oaths which his great prototype in words and deed, perchance in person, glorious old barbaric Ethan Allen, might have equalled but certainly never surpassed.

As was his wont when thinking hardest, oblivious to all surroundings, with ever and anon a monotonous whistle or humming so much of melody as might be dictated by an ear charmed equally by heavenly tones of Sweden's Jenny or discordant screech of Taunton engine, "The Battery" was ruminating deep in unknown lore, but whether of Newton, Euclid, or Blackstone the historian says not.

An animated conversation existed between the two at the fire, who were soon joined by the fourth and last of the party.

Taller than any of the others, the listless manner and languid step proclaimed the invalid. Gaunt, lean, dyspeptic and cross, Paul Devereux seemed but a sorry companion in a hunting camp.

Various topics were discussed—the procuring of a guide, prospects of getting deer, the locality and distance of other lakes, hopes of the war were expressed, and though the evening was well advanced and the party evidently tired with the labor of bringing in their "traps" and arranging camp, there was no indication of a desire for sleep.

It was plain that the party was not yet complete, and that they were expecting an addition of some sort, for their plans were not definite, and a listener could have heard occasionally an expressive "Well, we'll see about that when he comes," or "He knows the ground better than we do," etc. Conversation at last began to fail, the seat by the table was empty, but a pair of enormous long-legged boots projecting into the firelight at the front of the tent, and a steady rumbling snore of wondrous depth and power, starting a shade below double B flat, and rising a semitone or so under the fullest pressure, neither of which could by any

possibility have pertained to anyone, but "The Battery," accounted for the vacancy.

As conversation waned, the numerous sounds of the wilderness became audible, the chirp of the tree frog and cricket, the weary note of the circling night hawk and distant cry of the loon, the whole family of owls, each with a啼啼 but all served to fill the vast space otherwise left to total silence.

The fire had burned low, till just enough of light remained to render visible the thin wavering spire of smoke that wound up among trees, when a faint ticking as of oars in the rowlocks came up from toward the foot of the lake, at first scarce audible, but regular, and becoming gradually more distinct. "Coming from Bennett's Landing," says one. "Yes, but who is talking about on the lake now? Is it night as this?" "Why, it's darker than the Stygian Pool, and none too smooth at that."

"They are not steering toward us anyhow," said Paul, who was intently listening.

"How do you know?"

"Listen to the stroke and the echo, that boat is in the bay below Shanty Point, across the lake and a good half mile from here."

The rowing now ceased a moment, and was again renewed, not, however, with the light, one-handed movement of a boat at landing, but with a full sweep and a double stroke, as if the rower looked or listened a while and then pulled ahead.

It was decided to strike a light, and a few dry pine branches soon sent up a blaze that could hardly fail to be visible from that part of the lake upon which the sound proceeded. A few moments passed, and a distant, faint halloo came across the water.

Vulcan bellowed to his feet, "O. B. for a thousand," and an answering yell rang through the woods, over the waters, and was echoed back from the mountains beyond. Another halloo and its answer, and the air-strokes rang quick and clear again. "I thought I knew that yell, only it was a little out of breath. Well, I don't wonder that he is if he has pulled up from Bennett's Landing against the wind. Mind you, it blows out on the lake."

A lighted lantern was by this time down at the landing, and as the light streamed across the dark waters a whoop came back that left no doubt as to the comer.

"What in creation brought you here? I was looking for you on Shanty Point."

"I'll be damned, but bare as a fallow."

"Oh, ho, it is, eh? But this ain't good camping ground."

"Wait till you see."

As the boat touched the shore, out jumped a wiry little fellow, and with a mimic bow, "How are you all? happy to see you, how's your friends, wives and babies? wasn't looking for company this evening, hey? how I don't intrude, brought my knitting work you see." And he hauled a bundle out of the boat, had been scrambling up the bank toward the fire without stopping to look for the path, or waiting for the lantern to lead the way, all the while rattling his jokes, questions and comments, never waiting or caring for any answer either. Arrived at the fire he pitched his pack under the table and plumped down on the log with—"Hain't got no deer, no, nor trout either. I'll bet it, couldn't do nothing but come on, for I thought you had 'em, stacks of 'em, I'll show you how," and immediately began a discourse on hunting, fishing, and woodcraft in general, and of this locality in particular, telling of at least forty places on this lake where one could not fail of catching trout at any time, of more sure places for deer than the whole party could visit in a week, and interlarding the whole with seemingly no end of anecdotes of hunting adventures of his own, in fact from the time he first touched land, becoming the life of the party. During the latter part of this performance Paul had sat cross-legged on the log with his back against a tree, taking little or no part in the conversation but regarding the speaker, at first with an air of total indifference, to which succeeded a half quizzical smile as he listened, vastly amused in spite of himself at the animated stories and quaint jokes of O. B., who but for Vulcan, several times essayed to fling a fire-brand at him, as the little rascal declared "just to walk the poor devil up."

"Had a cracking shower at the Fort yesterday; rain any here?"

"Not a drop."

"Pity, can't catch no trout till it rains, that's certain. Say, I drove my mare from the Fort up since ten o'clock this forenoon, and not a wet hair when I got to Bennett's. What do you think of that?"

"Oh, well, that's nothing." This answer came from "The Battery."

"Oh, but I had a load in my buggy, myself and baggage, a bag of oats for my horse—by George, I forgot my corn or we'd have a roast—I had a sack of green corn, and blankets and so on; a load, I tell you. It's more than any of your old racks of bones can do."

This much of a hostile demonstration would draw the fire of "The Battery" at any time, and with a short pause it came.

"Ho—buggy? that straddle-bug concern I kicked across the canal by Vulcan's shop the other day, and you stuck on top of it like a flea on a 'granther graybeard. It's a pity if a horse couldn't make seventy or eighty miles in a day."

The little one roared with laughter, laying back over the log and kicking up his heels till his head nearly touched the ground, and coming back with a brisk snap on "The Battery's" knee, sprang to his feet, and started on a tour of exploration around the tent, exclaiming, "Let's see how you got it anyhow," pitching headlong over three gray ropes in succession without the least ruffling his temper, or stopping the string of comments rattling from his tongue, which seemed to run just as well when down as up, he soon emerged into light from the tent side, having made the circuit with the remark, "Pretty well, pretty well after all, most as well as I could have done it myself," to which "The Battery," by the fire, rolled up his eyes in geometrical astonishment, with a sub-bass growl of, "Thunder, hear him go it, forgot his corn, he hain't got none, too darned lazy to pack it down to the boat, I suppose, anyhow." The subject of the remark having finished his survey of the outside, he literally dove into the tent for an examination of its contents, and, finding nothing so much as a vigorous terrier in hot pursuit of a rat, he proclaimed the name and quality of each article, hauling out to the light whatever he could not determine by other means, whether it be gun, fishing tackle, wearing apparel, canteens or what not, and keeping up the while a running fire of remarks for the edification of the company. Suddenly, however, the hubbub ceased, and to the astonishment of all, even the irrepressible member no longer wagged

For an instant all went fault, but the silence was broken by Vulcan with, "Come out of that I say! come out of that, or I'll—"

What the threat might have been we shall never know, for the Knight seized a blazing brand and made a furious rush for the tent. As the light began to play about the entrance, there came a sound as of opening the valve of a lifted pipe under a heavy pressure, and the curtain being suction showed the occupant seated flat on the ground, by a box of "stores" tugging at his boot-straps as if trying to force the bottom out, and muttering in a strangely altered voice about "wet feet" and "that plaguy boat," "dry socks," etc.

Vulcan, however, was inerrigible, and proceeded to examine his treasures, when a package of Dr. Hatcher's famous "specific," which, in his zeal for the welfare of the party, the worthy doctor had with his own hands prepared, and with cords securely tied and safely packed for the journey, committed to Vulcan's charge with many and full directions for use, was found in a bad condition, strings broken and contents partly gone. Upon interrogation the accused stoutly denied all knowledge of the matter, declaring that the suspicious sounds must have been produced by pulling off his wet boots.

The lateness of the hour compelled the party to seek that sleep which was to prepare them for the morrow's work, leaving the question undecided.

The curtain was buttoned down, and wrapped in blankets spread above the beds of soft and fragrant evergreen boughs, the hunters forgot in dreamless sleep the labors of the day, its mishaps and its jokes, so also their anticipations of the future.

And now, though the pen of Paul hath even become rusty by reason of long disuse, the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* may rest in the assurance that if the fates be propitious, they shall certainly, in due time, hear of the days that followed.

PAUL DEVEREUX.

### FLORIDIAN EXPERIENCE.

I HAVE just read with regret "Didymus's" scathing article in *FOREST AND STREAM* of May 24 on Florida, and the deceptive nature of the accounts of hunting to be had there. Without wishing to cast reflections on the writer's veracity or the sincerity of his opinions, I still do most severely condemn the article in its spirit and in its conclusions, as to the facts that State. I am not at present a resident of Florida, but from November, 1880, to February, 1882, I spent my time on Indian River, and conversed with gentlemen who had hunted the coast from St. Augustine to Tampa. From my own experience, and from the remarks of these sportsmen, I have formed an entirely different opinion of the sport and accommodations obtainable by genuine lovers of the line and gun. It is to be regretted that persons will go into a new country and expect such a style of sport and living as "Didymus" was looking for, and particularly is it to be regretted and reprehended, when such persons, not finding everything as easy and comfortable as at home, write for publication articles condemning at one sweep hotels, game, and the country at large. "Didymus" is not to understand that I am taking sides against him in his description of Central Florida. I admit that quail shooting in Central and Southern Florida is anything but first-class, both as regards size and disposition of birds and the country shot over. But I do take a stand in opposition in defense of the sea and gulf coast, where, with exception of St. Augustine, he does not seem to have gone. As the editor very tellingly explains "Didymus's" experience at St. Augustine, I say nothing but the truth in saying that I have been to Indian River and the surrounding country. For deer, bear, ducks and fish this river as nearly approaches the ideal sportsman's paradise as any other place one could find.

I am sure "Didymus" would have enjoyed himself here, providing always that he is prompted by a true sportsman's spirit to make the most of what he finds good, while bearing and excusing what seems unpleasant or objectionable to him. Unless one is prepared to do this, he had better confine himself to the other States, where he can easily find shelter from rain and sun, and where all disagreeable work can be shunted to the shoulders and hands of an attendant.

Leaving quail shooting out of the question, and that, by the way, can be found nearer home by us all; if anyone wishes first-class duck, deer or bear shooting, he can go to Jacksonville and take one of the daily boats to Lake Pinnett. There he can find semi-weekly boats to Lake Pinnett, a point on the St. Johns, opposite Rock Lodge, on the Indian River, distant about two miles, or perhaps by this time the new road from Enterprise to Titusville, on Indian River, is open to the public. Rock Lodge is twenty miles south of Titusville. If you go by boat from Sanford to Lake Pinnett, there will be rough riding for about thirty miles to Rock Lodge. But once there you will find yourself within reach of all the conveniences dear to a sportsman's heart.

The large, new hotel built in '81 by Mr. Wilkinson, of Richmond, Va., is kept up in the latest and most approved style, and here can be found boats for hire by the day, week or month.

If duck shooting is desired, cross the river in front of Rock Lodge to Mr. Cleveland. From there a tramp of two miles will take you to New Found Harbor, one of the finest ducking grounds of America. It takes rank with Currick Sound and the Chesapeake in that respect. No boat is needed. The shore is covered with small ponds, where the ducks congregate in immense numbers. Mallard, teal, widgeon, spoonbill are here, besides many other waterfowl. The hunter has only to take a stand by some hastily constructed blind, and he can have all the shooting he desires.

Deer are found in large numbers in the northern part of the Merritts Island. For deer, this island was at one time unsurpassed, but now they are found mostly on the prairie, back of Eau Gallie, a small post-office eighteen miles south of Rock Lodge, and opposite the southern point of the island. This prairie extends from Eau Gallie to the river, and back to the St. Johns, was once found there in numbers. My day's shooting was confined to the eastern shore, a narrow strip between Indian River and the ocean. One morning I shot three between eight and twelve.

Turkey are not found on the eastern side of the river, but in February and April are to be found in droves near Okeechobee.

If any of your readers wish fine sport with deer, bear, turkey, ducks or fish, let them go to Rock Lodge, and take a boat to Eau Gallie, opposite Indian River inlet. There, Mr. Jim Paine has a small hotel always open to sportsmen, and a table well supplied with game and fish. His brother Tom and he are both ardent sportsmen, and can put you up to all kinds of sport. Jim Paine was extensively engaged in tur-

the fishing when the writer was there, and some fine catches were just being shipped to Jacksonville. A rod is out of place here. Deep sea fishing is the thing, and off Indian River inlet, "trout," or as they are called there, channel bass, red snapper "trout," etc., can be caught without trouble.

In a word, in spite of what "Didymus" may say to the contrary, I unhesitatingly assert that if anyone will follow the above directions he will find as fine sport and good accommodations anywhere in the country. Indian River is worth the trip. It is the finest and most delightful stretch of salt water on the Atlantic coast, and if one is not disposed to hunt or fish he can find full enjoyment for himself at Rock Ledge, among the oranges, bananas and pineapples. Mr. Wilkinson has a fine store near his hotel, where a sportsman can find everything he will require; and Mr. W. himself, who is a most genial host, will I know take pleasure in giving all necessary information.

And North of Louisiana is a fine game country, and when our road is opened to the public, sportsmen will find this the most desirable hunting ground. Quail shooting that even "Didymus" could not complain of is to be had, and Lake Bristenau is a second New Found Harbor. The deer shooting is good. But my Louisiana experience must wait for another opportunity.

MINORS, LA.

J. A. B.

I went to Florida not as a sportsman, but about my employment, and without a gun. I have seen eight deer in one day, and in the same locality—the north line of Florida—not on the routes of tourists, I saw them daily. I carried the torch but one evening pot-hunting, and the result was two deer before nine o'clock. I was carrying the "target" on a survey for the United States, and I flushed three woodcock on one-half mile of line within fifteen minutes another day. As to the complaint about swamps, I would like to visit a larger one next winter than the Oklawaha, and I was six weeks within its radius. A good, staunch, portable boat and a man that is happy when he is lost would be the most agreeable associate for me in a locality like that. With a heavy shotgun and ordinary skill in the use of it, existence would be agreeable if we did find some sand. I do not think a few particles in the anatomy of complaining tourists would injure them. I love my mountain home, but the months of time I devoted to exploring the swamps of Florida now gives memory pleasant occupation.

COLLEEN, N. H., June 11.

NED NORTON.

## SLAUGHTERING GAME.

IF some of the wise men who write able articles concerning the slaughter of fish and game would only go a step further and tell sportsmen just how many fish they might take and how many birds they could shoot without endangering their reputation, we should know better how to conduct ourselves. I am, however, sometimes led to believe that some of these men who are so skillful with the pen as to write little when they get out with the rod and gun, it is a great deal better day when I can bag ten, and I believe it to be perfectly legitimate to bag fifteen if I can, provided of course that I can make use of the birds.

I like good company and I believe my shooting and fishing companions have been as good as the average, but I have never yet seen the man who suggested going home in the middle of the day when the trout were biting well or when the dogs were finding plenty of birds. But what is all this about? Can these fellows kill or catch anything themselves, and are they afraid the fish and game will be exterminated before they learn the art? If that is the trouble, they need have no fears. There will be enough left for them to practice on a long time yet. An old November partridge lasts a good while sometimes.

Again we hear and read a great deal about "pot-hunters" and "market-hunters." I am not a market-hunter. If I had hunted and fished for a living I should have starved to death long ago, but I have, in my lifetime, done that awful thing, sold game, birds, and trout. Now that I have ruined my reputation by this confession, I will go further, and say that I never could quite understand why it is not entirely proper for a man to sell the game he shoots if he chooses to do so. I can see no reason why a man should be more ashamed to take a dozen partridges to market than the same number of turkeys. I do not wish to be suspected as defending any man who takes more fish or game than he can make use of. I have no respect for him who takes fish or game only to consign it to the swine or manure heap, but if he obeys the law and conducts himself in every way like a gentleman, I can see no good reason why he should be accused of unsportsmanlike conduct simply because he has better success in shooting or fishing than his neighbor. K.

WORCESTER, JUNE 18, 1893.

## INDIANA LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose you the text of two bills passed by the last General Assembly of this State. Both of them were adopted in the interests of the agricultural classes, but are approved by sportsmen generally.

In this county the commissioners pay fifty cents for the head of hawk or owl, but they refuse to pay anything for the scalp of a woodchuck, it being reported that one of the board—himself a farmer—has convinced the other members that a groundhog is a handy thing to have about a farm.

The Indiana wolf growers in State convention bitterly denounced the new dog law.

HOOSTER.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 8, 1893.

[The dog law will be found in another place. We give below the law in regard to hawks and woodchucks:]

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Indiana, That the Board of Commissioners of each county may cause to be paid out of the county treasury a sum not exceeding two dollars for any person who shall deliver to the auditor of the county a woodchuck scalp or the head of any owl or hawk. Provided, That such person shall take and subscribe an oath that the woodchuck, owl or hawk to which such sum shall be paid was killed in the county, and that no reward has been received by the person so killing the same; and that no reward shall be paid for the scalp of a woodchuck, owl or hawk, and that the provisions of this act shall not apply to persons who are engaged in the business of raising and selling such animals.

Section 2. Whereas, an emergency exists for the immediate taking effect of this act, therefore it shall be in force from and after its passage.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Now, that our State Legislature declares the English sparrow must go, it becomes a matter of considerable importance how best to diminish his numbers. Our daily papers are recommending poison, the shotgun and the permit-slip on the part of the youngsters to use the illegal slap jack. All these methods within the city limits would be quite as much of a nuisance as the sparrows themselves. If they are to be destroyed, we should begin at their homes, and every nest within reach must be torn down, and every egg or young sparrow made away with. At first, this plan will, to some, appear cruel and inhuman, but it is a far safer method to adopt than the promiscuous spreading of poison throughout the city, or the dangerous discharge of small shot in the parks, yards, etc. We doubt if much head way will be made against their greatly increasing numbers until a systematic campaign is inaugurated for attacking their nests. A number of quail are breeding in our extensive park grounds, several coveys were raised within its limits last year, and wintered well. The cock birds can be heard whistling their "Bob White" in every direction, and for some distance around the enclosure the country has become fairly stocked with birds. Effort is being made on the part of the reorganized Philadelphia Kennel Club, to hold a yearly bench show of dogs in this city. I am pleased to state there is every prospect of the executive committee being successful, and that we, of the Quaker city, will have a "dog feature" once a season. There seems to be a growing fancy here on the part of many who are fond of dogs, to give their attention to the hound variety, and I am told by no few that so little sport can be had near the city on account of the scarcity of birds, it no longer pays to keep a setter or pointer and not work him, while any afternoon a hare may be started, and a good run and fine sport can be had with the hound or beagle. Our "stay at homes" must have their enjoyment, and there can be no better way than with the still comparatively plentiful little hare.—Homo.

THE FUTURE SHOTGUN.—It shall be single barrel for accuracy of aim. It shall have revolving chambers at the breech, insuring continuity of discharge, and supplied with a retractor. The hammer should be so constructed as to act as a firing pin, dispensing with the latter. The lock should be on the double-action principle, so that continuous firing may be had by pulling the trigger. The hammer should have a safety click similar to that in the bulldog revolver. The stock should be adjustable to any drop. It should have a supplementary chamber to fit in the shot barrel, and supplementary chambers for ammunition. The shells should be made so cheaply that they can be thrown away after discharging, because it is as much trouble to keep a shell in order for reloading as the barrel of a muzzle-loading gun. As confessedly better results are obtained from metal shells, they should be made of that material. To lessen the expense, the shells should be made solid, as in the rifle ammunition, with four holes in the center of base. This would enable those who prefer to do so to load their own center-fire shells of usual construction. Or they might be made to combine both principles of rim and center fire. The rifle bullet should be nearly a straight tube, slightly rounded on the end. My impression is that the riding of barrel for the elongated bullet should be straight and without any twist, which was designed originally for the round ball. The shells for both shot and ball should be loaded at the factory, insuring more accuracy than it is possible to obtain by individual efforts. I know some sportsmen insist on loading their own shells, but they might as well insist on making their own guns. In the foregoing provision I have purposely omitted most of the reasons which have led me to my conclusions, as they will readily occur to the practical sportsman or gunsmith; and I have only to add that I expect to levy a tribute of one of the best upon the manufacturer of "the gun of the future."—Geo. C. HENNING (Washington City, June 19).

STAR WADS AND KYNCHOS.—I would be pleased to hear from some of the correspondents regarding the star wads. Do they hold the charge firmly in place, and are they not injurious to the gun? A trial of some of the Kynchos brass shells sent us gives anything but satisfactory results. A test of both 10 and 12-gauge showed that they do expand, and to such a degree that the wad cut out of the shell was necessary to remove the empty shell, no such difficulty was experienced had in the same guns with other brass or paper shells—neither did they resume their original shape when fired. Altogether our experience was not like the one who wrote a booming article in their praise and signs it "One who has fired some 20,000 shells," for it would have taken months to fire that number of shots with these shells and our experience. D. J. W. C. has written that our correspondent's bad success with the Kynchos shells might possibly have been due to some other cause than a fault in the shells themselves. It is impossible to ignore or sweep aside as untrustworthy the mass of testimony brought forward in England in favor of these shells. We want all the information that we can get on the subject, and this information should be accompanied by all possible details as to the gun in which they were used, the powder, the wad, the way they were loaded, and everything else that can assist us in forming an intelligent conclusion as to what the shells will do.

KID ANTELOPE.—There is no law against killing antelope and ducks in Kansas, but I know it is not right at this season of the year, and so, although they are almost at my door, my rifle stays in its case and my old muzzle loading shotgun—I am ashamed to say—rusts. The antelope are commencing to have fawns, they scatter out now, and run alone, and you can see an old doe on almost every knoll a few miles south of here on the other shore of the Arkansas River. The fawns are in a hollow somewhere near, and it is very easy to catch them if one wishes to. They are easy to rear, and I have raised several on a bottle. Last year we went out once during the month of June, wishing to kill a buck, and after a long crawl killed an old doe by mistake. Her udder was full of milk, and we bunted a long time for the kid until we found him. The last I saw of him was in October when he was the other shore of the Arkansas River. But few antelope are killed here during the summer, and the hunting is fine here about October 10, when we all turn loose.—W. J. D. (Cimarron, Kan., June 9).

TEXAS.—Indianola, June 7.—We have some winter ducks still here at this late season. I do not remember to have seen any before so late in the year. The prospects are good for plenty of chickens and quail, as the season has been very good so far, and the game laws are generally well observed.—G. A.

A BATTLE WITH A BEAR.—A terrible fight between two brothers and a bear recently took place on the South Fork of the North Percha River in the Black Range Mountains. The men were coming down an arroyo, entirely unconscious of the presence of the bear, which was concealed in the brush near the trail. The only arm carried by the men was a revolver of small calibre. The bear struck the elder of the two, knocked him down and tore him, and was then attacked by the younger brother, upon whom he turned and tore the muscle from one of his arms, afterwards biting him most savagely in the legs. While this was going on the other brother managed to get up and placing the revolver against the bear's body, fired a shot into his bowels. This appeared to satisfy the bear who at once went off into the brush. The men managed with some difficulty to reach their camp, where a little later their wounds were dressed by a physician. They were badly chewed up, but it is believed that they will recover without being permanently disabled.—J. M. R.

BEAR HUNTING IN SUMMER.—Bears are playing havoc with the farmers' hogs a few miles from this place, and there have been several human casualties in the order to give bruin a benefit. Last week, several of the boys went in the swamp with guns and bombs, and killed two very fine, fat bears. There are several others in the neighborhood, and we expect to "try our hands" again in a few days. There is one very large fellow, and should we tackle him, there will be fun.—A. F. R. (Belvidere, N. C., June 13).

A NEW GUN CLUB.—There was recently organized in Rhode Island the Union Gun Club, of Pawtucket and Union Falls, with the following list of officers: President, Mr. Arthur R. Sweet; Secretary, Mr. S. F. Dexter; Treasurer, Mr. A. F. Pierce. Executive Committee—P. D. Freeman, John Ramsbottom and Charles R. Payne. The first meeting was held on Decoration Day, when it was proposed that shooting meets should be held every Friday, weather permitting.

CLINTON, Mass., June 14.—The Clinton Sportsman's Club held its annual meeting this evening and elected officers as follows: President, J. D. Lloyce; Vice-president, W. H. Gibbs; Treasurer, D. H. Hott; Secretary, J. C. Avery. Directors—G. A. Sampson, A. N. Smith and W. H. Elwood.

## Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

I WENT to Colorado in '72 with bad lungs, and went out onto a ranch, bought me a pony and saddle, and slowly regained my strength. When I got stronger I commenced poisoning coyotes. I had pretty good luck, and soon the cat man that I was living with got uneasy. He hid lots of cat-tie, and was well off, and very busy with them, but he couldn't stand it to see me make a dollar or two a day, and he said that he was going to poison too. So I filled a strychnine bottle with epsom salts and set it on the mantle with three other bottles of the genuine stuff. Strychnine bottles are usually not more than two-thirds full, and so my bait took. He asked how much strychnine cost, and said he wanted a bottle and picked out the one I wanted. "There, that bottle is filled honest," he said, "and I am going to get fifty coyotes with it." He set out his baits carefully on the east side of the creek—I had the west—and his face grew longer day by day. At last he declared that there were no coyotes on that side, and that he was determined to come to my side. So I changed sides with him. He got two the first morning. I had not found, and was in high spirits, but that was the last. I got about fifty and finally stopped poisoning. I never told him, but I think it leaked out, for he let some remarks drop once that made me feel guilty, but I changed the subject. It was mean, I know, but if you had seen the fellow's face as he came in morning after morning with nothing, always to find me with a wolf or two, and I not daring to laugh. He is a sheep owner now in Colorado, and he asked me to get a coyote that eat his lambs with something stronger than epsom salts. W. J. D.

CIMARRON, Kan., June 8, 1893.

Last autumn a party of sportsmen who are partial to the "yaller dog" started for a grouse shoot. They took with them, beside their own curs, a Gordon setter belonging to a friend of mine. Before they had long in the brush they discovered the setter evidently paralyzed by fear and gazing intently at a large stump. One of the men suggested a woodchuck in the stump, and was fearlessly approaching, when one of the others, intimating that it might be a more unsavory animal, they all beat a hasty retreat. Learing their guns against a tree, the sportsmen held a council of war. The boldest of the party concluding he would stir the beast up at all costs, he stepped forward and cautiously crept toward the stump. Suddenly there was a rustle among the dry leaves near by, and out whirled a noble ruffed grouse. The men made a wild dash for the guns, but as they all clutched the nearest one, the attempt was a failure. The setter looked anxiously at them for a moment, and then, with a look of disgust in his eyes, he slunk away. There was a pause, and then one of the sportsmen spoke up: "It's the last time I take this new-fangled dog on a grouse shoot." The idea of his not knowing a partridge by a pole cat. If my Browne had been here he would have had that bird up a tree in a twinkling, and I should have had it by the legs by this time.

The above is a fact, and happened in a town on the shores of Lake Champlain. Don't you think that place needs a missionary? O. A. P.

It was while in the North Woods with the Muir boys that the following is said to have happened: A party were camping at Clear Pond. One of them strayed off by himself in quest of fun and something to shoot at. He became lost, and as the shades of night began to creep over the landscape, he began to get troubled, then scared; and as he was scared he ever and anon would shout, "Man lost! Man lost!" And as the deepening shades of night drew on he grew more and more alarmed. He began to walk right again and again with the despairing cry of "Man lost! Man lost!" Just as day faded into night, and he shrieked the despairing cry like the wail of the lost, a horned owl, perched on a tree near by, with all the wisdom of his race cried out, "Who, who, a who, who?" The man stopped and started, and then in answer to the query answered, "Jim —, of Rochester, you fool you!" S. S.

## Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

**ANGLING RESORTS.**—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

### AN AQUATIC TRAGEDY.

[Respectfully and fearlessly dedicated to the Cuvier Club of Cincinnati, where the latest apex-fish vagrant tales find a safe refuge and much company.]

AND early, saith old Izak, "to me it seemeth meet. I wend unto the river, and from its depths, replete With dainty tritons unnumbered, I from their ranks seduce. Both large and smaller specimens, 'til surfeit urge a truce. This April morn exultant, I feel my spirit strong, Nor were I there fish within the creek which can resist me long."

Oh, well had this exulting speech remained for aye unsaid, Its haunting reached one fish far down within his cozy bed, A cruel, lethargic codfish of a most gigantic mold, Whose mouth seemed almost cavernous, his corpulence untold— Hearing, a smile sardoniac stole slowly down his jaw, And he twined his tail with savage joy, for quick revenge he saw.

But Izak, all unconscious, assuming spade and can, Behind the barn assiduously a search for bait began; And having exhausted enough of worms to last the day's sport through, He forthwith ceased his labors and shouldered his huge bamboo— A pole it was of extravagant size, with a butt just like a tree, And viewing its length from butt to tip, the end you'd hardly see.

His line was stout and matched the pole, his hook of wondrous size, A fish that once "caught on to" this forever closed his eyes. So Izak hurried to the brook, humming an antique tune, And as he reached the willow tree the church bell chimed for noon. His heavy line he slow uncoiled and tied the ready hook, Then from the can's entanglement enough of bait he took; Each worm by route circuitous was dextrously impaled, Nor was his victims writhing woe with his cold heart availed.

Now has he reached the Rubicon—alas he will not stay! Complacent views the waters which him will soon betray; And with sereneest confidence, line to the wave he throws, Over the bait for gourmand fish the waters rippling close. Upon a marbled sycamore, whose upturned roots invite, He now takes up position and awaits intent—A bite!

Flit look, a seething challenge, had sunk the cat so near, The act to his inflamed mind, gross insult did appear; He ground his keen incisors, his spicuous gills flapped he, "The expression of his monster face was hideous to see, And the sediment surrounding he lashed so with his tail, That it floated in the water like dust in a summer's gale."

With motion of a nightmare—so slow but sure as fate, He moves to end this history we painfully relate—"That hook, despite heroic size, when grasped those jaws between Seemst lost," 'tis held a moment, and then no more is seen. The line he also quick consumes, and starting sure to view, As urchin hoys much sugar cane he the tough bamboo!

Meanwhile our ancient fisher stood with most pugnacious air, And thanked the happy fortune which had kindly brought him there; Bethought him what a barbecue this giant fish would make, Which he, from out its elements, eventually would take. Nor dreamed he of a danger, but strove with stubborn might His mighty catch to overcome and him to land aright.

But now the end is nearing, few inches intervene, (And rapidly decreasing) the man and fish between— Down to the sandy margin of the wave-resting shore, Goes now our staunch old angler, whose rashness we deplore. Oh would he, but retreating, forsake and flee the strife, He could with spotless honor long years prolong his life!

With quick convulsive efforts the fiend still nearer draws, And with malign expression down drags him to his jaws— Then did the old man realize the fate which was in store, And the waves upon their journey his death-wail sadly bore; Then laughed the horrid monster as well as thoughtful able, And sampled Izak curiously as epicure at table!

His long arms quick are telescoped, his head, his shoulders next, Nor does the monster hesitate, nor seem at all perplexed— Inch after inch of angler man within himself bestows, Nor does the least cessation show, the vacuum lesser grows. But more of this sad history we will the readers spare, And for the just denouement bid him his tenure prepare.

The catfish in his eagerness did but invite his fate, And how, without embellishment, we will succinct relate. Our rural friend, whose Hamburg steak had recently been ground, Had fed so large, they published him thro' all the country round; To trundle them round daily had been a labor quite, But then our rustic was a man of more than *average* might.

Enceased he these extremities in shoes which spoiled a hide, Those heavy soles, iron studded, the elements defied; Now *Pharos* robes arrived these barriers at, They astonished and disgusted this most bewildered cat; Hard tried he to involve them, the effort was in vain, His mouth he opened widest, but out those feet remain.

Then to eject his tenant attention now he turned, But Izak, stubborn as in life, refused thus to be spurned; His captor one more struggle makes, stupendous, and his last, And surely are the feet withdrawn, the struggle must be past. But no! a mighty glowing cloud that monstrous length, The throes which mark the conflict bespeak heroic strength. The jaws are propped asunder, by pedals, brawn-cased. So firmly placed in situ, they cannot be displaced. His giant life ebbs slowly—'at last his struggles cease, The water stills its ripples and over all is peace.

The upturned old gold belly of the monarch of the stream Reflects the sifted sunbeams which through the foliage gleam; And towering from the surface, two leather obelisks high Rise plaintive, Izak's cloth-yard feet, which we may descry. And thus we and our line, our treacherous labor done, Which, but as urged historian, we else had not begun.

CRISTINA

CRAPTS.

## PLANS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

BRO. "NORMAN" you are quite right; you struck the truth at least once in your checkered career, in *FOREST AND STREAM* of May 31. "Old Hickory" (Kingfisher), "Knots" (the Scribbler), "Jim" (the Editor), and "Old Polican" (Uncle Dan Sloan), besides four other kingfishers set in pin feather, are "overhauling their tackle and preparing the weapons for another camping trip," not, however, on Intermediate Lake, but further north and east. The fish in Intermediate ran rather small last year, not a bass over five and one-quarter pounds, nor a masacalonge of more than thirty-one inches in length, so we are going this season to a newer and wilder locality in "search" of bigger game (fish), "such" as masacalonge of six feet in length, and bass of thirty-one inches. I have a letter from the solitary settler near the lake where we are going to build our camp-fire, inclosing the measure of a black bass taken in the lake this spring, which sizes up just thirty-one inches in length, with a girth of twenty-four inches in front of the dorsal.

How does that strike you for the clamping? I won't retort in kind your little pleasantry about the big masacalonge that is "waiting for the champion to come up and tackle him to give them a run around the lake," but will assure you that the narration of the battle with the four feet four and one-half inch masacalonge in *FOREST AND STREAM* of June 22, 1882, is true in every particular, the only thing lacking, perhaps, being my ability to wield the ready and facile pen of a "Norman," to portray the true glories of that fight.

I plead guilty to letting the fish "die at the stake," instead of knocking him on the head, and the only excuse to offer is that we wanted very much to keep him alive until we broke camp for home. On behalf of the "Kingfishers," I thank you sincerely for your kindly invitation to "drop in" and see you at your camp at the mouth of Torch River the coming summer, and assure you that nothing would afford us more pleasure than to pay our respects to your ladies (bless 'em) and yourself, and should we find that we can spare the time on our way home to do so, you may look out for Kingfisher and that "irrepressible youngster" to have a good romp and a "rattle." I promise you that I will write up for *FOREST AND STREAM* the "net" results of our coming trip, trusting to put it in a shape to please the broadest of the rod and a little and offend Brother "Norman" as a time to "jest about himself a lafin'." If you can spare the time, point your cut-water in a northeasterly direction, and follow it for a matter of eighty miles as the crow flies, and you will find us any time after July 20 and up to August 15, located in a camp that you will wish to take home with you. Or, better, come to Cheboygan and ask Mr. Wm. Spencer, of the Spencer House, to put you on our trail, and then, as old Dave Edwards would say, "Just like ahead tel ye smell blud." Come over and see us, and I will guarantee you some sport that would have made blessed old "Saint Izak" feel discouraged—sport that will set you back at least ten years, and I promise you, too, that you will not find a heartier welcome in the North Woods than will be accorded you in the "Camp of the Kingfishers." KINGFISHER.

## WITH HACKLES AND GENTLES.

### XL.—A "HARB BACK."

"In childhood's days, when summer came,

It was my earnest wish,

To leave each noisy, boisterous game,

To rove about and fish.

I sought each river and stream,

Where reeds and rushes grow,

And sleek-backs prime fish did seem,

A long time ago."

AS the true sportsman, be he angler, shooter or huntsman, has the "whip-hand" of all mankind in the pursuit of manly pleasure, so his memory is stored from year to year with incidents and adventures that he can recall with zest and pleasure.

As in the puppy we forecast what the dog may be, so in the boy are the germs of the man's estate and inclinations. Of course "childhood" "will tell" the truth, and the angling or hunting story may look for his desired "points" in his progeny, and with grateful pleasure may watch and foster their development in the right direction. It is pleasant to see children and youth take kindly to the legitimate sports of the field, to share with the mind and book-lore the healthful education of the body. As an angler, I believe that when the boy receives the true hand Latin grammar, in the end should be placed a respectable fisher, and happy is the lad whose tutor is an expert in the use of both!

Bent pins and pack-thread are but straws, showing whether the wind blows, and these "indications" should be supplemented by more appropriate rudimentary adjuncts of the gentle art.

As with mental culture, so with sportsman-like, physical training, the true and best way is the only way for proper guidance, and deviation therefrom or little heed thereto, is dangerous.

A boy's eyes generally brightens at sight of a dog, a rod, or a gun, and there is something lacking in his "make-up" if they do not. There is nothing incompatible with mental, or moral, culture in field sports, and hishop, priest or layman may sacrifice neither dignity nor sanctity, by throwing a fly, drawing a cover or riding to hounds. The Wise Man said, "There is a time for everything," and in every man's life there should be a "time" for healthful recreation. As always in these degenerate days, it is well, and our "bounden duty," to have

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

Doubtless, races and people, as well as individuals, owe their stamina and exaltation in the world's history to their proper regard for and practice of manly sports and exercises. In modern times England is a case in point, where every boy (and many a girl) takes as naturally to field sports and to outdoor exercises as to mother's milk. The result is obvious—a race of men and women the like of which can not be found upon the face of the earth. As with books so with field sports, their love and use and practice must begin "in childhood's days," and grow with the growth, and strengthen with the strength, of the body. The sportsman unwittingly must become more or less of a naturalist, and his familiarity with the habits and haunts of bird and beast and fish are a *sine qua non* to the successful pursuit of and indulgence in his favorite pastime. He meets "Dame Nature" face to face, and is on the most familiar terms with her. His book-lore is supplemented by her own

incomparable volume, and he may read therein far more than

"Words, words, words."

The love and the study of nature is a subtle pleasure—a precious privilege—and at every step we stumble over some stupendous fact, coming down to us from the foregoing ages. In every familiar haunt we see something new and so old that the mind stazes its calculation in wonder and adoration of its source.

Not in heavy creels or plecthoric gamebags is the sportsman's pleasure hidden, nor by them is his success to be computed. He goes forth with rod, with gun and dog, and he may return "laden with spoils," won by the one or the other, but he must return a more satisfied man after his tryst with nature, even if he has neither a "rise" nor a "shot." Of course it is different if his dinner or supper hangs upon his success with rod or gun. Such cases are, fortunately, rare, however.

I always look kindly upon callow anglers, and especially upon such as take kindly to the craft. In boys, as in men, there are anglers and anglers. With half the glance the practiced eye can tell the true from the false, in this as in other and, perchance, "weightier matters." Happy is the boy, born an angler, to have an angler's thorough painstaking education in all things pertaining to the craft. This it is that makes the youth win (not in "his own eyes," however), and the old man young again. Hope and experience here are met together, and a right pleasant sight the twain make to an interested on-looker.

In this paper I had thought to give a reminiscence of "childhood's days" relative to a first essay at bottom-fishing, but my thoughts and pen have "run riot," and I must abruptly sound "recall."

It is notable how a sport, once loved and pursued with zest, becomes part and parcel of life's declining years. As the octogenarian tells the "rising generation" of his piscatorial doings, and not only tells but gives the youth a pleasant "object lesson" in "splicing," "wrapping," "fly-making," or in an honest cast upon a bit of rippling water. There are men who never grow old, and through the mask which the years and woes of this life over them throw, there leaps forth the spirit and the loves of youth. To know such men is a boon—the what rare blessing it is to fish, or to shoot with such!

Blessings on them who can truly sing:

"Old Father time has play'd his pranks,

My hair is silver,

Yet still along the verdant banks

Of streams I fondly stray,

The gentle craft I still pursue,

While wandering to and fro,

And angle as I used to do.

A long time ago."

O. W. R.

## SOME FUTILE EXPERIMENTS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Our old-fashioned Yankee folk never say "I wrote him a letter," but "I sot down and wrote him a letter," never neglecting to state first that they "sot down," which shows that they enter upon the performance of so important an act with becoming solemnity and proper deliberation. In such a spirit only would it be fitting for me to communicate a little, big, true fish story, concerning pike-perch fishing, with no pike in it and but very little perch, and in such a frame of mind, having duly taken thought of the probable consequences, I "sot down" and wrote you a letter.

Is the pike-perch a good fighter in the good fight of the angle, does he comfort the palate or disappoint it when brought to the platter, is he an "evil heart, a slow belly," affording his captor no pleasure either of hand or stomach? Being somewhat muddled between some recent *FOREST AND STREAM* communications, and my own remoter recollections concerning these questions, I determined to refresh my memory by actual experience, and so got myself up one morning, not many days ago at an hour when all honest folk, myself of the number, should be abed, and hied away with trolling gear, and bait gear and minnows, to the East Slang, where my boat was, then therein down that sluggish bit of water to sluggish "Woonakekewee, the Little River of Otters," down which I rolled my "evil heart" and "slow belly" getting the bait should say a "rise," or a "strike?" Well, I got there, for I struck weeds, and they "riz" when I hauled them in, all sorts of under-water growth, with latin names as long as themselves, but I did not get a bite, except of early mosquitoes, several of whom got a tough morsel of this meek and lowly worm. (Worm and mosquitoes were served right in their equal disappointment for going to the bait.) I was getting a little "sot" when I sounded with a pole for the channel, hidden in this waste of waters, a sad waste too, of this sometimes scarce fluid, found the edge of it, stabbed it with my pole, to which I tied up and began to get ready to fish with bait.

Just as I had got my rod together and my line rove, up rowed Charley Thompson from the lake with a Mr. Shedd, a member of the Jolly Club, from whose company they had just unsuccessfully all along shore and up and down Sun-galnetuck, and being in pursuit of fish for breakfast, more than sport, and taking me for a Canuck overhauling his night line, they bore down, or up, upon me in hope of a supply of bullpouts. While I was endeavoring to dissuade them on both points, talking pure Yankee and suggesting that pouts were not much to be caught with can't fish, and after addressing a few remarks to myself, which were as well received as, from their character, could be expected, I looped on another snell before I baited the hook, and went to fishing for all the pike-perch in Little Otter. In about a quarter of an hour I got what I always called a bite, but what I believe is "good form" to term a "rise," or "strike." I fished several times, first raised to the gaminess of the pike-perch was about to be settled to my satisfaction, and I felt strong hopes that the next night soon be. But there was only a spurt of resistance, and then a complete acquiescence into the decree of fate, and I lifted inboard a poor little yellow perch. But behold! Out of one corner of his mouth was hanging my lost snell, and the minnow so fool



ishly sent adrift was in his throat. That' perch, 'was the only fish I caught, that the only bit I got, though I fished for three hours with the three sisters, Faith, Hope and Charity. When the last and greatest of these departed, I departed, also, and so I left off as I began, asking myself, is the pike-perch a game fish, and a good food fish? But I got back my favorite hook and line.

A few years later I was trolling for pike-perch with a friend, and caught a black bass. She was full of eggs, which appeared to be not less than within a week of ripeness, and that was the 7th of June. Now, I see by FOREST AND STREAM that the bass season begins in New York June 1, and if the spawning season is not very much earlier with you than with us, how can the honest angler go fishing for bass without qualms of conscience, when he knows the fish are spawning or just ready to do so?

Our wise legislators allow the taking of all kinds of fish with the hook in Lake Champlain, and ten miles up its tributaries at all seasons, and the prohibited net-fishing goes on just as usual. If the present style of legislation and enactment of fish laws continues, our grandchildren must be good Protestants, or bad Catholics, or go hungry on Fridays.

AWAYGOOSE.

#### MR. BERGH ON ANGLING.

MR. BERGH is reported to have at last turned his batteries upon angling as a cruel pastime. He objects to President Arthur, not on political grounds, but because he is an angler. In response to Mr. Bergh we will give his language as reported by the New York special correspondent of the Chicago Tribune.

"Chester A. Arthur should not be thought of as a candidate for re-election to the Presidency. He is not only a disgrace to that high office but to civilization." This was not political condemnation. It was an acute expression of sympathy for fish. The speaker was a tall, gaunt, middle-aged man, with a singularly long and melancholy face, hair reaching straight and square to his collar, and other personal peculiarities which Mr. Bergh knew, on sight, to be all New York. But why was he down on Arthur? Let him explain: "The President of the United States should stand for the highest development of our humanity. I have nothing to say against Mr. Arthur's administration. He is personally a polished gentleman. But he is a fisherman, which is the same as saying that his instincts are murderously cruel. It is a dreadful wrong to find diversion in torturing and killing the fish of the sea. You may want to laugh at me for saying this now, but twenty years hence you will be in the small minority, provided you don't in the meantime go over to the majority and conclude that fishing, like hunting, is barbarous and merciless. It is not so many years ago as that when cock-fighting was considered a sport for refined ladies to delight in. Dog-fighting and rat-baiting have barely ceased to find favor in the eyes of gentlemen. Pigeon-shooting is just now falling into disgrace. Hunting and fishing will come next in order of just condemnation. But the President ought already to represent the advance in this regard. Every time he drops a line he lowers himself. It is too bad—too bad."

It will be a hard matter to convince people that Mr. Bergh is correct in his views, especially those who read FOREST AND STREAM, as all anglers do. We think that every time a President of the United States, or any other gentleman, "drops a line," he is taking one of the most relaxing and harmless of recreations, but the art is too old to need defense at this late day. The good work done by Mr. Bergh in protecting our domestic animals from the brutality of men, especially in the case of the horse, entitles him to great respect; but when he tries to class angling with dog-fighting and cock-fighting, he is carrying his zeal too far.

If a man may not fish because he is President of the United States, what relaxation should be allowed him? If it were possible for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to succeed in forbidding a man to angle during his term of office, then the organization of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Presidents might be in order. We hope that our next President, of whatever political complexion he may be, will "love quiet and go a-angling."

#### BLACK AND WHITE BASS FISHING.

THE following description, which has been sent by a correspondent, will be of interest to those who may find themselves in the neighborhood of the locality during the present season:

Niagara, Lincoln county, Ont., is situated at the mouth of Niagara River, on the Niagara branch of the Canada Southern Railway, five miles from Buffalo and sixteen miles from Niagara Falls. It may also be reached by Toronto by steam across Lake Ontario. Good bass fishing can be found here, also perch, herring and other fish of like quality in good numbers. The best grounds for black bass are those on the American side of the river, just at its mouth. There is very little, if any, fly-fishing for black bass at the point, as the water is too deep. Most fish are taken with bait, live minnows being the most killing. All fishing is done from boats, either trolling or anchoring, but the latter way is most popular. Good boats and everything that is needed can be had of the following named fishermen, who are highly recommended: John Bolton, Charles Bolton, Thomas Elliott and Dan Sherlock. During August, September, October and November good sport can be had with the fly, fishing for white bass, which are found here in great numbers. These fish are from one-half to two pounds, and are very gamy. They are found on nearly the same ground as the black bass, and in the eddy formed by the dock of Fort Niagara, which runs out some little distance into the river. These white bass are taken in the following manner: Time, morning or evening; but the latter is the better with the wind blowing gently from the south or southeast, just strong enough to make a slight ripple on the water. About five or six fish are taken at a time, and are of twelve ounces in weight, with heads from six to eight inches, and four-fifths of white are most generally used. But these bass are not very particular, and will take almost anything in the shape of a fly. One also wants a good, light, easily-turned stick, and a man to pull.

While feeding the fish near above the surface of the water, and in schools of good size. As the fish are nearly always in view of the fisherman, this description of fishing is very enjoyable. On sighting "rise" have your skirt bled within thirty feet or so of it, and drop your bait just on the opposite side of the school and draw them there through it, or striking a fish play him with the others, and the chances are that you will fill every hook, and

you will have the greatest sport imaginable to bring them to land, as they are game to the last. Sometimes as many as a dozen "rises" are in sight at once, some of which contain hundreds of fish.

After the bass stop feeding, which they do just before dark, one can enjoy a few minutes with the pickerel which feed the same bait, but on the opposite side and the current of the river. They are a game little fish, and one enjoys a few casts with them before going home. Good board can be had at Niagara at Queen's and Long's hotels, and at various private houses.

#### THE RANGELEY LAKES.

JUST twenty-three years ago I first saw the Rangeley Lakes and landed my largest brook trout on the apron of the great upper dam of the outlet of Mooseheweg Lake. Twenty years ago I brought to New York a champagne basket filled better and nobler than ever a champagne basket before or since. It contained only eight brook trout, but they weighed respectively 5, 5, 6, 6, 6, 7, 8, and 8 1/2 pounds. The largest was presented to William Cullen Bryant, the next to Henry J. Raymond, the third to George Wilkes, and the fourth to Genio C. Scott.

The following day I wrote Prof. Towns and Spirit of the Times contained accounts of their capture, with acknowledgment of the remarkable, indeed, unexampled, gifts. Scores of letters of interrogation, of doubt, of surprise, were received by these papers, only to be answered affirming that these were actually *Salmo fontinalis*.

In 1867 the Opossum Angling Association was organized, and the elegant club house built at Indian Rock. The same year I made the eventful trip from Rangeley Lakes, conveying a transportation truck containing the largest pair of brook trout probably ever in company; a female trout weighing eight and three-eighths, and the famous male trout weighing ten pounds, which were placed alive in my pond at Stanley, N. J. It should go upon record that the above weights were most accurately made in the presence of numerous witnesses after the decease of the fish, a steelyard being used.

Moreover, they had been three weeks in captivity, during which time they had eaten nothing, and had endured the discomforts of nine miles across Rangeley Lake in a fish car which contained forty-three brook trout, averaging five pounds each; thirty-five miles wagon ride, four hundred miles by railroad, across Boston and New York by express wagon, and two miles by wagon in New Jersey. Describing this experience on one occasion to the late Prof. Agassiz, I inquired what they probably did in the weight. He replied: "The male trout at least two and one-half pounds, and the female trout one and one-half pound." This would make them twelve and nine and seven-eighths respectively, undoubtedly the largest trout of either sex on record. The male trout was thirty inches circumference and eleven inches diameter. It is to be regretted that in those early days the elegant and accurate fish spring balance was unknown. It will be of interest to add that on this occasion (1867) I also brought home thirty thousand trout eggs nicely cranked in moss, many of which have hatched on my premises.

In 1878, in connection with the late L. L. Crouse, of Washington, and Hon. Henry O. Stanley, of Dixfield, we erected the first hatching house at Rangeley Lakes on Bema Stream.

In 1877 another was constructed near the old dam on Rangeley Outlet, the funds being mainly contributed by Messrs. Crouse, Daniel Dodd and Eugene Vanderpool, of Newark, N. J., Theo. L. Page, of New Orleans, and myself. This has been regularly employed, and fully 25,000,000 young trout turned into the lakes. Many thousand land-locked salmon eggs have also been hatched and the young fry liberated. A large number of these splendid game fish have been captured, many weighing from 2 1/2 to 5 lbs. Mr. Stanley reports one seen in October, 8 1/2 and 12 lbs. weight. It is well known that the Sebago Lake land-locked salmon grow to the enormous weight of 15 and 20 lbs.

As the number of visitors annually frequenting the Rangeley Lakes now reaches the large number of 3,000, to accommodate them capacious hotels, camps and cottages have been erected, the question naturally occurs, has not this greatly increased fishing begun to deplete the waters?

The results are quite the reverse. Indeed, it can be safely asserted that the number of fish taken in this season has rarely been exceeded, as the following remarkable record will prove.

A party of eight caught 350 trout weighing 359 lbs., the largest 7 1/2 lbs.

J. C. Lombard, of Auburn, Me., took fifty-seven weighing nearly 100 lbs., the largest 6 1/2, another 5, another 4 lbs.

J. C. Holmes, of G. W. Wadsworth, of Farmington, Me., captured forty, several being two and a half pounds.

John Herrick caught in Rangeley Lake, May 31, in one hour, ten trout, the largest a four-pounder.

Messrs. Sargent and Chase have taken in ten days over a hundred, several weighing from two to six pounds.

The champion angler up to the present date is Mr. Sargent, who captured a magnificent fish which weighed 8 1/2 lbs.

Among the visitors this season are Senator W. O. Fry, of Maine; Hon. Nelson Dingley, Gov. E. F. Fessenden, of Portland, Me., son of the late Senator Fessenden; Messrs. F. H. Leggett, George M. Colt, H. H. Bridgman, Howe Richardson, H. H. Bunney, Ad. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. Allen, of New York; Royal C. Taft, Robert W. Taft and A. D. Lockwood, of Providence; H. Y. Hobbs, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Wm. H. Cole, of Baltimore; C. F. Quincy, W. G. Loring, of New York; Cyrus Wakefield, of Boston. Commissioner Stanley turned in 300,000 trout and 100,000 salmon by this month.

STANLEY, N. J.

THE BOSS TROUT.—Hartford, Conn., June 18.—[Captain Andrews caught a common brook trout in this city which weighed 44 pounds. The captain, several days ago, had interviewed with this beauty and left him his line, and has been after his lordship ever since that time. Dr. Croary caught a trout weighing 24 pounds early in the season. We cannot report large creels being scoured here this season, but these two beautiful fish have been admired by thousands. The first named fish measured twenty-one inches in length.]

—FLICK FLICK.

BIG FISH FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE.—Rev. S. H. Synnott and Mr. Leonard Carpenter, of Poughkeepsie, recently returned from a short visit to the St. Lawrence River, where they did some fishing among the Thousand Islands. Among the fish brought home was a muskellunge, said to have been four feet long, and to have weighed thirty pounds. There were also a fine lot of black bass and pike.

PHILADELPHIA FISH NOTES.—Your correspondent saw some large yellow perch a few days since that were taken with minnow bait on the Shawmut dam, on the Schuylkill. These fish are by no means numerous in this portion of the river; indeed, they are rare in any part of the stream near the city. The bass of the Flat Rock dam, in the Schuylkill, have almost entirely destroyed the sunfish of that ground. I have amused myself in the past many afternoons with the youngsters or ladies fishing for "pumpkin seeds" at this point with light tackle and fly, but the bass have put an end to all such picknicking. At Port Penn, Del., opposite Reedy Island Light, white perch are freely biting. Shrimpane the favorite bait, and the fish are large—I am told. White catfish also are being freely taken here on the west side of the island at one of the old wharfs above the lighthouse. The fishing here will continue to be good through the summer. This is Uncle John Krier's favorite spot. "Siu Lord is the proprietor of the best hotel at Port Penn, and always has men and outfits for his guests convenient. A very good ground for large white perch can be found above the bridge which crosses the Raccoon Creek at Swedesboro, N. J. The creek breaks into several branches about half a mile above the road, and a half-hour before "the top of the tide," and before it begins to ebb strong, one can catch perch with a small perch on a large size minnow, as fast as the "philadelphia" can cast. Swedesboro is within an hour's run from Philadelphia, but it is seldom visited by anglers. About the first of July would be the proper time to go there, as the perch are not running yet, I am told. No reliable accounts of early sheepshead having been caught at either Barnegat or Tuckerton have reached us. It is early yet, and the season has been backward this year. Sea bass are not biting at either of these places, nor are they to be expected in any numbers until the first week in July.—Hoxo.

THE ALBICOKE.—In the communication from "Mehitable," in issue of June 14, he mentions the albicore as being taken by hook. This is not an uncommon occurrence in the deep sea. I have seen this fish captured by both hook and spear. It attains to a large size, and was taken by the "Shipper" of New Bedford, off the Brazil Banks, in 1859, the "Shipper" harpooned one which pulled down the scales at seven odd pounds. The bonita (Spanish—pretty fish) runs less in weight, and is truly of a "clipper build," as your correspondent styles it. A floating fragment of wreck, or flotsam and jetsam, at sea is almost invariably accompanied by one or more dolphins, probably to feed on the barnacles, Pacific and Indian seas. I have recently seen several taken from their stomachs. They are also insatiable enemies of the flying fish. While standing a "mashed" I have often noticed the dolphin chase the wing of the flying fish as it emerged from the wave from one light to another, until its inevitable capture. The meat of the dolphin is dry and tasteless as compared with that of the albicore, which is rich and juicy. Both species seem common to the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian oceans. I have taken them in all those seas, but never saw either kind outside of the tropical latitudes.—E. R. WILSON (Seneca Falls, N. Y.).

NEW JERSEY.—Oceanic, June 18.—The water for the last few days has been too thick for good trolling. My catches may seem very small in the eyes of many bass fishermen, but the fish are brought in sight of the house, and hardly ever fished for until the water clears. Saturday, June 18, 2-pound fish; Monday, June 11, 3-pound fish; Tuesday, gale blowing; Wednesday, June 17, 9 1/4-pound fish; 14th and 15th, business; 16th, 9 1/4-pound fish. The nine fish taken on Saturday morning were taken in less than one hour and fifteen minutes. Left home for Red Bank, and arrived back at 10:30, launched my little Ruston; after fishing, my son of seven years, took his sent in the stern of the canoe; reached the shore in less than ten minutes; struck and landed the nine fish and returned home by 11:15, the quickest time on record. When I reached the shore, four fish yet alive. Crabs are shedding slowly, water too cold.—W.H.D.

LAND-LOCKED SALMON IN NEW JERSEY.—It is well known that the New Jersey Fish Commission has stocked several lakes in their State with the land-locked salmon, but none that have been positively identified have ever been taken. Reports have recently reached us that many fish which "look somewhat like trout, but are not trout," have been seen in the State. The fish are from 10 to 15 pounds in weight. The reports say that these trout have been taken from the deep water with minnow gangs, but none have been captured. We wish our friends would take some of the strange fish and send us one for identification. If they are the land-locked salmon, they may be taken with the fly in spring and fall, when the water near the shores is cool, or in summer in deeper water, by either still-fishing or trolling, using a minnow for bait. In fact the same tackle can be used that is required for trout when fished for in these different methods.

BLACK BASS IN MICHIGAN.—Black bass fishing has commenced at Star Island. Mr. J. W. Smith makes the first catch, bringing in nine fine ones. He is followed by Mr. C. H. Smith, bringing in five. But H. B. Scott takes the boys into camp with his fish, a catch of twenty-nine, all very fine fish, weight, from 3 1/2 to 4 1/2 lbs. each. The gentlemen mentioned all hail from Detroit. I have just received to-day a fine life-size oil painting of that monster black bass caught at this place last season by B. B. Barney of Toledo, Weight, 7 1/2 lbs. His measurement was: Length, 23 in., circumference, 17 1/2. Good judges say this painting is the most natural one of a bass they ever saw. W. H. Machen, who is so noted for work on dead game, was the artist.—J.

TROUT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—I live in the midst of the best trouting in this country; the most easily accessible being where you can ride to it, and, without walking through the brush, catch all you can carry; and still, by the side of the trout, where you can get your daily mail, if you have any. Last Saturday I rode to a trout pond, and took a pool where in two hours, without stirring from my tracks, I caught 125 trout that weighed 39 pounds, and three days previous I caught from one pool by the very roadside five trout, one of 3 1/2, one of 2 1/2, one of 2 and two of 1 1/2 pounds respectively. The two largest were full of ripe spawn, the largest trout having just one-half pound in her. This fishing lasts all summer.—DR. A. F. WILLARD (Coos, N. H.).

PENNSYLVANIA.—Harrisburg, June 14.—[Black bass seem plenty here this season, but the river has been too high for good strings. How is it we hear so little about this section here? We have good fishing and hunting close by, trout, bass, pike and pike-perch, deer, turkey, ducks and quail, —G. E. H. B.]



The tone of this fellow's letter is so coarse and ill-natured that it is unworthy of further notice. I wrote in a spirit of kindness and not malevolence, and had not the faintest intention of offending him. I was writing to him as I would to any other man. I have written in the vein a dweller in the slums might indulge in to one of his own kind, and if there is anything in this world to a man of delicacy or refinement of feeling should avoid, it is to impute remarks intended to be insulting, from behind a mask. Come out openly and make your own points, and I will answer you as I should. Although your words may be painful, but a hidden burden of mud, or would-be wit, is despised of all men. I had a discussion in the columns of *Whites Spirit of the Times*, many years ago, on "Yachts and Yachting," which lasted for several years, with a very accomplished yachtsman, and he was very good, but I was not so good, and—by the way, got vexed, and became personal. I dropped my mask and ran my flag up to the masthead. Oh! no, he would









he best cocker spaniel dog under 28 lbs. Won by the Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Dandy.

Class B.—Mr. J. A. Roscoe, Albany, and Wabber offer a silver cup for the best Irish water spaniel exhibited from Milwaukee, Wis. Won by Mr. A. J. Cooper's Storm.

Class G.—Mr. J. D. Aloft, Milwaukee, Wis., offers \$10 cash for the best head of beagles. Won by Mr. D. O'Shea's Rattler and Music II.

Class H.—Mr. J. D. Aloft, Milwaukee, Wis., offers \$10 cash for the best greyhound. Won by Mr. C. H. Mason's Cash.

Class L.—Mr. J. D. Aloft, Milwaukee, Wis., offers \$5 cash for the best pug. Won by Mr. C. H. Mason's Sambo.

Class J.—Mr. J. D. Aloft, Milwaukee, Wis., offers \$10 cash for the best kennel of Irish setters. Won by the Emporia Irish Club with Irish Kork, Irish Kark, Irish Kark, Irish Kark, Irish Faith, Irish Rock and Irish Biddy.

Class K.—Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H., offers a silver cup for the best Irish setter puppy. Won by Mr. S. I. L. Woodbury's Fawn.

Class L.—The managers of the show offer a silver medal for the best collie. Won by Mr. Thomas H. Terry's Zulu Princess.

Following is a complete list of the

#### AWARD \$100.

##### MASTIFFS.

Class 1. Mastiffs, Dogs.—1st, Mrs. Mason's Nixson, fawn, 3 yrs., 24 lbs.; 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

##### ST. BERNARDS.

Class 3. Rough-coated St. Bernard Dogs.—1st, Mrs. Henry Kisteman's Marro, reddish, 18 lbs., full pedigree; 2d, David Stephenson's Irish Prince, white, Irish Setter, Very high com.; 3d, J. Hawke's Spar, orange, tawny and white, 3 yrs., bred from imported stock. Com. Jas. A. McNettie's Cassar, orange, tawny and black pug, 3 yrs.

Class 4. Rough-coated St. Bernard Bitches.—1st, Mrs. Henry Kisteman's Mince, fawn, 2 yrs., full pedigree; 2d, David Stephenson's Irish Prince, white, Irish Setter, Very high com.; 3d, J. Hawke's Spar, orange, tawny and white, 3 yrs., bred from imported stock. Com. Jas. A. McNettie's Cassar, orange, tawny and black pug, 3 yrs.

##### BOXERS.

Class 7. Newfoundland Dogs.—1st, Chas. H. Mason's Mayor of Bingley, black, 3 yrs., Sam. Fly; 2d, S. I. L. Woodbury's Pete, black, 2 mos., 14 lbs.; 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

##### GREYHOUNDS.

Class 8. Greyhounds, Dogs.—1st, Chas. H. Mason's Friday Night, black, 10 mos., Master's Prince, Saddle; 2d, Carl Young's You Know, fawn, 3 yrs., 4 mos.; 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

##### DEERHOUNDS.

Class 10. Deerhounds, Dogs.—1st, Dr. Van Hamme's Oscar, blue gray, 3 yrs., 24 lbs.; 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

##### ENGLISH SETTERS.

Class 11. Champion English Setters, Dogs.—1st, Geo. W. Moore's Royal Hunter, lemon belton, 3 yrs., Royal—Shortnose's Naved; 2d, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

Class 12. Champion English Setters, Bitches.—1st, W. B. Slatkoff's Dido II, black, white and tan, 3 yrs., 24 lbs.; 2d, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

Class 13. English Setters, Dogs.—1st, A. C. Wadell's Laverack Chick, black, white and tan, 3 yrs., 24 lbs.; 2d, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

Class 14. English Setters, Bitches.—1st, A. C. Wadell's Laverack Chick, black, white and tan, 3 yrs., 24 lbs.; 2d, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

Class 15. English Setters, Dogs.—1st, A. C. Wadell's Laverack Chick, black, white and tan, 3 yrs., 24 lbs.; 2d, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

Class 16. English Setters, Bitches.—1st, A. C. Wadell's Laverack Chick, black, white and tan, 3 yrs., 24 lbs.; 2d, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

Class 17. Champion Black and Tan or Gordon Setters.—1st, Dr. J. S. Niven's Argon, black and tan, 3 yrs., 24 lbs.; 2d, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

Class 18. Black and Tan or Gordon Setters, Bitches.—1st, Dr. J. S. Niven's Argon, black and tan, 3 yrs., 24 lbs.; 2d, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

##### IRISH SETTERS.

Class 21. Champion Irish Setters, Dogs.—No entries.

Class 22. Champion Irish Setters, Bitches.—No entries.

Class 23. Irish Setters, Dogs.—1st, Chas. H. Mason's Cavalier, 4 yrs., champion Elcho—Rose; 2d, Emporia Kennel Club's Irish Cork, red, 2 yrs., 24 lbs.; 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

Class 24. Irish Setters, Bitches.—1st, Chas. H. Mason's Cavalier, 4 yrs., champion Elcho—Rose; 2d, Emporia Kennel Club's Irish Cork, red, 2 yrs., 24 lbs.; 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

Class 25. Irish Setters, Dogs.—1st, Chas. H. Mason's Cavalier, 4 yrs., champion Elcho—Rose; 2d, Emporia Kennel Club's Irish Cork, red, 2 yrs., 24 lbs.; 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

Class 26. Irish Setters, Bitches.—1st, Chas. H. Mason's Cavalier, 4 yrs., champion Elcho—Rose; 2d, Emporia Kennel Club's Irish Cork, red, 2 yrs., 24 lbs.; 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

##### POINTERS.

Class 27. Champion Pointers, Dogs.—No entries.

Class 28. Champion Pointers, Bitches.—No entries.

Class 29. Pointers, Dogs.—1st, Chas. H. Mason's Chancellor, white and liver, 3 yrs., Duke—Duchess; 2d, A. C. Wadell's Tim, lemon and black, 3 yrs., 24 lbs.; 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

Class 30. Pointers, Bitches.—1st, Chas. H. Mason's Chancellor, white and liver, 3 yrs., Duke—Duchess; 2d, A. C. Wadell's Tim, lemon and black, 3 yrs., 24 lbs.; 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

##### IRISH WATER SPANIELS.

Class 34 (Extra). Champion Irish Water Spaniels.—1st, Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Club's Mike, 18 yrs., Shamrock—champion Duke.

Class 35. Irish Water Spaniels, Dogs.—1st, A. J. Cooper's Storm,

liver, 24 yrs., champion Barney—Lady; 2d, H. D. Gardner's Tim (Victory), 18 yrs., 24 lbs.; 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th,

















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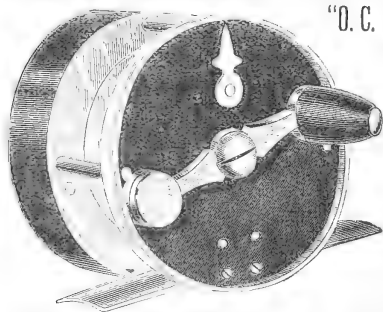
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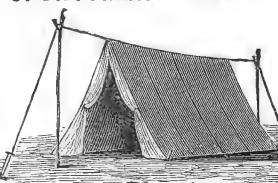
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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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## THE SCREW WIND-GAUGE.

It seems that the worst anticipations of the gentlemen of the American team are to be realized, and that there is to be no chance for the men using the screw wind-gauge to shoot over the ranges during the Wimbledon meeting as contestants in the several M. B. L. matches.

The Council of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain has had the matter under consideration, and in a letter written by Sir Henry St. John Halford, he acts as the mouthpiece of his associates. The letter bears the appearance of an apology for the action of the Council, and an apology certainly is needed. It has been decided not to alter the old Wimbledon rule, which declares that a rear sight set by a screw is not a military sight, and that those of the American rifles having that attachment are to be barred out from the many Wimbledon matches.

The *Volunteer Service Gazette* has ably seconded the efforts of a large body of the English shooters who wish to see the antiquated rule abolished, and urge that this permission be now given the American team, in order to show at once a gentlemanly courtesy to a visiting body, and also to show such unpunctual apologists as the council members that a screw wind-gauge is not only an excellent range device, but may be made so simple as to be serviceable in the field. Our esteemed contemporary has taken a wide view of the situation, looking at it from the American as well as the English standpoint, and very properly refuses to be convinced by the letter of Sir Henry Halford, which is not only misleading in its review of the history of this wind-gauge discussion, but erroneous in the conclusions which it draws.

The screw wind-gauge to-day is not a mere range device to secure higher scores. It is in use on the Springfield rifles now coming from the armory in Massachusetts, and in con-

tradition to the opinion of the British N. R. A. Council that it is "an addition to a rifle which they do not consider practicable for a military arm on service," may be brought the opinion of marksmen here that in any form of carbine or rifle the screw may be and is made so ready of adjustment that it is not one whit behind the slide in rapidity of manipulation, while it is far more exact and reliable.

Sir Henry, in his somewhat remarkable letter says: "There will be no difficulty in their unshipping their screw adjustment, so that their rifles will come under our rules for our M. B. L. competitions, leaving their sights precisely like ours. They, as well as I, believe that the screw adjustment gives a certain advantage to those using them, as the slide can be moved more certainly by it, and with greater accuracy, and I have no doubt they will gain by it in the match as we shall not use it. We have yielded this advantage to them at their earnest solicitation, because we beat them last year, and not because we think it a matter of no importance; but we do not think they would be justified in putting our own men at a further disadvantage in the All-Comers' matches, for it is our duty to see that they are fairly dealt by."

It is indeed a display of more than usual conservatism that the British riflemen, having conceded to the Americans the use of a screw wind-gauge, should not adopt the same themselves. It is the coming improvement which must be made in any military rifle which hopes to hold its own. It is nonsense to suppose that the old open sight, even when given a pretense of improvement by any such clumsy arrangement as a sliding sight bar, is to continue in use when such important modifications and improvements are made in other parts and features of the rifle. Sir Henry ought to know this, and any skirmish match, such as the Duryea match at Creedmoor last year, where the men fired at random distances while in advance and retreat up and down the range, ought to convince the veteran marksman that the competitor using the screw-gauge is not at all handicapped as against the one using a slide-gauge. This is as near a semblance of real warfare as we can get, and it ought to settle the question as far as it can be determined by range experiments.

Sir Henry reverts to his favorite match rifle, and bewails the improvements made in small-bore weapons, as they have made the highest possible so easily attainable that there is no longer much competition when a marksman of judgment, armed with one of these latest weapons of precision, enters a match.

If the object is to keep in a liberal factor of uncertainty, then let the bow and arrow be revived for match purposes, and the match rifle laid aside as too mathematically correct.

While not for a moment wishing to reduce the M. B. L. to a mere target tickler instead of a service weapon, we respectfully urge that the screw-gauge has been proven fit for field work, and that while the improvement is sure to come, there is no better time than the present to introduce it upon the Wimbledon range.

## THE GREELEY RESCUE EXPEDITION.

THE expedition for the relief of Lieutenant Greeley is to leave New Foundland early next month. The rescuing party is to consist mainly of officers and enlisted men of the United States Army, and the only members who are familiar with Arctic life are three "hard ice men" to be taken from St. Johns. The steamship *Proteus* has been chartered for the occasion, and the orders to the expedition direct that every effort shall be made to reach Lieutenant Greeley by ship, but if this cannot be done, the winter is to be passed at Life Boat Cove or Littleton Island. After the winter has set in, attempts will be made to proceed northward by means of sledges. The instructions announce that the provisions of the Greeley party will be exhausted this autumn, although at the time of its departure and subsequently, it was stated that it was vitally needed for three years.

Two naturalists, Messrs. H. G. Dresel and A. A. Ackerman, accompany the expedition on board the United States steamer *Yantic*, which goes as a tender to the *Proteus*. Both gentlemen are ensigns in the navy, and have for the past eight months been acting as assistants in the United States National Museum at Washington, Mr. Dresel working on fishes, and Mr. Ackerman on mineralogy. Their equipment is mainly for the collection of marine fish and invertebrates.

It seems unfortunate, in view of the probable difficulty of reaching the Greeley party, that a selection had not been made of men better qualified for the work than the present party appear to be. If the views set forth in these columns as to the personnel of Arctic expeditions had been adopted, we cannot but think that this relief party would set out with much brighter prospects of success.

## THE ENGLISH ANGLING TOURNAMENT.

IN another column we give a full account of the last tournament at the Welsh Harp. From our report it will be seen that Mr. Reuben Wood gave a good account of himself, casting eighty-two and a half feet in the trout contest, and one hundred and eight in the salmon casting, taking both first prizes.

We had hoped to see accounts of this contest in the daily papers of New York the morning after it occurred, but so far they have not had a word of this international match, although we know that the secretary of the National Rod and Reel Association informed the agent of the New York Associated Press on the 9th that the contest would come off two days afterward. Had it been a base ball match or a game of marbles, or other interesting event, we would have seen it flashed across by cable in quick time. It really seems as if the great dailies are not aware of the interest taken by the angling public in these events, nor of the extent of that public. The fact that anglers are quiet gentlemen seems to hide the other fact that they are numerous.

It has been said that these tournaments are useless as tests of angling skill. This may be so, to some extent, but they are very useful in exhibiting excellence in all that they claim to do, which is in casting the fly, not in the capture of fish. It is barely possible that a man might learn to cast a fly who never saw a fish taken, and would therefore be ignorant of fishing. We have never heard of such a man, and do not believe he exists. The tournament is an excellent school for those who wish to learn the art of fly-casting, which is a most beautiful one, and the time will come when our daily papers may even rank it as high as a dog fight and give the details.

The *Fishing Gazette* Tournament, just held near London, was more fortunate in the matter of weather than last year, and it seems to have gone off smoothly, and to the satisfaction of all. Certainly it went to the satisfaction of Mr. Wood and the American delegation, and from a perusal of our correspondence on the subject it appears that the competitors were pleased also. The only complaint that "Uncle Reuben" has made is in a private letter to one of the *FOREST AND STREAM* staff, where he says that they nearly kill him with kindness over there, and that if he should eat and drink all that he is invited to, he would either have to be hooped or burst.

We hope to see some of our English anglers on this side of the water next October at the tournament of the National Rod and Reel Association. We can assure them of a cordial reception at a good time.

## RACING WEEK.

THE fact that a very large number of the most important yacht races about New York have taken place within the past week, obliges us to devote much more space than usual to this sport. It is in some respects unfortunate that so many of the important regattas come together, but there are other, and perhaps equally good, reasons why June is above all others the month for racing. It is important that *FOREST AND STREAM*, which is the yachtsman's journal of America, should give to its readers accounts of these races which shall be more intelligent than the hastily written reports in the daily papers, and at the same time be something more than a mere record of courses and times; and for this reason we have treated these important events very fully. It may be said, however, that occasions like the present only come once or twice a year, and that we are not often obliged to allow any one department to so far overrun its usual limits.

The widespread and rapidly increasing popularity of yachting is of comparatively recent growth, and is in part attributable to the interest which is now taken in canoeing, for the canoe is often the primer of the yachtsman. The canoeist who has cruised for two or three years and has thus learned something of the delights of a life on the water, feels an ambition to own a larger vessel, and is likely to become a Corinthian and obtain a single-handed cutter, and from this his development is rapid and only limited by the depth of his pocket. We rejoice to see the sport taking the high rank it does, for it is one which cultivates some of the highest qualities of both mind and body.

HIGH POINT QUAIL.—Advices from High Point, N. C., give us the pleasing intelligence that quail have done wonderfully well there during the past winter, and promise to be extremely abundant during the coming season. A part of this abundance is attributed to the non-shipping act of that State.



## Natural History.

### MORNING IN COUNTRY AND CITY.

OH, the beauties and delights of rural surroundings. The cheerful awakening from sound, healthful slumber. For instance, the time is about 4 A. M., or a little before. Dick, the game-cock, having gone to roost at sundown, suddenly awakens to a sense of his responsibility as boss of the entire premises, and sends out a clarion note that may be heard one mile away. Nine female geese and one old gander at once respond, with outstretched necks and voices shrill and deep. Three guinea hens, with their Brigham, take up the cry. The old peacock gets on his wings, sails up to the peak of the barn, and lets to the bottom of his lungs. A flock of ducks start up suddenly and waddle off to the creek, with much noisy quacking. Four milk-eyed, deer-faced Alderney cows commence a musical bellowing from the paddock on the flat by the creek; four fawn-like calves answer with responsive bleating from the calf-pasture above.

It is not yet 5 A. M. and the thrush, the robin, the song sparrow, the Phoebebird, the catbird, the pewee, the chickadee, the bluejay and the vireo are making the whole business very musical.

How about the awakening of a summer morning in New York? I am not so certain. I have tried both sides. I prefer the donkey engine to the guinea hen; the steam whistle to the peacock. The rattle and roar of the waking city is hardly more disturbing to nerves than the racket of a farmyard. I know something better.

"I know a spot where many things  
O'erhang the verdant base of Otter,  
Where wood-ducks build among the vines,  
That bend above the crystal water.

'Tis there the bluejay makes her nest,  
In thickest shade of water beeches;  
The fish-hawk, statueque in rest,  
Keeps guard o'er glassy pools and reaches."

Well, I am "going through the Wilderness." The Sairey Gamp meets me at Booneville the first week in July. The Sairey weighs 140 pounds. I noticed since I commenced writing light canoees in *FOREST AND STREAM*, several makers have discovered that a 16-pound canoe will carry a light canoeist and his duffle. Have they ever seen it done? Have they placed a few 10-pound canoees in the hands of skilled canoeists for lone, independent cruises in the North Woods and other glorious lake-dotted forests? Am I to meet one of them here and there, go into camp with him, divide the last ounce of provisions, and then paddle in company with him over the blessed clear waters, and over the inlets, outlets, etc.? I guess not. There is no 10, 11 or 12-pound cedar canoeist this season with five men in her. I think a 16-pound canoe would be safer and more comfortable. All the same, she is bound to go through. Maybe she will do better than her maker thinks. Possibly he has builded better than he knew. There is a possibility that I may turn out to be an old gray-headed expert in light canoeing. Maybe I have been there. Perhaps I have paddled a *kyak*, the most ticklish boat that ever floated a man. And I may get drowned. I shall certainly take in some duffings.

NESSMUK.

### EDIBLE CRABS OF THE UNITED STATES.

IN an interesting, though brief, article in the catalogue of marine invertebrates sent to the London Fisheries Exhibition, Mr. Richard Rathbun, of the U. S. National Museum, gives a list of the principal edible crabs of the United States, and the methods by which they are taken. He says: Over twenty species of crabs belonging to the coasts of the United States are now regarded as of greater or less practical importance to mankind. The most valuable of these are the blue crab (*Callinectes hastatus*), lady crab (*Platyonichus ocellatus*), stone crab (*Menippe mercenaria*), and rock crabs (*Cancer irroratus* and *borealis*), of the East coast, and the common crab, rock crab, and red crab (*Cancer magister*, *antennarius*, *productus*), of the Pacific coast. The remaining species are utilized simply as bait, or to a slight extent only as food.

The blue crab is the common edible crab of the Atlantic coast, and ranges from Massachusetts Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. The season for its fishery is of variable duration on different parts of the coast. At New York it lasts from May to October, while in Florida it begins as early as March and continues until December, or if the weather be mild, through the entire year. The crab is eaten in both the hard and soft-shell condition, but is greatly preferred and commands a much higher price, when in the latter state. This is contrary to what holds true with all of the other species of crabs upon our coast, as well as the lobster, which are only eaten when hard-shell. However, soft-shell crabs are seldom taken in marketable quantities except on the New Jersey coast, whence New York derives the greater part of its supplies. The crab fishery from New Jersey alone amounted to over \$160,000 in 1880. The blue crab also forms an excellent bait.

Several different appliances are used in the capture of blue crabs, the most common being the ordinary scoop or dipnet, also called crab net. For attracting the crabs from depths not easily reached by means of the dipnet, the fishermen resort to baited lines, without hooks, which are used singly or made up into trawls. For a small boat, each fisherman is to handle several single lines, which are hauled up at short intervals, the crabs being secured in a dipnet as they approach the surface. The crab-trawl, or trot-line, measures 250 to 700 feet in length, and has small lateral lines arranged at short distances apart. There are several methods of setting it. One is to anchor each end by means of weights, and another to attach the ends to long poles, which are run into trawls. For the latter, a man in a skiff rows continuously from end to end, hauling in the trawl lines and taking the crabs as in the first instance. On the Louisiana coast the trot-lines are stretched along the beaches, the lateral lines being thrown out into the water and hauled in at regular intervals. Seines, hoop-nets, baited with meat, and clam tongs are also occasionally employed for catching crabs. As the soft crabs remain in a semidomestic condition, and will not take the bait, they are secured almost entirely by means of scoop-nets from the beaches, or in the hands. Floating cars are extensively employed in some localities for keeping the hard crabs until they shall have cast their shells and become soft. Crabs are generally shipped to market in boxes, baskets or barrels, with or without packing. Some boxes are mainly preferred for the soft crabs, which are packed in

very snugly in order that they may stand transportation without injury, and so that the moisture will not run too freely from the gills. The crab catchers consist largely of women and children, especially in the Southern States.

In 1880, there were three crab canneries in the United States, two being located at Hampton, Virginia, and one at Oxford, Maryland. Only land crabs are canned, the supplies coming mainly from the neighborhood of the canneries. The process of canning crabs is somewhat similar to that for lobsters, as practiced on the New England coast. The crabs are boiled or steamed, after which the meats are removed from the hard parts and packed in one and two pound tins, the shells or carapaces being cleaned and sold with the meats, to serve as holders in making devilled crabs. The refuse is used as a manure.

The crab fisheries of the eastern coast of the United States, in 1880, amounted to \$328,000 (fishermen's prices), of which the greater part belonged to New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. South of Virginia, on the Atlantic coast, the crab fishery is of but slight importance at present; on the Gulf coast it amounts to about \$10,000 annually, and is mainly confined to Louisiana.

The rock and Jonah crabs (*Cancer irroratus* and *borealis*) are eaten only to a slight extent, probably for the reason that their range is co-extensive with that of the lobster, which is much more favorably regarded as an article of food. *Cancer irroratus* is caught at the mouth of Boston Harbor in small quantities, to supply the Boston markets, and both species are taken for the Newport market, in Narragansett Bay. They are also both used as bait for several species of fish.

The stone crab (*Menippe mercenaria*) is very much esteemed for eating, but nowhere occurs in sufficient abundance to supply more than a limited demand. The shell of this crab is thick and heavy, and the claws proportionately large, furnishing a generous supply of meat. The stone crab lives in holes in the mud, which it excavates, and in cracks between rocks, and is, therefore, somewhat difficult to capture. In taking them from their holes, which are sometimes very deep, the crabber thrusts down his arm, and seizing the occupant by the elbow of the nearest claw, draws him quickly out, allowing him to fall upon the ground, where he is better able to secure him without injury to himself. The crab offers stout resistance, and is sometimes taken out piecemeal. The crabber occasionally resorts to digging out his prey. This species is rarely shipped away from the seaport towns where it is taken, and is, therefore, seldom seen in the larger markets, excepting at Charleston, S. C., in the vicinity of which place it is abundant. On some parts of the Florida coast it furnishes the inhabitants with a considerable share of their food at certain seasons.

The lady crab (*Platyonichus ocellatus*) is occasionally taken for food on the Atlantic coast, in the same manner as the blue crab, but is rarely seen in the markets. In the Gulf of Mexico, and especially on the Louisiana coast, it is an important article of fishery, and large quantities are shipped to New Orleans every season. On the New England coast it is used as bait.

Six species of crabs are regarded as edible on the Pacific coast of the United States—the common market crab (*Cancer magister*), rock crab (*Cancer antennarius*), red crab (*Cancer productus*), kelp crab (*Epilatus productus*), yellow shore crab (*Libinia emarginata*), and purple shore crab (*Hemigrapsus oregonensis*). Only the *Cancer magister* is now extensively used as food, although the other two species of the same genus are said to be equally good as regards flavor. The *magister* is, however, the most abundant species in those localities and depths which are most frequented by the fishermen, and also averages somewhat larger in size. It is captured mainly on the sandy beaches of San Francisco Bay, by means of seines and crab nets, baited with fish and offal. The principal market is San Francisco. The season continues more or less throughout the year, but the summer catch is much larger than the winter. The red and rock crabs are most abundant on the rocky shores of the northern side of the Golden Gate, where but little fishing is done. The *Cancers* are not, apparently, caught elsewhere for food on the Pacific coast. The yellow shore crab and purple shore crab are these two split them upon wires and cook them over open fires. The kelp crabs are used by the natives of the northwest coast. A large "red rock crab" (*Echinococcus setimanus*), living about the Farallone Islands, off San Francisco, is occasionally brought to the markets of that city as a curiosity, and sometimes brings as high a price as ten dollars each. Species of *Chionoreles* and *Lithodes* are eaten by the natives of Alaska.

ALBINO ROBINS.—About half a mile from this place there keeps a white robin, the bird is entirely white with the exception of a few wing feathers and one or two feathers in the tail. That this bird is a robin is certain, its flight and "chirrup" proves that. It is very tame, allowing a person to advance within a few feet of it. This is its second appearance in this locality, last year there were more dark feathers in its plumage than now. It is evidently a male. Another instance. Early this spring I noticed a robin with more than its usual allowance of white in its plumage. I shot the bird, and found the tail to be entirely white, the breast was also nearly white, and the wings and the white spots on the wings, back and head. This bird was also a male. In this case, and in the preceding one, other robins were making war upon their unnatural brothers. Now, was this a freak of nature, or were these birds hybrids? The white bird can be seen almost any time, and the one I shot I have mounted.—H. B. (Glasco, N. Y. June 18).

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH EXCHANGE.—Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: One of the most valued items of my camp kit during the past three years has been a photographic outfit. I have been thinking that an exchange of cards with others who were as well versed in the art as agreeable. I have a dozen or more that I think would be of interest to lovers of the wildwood, and which I would be glad to send to any of your readers who have copies of their own work to spare.—JOS. G. WALTON.

A LARGE CAT.—A wildcat weighing thirty-five pounds was recently caught and brought into Nashville by Reuben Cain, of Chatham county. It was a superb specimen of the species, and should have been secured for one of the zoological collections in the North. Reuben said: "He was regular hell in harness, and most er got off, but for Nanny, my wife. She's more nor any ten cats in Tennessee."—J. D. H.

silly enough to believe that he could find good shooting and fishing in the streets and gutters of cities, towns and villages. "Didymus" admits that he "wandered in an unsatisfactory way nearly all over the State," and there are such wanderers to be found everywhere. From his own statements, it is evidently confirmed in his observations to ruin lines of travel, where none, when a "sportsman" ("sportsmen" have been shooting at every living thing clothed with feathers for the last eighteen years. It is evident that he is not a sportsman or a competent judge, for he states that he "actually shot six times at three wriggling snipe before he got them in his pocket." He refers to fishing at Ocala, and unless he fished in a rain-water barrel for wigglers, he could not find fishing within six miles of that place. He refers to catching fish at when a "sportsman" ("sportsman") reaches Ocala, "he doesn't find turkeys gobbling at him from every brush." Such a statement is, to say the least, silly, if it did not convey the idea that such statement had been published by some interested party. Every winter, samples of "sportsmen" like "D." visit the State, and are disappointed, and misrepresent it because they cannot shoot deer, quail and turkeys in the public streets, and capture fish in every mud hole. Game and fish exist in endless quantities in certain portions of Florida, but sportsmen must visit the localities where they exist.

From the tenor of "D.'s" communication it is evident that he is interested in a "hotel" enterprise in St. Augustine, or has "land" to sell near the "Fort," and used your columns to advertise his wares. The whole communication "smells of the shop." "D." asserts "that fishing and shooting in the neighborhood of St. Augustine is far better than in any place I have ever been." This statement is evidence that he has not visited the best "shooting and fishing places" in the State, and that he is ignorant. Any person residing in St. Augustine would have informed "D." that Matanzas, Halifax, and Indian River inlets, far exceed the neighborhood of St. Augustine for fishing. If he had inquired of any sportsman where he should go to make a bag or kill a deer, he would have been directed to Diego plains. He complains about sportsmen (sic) being prevented from shooting in the neighborhood of St. Augustine. This is a wise provision, for some "sportsmen" cannot distinguish the difference between a tame duck and a mallard, or an old hen from a pheasant, and some of them are so careless with the use of firearms, that to protect the lives of residents protect life laws are a necessity.

To me it is evident that "D." has not visited the "unsportsman" "shooting and fishing" parts of Florida, and that he has used your columns to benefit a hotel in *future*. If "D." like Dr. Ferber, Dr. Heusball, or Ward, of Grayling, Mich., will follow in my tracks, cut loose from hotels, "hog and hominy," and leave his "fastidiousness" in a first-class hotel, he will tell a different story, and apologize to your readers for occupying valuable space with mere twaddle, and a puff regarding a hotel in embryo, and lots to sell near the "Fort." AT FRESCO.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., June 11, 1889.

### Editor Forest and Stream:

Please allow me a word in defense of what I said about the local laws of St. Augustine. This question, like most others, has two sides, and it is necessary to take both more explicit in my statements. The prohibitory law which you commend, if I understand it, has nothing to do with the "extermination" that you speak of "when the rash of Northern visitors first set in," but was a very recent enactment, and instigated by a man brimful of bitter prejudices, who is affected by the sight of a gun as a mad dog is by a stick. This man, who enjoys access to the top of his bent "with a stick and a string with a worm at one end and a—etc., etc., but he will not interfere with your enjoyment if it happens to be something that he approves of. If the prohibitory law had been sensibly framed it would meet even my approval, but as it stands, it certainly does not.

To prohibit shooting within a radius of half a mile from the City Hall would be very well, but the city limits are the city limits, and it is no use trying to draw a line to include the marshes nearly to the ocean, and extend a great distance above the city. On these vast tracts of marsh lands there are a great many birds, but as it is difficult to get at them there is no danger of extermination. That idea came from the fact that, while there was no law to prevent it, every boy who could carry a gun was constantly popping at the birds on the flats almost within a stone's throw of the City Hall, and they found it difficult to find them and let them go unmolested feeding grounds; they were not exterminated.

That the privilege of shooting plover on the marshes a mile or more above the city can do anything more in the way of extermination than the same privilege would in any other place I fail to see. Consideration for the birds had nothing to do with the enactment of this law. If the "city fathers" care anything for the birds why is there not a law to prevent the infamous business of robbing birds' nests? This wholesale "slaughter of the innocents" is universal here, not the slightest effort is made to stop it. A mocking-bird is lucky if she can find a place for her nest that these impudent, annoying little rascals cannot reach. But the singing birds are not the only sufferers, for the depredations of these little devils extend out into the marshes. One, at least, of the rail tribe (a large bird) breeds here in great numbers.

A few weeks ago a man surprised a small gang of these exterminators near his fence; one was carrying an old bird which they had killed with a stick while on the nest, and another had the eggs in his hat. They roam and steal wherever they choose, and the only law they have to fear is a cross dog.

NEW YORK, June 15.

DRYDMUS.

[Our correspondents appear to have taken too seriously some things which "Didymus" wrote in jocular mood. He is not a greenhorn, nor, as one writer unkindly suggests, a "dude," but a gentleman who has traveled extensively, and as a sportsman can probably hold his gun as "dead on" as the next man. If his praises of old St. Augustine appear too lush, they are at least pardonable, and it is not necessary to ascribe them to any sordid motives. It is one of the most charming characteristics of Florida citizens to exalt some particular point in the State, and in comparison with it to deride all other localities as in some respect or another inferior. The State has been sufficiently vindicated by those who have replied to "Didymus," and this discussion carried as far as can be useful. To prolong it would probably not affect next winter's Florida travel. When "Didymus" knows more about St. Augustine he will agree with us about the wisdom of the law referred to.]





animal. In like manner I cannot believe that the muzzle-loader is the best rifle, because it is a little more accurate and has a slightly flatter trajectory. Let my hunting rifle be a "breach-loader loaded from the muzzle" (sometimes), or a "muzzle-loader loaded from the breech," but not a gun through the barrel of which daylight cannot be made to shine without several minutes' work with a large fraction of a blacksmith's set of tools.

L. I. FLOWER.

CAMBRIDGE, N. B.

### SENSIBLE VIRGINIANS.

THERE were a good many sportsmen here this week. As I write, a large school has just lifted anchor, and has headed for the Virginia capes with some twenty-five of the Baltimore Sporting Club on board. She is bound for a month's cruise. Another school from Suffolk, Virginia, with some twenty lovers of the gun and rod, has put in an appearance, and will leave to-morrow for Hog and Monacan islands. The Richmond, Va., Club will commence their annual cruise the first of next week, as also will the Norfolk Sporting Club. It is no wonder that the ladies wander disconsolately alone at the watering places, for this custom of the Virginians of leasing a vessel and spending their mid-summer holiday in a stag party abroad, has grown steadily in popularity, and consequently the men are represented at the springs by beardless boys, or by those effeminate young men who avoid the sun and wind, as if it bore on its beams and breeze the pestilence itself.

Besides, the Virginians find it not only more enjoyable, but cheaper. Twenty-five young men clubbing together can, upon paying a sum of twenty-five dollars apiece, rent a schooner, provision it, and enjoy a delightful, free Bohemian life for a month, when it would cost them, if they times that amount to go to the springs, and they would not have half the enjoyment either. This place is the rendezvous of all of the clubs, and they stop going and returning. The rough-looking sailor grub of the day is changed into a gorgeous butterfly at night, with full dress suit, who circles in the "mazy," as Mr. Dick Swiveller expresses it.

The fishing is unusually fine this summer, and trout, sheephead and hogfish are caught in great quantities, close to the hotel. I saw a party of five return from a fishing excursion over across the Rip Raps, who had averaged eight fish to the line, all of good size, too.

Sportsmen just from Cobb's Island and vicinity, report the robin snipe as having disappeared, but that the curlew, willet and yellow-leg snipe are arriving in good quantities, and the sport is fair.

CHASSEUR.

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA., June 22.

### MY FIRST WOODCOCK.

IN after years the matron mused smilingly on her first hunt; the statesman on his first spear; the mother on her first child. Delicious memories of all of them, and happy are they to whom they can come unalloyed with sorrow. In my own heart lingers one fond memory that, perhaps, lacks the sweetness of the first, the fervor of the second, the beautiful frenzy of the third: yet to me it is as thrilling as any or all of these, for it takes me back to that happiest day of my boyhood when I shot my first woodcock.

That prince of sportsmen and gentlemen, Prof. Beach, was then the major in northern Columbia county, N. Y., near the rugged hills of Green River, that region long since immortalized by William Cullen Bryant. We met often and fished, hunted, tramped, did everything together. My boyish enthusiasm and wild love for nature pleased him as much as his wonderful culture and genius charmed me; from our earliest meeting there was a tender and mysterious bond of sympathy between us, that made us the most congenial of companions, until the premature end of his sad and unhappy life.

One perfect morning early in September, a day of vastly more moment to me than that which witnessed the victory at Marathon, or even the later episode of the Charter Oak, we, Prof. Beach and I, arose bright and early, breakfasted, and went off over the hills together after woodcock. He was armed with his light, trusty shotgun. I with my well-calculated "L" had shot (and I blush to record it) as a fowling-piece as the formidable cannon made by one Krupp, or some other jackpaws with an equally heathenish name.

We tramped through swamp and swale nearly all the forenoon, each burning about the same quantity of powder, though with vastly different results: he had half a score of handsome woodcock, and I—nothing, alas! but one miserable blue Jay that I had shot (and I blush to record it) sitting stock still. A burning shame!

The Professor made numerous puns about my prodigious shooting and deficient hitting, for I made it a matter of religion to blaze furiously away at whatever crossed the range of my vision, in dignified disregard of all considerations of distance or other disadvantage. I had long since abandoned all hope of ever hitting anything smaller than the woods, or the Professor's retriever, yet "try again" was the motto emblazoned on my escutcheon, and I swore inwardly with a wild sort of a deacon's oath that I would try until at least one genuine game bird perished.

When, as a reward to my pertinacity, success finally came; of the three, the Professor, the bird and your humble servant, I was the most surprised.

Late in the afternoon, when fatigue and failure had made me desperate, its capacity for producing smoke and, with each discharge, put the combined efforts of a whole battery to shame. I attributed the silence of the Professor's gun to the fog of smoke which enveloped the whole clump from mine. But I was mistaken.

"You've got him!" yelled the Professor.

"Got what?" I demanded.

"Why, the woodcock; that's what you fired at, wasn't it?"

Great essence of smoke! I surely must have frightened it to death. I didn't see it when I fired, or anything else for that matter, and certainly couldn't have hit it. I had emptied my gun from mere force of habit, into space, with no other intention than such a disposal of its contents. However, it was hit and severely, too, for when we dressed it the next day, its unfortunate skin completely resembled a horse-radish grater.

Years have passed since then; long, weary years; but I think I live that day over again, in memory, far oftener than any other day of my life.

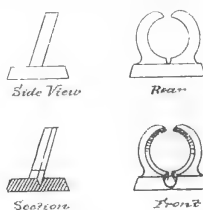
LEW VANDERPOEL.

### HUNTING RIFLE SIGHTS.

FOR the benefit of those that may be interested I inclose herewith a rough sketch of a hunting rifle sight that I have found to be very effective, with the following description:

I have always had them forged from solid steel, the upper part standing at an angle with the bar (which bar dovetails into the barrel), and leaning to the rear, so as to prevent any chance for light to reflect back into the eye, as it might do if this part were vertical.

This upper part is made solid, and then drilled out accurately with a  $\frac{1}{8}$  or  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch drill, according to the gun



and the size of "horns" required, and a fine slit is sawed through accurately on top and in the middle, separating the metal into the two horns, and a fine notch is cut in the bottom of the circle, vertically under this slit, for the sight notch. This "notch" may be of any form, according to the fancy of the shooter.

The "horns" are now filed up to shape as shown in the sketch, their rear face being left a dead flat, and their front faces being beveled off toward the inside, so as to bring them down to almost a knife-edge on the edges on the office. This prevents any chance for light to reflect back from the edges of this office and strike into the eye.

Directly in front of the slot or notch a deep hole is drilled, and this causes the notch always to be in shadow, with no light to glimmer on its edges and blur the sight.

Now, the horns and office between them give quite a field of view, and (if the gun fits the man) the front sight is seen instantly on the gun being brought to the face, and but a slight movement is necessary to bring the front bead accurately into the rear notch, and still have the game in the field of view. The line through the fine slit on top of the horns and the hole gives a vertical line by which to hold the gun level, and also a line on which to take a coarser sight, as the game is further off, and there being no raising slide to foot with and so lose time, the sight is almost instantaneous.

By experiment with a graduated peep sight and one of these rear sights, I found exactly how coarse a sight to take over the fixed rear sight up to 500 yards. At 500 yards I had only to sight in the fine slit between the horns and ignore the bottom notch, and I could, therefore (after I had learned from the use of the peep sight at fixed targets), take my sight fine or coarse at once, according as I judged the game to be far or near.

It is my experience that adjustable rear sights are a "delusion and a snare" for ordinary hunting. They may be all very well at times when game is quiet and knows nothing of the hunter's proximity, and he then has time to accurately judge the distance and set his sights accordingly; but under ordinary circumstances this is almost impossible, and I have known the game to be lost by the loss of time in adjusting sights. With a fixed rear sight (as nearly point blank as may be), the hunter knows he must "allow for distance" by a finer or coarser sight, and he can soon learn how much to allow and do it almost instinctively, and the temptation to adjust sights is not there to disconcert the shooter.

I have always used a "silver bead" front sight with this rear sight, and have made it the rule to get both down as close to the barrel as possible, and still see them both clearly and quickly over the breech mechanism; by this the deviation caused by the piece not being held level is reduced to a minimum, and the sights are both made better able to stand rough usage.

After aligning the rear sight accurately, it is fastened in permanently and a reference mark made on sight and barrel for future use, should the sight have to be removed or become deranged by accident.

I have never shot without a rear sight, but I know it is done in some of the armies of Europe at distances over 100 yards and at long ranges. The soldier is taught to sight over the hump of his left hand held over the barrel and bent to greater or less height according to the distance; this might or might not answer for hunting purposes, according to the amount of skill acquired by the shooter. I never have tried it, preferring the fine or coarse sight through the back-horn sight herein described.

Nothing original is claimed for this sight. It used to be very common on the Pacific coast and in Arizona, but as I never have seen one for sale or advertised as made by gunsmiths, it is sent as of possible value and interest to brother sportsmen in the East.

FORT McKINNEY, Wyoming.

INFORMATION WANTED.—While on a trip across Lake Umbagog two years ago, I was informed that the lower end of the lake had been seeded down to wild rice by a New York sportsman's club. I have since made inquiries as to the fact, but can get no information. Can you tell me anything in regard to it? I am contemplating a duck and grouse shooting trip this fall and thought of going to Umbagog or the Rangekeys. Will you or some of your many readers advise me as to the best point to strike, also the best month in the fall to go?—G. N. K. (Lancaster, N. H., June 19).

### KYNOCHELLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Offering to a communication in your issue of 21st inst. by "D." of Monticore, Wis., concerning Kynoch shells, it is apparent to me, as doubtless it will be to many other sportsmen who have not only thoroughly tested, but habitually use the "Perfect" shells, that "D.'s" trouble was caused by the simple fact that his guns are not correctly chambered. With paper or thick brass shells, this fault would not matter so much, but the "Perfects" being thin and pliable, they of course swell to fit, and if the chamber is slightly larger at the forward end the shells will naturally be difficult to extract. When they first appeared I was prejudiced against them, notwithstanding their high repute with English sportsmen, and was first prompted to try them from motives of curiosity. I was, however, so agreeably surprised at the result, that I now use no others, and find they work well in every respect, and have so many advantages over both paper and the thick brass, that to my mind there can be little doubt they will soon be the rage here, as from perusal of the English sporting papers I judge them to be abroad. H. V. L.

WEST HOBOKEN, N. J., June 22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a matter of course, all readers of your interesting and instructive journal feel in duty bound to inspect and test whatever of implements or apparatus are found advertised therein, more especially when favorably noticed by the editor.

Being something of a connoisseur in fine breech-loading shotguns, you will readily see how easy and natural it was for me, as soon as I saw the advertisement of the Kynoch patent "perfect" brassshell, to begin at once to consider the "ways and means" whereby a supply of the aforesaid "perfect" might be reduced to possession for the purpose of inspection and trial. An opportunity soon presented itself, and I became the fortunate possessor of twenty-five of the coveted article, and having loaded them with three drams Hazard's duck-shooting No. 3 grain, and one and one-eighth ounces No. 10, I repaired to our range for the purpose of testing them on our weekly glass ball shoot. A friend of mine, Mr. E. P. W., prepared the same number in like manner (the shells were 12 gauge). At the conclusion of our contest we were surprised to find that about one-fourth of our entire number had burst or broken off at the point where the reinforcement and body of the shell meet, or about one-quarter of an inch from the head.

I reloaded what remained uninjured, and at the conclusion of the second trial found as many more ruined in the same manner. I then determined to consign the remainder to the seclusion of the back yard.

I inclose a shell that you may see the better understand the matter and see exactly how it is done. These shells were tried in my Parker, in Mr. W.'s Fox and in guns of other manufacture, and in all cases fitted the chamber nicely, with the exception of being a trifle close in the Fox, and they in fact went a little close in all, so that it could not be due to any misfit in chambering. Taking into consideration these facts, we concluded, Mr. Editor, that the Kynoch is extremely a failure, at least when a permanent investment. Now I believe a nice, light, durable shell is "a consummation devoutly to be wished," and the field appears to be open to some smart, enterprising Yankee for the exercise of his ingenuity, and whoever first brings out a light, durable shell will undoubtedly reap a rich and well-deserved harvest of sheaves. The metallic shell now in common use is far too heavy, no doubt about it, and must soon be replaced by something lighter and neater, and the sooner the better.

MEDICUS II.

VISALHAVEN, Me., June 20.

### INCIDENTS OF A JERSEY QUAIL HUNT.

"DEPARTED" this life, June 3, 1881, Nellie, in the twelfth year of her age, lamented by her owner and his family, and acknowledged, by all who knew her, to be one of the best red Irish setter bitches in the house or field, that this country or any other ever knew. This should be the epitaph placed above the head of one of the most remarkable dogs in the field. She possessed no tricks; but when she was ordered to "fetch" or "bring," at the situation, her instructions necessary as to where and how to hunt, either quail, pheasant, woodcock or snipe, for she was equally good in hunting all. She was what some of the inexperienced would call a "winder." To make this explicit, I will illustrate. Some dogs hunt with their noses close to the ground (these are called "trailers"), in order to strike the scent of a covey, as they break from the brush to feed, in the first place.

Nellie was too high-minded for this, and would jump into a ten-acre field, throw her head up in the wind, sniff once or twice, and if the birds were out she would go to them without further ceremony, and stay there until you came up, if she had to wait for a week. When on a point, you could lay a cane from the end of her nose to the tip of her tail—straight as an arrow, and as still as a poker she stood.

On one occasion, when she was hunting in the fall at Cape May, some years ago, with Nellie for my "right bower," and several other of the canine species to help fill the bill, my companion was Charles Clark. The dogs after ranging over two or three fields and finding nothing, at last brought up to a high rail fence, dividing the field we were in from the adjoining farm. Nell, the fleetest-footed of all, sprang on the top rail, and the moment she got there came to a halt, the back of her neck and forth to keep from falling, while the other dogs sprang over without winding, and flushed a covey of about twenty-five quail. Never in my experience had I seen such a point, so ridiculous it appeared to me that I forgot to shoot, while Charlie got one with each barrel, which Nell retrieved one after the other in fine style.

We marked the rest of the covey, which flew and scattered in great numbers, and then they "blew" or "flushed" grass. Nell found and pointed about two-thirds of the birds we killed out of that bunch, and we went on seeking for another. Before the day was over she came to disgrace in the following manner: About two o'clock in the afternoon the dogs drew up on a covey in the middle of a stubble field, backing nicely, and as they rose, we cut five from the number with the first two barrels, and got a single one with the third. The last bird I shot dropped in the edge of a little swamp. Nell started at my command to retrieve this one, which she found, and came capering up to me with the bird in her mouth, sat down on her haunches, looked up in my face with expressive eyes, as if to say, "haven't I done it?" and as I reached out my hand to take the bird, she opened her mouth, and—and the bird flew off

and settled in the thickest part of the swamp. She looked foolish, but that was the last crippled bird that ever got away from her, because ever after she would pinch them enough to be sure that they would not get off after her trouble in retrieving.

We bagged forty-nine birds that day, and I went back to the city entirely satisfied with the day's sport. One more illustration of this bird's wonderful sagacity and I will close. About three years ago, she had a litter of five red pups. Among the litter one, Ned, at an early age began to show great promise. In the back part of the yard, where the kennel was built, and in one of the stalls could be seen Nellie with her family. Master Ned, full of curiosity, was roaming around the yard looking and sniffing for stray pieces of garbage, and while thus engaged a sparrow lit in the yard and began to make a breakfast of the scattered crumbs. The moment Ned saw the bird—the first in his life—he began with cat-like tread and little tail straightened out to approach the sparrow, which was entirely unconscious of the danger that threatened, being busy with his meal. Ned kept up his alternate crawling and standing, and at last pounced upon the luckless sparrow, and with great triumph bears it to his mother in the kennel. As he came tumbling in, she took him by the nape of the neck and shook him until the air was filled with his dismal howls, but he did not but he did not drop the sparrow. The only way I could interpret this action of Ned was, that it was like that of a mother whose child has been guilty of some misdeed, and to whom she desired to give a moral lesson that would be lasting in its effect. By shaking Master Ned, she desired him to know this was not the kind of game that a scion of a noble house should bother with—a bird not worthy of notice. Ned at this time is a first-class dog, but not to be compared with his mother.

I could relate innumerable instances of the sagacity and affection of this beloved and faithful dog. Kind and affectionate to children, she was a terror to beggars.

Never brought prominently before the sporting public, yet she had sufficient "pints" to carry off the first premium in the bench shows in which she was entered, to wit: Centennial Dog Show and the Philadelphia Kennel Club Show.

CAMDEN, N. J.

J. S. M.

**CONNECTICUT RAIL LAW.**—We are indebted to the courtesy of Dr. J. W. Alsop, of Middletown, Conn., for the following, which comprise all the game legislation of Connecticut for the year. Chapter XLII, approved March 28, 1893. "Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any person to hunt, kill, destroy, or attempt to destroy any game, commonly called birds, in the counties of New Haven, Fairfield and Litchfield, between the first day of January and the twentieth day of August; and every person so offending shall be fined not more than twenty-five dollars for each offense. Section 2. The provisions of chapter one hundred and twenty-one of the public acts of 1882 (page 201) shall not apply to the counties of New Haven, Fairfield and Litchfield. This it will be seen allows rail shooting in August in the counties named. Elsewhere the open season remains as before, from September 12 to January 1. The other law, approved May 3, relates to game-wardens, and is as follows: "Section 1. The selectmen of every town shall appoint two or more persons to be game-wardens, who shall assist in detecting and prosecuting offenses against the game laws, and shall be paid their salaries out of the town treasury. Section 2. Game-wardens shall hold their office for the term of two years from date of their appointment, and shall have the same powers as other officers to arrest for the violation of any law relating to game." The effort to open summer woodcock shooting was defeated. Dr. Alsop was chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture to which the game bills are referred, and to his careful attention Connecticut sportsmen owe very much for the excellence of the present law.

**TENNESSEE NOTES.**—For almost to the day, the noisy party (for a pair of) woodpeckers have arrived to take possession of the bird house, and are now making their home alongside of my bedroom. Every year for the past five I have mentioned their arrival to the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, because their constancy of purpose, and untiring energy, have served as a valuable lesson to me. How many times the actual visitors have changed, or more properly, which generation of the original pair are now by choice, is a mystery. But I have never yet known that of the skilled manner, they arrive, and seem to know the exact place to stop at. One year a company of bluebirds had taken possession of the nest, and the woodpeckers had a long and desperate fight before driving them away, but so effectually were they chastised, that they never tried it again. From various sources I learn that the nesting and hatching of quail has been unprecedentedly large this spring, and, barring accident, there will be great quantities of them next season. I noticed while out driving a few days ago, that there are myriads of doves this season. The "Nimrods" around Nashville prefer this to any class of shooting they can get. The birds are strong, fly very fast and are hard to hit. No dog is used in hunting them, though their habits are such that when their watering place is discovered, they will go every day despite any amount of shooting at them. Sportsmen by the million infest the forest regions, and even near the city a capital day's shooting could be had after them.—J. D. H., (Nashville, Tenn., June 16).

**THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION INCORPORATED.**—Articles of incorporation of the New York Association for the Protection of Game were filed last week. The objects of the corporation are to advocate the passage of suitable laws for the preservation of game and certain varieties of fish, to enforce such laws and other existing game laws, and to promote a healthy public opinion in relation thereto. An important object of the association is to promote discussion by its members. The incorporators are Robert B. Roosevelt, Benjamin L. Ludington, Charles E. Whitehead, John W. Green, John W. Balfour, Chas. E. Strong, Royal Phelps, Paul E. Thibaud, Stephen A. Main, Alfred Wagstaff, Wm. M. Fliess, John H. Rhoades, Clinton Gilbert, J. Nelson Tappan, James Royall, Thomas N. Cuthbert, H. C. Falmesest, Henry J. Scudder, Henry T. Carey, James Curphey, Townsend Cox and Roland Redmond.

**SPRING CHICKEN CLUB.**—Permit me to call your attention to the organization of the Spring Chicken Gun Club, of Beaver Falls, Pa. The following are the names of the members: J. P. Kurtz, President; H. W. Nair, Secretary and Treasurer; W. H. Girm, D. L. Wilkinson, Bay E. Suris, Ernest Mayer, J. A. Tatro, Joseph Otto, S. R. Patter-

son, H. C. Patterson, Ed. Hutchison; honorary members, Jas. M. Fessenden and Mr. Smith. Limited to fourteen members. The object of the club is to promote skill in the use of the shotgun and the rifle, the preservation of game and game fish, the recreation of its members by encouraging healthful field and target practice; the cultivation of fraternal and good feeling toward all other such organizations. The club has secured a very desirable ground from H. T. and J. Reeves, of this place. The ground is just outside of the borough limits, at the upper end of town, and we anticipate a very pleasant time every two weeks during the summer. The regular day is Wednesday afternoon.—Bad Shot (Beaver Falls, Pa., June 18).

**NEW METHOD OF GAME DESTRUCTION.**—While in Dakota last fall I found it was customary to rob game birds and ducks' nests. In a local paper I saw an item about one man who had secured over 5,000 duck eggs from Ranney's Lake, one of the small lakes with which that country abounds. I stopped at one farm-house where the woman said her two small children had brought in sixty-eight prairie chicken eggs in one day, and she had cooked the fresh ones. I did what I could to try and educate them differently. Some attention should be paid to it this season or we shall miss our usual fall and spring sport.—M. (Hastings, La., June 19).

**PHILADELPHIA NOTES.**—There is a dearth of shooting news in our city, owing, of course, to its being an inter-season. It seems impossible to entirely break up the illegal killing of woodcock before July, and we every now and then hear of their being shot before the broods have separated, while yet we must confess the birds were nearly grown. The only way out of the difficulty is to do away with all summer shooting of woodcock, and we feel the majority of thinking men will agree that it will be best for all.—Homo (Philadelphia, June 23).

**GAME PROTECTOR IN NEW YORK.**—State Game Protector J. S. Collett is at No. 391 Fifth street, Brooklyn, where he may be seen or written to in reference to any violation of the game laws in this vicinity.

**BURLINGTON, IOWA, JUNE 18.**—The outlook for next season seems very promising, as we are having continual rains, and an unusual number of ducks are breeding on the islands and lowlands opposite this place.—W.

**QUAIL.**—Moscow, June 18.—The quail in this vicinity are doing well, many young ones are now to be seen. The rabbits and squirrels are plentiful, and the prospects for fall hunting are good.—G. G. J.

## Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

**ANGLING RESORTS.**—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

### IMPROVED BLACK BASS TACKLE.

BY DR. J. A. HENSHALL.

IT is a source of great pleasure and satisfaction to the angler at the present day to note the march of improvement in the manufacture of fine fishing tackle, and to observe the commendable enterprise manifested by the manufacturers in producing light, elegant and suitable implements of the craft. Indeed, the skill, study, ingenuity and good taste employed in this branch of the art is scarcely excelled in any other; all of which is highly gratifying, for it would seem to imply that the love and practice of angling has taken deep root, and that fine fishing and scientific angling are in a healthy state of growth and development. Especially have black bass caught the fancy of the angler, for in no other direction has this progressive feature been so marked as in the production of improved implements for black bass fishing during the last five years. Among some of the recent improvements in tools and tackle, designed more especially for black bass fishing, I take great pleasure in describing several which I have lately had the opportunity of examining and testing.

While the tapered, enameled silk line is all that can be wished for fly-fishing, the lines heretofore furnished for bait fishing are open to several objections. In my "Book of the Black Bass," in reference to this matter, I said: "The perfect line for black bass bait-fishing is yet in the future. The best manufactured at present is the smallest size (letter G, or No. 5) half-braided raw silk line, and is, I believe, the only one of just one half the caliber, and as tightly and closely braided, and as firm and hard as the twisted, or laid Japanese grass line, it would be all that could be desired for a bait line. I have great hopes that a line of this description will soon be made, as I have invited the attention of Henry Hall & Sons to this subject.

"A bait line for casting the minnow should, in the first place, be composed of very best material, of which, in this case, is raw silk. It should be of very small caliber, the smallest that can be made consistent with strength, and the raw silk fulfills this condition better than any other material. It should be very hard, compact and closely braided. These conditions secure a line that renders freely and easily, is quite elastic, and at the same time absorbs but little water, and will not kink or smart on casting. The line should, moreover, be tinted some suitable color, to render it as nearly invisible as possible, for it must be remembered that we cannot use a gut leader in casting a minnow."

The Henry Hall & Sons Company, of Highland Mills, N. Y., recently sent me two lines, one raw silk, the other boiled or dressed silk, marked size "H," or No. 6, saying: "We think this line is something new what you speak of in your book, but will be pleased to satisfy when you thoroughly test it and report. We are not quite ready to put this line on the market, but after hearing from you (if report is favorable) will put it in hand at once."

I have thoroughly tested both these lines, and find them the best yet made for the purpose. They are round, hard, and very closely braided, absorb but little water, and consequently render very freely in casting. They will be liked with delight by the fisher as they are very welcome desiderata. They seem to contain the same amount of stock as

the "G" line, but being more closely braided the caliber is reduced, while the strength remains the same. The raw silk line sustained a strain of 8 pounds, and the dressed silk 6 1/2 pounds, which is at least three times the strength actually required with a pliant rod. I have often caught bass averaging three pounds with a line that would not sustain a pound dead weight.

The dressed silk line is a quaker drab or light chocolate color, and is very light, weighing not quite 2 grains to the yard, 300 feet weighing 185 grains. It is of the same caliber as the No. 1 sea grass line, and fully as strong. The raw silk line is a trifle larger in caliber, though not so large as the "G" line, or sea grass No. 2, but as strong as either. It weighs about 24 grains the yard, or about 225 grains to 100 yards, and is white, mottled with green, the usual color of raw silk lines. It is to be hoped that the company will soon put these lines in the hands of dealers who will promptly bring them to the notice of anglers by their usual custom of advertising in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Abney & Imbrie's new compensating device, as applied to their multiplying black bass reels, is a very desirable feature, causing the spool to revolve as swiftly and noiselessly as though running on jewels; and as the bearings become worn, they can be adjusted and compensated by the device mentioned. This consists of conical recesses in the ends of the shaft, or axis of the spool, into which are fitted the conical ends of screw-pivots, which are tapped through the center of each outside plate, or disk. The heads of these pivot-screws are covered by caps in the usual manner, by removing which, the pivots can be screwed in or out, adjusting their conical points, perfectly, to the conical recesses of the shaft. By this compensating device the reel can be made to run smoothly always, thus avoiding the wobbling, unsteady and noisy working of the spool in ordinary reels after they become worn. This improvement leaves nothing more to be desired in this respect in this class of reels.

This compensating principle I know to be a good one, and is the same in effect as one applied to reels more than thirty years ago by Mr. Snyder, now dead, formerly a watch-maker of Paris, Ky., and a contemporary of Mr. Meek, of Frankfort, Ky. The reels of both of these makers were built upon the same plan, but Mr. Snyder constructed his spool shaft with beveled, or conical, ends, fitting into conical recesses in the outside plates, and the device of Abney & Imbrie's method, but subserving the same purpose.

I have lately examined one of Snyder's reels that has been in constant use for more than thirty years, which, by virtue of the compensating device, runs as smoothly to-day as when first made. From this fact it follows that Abney & Imbrie are to be congratulated for making a happy hit. I have also recently examined and tested a black bass reel of a new superior shape, made by another mechanic in the number of the Kentucky Fish Commission, fitted with Snyder's compensating device and an automatic thumb for casting (invented by myself), which works admirably in every way.

The new and novel treble multiplying reel and automatic drag, made by Wm. Mills & Son, is the best reel yet devised for fly-fishing for black bass. As they truly say: "It has all the advantages of the old reel, but it does not cost more than its value as a multiplier." The reel, in shape, approaches very nearly the ordinary click reel, but more particularly the Leonard reel. It is quite light, a 40-yard reel weighing but little more than four ounces, and is made entirely of metal, oride and nickel-plate. The handle is firmly attached to a revolving disk, which is the best plan in a click reel, the handle being thus free to revolve without fouling the line in casting. It multiplies from the center by a new principle, as applied to the gearing of reels, which consists of an epicycloidal wheel at the outer rim, and a large cog-wheel affixed to the axis of the spool; between these two wheels is geared a small pinion, attached to the inner surface of the revolving disk; one revolution of the latter causes the pinion of the handle to revolve three times, and the pinion of the other two wheels, and constitute the most powerful multiplying principle yet devised for reels.

The automatic drag of this reel is also a novel feature. The central pinion is countersunk at its center, to admit a coiled watch spring with a ratchet or pawl on its free extremity, which engages with shallow cogs, or cams, on the end of the handle. As the reel is revolved, the spring is coiled, it is retarded somewhat by this ratchet-wheel, the same as a click; but in reeling up the line the ratchet-wheel, or pawl and cams, are inoperative, and the line is reeled rapidly and without hindrance.

Wm. Mills & Son have also patented a new landing-net which is a very compact and convenient tool, and, I think, the most portable and useful one of the kind ever made. It is made of flexible metal brass or nickel—when released from its socket at the end of the handle, can be straightened and inserted in the hollow bamboo handle. The net can be carried in the creel or pocket.

When we add to these various implements the light and elegant rods, Sproat and O'Shaughnessy hooks, invisible leaders and neatly tinted flies which are now the pride of any first-class angler, the angler of the present day has much to be thankful for.

### BLACK BASS FISHING.

I AM fearful of being misunderstood by some reader of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, when I tell my brother sportsmen that one of the finest bass fishing localities in this State, I do not wish to be thought a hotel runner, nor agent for any railroad or omnibus line. My desire is simply to give a few directions whereby sportsmen can reach good fishing grounds easily and conveniently.

The place of which I speak is situated in the town of Mexico, in Oswego county, and is called "Mexico Point," and is one of the finest bass fishing localities between Cape Vincent and Oswego. At this place is found the natural home of the Oswego and black bass. A bar runs out for four or five miles parallel with the lake shore, and one-fourth of a mile from it. On this bar bass have been taken during the entire open season for the last three or four years. They are now taken by the minnow or small spoon, the former being the best bait, and the latter the best lure. The fishing season here opens in the latter part of July, and continues until the first of September.

Sportsmen can reach Mexico from Rome or Oswego via the R. W. & O. R. R., or from Syracuse via the S. N. R. R. I understand that a bus will be at the depot here ready to convey all passengers to the lake, distant four miles. At least a conveyance can be obtained. There are two hotels at the Point, the Lake View, kept by Mr. Will Wright, and the Point Hotel, kept by Mr. C. W. Calkins. At the Lake View will be found all modern conveniences, good boats and oarsmen. I will add that the Little Salmon River flows



s, twenty-eight of them were as fine brook trout as one would wish to have the pleasure of sitting down and dine off of. Our catch was the best that had been made from the creek that year.

The favorite trouting place of our citizens is Mt. Pleasant Pond, a sheet of water of fifteen acres, formed by damming up a spring creek. Every first of May, all our trout fishers start for the pond, and at midnight commence. There were over fifty trout caught the first day last year, weighing from one to three pounds each. This year the catch was not near so good, on account of the unusually early season. One curious thing about this pond is, that I have never yet seen a person, or heard of one, who has caught a trout from it with the fly. A great many myself among the number—have tried and failed, and have always had to fall back on club or worms. As the trout have a sort of hankering after this kind of bait, I am generally able to catch a few. One of our anglers, Mr. Minor, one day a couple of weeks ago, caught nine, averaging two pounds apiece. That was quite a good day for trout, though. The 4th of May last year, I saw one caught at this pond that weighed three pounds two ounces, and I assure you that if Sam Johnson had been watching an angler like the one was who took this fish, I would not have blamed him for his definition of angling. He had a pole, the tip of which was as thick as your thumb, a thick line, heavy sinker, and a large brass hook, and there was as much difference between him as there is between the large and small-mouthed black bass.

Can any of your readers tell me if they ever caught a small-mouthed black bass fishing in a brook a month ago, and caught two half-pounds, and there was as much difference between them as there is between the large and small-mouthed black bass.

Our river fishing has been very poor so far this year, although one or two good fish have been caught; a ten and a half-pound pike, six-pound pickerel, and a four and a half-pound black bass being among the numbers.

I intend next week to spend a couple of days at Mt. Pleasant Pond and see if I cannot manage to catch a four-pounder. Besides fishing in the pond, there are two brooks running into it, where a person can manage to catch a few trout, from the pond down to those which might be done up in bunches, marked "this bunch for five cents."

I had just got so far, when an angling friend poked his head in the door and says: "Mac, will you go to the pond this afternoon?" Mac says yes, so at 3 P. M. we were at the pond ready for our afternoon's sport. I left Charley at the pond, and started to fish the brooks, but after a while had to give up on account of the mosquitoes. Every one had his little lot to present. I came back to the pond, and as it commenced raining pretty hard, we had to quit. Result, one one-pound two ounce, and one two-pound trout. You do not catch many fish at this place, but what you catch are worth having.

LITTLE MAC.

BRADFORD, CANADA, June 19.

## THE ICHTHYOPHAGI DINE.

THE great hotel at Manhattan Beach never held a jollier party than on the evening of Tuesday last, when the famous Ichthyophagous Club sat down to their fourth annual dinner. That is, they were jolly after they had passed the danger point in the menu and found that they still lived. This danger point was the fillet of sea cow, *Manatus americanus*, a new and untried dish, which Mr. Barnett Phillips thought must be a steak of Goodbye's patent, and Mr. Francis Endicott declared would make an excellent sole for waterproof boot. Fifteen minutes after the steak was eaten, two Brooklyn cornerers who were waiting outside left for home in disgust, Mr. Blackford broke a tooth on the fresh-water mussels, which Mr. G. L. Fenward declared had been stolen from the Ces. nola collection of Cyprine matters. The following is the

### MENU.

POTAGE.

Purée of Turbot à la Oriental.

Fresh Water Mussels.

BORE d'ECUVER.

Razor Clams Farcis à la Provençale.

POISSON.

Bolled Moundfish, Sauced aux Ferevisses.

Sturgeon à la Matelotte Normande.

Chateaubriand.

Potatoes à la Maitre d'Hotel.

RELACHE.

Wolf-fish Larded à la Parisienne.

Contifournes.

ENTREE.

Albacore Steaks à la Duxelle.

Tenderloin of Beef à la Margot.

Sea Cow Steaks à la Mare d'Hotel.

Filet of Pompano à la Ravigotte.

VEGETABLES.

String Beans.

Sorbet au Kirsch.

ROTI.

Brumfish Cloude à la Chambord.

Broiled Sea Robins à la Victoria.

Salade au Salm.

FRUITS.

Horseshoe Crabs sur Socle à la Empereur.

Brumfish en Relieve à la Blackford.

DESSERT.

Glace Sapinelle.

Petits Fours Melés.

Café.

A peculiar bone from a walrus was presented to the President, Mr. John Ford, and many speeches on scientific subjects were made. Among the guests were N. A. Taylor, of Texas; Otto Witte, Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, Chas. E. Leland, Wm. Drysdale, Howard Carroll, Prof. H. J. Rice, Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, Gilliam, of Pack, who illustrated the menus, W. Hamblin, Dr. Hammond, Prof. Jewel, G. L. Ford, M. P. Hildner, Capt. J. H. Costner, C. Van Brunt, and Jules Simons. Ford attended dinner but still lives. Remedies for indigestion are quoted a shade higher on the druggists' bulletins, and the call for soda is heard in the land as we go to press.

SUNBURN.—For years, on my return from a fishing or hunting trip, the regular salutation was "Schneider, what is the matter with your nose?" and the reply invariably, "I peed and fishing mit der poys, and I purrat dot nose." Vaseline or comoline, sassafras, flurine, petrolina, unguentum, petrolol, petroleum, etc., will cure sunburn very quickly, and what is more to the point, it will effectually prevent it. Applied two or three times per day it keeps the skin soft, smooth and comfortable in a hot, dry wind or a blazing sun. If any doubt this, let them try and be convinced.—GYRFALCON.

## TROUTING NEAR CALAIS.

IF you want to take a novel trip, check your bag for Calais, Maine, and, after two days' voyage from Boston, you can sleep at the eastern boundary of the United States, or cross the St. Croix and so-journ among the English provincials, who can be easily distinguished from the Yankees. The men are slim, straight, and look as though they were corsairs, and the distinguishing feature of the women is their slowly bobbed and bushy hair. In Calais, Maine, much as the people are independent of the rest of the world, everyone feels his own responsibility and tries to make things move.

We had two friends in C., and they decided to take in brook trout. So we talked trout and slept to drift in dreams upon the Styx and catch its horrid monsters. It is well right here to tell a ruddy tale up the party. A military man, Lieutenant in the Calais Light Infantry, another familiarly called Deacon, a law student of some little local reputation, who will tell you that he and President Arthur were of the same Greek letter society in college; one called Pos, short for posterity, and your underwriter. We started at 6 A. M., and as our ride was to be a long one, we settled ourselves and sought to soothe our nerves with nervous medicine.

In view of the horses' actions I feared a premature arrival at our journey's end on the side of the road, but half a dozen miles and a good driver calmed them so that they went like two kittens.

The first twenty miles of the journey was by a traveled road through Milltown, where we saw saw-mills and a 50,000-spindle cotton-mill. Passing five miles from C. brought us to view more lumber-mills and few good farms. Turning off the highway we started across the open fields, but presently a road developed, and for five or six miles our songs and stories came by instalments on account of the jolts. At the Princeton & Penobscot R. R. track the road promised better, and at this stage of the way the rain began to gently fall. The last eighteen miles was a fine hard road, over which our horses went with good good footing. In spite of rubber coats and boots the H. O. would find the level and search the vast unknown parts of the spinal column.

When we got to the Jim Brown Brook, so called because one Mr. Brown was drowned up there, three of us dropped a line with alluring success.

This part of the road was built on a "horseback." On either side was a gully so deep, and full of rank foliage that one could not compare the road to good roads leading down through its mass of leaves. We got to Tonia Stream farm, owned by C. F. Todd, at 10:30 A. M., and met a hearty welcome. The farm buildings are in the center of a forty-acre field of English hay, such as one seldom sees down East. The horses cared for, we tried our luck on the stream.

Water, water everywhere, so we came back to the house, where Mr. Sharp had built a rousing fire in a large fireplace. The day was not so hot as we had expected, and our chilled limbs, and you can draw the curtain over four happy boys. But put it aside till you have just one story from a Calais alderman, (one phrase from which was the watchword of the crew (whose perceptive faculties, like a convex lens, focus in memory images and scenes converted by a vivid imagination into pictures bordering on the fanciful).

I had just finished my story of good fishing on trout at Grand Lake, and they came down expecting sport. Well, we fished four days and never got a rise—fly-fishing—and they blamed me and said, "Is this your boasted fishing?" Two Indians were paddling us in a big boat. I saw just ahead a ripple on the water. They didn't know what it was, but I did. I said to the Indians, "Row on, boys." We came into the ripple, and I saw a trout jumping out of the water. "Dip her, boys, dip her," and we all stood up on the gunwale of the boat and dipped her side into the water, and when she righted she was solid full of trout and only a bucket of water in her.

We four dried ourselves and then went to a down East meal of toe boiled with molasses, corned beef, butternut, biscuits, cooked potatoes, and some dried apple sauce, with too much cinnamon in it. The dozen or so farm hands took hold well, but we had to be educated to it.

After the meal we caught a fair number of trout, and one of the boys fell into a deep hole in the brook, filling his rubber boots, which came to his waist, with Nature's universal solvent. We quoted Virgil's lines, "*Foras et ab hac ostia nevinisse jurebit*," and went to sleep the sleep of the just.

Tuesday, 5:30 A. M., four men taking a fishing on trout at Grand Lake, and they came down expecting sport. Well, we fished four days and never got a rise—fly-fishing—and they blamed me and said, "Is this your boasted fishing?" Two Indians were paddling us in a big boat. I saw just ahead a ripple on the water. They didn't know what it was, but I did. I said to the Indians, "Row on, boys." We came into the ripple, and I saw a trout jumping out of the water. "Dip her, boys, dip her," and we all stood up on the gunwale of the boat and dipped her side into the water, and when she righted she was solid full of trout and only a bucket of water in her.

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**SCHUYLER LAKE.**—One of the best places for fishing in this part of the State is at Schuyler's Lake near Richfield Springs. The lake is within half a mile of the springs, but the best fishing is down about four miles on the west side. Here there are two hotels, at either of which you can get board at about one dollar per day, and boats and fishing tackle for half a dollar. The fish are black and rock bass, pickerel, occasionally a trout, and any quantity of perch. The pickerel are a peculiar kind, being shaped very much like a trout, but very few are caught that weigh less than two pounds, and from that to six pounds. I received a letter from there last week saying that the fishing was excellent, and I think that sportsmen from the city could make a pleasant and profitable trip to the lake at any time now. Thayer, who keeps the Three-mile Point House on Otsego Lake, advertises in our county papers to give fish and game dinners as usual. He is the same one you gave such a "shaking up" last summer as a member of the Fish and Game Commission that met at Albany. We have too many such men as he, erroneously called sportsmen, whose only object in wanting game laws is to keep others, who have enough principle not to kill game out of season, from killing, so as to give them the better chance.—SAX (Milford, Otsego county, N. Y.).

**FISH NOTES.**—The frequent rains have rendered the streams too muddy for angling. Besides, at this season, the leading anglers among our wealthy citizens go off on their annual trip to Wisconsin. This year Elk Rapids was the chosen point, and several letters from members to friends in Nashville report excellent sport. Capt. J. L. Bell, editor of the *Nashville Zephyr*, writes: "I believe, and what he can't catch is not worth talking about. He, accompanied by his faithful colored attendant, Humphrey, will take a turn up the mountains after brook trout some time this summer. Capt. Willie Laurie and a number of gentlemen are at present at Crisp Springs, near which are several good fishing streams, one in particular, which is richly stocked with bass and perch. The stream is so full of fallen timber and aquatic plants that the man who could come here, hence the abundance of fine fish. They will be gone several days.—J. D. H. (Nashville, Tenn., June 16).

**WHERE FISH ARE BITING.**—Philadelphia, Pa., June 23.—From the regular correspondents of the Anglers' Association of East Pennsylvania the following is reported:

*Ozford, Md.*—Pike plentiful and biting well; kinds: rock, croakers, sheephead and perch.

*Tuckerton, N. J.*—Weakfish abundant.

*Somers Point.*—Weakfish, sea bass, sheephead and bluefish.

*Cape May.*—Sheepshead and weakfish very plentiful.

*Pilot Bottom.*—Bass plentiful; river muddy.

*Port Deposit and Piles.*—Fifty.

*Betterton.*—The perch have not yet commenced to bite.

*Breakwater.*—Sheepshead, weakfish and lake abundant.

*Townsend's Inlet.*—Weakfish, sheephead and kingfish.

*Hereford Inlet.*—All the above varieties abundant.

**SKREWIPIT LAKE.**—Rockville, Conn., June 18.—I will give you a short description of our lake. Skrewipit Lake, Rockville, Conn.—fifteen miles from Hartford on the N. Y. & N. B. R. R. Elevation above sea level, 300 feet; length three miles; width, one-half mile to a mile; greatest depth, seventy feet; average depth, forty feet. Stocked by Fish Commissioners with salmon and bass. Largest land-locked salmon, six pounds two ounces; bass, four pounds nine ounces. Good boats, first-class hotels half a mile from lake. Letters addressed to Rockville News Company fully answered.—S. KNEELAND, JR.

**DO WHITEFISH TAKE BAIT?**—Fort Covington, N. Y.—They must certainly do. They are caught in the pass of the St. Lawrence called Lake St. Francis, in the Salmon, Raquette and Grass rivers. During their season in the State, they are the most unusual thing for one man to catch from fifty to seventy-five per day. They bite well at worms in deep water if you use a fine line. I know of two instances at each of their biting and being caught on a trolling spoon.—GYFALCON.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUT WATERS.**—Boston, Mass.—In response to your invitation to furnish information about angling resorts, I recommend North Stratford, N. H. There is a good hotel at that point, kept, I believe, by Mr. J. V. Tibbets; and teams can be had for the trout streams in the vicinity. It is a short drive to Bog Brook, Paul's Stream, Nullegan and other first-rate trout brooks and rivers. North Stratford is reached via Grand Trunk Railway.—C. T. D.

**MARCALONGUE LEAP.**—Fort Covington, N. Y.—In their attempts to free themselves from the hooks they sometimes throw themselves out of water and shake their heads so that the spoon may be distinctly heard to rattle. Walk-eyds pike are, here at least, a good game fish, fully equal to black bass, and considered by the people in this section rather better for the table.—GYFALCON.

## Fishculture.

### "MISDIRECTED FISHCULTURE."

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have read with much interest the recent articles on the subject of "Misdirected Fishculture," and I notice with some surprise that in your editorial allusion to a letter printed in your paper of June 7, you say, "The matter under discussion has assumed the shape of a local dispute between Mr. Peirce and the former New Jersey Fish Commission." Permit me to say that in that point kept, I believe, by Mr. J. V. Tibbets, and teams can be had for the trout streams in the vicinity. It is a short drive to Bog Brook, Paul's Stream, Nullegan and other first-rate trout brooks and rivers. North Stratford is reached via Grand Trunk Railway.—C. T. D.

The question of whether the appropriations made by New Jersey have been wisely and intelligently expended is of course a proper subject of discussion, and anything that may be written on the subject will, doubtless, if well written, command attention, and be read with interest, but the "former" Commissioners of New Jersey do not propose to set the point with Mr. Peirce. The subject of the correspondence of former Commissioners are Dr. John H. Slack, G. A. Anderson, Esq., Dr. Benj. P. Howell, Jacob R. Shotwell, Esq., Theo. Morford, Esq., and the present writer. Dr. Slack, who was an enthusiastic and successful sportsman, was in his majority of the Fish Commission of New Jersey, is in his ninety-third year, and has been for some time in the hospital, and is now dead from a disease contracted in the actual performance of his labor as commissioner, which to him was pre-eminently a labor of love; George A. Anderson, a genial gentleman, who was also an enthusiastic sportsman, served the State only as Commissioner for five years, and he too has passed away; and a

few months ago, with loving and tearful eyes we laid to rest the courtly and gentle Dr. Howell, one of the truest specimens of nature's noblemen that ever came from the hand of the Creator.

These gentle and kindly spirits were devoted to the work in which they were engaged; they voluntarily gave to it time, study, brains and money because of their earnestness, and they will not come from the grave to rebel the imputations of Mr. Peirce and assist him in advertising himself. Mr. Shotwell, some time the colleague of these gentlemen, is a man of fine culture and high attainments, who retired from the Commission some years ago, after long and valuable service, and Mr. Morford is still in the Commission and is well and honorably known. I do not think of these retired gentlemen as gentlemen have ever seen or heard of Mr. Peirce, and I am sure I am in a position to assert that none of the "former" Commissioners have ever had any discussion or dispute with him touching the question of their own conduct. Upon another subject some of the Commissioners had some differences with him some years ago, but these were rather of a personal character, the recital of which would not interest your readers, and since then Mr. P. has seen fit to relieve his mind of sundry things and in divers places in disparagement of the Commission, but this has not in any way interfered with the progress of their work, and he has not succeeded in provoking a discussion or dispute with them. He never will find fault with them, and he will not do so, and the living will not, because life is short, and there are many ways of spending the fleeting hours more profitably and pleasantly than engaging in "disputations" with Mr. Peirce.

TRENTON, JUNE 18.

E. J. ANDERSON.

## The Kennel.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

### FIXTURES.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

November 12, N. C.—Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1; for the Hunters' Stake, Nov. 15; for the All-Sex Stake, Nov. 1. W. A. Oster, Secretary, Flatfish, Long Island, N. Y.

November 29, 1893.—Robin's Island Club's second Annual Field Trials at Robin's Island, L. I. for members only. Entries close Sept. 1. A. T. Hummer, Secretary.

December, 1893.—National American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. B. Tryon, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

### DO DOGS REASON?

HERE is another instance of a dog understanding ordinary conversation. Some five years ago I owned a dog, of cross breed—shepherd and spaniel. He was black, with long hair, or coat, about the usual size of a shepherd dog, and very intelligent. My daughter had two particular playmates about that time, who lived too far away in another part of the city to visit each other, except on Saturdays, non-school days. I had a swing in the yard which they patronized on these occasions. One Saturday these two came to have their play together. It so happened that the oldest sister of the two wore a pair of cuffs buttoned with gold buttons; the cuffs would become soiled in their swinging, so she took them off and laid them down on the ground, the buttons detached from the cuffs alongside of one of the supports to the swing, the dog, Watch, being always with them on these occasions. When it was time to return home, the elder sister took her cuffs, but not the buttons, not missing them at the time, for the reason, as we (wife, daughter and I) supposed afterward, that the dog had taken them. The oldest sister of the two was busy at play, and gave to some place in the yard and buried them. So when the girls got home, the elder missed her buttons, but remembering where she left them, she told her mother, and the mother, in turn, told some one of our family who would see and take care of them, and on the next Saturday she would make another visit and then get them. They came, and inquired if any of us had found them; we all answered no. Then the girls went out to the swing—the dog was usual being with them, looking and wondering what had become of the lost buttons, and if any one had come into the yard, found and carried them away. Pretty soon Watch came and laid them both down in front of the girls, seeming to be overjoyed at their return. He had, I thought, no more of it at that time. A few days after that she baked some biscuits again, Watch came begging again, and she said to him, "I gave you one the other day, and you went off and buried it. I think. Have you eaten that up yet?" Watch goes out, and pretty soon comes back with it in his mouth, and he lays it down at her feet. It was as fresh as if just baked. Now in these two instances, so dissimilar in circumstances, and at different periods of time, if they do not clearly prove that this understanding appears with it in his mind, he is a dog, and the distinct interrogatory put to him, then I give up, and ask what is it? I say that dog understood the subjects mentioned.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 3, 1893.

### CHAMPIONS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

It appears to be rather a dangerous undertaking to write on the dog question now-a-days, for you to some extent press an opinion than a dozen gentlemen rush into print to prove you wrong about it. Therefore I shall put my humble opinion in the guise of a query and wait to be instructed with due meekness. Though only an humble American I hope I know some little of the English language, and the knowledge of dogs, even Col. Taylor and Judge Mason will hardly maintain is confined entirely to the tight little island. Consequently I would like to ask if the title of Champion, as applied to dogs, is an English word, and if so, what it means, and if it is, in shooting, rowing, tennis, billiards, and the like, to lay any claim to the title of champion one must hold it against all comers and maintain his supremacy at least through three contests. But a dog is entered in the champion class wins often with no question, and immediately he is trumpeted forth as a champion, and if there is any danger of his getting beat at the next show, is frequently not shown. Is this right? Ought not every champion be required to hold on to his laurels, and if he is to be considered a champion, to keep the title only by force of merit, and if after winning once, he is beaten at the next show, ought he not to forego the title until he wins again? This seems the only way in which the honor of the name of champion, and the value of the prize, would be maintained. In any case, and I will prevent the cheapening of an honor which is frequently won by what, in racing parlance, is termed a walk-over. Let us hear the views of some of your many correspondents on this question.

T. B. DORSEY.

**GLENFILLAS.**—In the list of awards of the Chicago show published last week, by mistake Forest Lill was announced as the winner of the English setter bitch class. The prize was awarded to Mr. T. G. Davoy's Glenliss, black, white and tan, four years old, by Rob Roy out of Doll.

**AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.**—Entries for the next number will close July 1.

### BEAGLES.

IN regard to a standard for beagles and the formation of a beagle club, there are many points to be taken into consideration. I have my doubts as to the success of forming an organization to perfect a standard. We have the brilliant example of the cocker men in their bickering and controversies over weights and dimensions as a warning. The great trouble is that most breeders and owners think like the infallible Col. Stuart Taylor, that their own stock is best and the only place any such dogs as theirs can be found is across the water. I have my doubts as to whether I have my ideal, but have not yet seen one which completely fills my ideal, although I have had good ones and watched them by the hour, and examined very carefully better ones owned by others. One defect with many of the prize winners is too much weight of back as well as sharpness of nose. The head should count very high in judging by points, and ought to be round, have a good dome but not sharp on top, long round ears set low, eyes full, short from the line of eyes to end of nose, which should turn up just a trifle and be square at the end. Anything over fifteen inches high seems over-sized, but I do not deem it necessary that a dog should be as diminutive as some breeders maintain, for we keep the little hounds to hunt, and the very small ones labor at a disadvantage in many covers. Tongue is an important item in a beagle, there being such a thing as too much as well as not enough, and then there is tone to be considered. I know our friend Rogers will agree to that. I have no patience with a horse with a cold, and a cold beagle is one that never gives tongue. How are we going to decide about a beagle's field qualities when he is exhibited on the bench? Give me field trial winners for all bench winners every time in all breeds of dogs.

However, I do not wish to throw cold water on our Pennsylvania friend's scheme to form a club and am willing to join if by so doing I can do anything for the advancement of the little dog I admire so much. In my humble opinion the standard should be left to the wisdom and common sense of the standers. Dr. Twaddell, of Philadelphia, Gen. Rowett, of Quincy, Ill. the official breeder of beagles in this country, and N. Elmore, of Granby, Conn. The last named gentleman has the most extensive kennel of beagles in the country, but I would trust him to judge no dogs in comparison with any other day, and I think his ideas on a standard would be valuable if he should give the time to it. Regulating matters in town meeting style is unsatisfactory, but I feel all hands write as much as possible on the subject, and I think it is better that we should have the ideal beagle points made up by a few competent members.

DOCKIN.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I am glad to notice a growing interest for the improvement of the beagle. I am particularly interested in this little hound, and fully indorse the suggestions of "Razor" that a beagle club be organized and a "beagle standard" arrived at. I should think that we would know the value of a beagle, and that three of these little hounds, and they are as nearly equal each other as three distinct breeds would be, and they are all little breed dogs. One is by Elmore's Ringwood and one by his last Lowell bench show. I purchased her because she was a prize winner and because she looked so different from the other two. I have my ideal type, and others interested in this breed have a fancy for a different type. How then can you fix a dog to breeders, and how will judges know what kind of a dog to look for, unless a "beagle standard" is adopted?

Many thanks are due to "O. W. R.," "Briar," "Razor" and others for their efforts in this direction, and I hope they will agitate this subject until the desired "beagle standard" is established.

A. D. BARBER.

TOWNSEND, Mass., June 16.

### THE ENGLISH BEAGLE STANDARD.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In reply to "Briar's" query, "Why there are not more beagles entered in shows, why some have kept their stock at home and only let their friends see them?" allow me, as my name was mentioned, to say that my stock has been entered at numerous shows and literally won dozens of prizes, and my dogs are not entering at most of the recent shows but have been understood by giving in brief my experience at the last two shows. I exhibited at Lowell, entering eight beagles and taking all of the prizes, and my dogs also took distemper and two of the best of them died. I have adopted after years of experience and have caught the disease from those entered at the show and died.

My next venture was at Meriden last January. I entered thirteen dogs and won thirteen prizes, and in addition nine of the dogs won the honor of D.D. (Distinguished Dog) and I won them, and nearly all of my young stock caught the distemper from dogs that died, and twenty-eight of those died, making thirty-seven dogs lost by exhibiting at Meriden, and at a low estimate about twenty-five dogs more lost by exhibiting at the same show. I was from four to six months old and selected as being extra fine. After such an experience I do not think "Briar" will wonder that I abandoned my intention of making a very liberal entry at almost every show—my intention was to enter my dogs at home for reasons given, for I certainly could not find fault with judging after such success, which I mention simply to show that I have no fault to find with judging.

Notwithstanding my experience, I shall exhibit some at future shows, and particularly at the one at Meriden, and regret not being able to enter at Pittsburgh and New York.

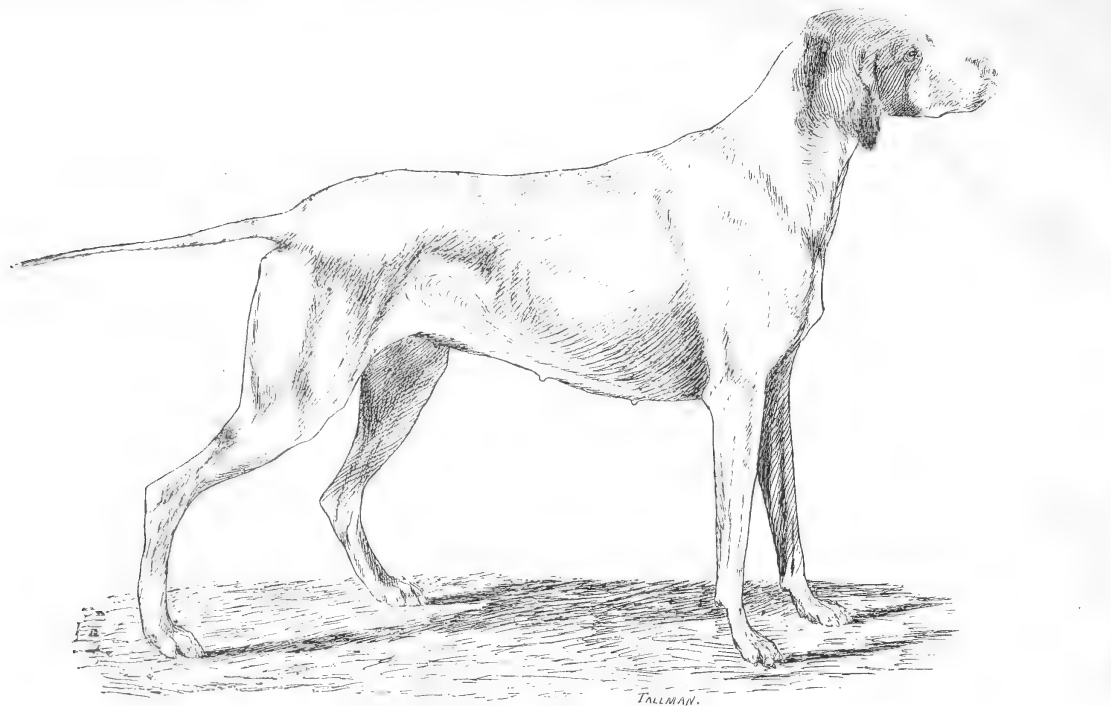
TRUTH.

I am strongly in favor of having some recognized standard for beagle judging that shall be a guide to judges at bench shows and prevent prizes from being awarded to such entirely different types as we frequently see done at the same show. I have often thought what a motley looking pack all the prize winners would make if they were collected together, all sizes and forms, with no breed characteristics to many of them. I will give the standard I have adopted after years of inquiry as to what constitute correct beagle points and will say, after attending numerous shows and seeing the same judge at shows award prizes to two different types of beagles, overlooking the standard I have adopted, that I have seen the first one was entitled to it. I came to the conclusion that judges had no standard and it was useless to place any confidence in their decisions or form a standard (unless a changeable one) from types that were not standard. I have adopted the standard I have adopted at Philadelphia, who is acknowledged to be one of the best beagle judges in this country, that I had become disgusted with such judging and had made up my mind to form a standard of my own according to the best I had seen. I have adopted the standard I have adopted at Philadelphia, who is acknowledged to be one of the best beagle judges in this country, that I had become disgusted with such judging and had made up my mind to form a standard of my own according to the best I had seen. I have adopted the standard I have adopted at Philadelphia, who is acknowledged to be one of the best beagle judges in this country, that I had become disgusted with such judging and had made up my mind to form a standard of my own according to the best I had seen. I have adopted the standard I have adopted at Philadelphia, who is acknowledged to be one of the best beagle judges in this country, that I had become disgusted with such judging and had made up my mind to form a standard of my own according to the best I had seen.

Having said this, I have adopted the standard I have adopted at Philadelphia, who is acknowledged to be one of the best beagle judges in this country, that I had become disgusted with such judging and had made up my mind to form a standard of my own according to the best I had seen.

STANDARD.

Head intelligent, rounder, shorter and wider than fox-hounds, with high, round dome; eyes large and full, with a soft, intelligent, pleasing expression; ears long and full, with a round, set low and hung flat to cheek; this should be round, set low and hung flat to cheek; this should be round,



MR. BAYARD THAYER'S LEMON AND WHITE POINTER BITCH "RUE."  
Winner of Champion Prize, New York, 1883.

Muzzle square-cut and lips slightly dependent. Neck strong and set on higher than foxhounds. Breast wide and shoulders strong. Body round and rather short, with wide, strong loin; thighs thick and muscular; legs strong, with plenty of bone; stern shorter than foxhounds, and carried slightly curved above line of back. Coat should not be fine or very short. Any color allowed foxhounds or harriers is admissible. Height from twelve to fifteen inches, and from fifteen to twenty pounds weight preferred.

SCALE OF POINTS.	
Head.....	20
Neck.....	5
Legs.....	10
Feet.....	10
Shoulders.....	15
Back.....	10
Loin.....	10
Hind-quarters.....	15
Stern.....	5
Total.....	100

Speed is not desirable in beagles, and a strong, compact form adapted for endurance is, in my judgment, what is required.

I was much interested in an article by Gen. F. A. Bond regarding a certain pack of beagles running down thirteen rabbits one day, and fully agree with the General that beagles of correct type cannot, under ordinary conditions, run down rabbits; at least I never had any that could, and having the largest beagle kennel in the world, have been able to put as many into the field as any one, and my pack have never yet caught an unrounded rabbit. Holes and stone walls are too common in this section for puss to allow herself to be run down before retreating to them; and the great sport in hunting with beagles is that they run so slow that game is not compelled to take to earth and gives the hunter an opportunity to obtain a shot.

GRANBY, CONN.

N. ELMORE.

#### DOGS AT THE NEW YORK SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps Col. Stuart Taylor will explain why he does not quote from Mr. Dalziel's letter entitled "Babylon?" If there is anything in it incriminating his statement to Mr. Cornell (and I may add that he made a similar remark to me) I fall to see it. His letter is a pleasant, chatty one, with very little in it about dogs, and not one word derogatory of the quality of those exhibited here. He makes but one reference to our shows, which is as follows: "The Westminster Kennel Club are also the promoters and responsible for the great international dog shows held in New York, which, speaking of the one held this year, was superior in some of its features to any I have judged at or seen in Europe."

Perhaps your readers can find in this brief extract good reason for the eminent critic's failure to quote. Col. Taylor attitudinizes as the generous, public-spirited lover of the dog, who only seeks by his criticisms to spur his fellow countrymen into more successful rivalry with foreign breeders. The spirit is a worthy one, but I protest against his method. Wholesale denunciation will not attain that end, and is not deserved. It is such statements as the following which I object to. I quote from Col. Taylor's letter in your issue of this date: "Now, seriously speaking, Mr. Editor, a poorer lot of dogs of the many breeds exhibited it seems to me it were hard to get together, unless we took nondescripts." Whatever of justice there may be in his objections when he particularizes is neutralized by such sweeping charges.

New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your valued issue of June 21, is at hand, and I have just read the highly practical and sensible letter of Col. Stuart Taylor. Your correspondent treats his subject so ably that he leaves very little for any one else to say, except to endorse all the views set forth by him. One subject alone is capable of being enlarged upon. Col. Taylor says: "Let our breeders and our judges stand by, hard and fast, a type of dog pronounced good, and award laurels accordingly; there is too

much change from bench show to bench show in the prize winners, even under the same judge."

He has hit the right nail on the head. Is it not a patent fact that the same dog exhibited under different judges very rarely is allowed by both to score the same honors? Where do our judges get their ideas of type from? And further, where are breeders to get their ideas of type from? Each week we see controversies over certain dogs, some praising, some condemning them. Cannot something be done to remedy this kind of breeding from two types? Witness the trouble over the breed of cocker spaniels. The fox-terrier, Silver, was under one judge at Ottawa awarded second prize, and was no doubt considered a pretty good specimen. Now at Chicago he is passed over with a ych, and the remarks made on him are: "Is only a fair specimen, is leggy and light in bone and coat." It should have been added that he was broad-chested and had a snipy muzzle. Now, sir, where is the one definite type in this one of many instances? Cannot our judges unite in judging each breed of dogs from a definite, accepted standard and type of each breed? Or better still, cannot we have at each show a judge for setters and pointers, a judge for spaniels, and one for terriers, and so on? Let us hear from others on this subject, for my feel as I do.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think Messrs. Cornell, Coster and Pickett's letters in answer to Col. Stuart Taylor's criticisms of our late show were uncalled for. They ought to be very grateful that at last one gentleman has been discovered who has such a thorough knowledge of dogs. A judge who himself tells us that he knows as much about pugs, mastiffs, etc., as of setters, pointers, and all other dogs, is indeed a rarity, and I sincerely hope that the Westminster Kennel Club will let Col. Taylor judge, in future, all the dogs at the show, and do away with having so many judges.

New York.

#### SOME STAUNCH POINTS.

TALKING about dogs, I wish to say a few words about the staunchest, and in most other respects the best, dog I ever knew. His name is Joseph E. Johnston. He is a large white setter, with liver ears, and some liver spots on his body. Old Joe is now superannuated, quite deaf and infirm, but still cherished and cared for by his master and mistress for the good he has done. He is, moreover, the progenitor of many good dogs in this region, the best, indeed, we have about here. In 1865 Captain Chamberlayne rode on horseback from Virginia to Mississippi, just after the surrender at Appomattox. While passing through North Carolina some one gave him a large setter, which journeyed with him all the way to Mississippi. He called the dog Tramp, in commemoration of this event, before the term had acquired its present unpleasant notoriety. Tramp was a magnificent dog, with a splendid "flag," carried erect and waving as he trotted, and galloped at a hundred a mile. He called the dog Tramp, in commemoration of this event, before the term had acquired its present unpleasant notoriety. Tramp was a magnificent dog, with a splendid "flag," carried erect and waving as he trotted, and galloped at a hundred a mile. He called the dog Tramp, in commemoration of this event, before the term had acquired its present unpleasant notoriety. Tramp was a magnificent dog, with a splendid "flag," carried erect and waving as he trotted, and galloped at a hundred a mile.

Joe Johnston is the son and exact image of Tramp. All the pedigree known of Tramp is that embodied in the pedigree of the Right Rev. Bishop A., who, while he is a sound churchman and an able and worthy divine, does not consider the healthful exercise of bird shooting beneath the dignity of the cloth.

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In the other instance, Joe was going at a gallop, and jumped through a barbed wire fence. When he struck the ground on

the other side he came to a stand on a covey, a few feet off. Skipwith came up and flushed the birds, but noticed that Joe was standing over a pool of blood, perhaps a pint. On examination he found a gash four inches long, and quite deep, in Joe's abdomen, made by the barbed wire. Yet he stood perfectly staunch, without a whimper. He was carried home and the wound sewed up, and it was several weeks before he recovered.

Your "tinks" man can beat me on flights of fancy, but what I have related about Joe are facts. OVAUCHITA.

Monroe, Louisiana.

[Almost everyone who has been much in the field with good dogs can recall interesting exhibitions of this kind; and as the subject is a most entertaining one, we hope that some of these points may be described in the FOREST AND STREAM.]

#### RUE.

THE pointer bitch Rue, whose likeness we give this week, is undoubtedly the best specimen of the small pointer that has been produced in this country, if not in the world. She was bred by Mr. Edmund Orgill of Brooklyn, N. Y. She was whelped August 12, 1879. Her sire, Snapshot, was imported in 1877, and to his long list of winnings in England, he added a number of important and well won victories here. Her dam, Ruby, was litter sister to Mr. Orgill's well-known Rush. The breeding of Rue, it will be seen, is of the best and she is fairly entitled to her good looks. We are informed by those who have seen her at work that she is an excellent fielder, with a capital nose, very speedy and has lots of style. She was purchased by her present owner, Mr. Bayard Thayer of Boston, Mass., at the recent New York show, at the largest price—one thousand dollars—ever paid for a pointer bred in this country. We understand that it is the intention of her owner to run her at the field trials next fall. Rue was first shown in New York in 1880 when she was given ych in the puppy class, and first at Atlanta, Ga. At the New York show this year, she won in the champion class and with Rush, Random, Rowell and Romp II., in the best kennel of small-pointers. She also won, the same year, first at London, Ont., and first at Atlanta, Ga. At the New York show this year, she won in the champion class and with Rush, Random, Rowell and Romp II., in the best kennel of small-pointers. She also won the prize for the best pointer at the same show. The cut is from a sketch by Harry Tallman.

BOXER IS POISONED.—I can now sympathize with others who have been compelled to deal with that miserable form of a sneak thief who has not the courage to say a word in open light, but vents his cowardly meanness on a dumb animal. Just one week after his return from the Pittsburgh show, my beagle dog Boxer II. was poisoned. A short time before, the same fact befell my pointer dog Dick. I considered Boxer a good specimen of the English beagle and had shown him but twice—last June at Cleveland, where he took first, and this year in Pittsburgh, where he took second; one of his pups, Lill II., taking first at same time. Besides being a prize winner, he was an untiring hunter. Some of his pups at five months old would give tongue on trail, which in my opinion was something extraordinary, and think it sticks about the right kind of material. I have strong suspicions as to the identity of the sneak, and hope to gain a little more proof when I will try to make it hot for him.—J. M. BRIGGOLD, Canal Fulton, Ohio, June 12.

ERIN AND BIDDY'S PEDIGREE.—Editor Forest and Stream: For the benefit of the parties making inquiries of Biddy (80 N. A. K. C. S. B.) and Erin (5, 120 E. K. C. S. B.) I send you a full pedigree of the first and one of Erin's son, Erin II., which I hope will help to furnish the desired information. I think by closer comparison of the English and American stud books you will see the pedigree of old Erin is the same in both. Champion Biddy's pedigree you made out as by Erin out of Fan. It should be by Erin (5, 120 E. K. C. S. B.) and out of Whitford's Erin, imported (80 N. A. K. C. S. B.) (later St. Louis Kennel Club's). Biddy and Erin II. were bred by the C. S. B. Kennel Club and they were sold by that club to Mr. J. B. C. Lucas, of this city, who still owns them and takes them on his annual shooting trips to Minnesota. They were thoroughly broken by C. B. Whitford. I don't think "J. W. G." will find out anything more of the pedigree of Duke of Buccleuch's





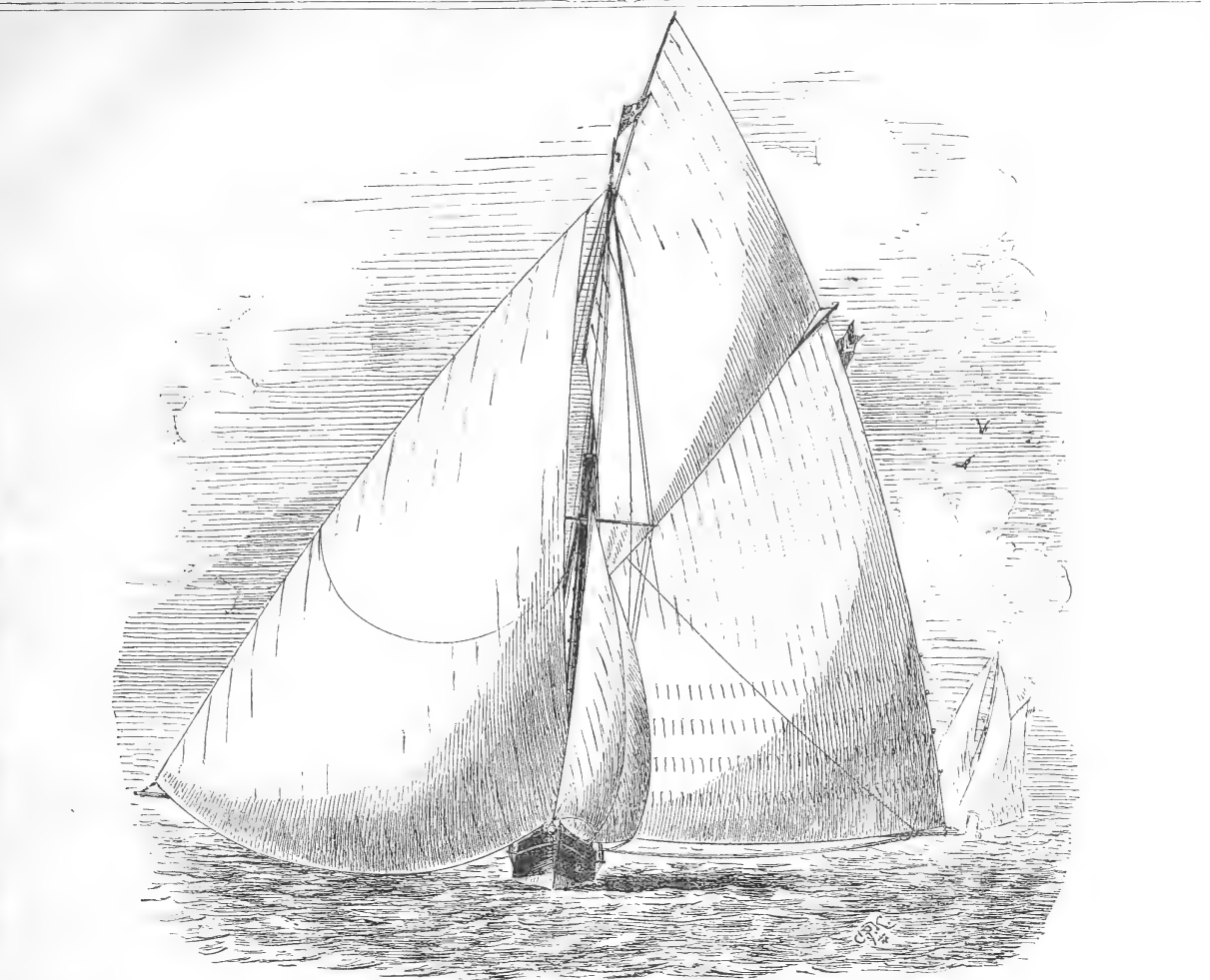
her taken stock in the talent about him, which urged twenty consid-  
 erable sufficient in place of the thirty-two now struck below in de-  
 fence to the dictates of the "great American twister." There was  
 something wrong with Clytie. That schooner is a well-shaped lady  
 with no end to her muslin. She certainly has the go in her to take the  
 arch out of Crusader, and yet she can do nothing of the sort. Some

[illegible][illegible]









WENONAH, CUTTER, WINNING N. Y. Y. C. MATCH, JUNE 21.

## NEW YORK Y. C.—JUNE 21.

It was a "luck race," and it was not. It was luck to a great extent to get out to the Lightship and half way in to the Jersey beach, where the majority of the yachts bunched and took a fresh departure to get to the last quarter stretch home. It was no race at all, inasmuch as it was soldiers' business all round without as much as a "turn," excepting one short board to the westward for a higher position coming out along the West Bank made by Mischief, and a little later by Vixen. Not that this was really required for lack of close windiness, but the slackening of the breeze and a little more easiness to some of the streaks had sagged these two sloops as well as many others making up the rear somewhat to leeward of the leaders, who had run out with about all they wanted for a time. This was of course a great disappointment. A close haul to the Spit with an unsteady S. S. W. wind, a drift out past the Hook with spinners hanging limp, a lot of unequally dispensed outpaves and airs waiting them out to the Spit, a tolerable turn, a jam on the wind for a long and short for working back to the Hook, a calm about half way in, and a fresh and smart breeze from S. S. E., finally striking in all and along the line, making it free sheet clear to the finish, all this was not likely to produce a hand to hand tussle with rewards bestowed according to merit. In fact but for the bunching near the Jersey beach and the magnificent turn home, the race would hardly be worth recording, except as a tedious and unsatisfactory fluke and drift. Three-quarters of the match is a story of fluke with occasional interesting brushes, but the last quarter made amends for previous shortcomings, and the race in to the line with the magnificent spectacle at the finish will not quickly be forgotten.

The fleet was probably the finest, and it certainly was the fastest, ever collected in the history of American yachting. Had there been a fair share of windward work it would likewise have been the most absorbing encounter fought in our waters. But the club did all it could, old Prob, failed them, and so we must accept the open field for some speculation which this match was intended to aid in closing. The day was of more than national importance. Such a weighty fraction have deep yachts already become in our leading clubs that races assume an international coloring when sloop and cutter meet. This phase is likely to pass before long, when really American cutters shall have filled the places of the present vessels designed on foreign lines, canvassed and sailed by foreigners because of our lack of familiarity with such craft on this side of the Atlantic. We live and learn, and the numerous victories scored by cutters, to which another brilliant achievement has just been added, must have their influence in begetting home-built yachts of this description. Last Thursday hardly afforded a criterion of the performance of the yachts, for with windward work there might have been revelations of more radical significance. This much may be said. After lucking it out to the turn, the early birds found they could lay no lighter than W. S. W., heading in to the beach. The true course in was nearly V. N. W. The rear guard rounding the Lightship in straggling order was on the point of following suit when the wind petered and a dark squall to the southward brought a newly born breeze from that quarter, taking the leaders aback and causing them to square away quickly for a free run up along the shore, edging in all the time to the Sandy Hook buoy for a neat turn. They had, however, made so much southing while high on the old wind, that the yachts rounding the Lightship last found themselves suddenly jumped to the line by no doings of their own.

The two batches were all at once put about equally distant from Sandy Hook, and a general rush for that cape was undertaken, nearly all hands meeting in a cluster some distance below and making a grand company hunt along the beach, affording really a second start for the day and the beginning of the race in earnest. As the lot ran up South ballouers and spinners tilted to tension and in rapid succession hailed around the black can, a choice bit of live racing was witnessed, glorious enough to make one forget the tedious annoyances earlier in the morning, and what seemed to promise only a wretched failure was rounded off to a close as brilliant and imposing as was full of instruction. If any satisfaction can be derived from summing up a dash in a crowd, our observations may be given to the following effect: Among the schooners, Montauk seemed able to fully hold her own with Crusader and others, but got left by the wind coming up the beach outside, while others holding a vantage drove down on her, blanketing her, and holding their way, shot by

before Montauk could pull herself together for the new state of affairs. She never recovered what she lost. Crusader was admirably tooled, and in her excellent form this year will keep Montauk moving when the latter's tonnage does not stand her in stead; besides, Crusader has a grand fitting suit and a perfectly gorgeous array of kites. Grayling, the new candidate, made a fearfully bad start, which, considering the professional talent aboard, was quite unaccountable. Her skipper huddled a deal better than he knew, for this late start put her well to the fore in the end. She had modestly been closing up the rear clear out to the Lightship, and being one of the last to turn had gone least to the southward when the new breeze struck in from that direction. She found herself in luck, having less distance to travel home than the rest, which she put to best account by turning up in the middle of the flock coming up the beach. Once she had the true wind with the rest, she failed to accomplish anything worth notice, being in fact easily held by Crusader. But, if Grayling gave no evidence of more than ordinary speed, we are inclined to consider her best lay down wind, and of this game she had to her ill nearly all day. So far as her early appearance at the finish is concerned it was a stroke of luck, pure and simple, due to her being at the tail of the fleet while rounding the Lightship, and at the tail she would have remained but for the sudden shift in the wind. Fortune was brand new and stiff, and being one of the last ones off, struck into the doldrums outside the Narrows, and fared poorly for wind all day, missing what there was by a few lengths upon several occasions. She likewise had a crowd to keep at bay when casing around the Spit and was blanketed and covered without mercy, and snapping her spinnaker boom in jibing a short ways out of the Hook. This schooner received, however, a good deal of admiration for her fine appearance, and the spectators seemed to be aware that it was too light for her kind. It was luck principally that seemed to be dead against her all over the course. Intercepted at times moved off with great ease, and was a good fourth in her class at the Spit, after which she lay becalmed and failed to catch the airs snuffing others along in the hunt, and as a down wind vessel she will not be dangerous. Her reputation in the past, upon which so much store is laid in some quarters, is more of a myth than anything else, and the chances are she has been greatly overrated right along. She never had anything of her size to sail with in history, and then we know from improvements in rig, etc., found possible within the last two or three years, that the yachts she met were probably fearfully deficient in respect to equipment. Fanny, on the other hand, was something of an eye opener. All knew Grace as a steamboat with spinnaker out, but when they saw Fanny get away rather badly with the old favorite, there was something to talk about. Fanny, bar cutters, looks to be the fleetest down wind we can muster. She is likewise smart on a wind sail just low smart remains to be seen. Mischief had a big share of the bad luck running, but pulled through a good fourth at the Lightship. Then trimming in for the short-lived windward work, she seemed to sag to leeward and fail to point with the rest. The question is, who had the helm at the time, for the boat could certainly do better. Hildegarde and White away fell victims to the great American trisler, and are now repairing damages. As for the cutters, Bedouin and Wenonah, they sailed a race through all the vicissitudes of Bickie fortune, and came out nobly at the finish. Bedouin made a good start, held Grace down by the West Bank, hit the wind full and the latter got the fluke already spoken of above. Then Bedouin drifted into the calm belt outside, while Grace, wisely edging to the seaward, found a fair breeze, wait her out to the sea mark, and Bedouin felt among the ruck coming up, but after

some very fair sailing crossed fourth. What she may do on the wind remains to be seen, but we are convinced that with a racing rig Bedouin would be by odds the fastest single stickler with a free sheet in America. Considering that she has left less hoist than her racing sail plan calls for, her record last Thursday deserves commendation. A stiff breeze and a windward bout will be her play. Wenonah performed wonders, and strong words of admiration from even the most hardheaded believer. In old time dogmas. In contemplating her doings, we skip the first portion of the race as too thick, and pick up her record from the Lightship in. She gave close chase to Fantia on the wind for a while, being eighth boat in the line. As the new breeze backed them all aound to a free sheet with booms to starboard, she was to leeward of the whole lot. Now the business of the day really began. It was a grand sight. Wenonah picked up one by one, schooners and sloops, shot through their lee in astonishing fashion, and as all hands closed in a bunch, the wind being off, she took blanketing and covering with a *nonchalance* which was the coolest bit of work of the sort we have ever seen. But in spite of all this she ran the crowd, and nearing the Hook, emerged with a lead of the whole fleet, Fanny, Grace and Crusader excepted. A finer down hill drive has seldom been seen. Then she went about cutting down the water left between herself and the two big sloops. As she spun up to the finish, going through clean without a bubble, a vast deal of tooting from the steamboats assembled announced the victory over America's fastest flyers by nothing more than a crossing cutter! A cutter her designer is ready to acknowledge five to ten minutes slower over a forty-mile course than a clipper of genuine racing proportions.

The smaller yachts were much bothered through the earlier part of the race by blanketing from the big schooners. As they could not clear out from under their lee in the light winds, they were mercilessly nipped at times. Vixen, in her new form, did not quite seem the old boat, but she scored, nevertheless, in her class, beating Fantia, which is something to brag of after such misfortune. Oriva sailed a thoroughly good race, but lost the wind and made the outer mark in company with the last, leading her class home, however. The difference in actual speed between her and Vixen was less than three minutes, or ten minutes with allowances applied. For all yachting purposes, except racing, this difference must be considered purely nominal, of no practical consequence. Now, no one looking for safety, accommodations, beauty, cool canvas, handiness, sea-going ability, and such sterling qualities, but who would select Oriva and pass by Vixen. If Oriva loses to the latter by only a few minutes in six hours' racing, the exchange she offers in other respects so much more than counterbalances, that our choice is with Oriva every time as the more desirable style of the two.

The race again demonstrated how badly we are off for a good course in New York. One sailed from time immemorial round the Spit and Lightship too much of a triangle, and in the southerly wind of June supplies too little turning, which is, after all, the chief attraction and the best test of good qualities. For this match the directions were as follows: From an imaginary line between the two steamers and Longwood Stapleton, to and around buoys 10 and the Sigs spindle on Southwest Spit, leaving black buoys on starboard haul, thence out to the Sandy Hook Lightship, passing outside of the black can buoy, 5 off Sandy Hook, the Lightship to be turned from the northward and westward, then returning over same course and finishing at line between judges' boat and buoy No. 15, below the Narrows. Classes for schooners, sloops, and cutters over 50ft. and under 50ft., and for sloops and cutters over 50ft. and under 45 to 50ft., according to new headline and sail area measurement. For the guests of the club the large steamer Columbia had been chartered, Mr. John H. Bird, of the regatta committee, being in command, while Mr. J. F. Fowler accompanied the racers aboard the tug, Luckenbach. A vast fleet of "outside" yachts got under way and kept along under the lee of the contestants, or undertook to work their way through Gedney's channel in a short keel, while a dozen steam yachts and half as many tugs and steamboats on speculation bent screws and paddled out to sea, offering several thousand persons an excellent view of the great annual regatta. Among the steam yachts should be noted the Orienta, a smart looking Herreshoff production with two coal boilers, and the No. 10, that being the yard number of the latest quick speed turned out by the Bristol firm. Both of these were very fast, the No. 10 toying with the Stranger and Corsair, and speeding







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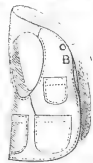


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## THE ABSURDITY OF THE FOURTH.

JUST about this season, over a good section of the country, hundreds of thousands of very patriotic and very foolish persons are inviting death by the firearm method. Somewhere at some time some one reached the absurd conclusion that the correct way of celebrating the holiday of our National Independence was to raise as much noise as possible. Unluckily his view has been adopted by the millions of his fellow-citizens, and now year after year there is a repetition of the catalogue of deaths and mangleings.

There is something so utterly ridiculous in using a firearm entirely for the noise which accompanies its going off, that it is surprising no concerted effort has been made by the arm manufacturing companies to discourage this application of their wares. In place of doing this, however, and for the sake of the profit which follows the sale of the pesky little things, we see several large concerns giving up their time and labor in large measure to turning out thousands upon thousands of contrivances which have the name and appearance of firearms, but which in the essential points of accuracy and safety are utterly unworthy of the name.

There is a clear, sharp defining line between a pistol proper, one which has a value as an arm of precision, and these cheap little counterfeits. And there is ample room for the operation of a salutary law which should come in to repress the making and vending of the dangerous toys.

There are plenty of noise-provoking contrivances which may be manufactured to meet the wishes of those who insist upon expressing their feelings by means of a racket, but there is no reason why so excellent a thing as a firearm should be debased into such flimsy pretences as we see hawked at every street corner. It would indeed be an important item in our strength as a commonwealth if every American citizen were familiar with firearms, had a just appreciation of their powers and their dangers, but there is a right and wrong way of securing that excellent result, and one of the worst ways is to put a make-shift of a weapon into the hands of every boy who can beg, borrow or steal the time or two necessary to secure the toy.

## BENCH SHOWS.

THE bench shows that have been held this year have been uniformly successful both in the number and quality of the animals exhibited, and also from a pecuniary standpoint. This shows a healthy state of affairs, and should encourage all who have an interest in the welfare and improvement of man's best friend to renewed efforts in speeding on the good work until every lover of the dog throughout the length and breadth of the land shall become possessed of the knowledge that will enable him to intelligently pass upon the merits and demerits of his favorite breed.

That the bench show has been a great educator of the public in this respect, no one who has been a regular attendant can deny. That still greater good will be accomplished in the future we have every reason to believe. Although the bench show is comparatively of recent introduction in this country, it has already become a permanent institution, and we trust that the day is not far distant that will see not only our larger shows greatly increased in number, but that in every city, village and hamlet in the land, we shall see local shows where friend and neighbor will meet in friendly rivalry, to decide upon the respective merits of their favorites.

This plan is extensively practiced in England, and contributes in no small degree to the success of the larger shows, both in the increased number of entries, and in the improved quality of the animals exhibited. The owner of the village champion, ambitious for higher honors, "seeks other worlds to conquer," and sends his favorite to a larger meeting, and so continues until he encounters defeat or achieves a well won victory that brings to him not only fame and honor, but pounds, shillings and pence as well. That this plan is eminently practicable and feasible it needs no argument to prove, nor of necessity need it entail a dollar of expense upon its promoters, at least so far as the smaller shows are concerned, as the honor of owning the "best of his kind" in the vicinity should be ample recompense for the small amount of trouble entailed. We trust that our readers will give this subject the careful consideration its importance demands, and that we shall soon be called upon to chronicle the inauguration of a series of local shows all over the country, that in a short time will accomplish the much-to-be-desired result, the filling of the benches at our important shows with representatives of the best of their breed from all sections of the country.

THE TOY PISTOL is doomed; State laws and city ordinances have been enacted for the suppression of the pestiferous agent of death, and parents and police are united to squelch the nuisance. This is all as it should be; the sooner the sham pistol is banished the better for the thumbs and eyes of the patriotic small boy. But it is very foolish for parents to indulge, as they often do, in an insane horror of all firearms. A boy ought to be taught to handle a shotgun or a rifle just as soon as he is old enough and strong enough to do so. He will be all the more ready for it. Gunpowder smoke is healthier than cigarette smoke, and the associations and influences of the one are better than those of the other.

THE SUNFISH.—In a paper read before the Fishcultural Association and printed elsewhere, Mr. Fred Mather recommends the destruction of the sunfish. From any such proposition the FOREST AND STREAM most emphatically dissents. The sunfish was our earliest friend among the fishes; we hooked him long before our vaulting ambition dreamed of trout or bass, and when salmon was a term unknown to our vocabulary. The fishculturists may wage their campaign against the sunfish, but they will find little sympathy in their nefarious efforts outside of their own fry-ient circle.

THE CLAY PIGEONS were "slaughtered" yesterday beyond count. This target is growing in favor, having very largely supplanted glass balls, over which it possesses many very decided merits. We understand that the enterprising Ligowsky firm are about to perfect the manufacture of a cheaper trap, so that the five-trap style of shooting will be within the means of all. This is by far the most beautiful form of practice with the "birds," and promises to be very popular.

SEND IN THE NAMES.—We should be glad to receive from our readers all over the country the names of their friends who may be interested in any of the departments of outdoor recreation of which the FOREST AND STREAM treats, and who do not now take the paper.

SALMON IN THE MERRIMAC.—We learn from Mr. Samuel Webber, late Fish Commissioner of New Hampshire, that the salmon have at last made their appearance in the Merrimac River at Manchester, and one "guessed" at from eight pounds to ten pounds has actually been seen passing the Fishway at Amoskeag Falls. This proves the prediction which, it will be remembered, Mr. Webber made, that we should see a score of smaller fish, from the plant of 1879, this year. The season is later by two weeks than last year, but the salmon are on their way up now. Ten were seen in one day in the fishway at Lawrence, Mass. What is of more especial interest to sportsmen, however, is the fact that a salmon weighing ten and a half pounds was taken last week in the Merrimac, at Concord, with the artificial fly in a legitimate manner. We have always believed that one was taken three years since by a bass fisher, but owing to the fact that the prohibitory law was then in force, we could never prove the fact; but this catch of last week proves that the salmon bred from Penobscot stock will take the fly in the Merrimac. We note the following change in the New Hampshire Fish Commission, viz., the appointment of Elliot B. Hodge, of Plymouth, Superintendent of the Hatchery, as Fish Commissioner, in place of A. H. Powers, resigned. The Commission now stands: Colonel George Riddle, Manchester, Chairman; E. B. Hoage, Plymouth, Superintendent of Hatchery; Luther Hayes, South Millton.

THE "AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."—The anxiety with which the monthly issue of the *Register* is looked for by its already large circle of readers, is a fair measure of the high esteem in which it is held by the owners of well-bred dogs. We regret, however, to see a tendency among those who have animals to be registered to hold back their entries until the last moment, and then just at the first of the month to send in their blanks in a lump. This course, while apparently serving no good purpose for anyone, puts the publishers of the *Register* to serious inconvenience, and has in one or two cases caused a delay of several days in the issue of the periodical. Whether the tardiness in sending in entries has any real reason or not, we cannot allow it to interfere with the date of issue of the *Register*. To examine the pedigrees, correct the mistakes which the owners make, and prepare the material for the printer, involves much labor and time.

OCCASIONALLY we receive questions from correspondents who ask us to decide for them wagers, and sometimes decisions are requested in games of cards. In the past we have good-naturedly answered some inquiries of this description, but as they are entirely out of our line, we shall no longer do so. The FOREST AND STREAM does not hold stakes nor decide bets, nor does it profess to be an authority on games of chance. There are many journals which give attention to these matters, however, and we recommend those of our readers, who may be unable to decide such questions in any other way, to apply to them. Questions pertaining to matters within our own scope will, as they have always done, receive attention, but those which have to do with betting or cards will seek the seclusion which a waste basket grants.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC EXCHANGE.—The amateur photographic outfits are now in general use by sportsmen, and large numbers of picturesque views are secured by them on pleasure tours. We have been greatly entertained in examining many such pictures which have been sent to this office from our friends. They are delightful suggestions of the pleasures of camp and cruise. It has been suggested that an exchange of such views would be welcome to many amateur photographers, who might thus add to their own collections the pictures of others. We think the suggestion an admirable one.

AMERICANS MUST LOOK TO EUROPE for "sporting novel ties." The latest is a kangaroo hunt, provided for the huntsmen of Vienna by an Englishman, who has transported to the Prater thirty of the Australian marsupials. We learn from our esteemed contemporary, the *Allgemeine Sport Zeitung*, of that city, that great expectations have been raised among the Viennese, who are eagerly awaiting the chase of the novel game.

THE FIRST BOYHOOD EXPLOIT with rod or gun is always a theme of pleasant recollection. The pages of FOREST AND STREAM contain many accounts by the graybeards of their first successful hunt or fish long ago. "It seems but yesterday that I caught my first trout," said Henry Ward Beecher the other evening, upon the celebration of his seventieth birthday.





you, my marster, dat ole fool nigger he des riz up on his fouts, an' open his mouf clean back ter his ears, an' den, sur, he bu' nuck his head, and he des farly howl."

Here Steve, imitating old Lawyer, sprang upon his feet, throw back his head, and sang a portion of "Mars Garrett's himne chune," as follows:

"Hens and chickens gone to roos,  
De hawk her down an' he bit dat goose,  
An' he bit dat goose in de middle er de back  
He made dat goose go quack, quack, quack."

"Bless yer soul, my master," he continued, when he had ended his singing, "dat yaller town nigger, ever des farly foun' outen his bones. He didn' know what ter do, sur. He fuss look like he wanten jump outen de back winder. Den he des tun 'roun' an' he gits blue mad in de face, an' he des ups wid dat red merrocke hime book, an' he draw back, an' he truck Ole Lawyer *harsh right* atwixt his eyes, sur. He des farly knocked dat ole nigger somerset clean ober Mars Garrett an' Mars Shep. But bless yer, 'fore you knode it, sur, dat ole nigger des riz on his fouts ergin, an' he made dat huge an' dat preacher nigger, an' he lit clean ober dat pulpit right outen dat yaller town nigger head. Den day had it, sur—googe eye, pull har, foot and to-nail; fuss oue on top an' den 'tother, Siser Phoebe Auer, she git so skened she des riz on her fouts, an' she holler, 'Glor'y halleluger, Jes bound fur de kingdom,' but all dem yuther niggers, dat des lit outen dem winders like er passel er billy gonts ouen er corn-crit, 'cep'tin' dat yaller house gal, she jump outen de an' truck right straight up de hill fur de white fokes house. An' presenly here come ole nars an' ole miss tar'in' down de puff ter de church house. An' ole marster he cuss, an' he say, 'What de debil's got inter you niggers you can't go ter hebin 'dout fighdin' on de road?' Den dat yaller town preacher nigger what look like he bin wra'shin' er bum-bee nigger, he pint at Ole Lawyer, an' he say ter ole marster, how dat big mouf nigger ober dar wer singin' corn-shuckin' songs, an' suckerin' de narsin' services. Den ole marster git red in de face like he do de 'lection' dat an' den, sur, he cuss twel de swet it des drap offen de cend er his nose. Den he call dat yaller house gal bring him his cow wide, an' sur, he des literly wode dat ole fool Lawyer clean out, sur. He did fur er fack, my master. Den ole mars tun rou'n' an' he shuck his fis' at Mars Garrett, an' he say, 'Dis some er your dan' foolishness, my young feller.' But Mars Garrett he never say nothin', he des come up close wher I am, an' he say ter me, 'Baw Steve, you kin rake up er muff har oue dat pulpit ter make yer a good matrus; Ole Lawyer he owe you somthin', anyhow, for larnin' him dat buterful himne chune last night.' Den he laff an' he say, 'But didn' dat dam town nigger hav' er happy time uv it dis mornin'.' But ole 'miss' she come rou'n' dar whar we wer, an' she whisper to Mars Garrett he better be gittin' way from dar 'fore his par get tested. An' Mars Garrett say low er ole miss' 'oot leup de ole Garner offen his trail twel de scent git ole, he bleve he will. But bless yer, ole marster he done clean gin out. Me an' big Andy had ter truck an' tote him up ter de white fokes house. He so flustered by dat ole nigger dat it kild him up wid de gout fur moso fo' mounis. Yasn, my master, laid him up in de bed fur moso fo' mounis, sur. Mars Garrett he want me larn Ole Lawyer one yuther dem what he call himne chune song, what I knode, 'bout

"Adan an Eve day chum er tree,  
An Eve wer sture dyer er rumble bee;  
O carry de nigger ter Mary."

But bless yer soul, dis here nigger never larn dat ole fool narsuther himne chune sure say you're born." TUCKABOE.

## THE DOCTOR AND THE GRIZZLY.

A HOT WEATHER YAK.

TO hunt wild beasts and brave them in their lair, to conquer and destroy them, has been the ambition of heroes, modern and ancient. Man brooks no rival in the animal kingdom, but disputes with the fierce denizens of the forest supremacy in the wide domain of Nature.

The question may well be asked, whether man is not more savage and blood thirsty than the beasts themselves, seeing that they slay their fellow-creatures from the mere love of slaughter; while they slay but to appease their hunger. To destroy would seem to be natural to man; nor has civilization altered his nature in this particular. Civilized and enlightened society sends forth the tiger hunters to India and the lion slayers to Africa.

Coupled with this destructive trait, there is in most of us the love of adventure, which must be gratified even though the penalty paid is the chase. There is an excitement about danger, that fires us on, whether to the "imminent, deadly breach" or to the tiger's jaws.

The writer is not ashamed to confess to the same love of the chase that animated the demi-god Hercules, and like with "the Clastic Huntress of the silver bow." And there are times when my soul, revolting from the sordid affairs of daily life, seeks to free itself from society and its trammels, and to be relieved of the chase.

It was while in such a mood, not long since, that I word came to me that a man had been killed by a bear while "prospecting" in the San Antonio Cañon—one of the many cañons which have their source in the coast range of Southern California. It had long been my ambition to kill a grizzly bear, and it seemed now was the opportunity to gratify that desire, and, at the same time, to avenge the death of a human being.

I immediately set about ascertaining the locality as nearly as possible of the fatal encounter, and sought a companion for the perilous journey, not that I expected him to kill the bear, but because I wished to have a truthful witness of my own exploits. Doctor Blank, an enthusiastic sportsman and an experienced mountaineer, gladly agreed to accompany me. The weapon I carried was a Winchester rifle, .45 caliber, 60 grains of powder in the cartridge. It was one presented me by a friend—my comrade in many a hunt elsewhere. The Doctor was armed with a weapon similar to my own.

On the morning of April 9, we set out on foot from the mouth of the cañon, packing our blankets and provisions on our backs. Our route lay up the cañon, and we trudged along merrily enough, the Doctor enlivening the march with some of his best songs.

The ascent for the first few miles was easy; after that, the walls of the cañon narrowed in, confining us to the bed of the stream, here filled with huge boulders, over which we clambered with difficulty.

At noon we halted at a point where there is a beautiful

meadow, in the midst of which gush out the springs that feed the stream of the cañon. The Doctor had brought along his rod, line and flies, and it was not long before he had caught trout enough for a meal for two men, hungry enough to devour. He lingered long at this romantic spot, and then reluctantly took up the march over a wilder and more rugged trail. Night found us some twenty miles from the mouth of the cañon. The topography here changes from a gorge to an elevated plateau or bench on the mountain side, intersected in places by ravines, and, for the most part covered with brush, with here and there a meadow to be seen. This was the place we sought; it was near here that the poor miner had met his fate. We camped for the night by a little stream, and building a big fire, sat down to our meal. After it was over we lay down, rolled in our blankets, our guns loaded and at our right hands.

It had been a long time since I had slept out, and the novelty of the situation kept me awake for some hours, stirred though I was. At last I dropped off to sleep, to be awakened shortly after by the unearthly scream of a mountain lion. We both leaped to our feet at once and seized our guns, awaking to be attacked, but we could see nothing of him, so we lay down again. The knowledge that we were so near this midnight marauder, however, kept us from again sleeping. Shortly before day we heard the brush crashing, as though some heavy animal were making his way through it. This noise I supposed was made by a bear, as I know that the mountain lion moves stealthily, and a deer would not make such a noise. The Doctor was of the same opinion, and, knowing my anxiety to kill a bear, he very generously moved so as to give me the best opportunity to get a shot, placing me between himself and the place of the noise. But the animal passed on without disturbing us; we kept very quiet, as we were not eager for a night encounter with a bear. It is dangerous enough in the day time.

At dawn we were up and eating our meal. Just so soon as it was light enough to see objects at a distance of fifty yards, we buckled on our cartridge belts, took up our guns, and started off. I noticed, at the time, that the Doctor carried a small case in his breast pocket. Being curious to know what the case contained, I inquired of him what it was. He handed it to me, and on the outside I read:

DR. BLANK'S  
DOUBLE ACTION LIFE-PRESERVING PILLS.  
Calibre—45, 60 grains.

I returned them to him with a smile, and asked him why he brought such stuff into camp with him. "I am never to get out of this," was his answer.

Little did I dream of the important part they were to play in my subsequent experience. But I anticipate. We went in the direction taken by the animal we had heard making a noise in the brush; and soon struck the trail of a large grizzly. It was evident that he had not long passed; so we followed it up the valley, and along the margin of a little trickling stream, with patches of clover growing along its banks. On the roots of this clover he had been feeding.

We had probably gone about a mile from our camp, and were just turning an angle in the valley, when we suddenly caught sight of the largest grizzly I have seen my fortune to see. He was tearing up the roots of the clover not more than fifty yards from us. His left side was to us. I saw the Doctor turn pale with excitement. Whispering to him to stiffen his left ear, I rested my rifle on that prominent part of his person, and taking dead aim for the bear's breast, fired. At the report of my gun, the Doctor, stunned by the explosion, I suppose, fell as though he had been shot. Not so with the bear, however, for starting up with a snort, he looked around. I fired again, but shot wild, and then saw the bear start for us, with hair on end and growling fearfully.

I have looked into the cannon's mouth when the foe was at the breach, and have seen the advancing wall of hostile bayonets at the charge—all the without flinching, if not without fear; but never have I beheld anything that so inspired me with terror as that bear. Shall I confess it that fear took possession of me, even so that I dropped my gun and ran?

Yes, I fled ignominiously and left my poor, helpless comrade to his fate. Yea, more, I entertained the base and selfish hope that the beast would eat him, become disgusted with human food, and so escape. Some fifty yards he lay where I had fired there was a scorching hole in the twelve feet high, and for this tree I ran as fast as my legs would carry me, and swung myself into its branches none too soon. The bear clutched at my feet as I drew up. I climbed to the top, and looked trembling down. The bear seized the tree in his grasp and endeavored to tear it up by the roots; but it was rooted in the rocks, and was too much for even his giant strength.

I breast the storm. I knew he could not climb the tree. On looking at him closely I could see the hole in his left side where the bullet had entered and on the other side where it had passed out. It must have torn his heart to pieces. The blood was flowing from the wound and the bloody froth was on his lips. Surely he must soon die, I thought. But he showed no sign of failing vitality, and I soon came to believe that a bear may live without a heart.

I saw plainly now that I should have shot him through the head or else through the spine. But it was too late to rectify the mistake; my gun was on t ground.

The bear would not leave the tree, but kept looking up at me. After awhile he took a large boulder in his paws, and laid it at the foot of the tree, and then another and another. At first I was puzzled to know what he meant, but soon the terrible truth dawned on my mind that he was heaping stones on the tree, that he might stand on them and reach me. The thought was enough to make me start, and for a moment I thought of leaping over him to the ground and taking my chances in running. But I knew he would overtake me. Then I thought of the Doctor, and turned my eyes toward the place where he had fallen. He was not there. I shouted his name, and saw him thrust his head out from a crevice in the rocks close by where I had left him. How he managed to squeeze his body into so small a space is a mystery to me.

"Get your gun and shoot the bear," I screamed to him. "Are you going to stand still and see this brute eat me?"

He did not answer, but crept out cautiously to where his rifle lay, and ran quickly back to his retreat. I saw him aim, and then saw the flash of the gun—and one of my boot-heels flew off. I implored him to aim with more care next time, and to shoot at the bear, not at me. I waited with much trepidation to next shot, but I did not fire. The bullet sang a dirge by my ear, burning it as it passed. Then I asked him to desist, for fear that he might commit murder and that I would be the victim.

Slowly but surely the bear was piling up the rocks at the base of the tree, and must soon reach me. What hope was left to me now? Preposterous as it may seem, I, for a moment, thought of leaping into his cavernous throat when he reached up, but the fear of being caught between his teeth in passing prevented so foolish a step.

The bear reared up again, and I had to draw up my feet to prevent his reaching them. I looked into his hideous eyes and they seemed to burn with the fires of hell. I gazed until I began to believe that he was the "Great Beast" himself come to claim me for his own.

For a while hope deserted me and I sat in a kind of stupor, from which I was aroused by a thought that flashed across my mind. Acting upon it, I shouted to the Doctor. "Draw the bullet from a cartridge, quickly, and replace with one of your pills!" Load your gun with it."

"All right," came the response. "Now run out," I said, "and attract the attention of the bear."

In another moment he came out yelling and capering about. This was more than the bear could resist, and he rushed for the Doctor, who fled to his retreat, followed by the bear.

"When he opens his mouth, fire straight down his throat," I yelled.

I heard a shot, saw the bear stagger back, then rear up and place his paws on his abdomen, howling all the while as if in pain. Then he started to flee, but fell into convulsions horrible to behold, tearing up the earth in his death struggle. Gradually his movements ceased. His limbs stiffened. He was dead.

Then the Doctor emerged from his crevice in the rocks, and rushed up to the bear's carcass and kicked it and leaped upon it, yelling all the while like a devil.

I descended from my perch, and going up to the Doctor, embraced him, and thanked him from the bottom of my heart. I told him that he was the dearest shot—with a pill—had ever seen. And I promised to use my influence in having him appointed physician to the county hospital, for the use of his pills, he could do the county great service in causing the permanent disappearance from earthly scenes of those rambling rakes of poverty and disease who are a burden to the community.

We stripped the hide from the bear, the Doctor claiming it as his trophy, but generously allowing me to keep the claws. The hunt was ended, for we agreed that we had had adventure enough to last for a while. We retraced our steps homeward with light hearts.

There I am now alive, and chronicle the events above narrated. I attribute to "Doctor Blank's Double Action, Life-Preserving Pills, calibre .45, 60 grains."

If any one should doubt the truth of this story, the Doctor is ready to verify it by affidavit. Or, if such person is ready to wager any money against the efficacy of the above-named pills, let him bring on his bear, and I will undertake that the Doctor will make a dead bear of him with one pill in five shots. Truly yours, EL GOZONELA.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

## Natural History.

### THE SWAMP ROBIN.

*Turdus mustelinus.*

AMONG the many bright visitors at the bath (see "Bath-tub for the Birds" FOREST AND STREAM last June) is one whose graceful form is always a welcome sight to me. His quiet dress is in marked contrast with that of some of his friends, but there is a dignity of carriage, a certain self-respect, about the swamp robin, which lends an indescribable charm to his manners, and gives him an air of aristocratic lineage, utterly wanting in many of his more richly dressed, though frivolous neighbors. He approaches in a fearless, frank way that wins your heart at once. Drooping into the grass from the tree above, he comes directly to the water, never hesitating for a moment until reaching the tank; he will perch on its edge, and with head knowingly cocked to one side, survey the fussy little chippy, noisily fluttering just below, and making the spray fly from her wings as she washes. Seemingly not in the least hurry, he awaits the finish of her noisy performances with an air of such supreme superiority that chip is riled, and with tail erect, feathers bristling, and wings trailing, she rushes up the little steps leading from the bath, and darts at him in the most insulting manner; but with unaltered temper he gracefully jumps right over her head, and running into the water, calmly begins his toilet. The manner in which this feat is accomplished is indicative of such utter contempt for chippy, that she is completely paralyzed, and with a spiteful little shriek, she hustles off like an irritable little old woman from the scene of her discomfiture.

His method of bathing is different from most of his fellows; none of the noisy wriggling that characterizes many of our visitors, especially the smaller varieties of warblers, etc. He stands in about two inches in depth of water, and with one or two energetic shakes, his feathers are loosened sufficiently to give the water free access to all parts of his little body; then, deliberately squawking, he thoroughly soaks his breast and under parts for a second or so. The next move is to duck his shapely head well under once or twice, accompanying this with a dash of the wings that sends the water pouring over his back and down between his shoulders.

Two or three plunges satisfy him, and now he trots out and stands again, all dripping, on the edge, with his wings half extended, to let the air pass under, his bright eyes sparkling with the additional flash lent by his refreshing bath.

His rufous coat is a perfect fit, and his speckled shirt front runs into a snow white waistcoat, reaching down to the most delicate flesh-colored hose inclosing his slender legs. See him thus, and you will, with me, pronounce his attire to be the very perfection of taste in dress.

His preference for the present is keeping home in a snug cottage, built on the branch of a beech; there he will rearrange his daupned plumage, standing, perchance, on the rounding arch of a sturdy limb in full sight of his little lady, as she broods over her household, and blinks at him in admiration from the nest. Here, amid the dark green of the leaves, and the cool gray of the beech bark that covers the branches and interlacing twigs, the whole group forms a picture, perfect in the harmony of its colors, on which I never tire of looking.

During the heat of noontide he seeks the silent shade, and











like other ancient appliances, has become succeeded by a strenuous better because more correct in principle.

I purpose abstain from any comment, except that which leads this letter, upon the spirit of the letters you have so kindly published from various correspondents in their criticisms of each other. Let us all recognize the right of each to his honest convictions, and not consume time or space in useless questions. I respect what I consider the mistaken views of the muzzle-loaders, whether I agree with all that is said by the breech-loaders or not, and I certainly am entitled, and so are all the others, to a proper respect for the views expressed by us, mistaken as they may be, in favor of our hobby. As to "credibility," let us all assume that each is a gentleman, and that the sanction of publication in your columns is "creditable" enough that the views expressed are honestly believed and honestly intended, and that, mistaken as we may be, we are all striving to benefit ourselves by a friendly exchange of real ideas.

"Unless a man finds out and remembers why he misses he will never know how to hit, and unless he learns how and why our rival guns do their work, and how and why we differ as to their rival merits, we will never either of us be convinced but that each one is right and the other wrong."

WYOMING.  
I. S. I will refer all interested to the chapter on B. L. Rifles, p. 125 to 185, and the following chapter on "Penetration of Rifle Bullets," p. 185 to 200, in Greenleaf's work, "The Gun and Its Development," which I have not hesitated to consult, as well as other works, in writing the above—particularly ordinance notes—and reports of Chief of Ordnance of the U. S., showing experiments and work done by our country. From that it will be seen that our country is fully alive to the fact that high velocity and flat trajectory is essential to success at short ranges. C. H.

## Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The dusky duck, in dusky team,

With his mallard cousins by me stream;

And the airy pintail sails the sky

With outstretched neck and watchful eye;

The green-wing teal, with lightning dart,

Flies close to the water's face afloat;

The blue-wing moovers at reckless pace,

Nor sees the shooter's blinding place;

The widgeon, with more wary care,

Swells the procession, pair by pair.

"Why don't you shoot?" "It was a sin."

"Oughter killed him too dead to skin."

My partridge is here, but the gun won't go;

The shells are melted, the cues won't flow;

And as I break the gun on the side of the boat,

Says my pard: "Ef you hit me in the nose again like

that, I'll kick you out of the boat, ef I don't I'm a

goat."

ME-HIT-ABLE.

Rev. J. J. Pearce, D. D., of Pennsylvania, is an eminent minister of the gospel, a successful politician (he has been a member of Congress), a true sportsman, and a noble specimen of a man.

While on a visit to friends in Iowa a few years ago he expressed a great desire to have a chicken hunt, and to be able to say on his return that he had dined on the noble bird of the prairie. A hunt was organized and he put himself at its head; and after a hard day's work he and many men travel to the prairie armed with a half dozen birds. These were given to the wife of one of the party to be prepared for supper, and the Elder was invited. Supper time came; there were pies, cakes, preserves, meats of every kind and variety, but no prairie chicken. The Elder was puzzled as well as disappointed. The woman being interviewed about it afterward, said that she had been better raised than to set the likes of a prairie chicken before a nice gentleman like Mr. Pearce.

A young man in one of the rural towns in southern New York was passionately fond of athletic sports, and also had a love for natural history. He spent most of his time in running foot races, playing baseball, and in shooting and mounting or studying birds.

One day a boy friend, just from college, said to him: "Spencer, I understand that you are becoming quite an athlete?"

To which Spencer replied, "Yes, I do stuff a good many birds nowadays."

QUILL.

## Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

Mr. Harrisville, Mich.—The address is No. 408 Bleeker street, New York.

J. P., San Francisco.—A reply was sent by mail advising the purchase.

G. H. W., Conway, Mass.—The party is a gunsmith in Chocoma, Wyoming.

W. H. We have written for the law. 2. Do not know where you will find the deacons.

F. B. B., Geneseo, N. Y.—The New York law forbids sailing for ducks, also use of decoy more than twenty rods from the shore.

G. W. T., Wateryburg, Conn.—There may be such a law with reference to the trees on State lands. Write to Verplanck Colvin, superintendent Adirondack Survey, Albany, N. Y.

J. B. A., Port George, Volusia County.—The sharpie is a flat-bottomed boat, usually about 2 to 3 feet to the sides. The chine (as it is called by barge builders) or bilge is, therefore, nearly square to the bottom. From the midship section aft, the bottom turns up to the transome, which is regulated in height by the depth flaps upon the boat. The transome in shape is a reduced midship section, reduced in breadth enough to give the boat the same taper at her deck line as the hull of the boat at the chine, giving the same transome flare to the bow. The dimensions of these boats are of the proportion of four beams for their length, that is, if a boat is sixty feet long she will be fifteen feet beam. For depth, some of them to the same dimensions have as much as six feet beam in their cabins, while (as set forth by Mr. Roosevelt in our issue of April 5) they draw but two feet. The hull is usually of a round bottom, and the transome (thimble-headed sails are set, the sail area being regulated mainly by the depth of the boat. A spinnaker is a three-cornered sail, with three corners, and is set from the mast to the boom, and is usually set to the shoulders of the topmast, the tack hanks down to a boom projecting from the mast in length whatever is found convenient, and the hanks are set from the mast to the lee side if the wind is before the beam, and to windward if running with the wind abaft the beam.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Guide to the Mesquora Lakes. Published gratuitously by the Northern and Northwestern Railway, Toronto.

THESE PRETTY ST. GEORGE GIRLS. A society novel. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF LEWIS WETZEL, the renowned Virginia ranger and scout. By R. C. V. Meyer, Esq. Philadelphia: Jno. E. Potter & Co. Wetzels was a frontiersman and Indian fighter; and this book is full of scalping, tomahawking, and other sanguinary deeds.

## Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Editor, Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

### ANGLING AT BEAR LAKE.

ON the morning of the 12th of June, our party of five landed at our annual fishing ground on Bear Lake, in Clearfork county, Michigan. On our way up we agreed upon a prize, which should go to the one taking the largest fish during our stay. At noon of the first day, when we came into camp, it was discovered that the prize belonged, for the first time, to Sam, who brought in a black bass weighing three pounds. The next morning the writer landed a five-pound pickerel, which enabled him to own the prize for about an hour, when an unearthly yell from the other boat attracted our attention just in time to see the leap for life made by the largest pickerel I ever saw on a hook and line. My brother Will was master of ceremonies, and had the proud satisfaction of taking the fish into camp, as well as carrying home the prize awards.

It is about this capture, which I consider a notable one under the circumstances, that I wish to write. The tackle used was a nine-ounce split-bamboo rod; a small silk line; a 5-0 Carlisle-Kirby hook with gimp-succ and a live minnow for bait. The fight lasted nearly two hours, with the chances all the time in favor of the fish. During the first hour he had things all his own way, and towed the boat around about as he pleased. He tried all the devices known to his craft to get out of the tie that bound him, but the hook was placed just where he could not loosen it. He would rise to the surface and shake himself with his terrible jaws wide open, and then make a bee-line for the bottom of the lake at a rate of speed that burnt the fingers as the line passed through them, and threatened many times to empty the reel of its 300 feet of line. Fortunately the old fellow would change his course just in time.

Perhaps most of the honor is due to Mr. C. J. Wooden, whose knowledge and skillful handling of the boat kept the fish in deep water as long as he wanted to fight. When tired out Wooden steered him into shallow water, and stepping out of the boat, in water up to his waist, after a few passes got his thumb and finger in the victim's eyes, and carried him ashore without the aid of gaff-hook or net, and without a scratch. He weighed 26 1/2 lbs., measured 44 inches long, 30 inches around, and from what I could learn, was the largest fish ever taken in Bear Lake. He is now in the hands of Prof. Volke, of the Academy of Science, who pronounces him a very fine specimen of Northern pike.

CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE 28.

L. B. B.

### THE SHRINKING OF THE TROUT.

IN your issue of May 24, 1883, received by me this month, your suggestion that those who have fish items to tell would do well to send them in, struck me as an opening for a fish fact that occurred while I was stationed in New Mexico, at Santa Fé, as an officer in the army, about the year 1865 or '66—time slides by in such a slippery way that one cannot fix dates accurately, nor would one wish to who is on the other side of the hill and can only look back over it in memory—but I will vouch for the accuracy of the story, which should be a warning to all who place a line string of fish in a deep pool to keep them fresh, a process pretty well known to anglers as a softening process.

About the time of which I speak, New Mexico was the home of many sporting men, I mean fishers of men, and not fishermen, and better, more law-abiding and true-hearted fellows never lived; as well as as dangerous as a grizzly bear which, among the lowly lawless, was the most honest, brave or beautiful among their own people; leaving the sidewalk when a party of American ladies passed over it and remaining in the street, with their hats in their hands until they had left their immediate neighborhood; ready to fight for them at a moment's notice, and use freely the pistols which hung in their belts at all hours, day or night; true gamblers in their instincts to win, while they sat at their games, but open-handed to the poor, and to the poor, of whom there were many in that country at that time. Of this class of men I would now tell a fishing story that was given to me by one of the actors, the night after their return from the mountains.

The Rio Chiquito (little river), which runs through the city of Santa Fé, is a braiding mountain stream, which, for the greater part of the time is but a few feet wide and running through a channel cut for itself in the middle of the sand bed or arroyo some eighty or one hundred yards wide, and indicates the real width of the stream when the deluging rains of the mountain send it down as a torrent, with a rush and burst of water three or four feet high, rolling the great boulders in its mighty flow, so that the noise of their grinding can be heard for miles. At such times, of course, there is no fishing, but the process tears out great holes in the river bed, and during the times of its quietude are fairly well stocked with the true mountain trout. None of them are very large, but many may be caught that can be called good pan fish; and for the capture of a mess of these one of the sportsmen, Tom Stevens by name, started up the stream one morning, armed cap-a-pie, as an angler. The way was rough, the bushes were low and troublesome, the clamber over the rocks and fallen timber was tiresome; but Tom's luck was good and he arrived within a mile or two of the head of the Chiquito with quite a goodly number of fine fish strung on a willow stick. Their weight, added to that of the pole, began to be somewhat of a burden to him. Here, some yards from the edge of the stream, he found a pool which the rain water had formed in a depression of the rocks, and to this pool he consigned his string that they might be kept cool and fresh until his return from the further search to the head of the river.

Some time after Stevens' return from Santa Fé, and without his knowledge, Joe Cummings, a brother sportsman, was seized with a desire to fish the same stream, and knowing that Stevens had gone some time before, he borrowed a rod, and was soon tramping over the same trail that the first angler had taken. His luck as to numbers was good, but as to size, his fish did not attain what could be dignified

above that of fingerlings, still he cast and caught until he arrived at Stevens' pool, where he espied the string in the water. Full of fun, and ready for a joke at any time and upon any one, he quietly pulled out the willow, and stripping it of its spotted beauties, he replaced them, fish for fish, with his own diminutive ones, and put the string back in the pool; and then, knowing that it could not be long before Stevens would return, he concealed himself and Stevens' fish behind a huge moss-covered rock and awaited the appearance of his "pard."

The crashing of bushes soon announced his approach, then his head and shoulders were seen at a little distance, struggling through the undergrowth, and then, with a sigh of relief, he tore himself free, and stepped into the little open space, and bent his steps toward the pool to recover his fish, Cummings, from behind his rock, watching him, his eyes beaming with fun, and awaiting the denouement. Stevens stopped and stooped over the clear water and stretched out his hand for the willow, but caught sight of the trout just as he did so, when he resumed his perpendicularity with a jerk, as a knife blade flies to its open position, gazed intently at him on his knees, he looked long and intently, with his eyes fairly popping out of their sockets. After a long-drawn, sonorous sigh, he said, "Well, you have shrunk the — of any fish that I ever saw."

The attitude, the wonder and the exclamation were too much for Cummings; he fairly howled with laughter, when Stevens took the joke and "took after him simultaneously, and then there was a foot race around that clearing that day of course, ended in the capture of Cummings, who was so convulsed with laughter that there was but little speed left in him. A compromise was effected, and Cummings' flask being reasonably full and Stevens' empty, they were soon laughing together over the exchange of the trout; but Stevens made Cummings promise that he would not let the joke out. It was too good, however, to keep, and champagne, paid for by Stevens, was consumed on the morning after, for that night in Santa Fé, who had not looked for anything better than the wheat whisky of the country.

W. H. B.

### THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

OF the fly-casting tournament, the London *Fishing Gazette* says: "But that the affair was a most interesting and successful one will not, we think, be questioned by anyone who was present; and of the hundreds who took up their places to view the commencement the majority remained until after seven o'clock, and many until past nine, when the proceedings were cut short by darkness. Undoubtedly the most interesting event was the casting by Mr. Reuben Wood, which was watched with the greatest interest. It will be seen that Mr. Wood took first prize in both the single-handed fly-rod competition and the salmon fly-casting competition, though in both competitions he was very closely pressed by Mr. Mallock, of Perth.

"The wind was most trying to the fly-casters, now coming in a steady, strong gust, and then, after a rest, chopping about two, so that the fly-casters were in a very bad way of lawncases for it. The chief difference in the American and English casting seems to be more in the rods and lines than in the method of using them. Mr. Wood used a powerful 'casting' split-cane rod and a very heavy winch line—a much heavier winch line, in fact, than is used for anything but salmon fly-fishing in this country. Later on, Mr. Wood very kindly gave an exhibition of his skill with the 50z. winch, which was very much appreciated. We had the pleasure, a few weeks ago, to take Mr. Wood to Hungerford to fish the Kennet, and had ample opportunity to see the wonderful manner in which he can make the slim little light-weight rod send a great, heavy winch line out over the water. Mr. Wood was surprised at the fineness both of the gut and winch line generally used in trout fishing in this country; in fact, he says that only on the Caledonia River saw a rod (hook, line and reel) as ever used in the States. The winch line must be used to get the proper work out of the split-cane rod. The fly-casting this time took place from a platform raised about two feet from the water, and not from a punt, as was the case last time."

One of our London correspondents says, in a private letter: "You will see by the papers that Mr. Wood's victory is laid to the superiority of American rods and lines. This new point, raised to some extent, and no doubt will please Mr. Wood as well, as he has charge of the angling exhibitions in the American Department of the Fisheries Exhibition, and this judgment will no doubt result in giving the first prizes to American rods. Mr. Wood has offered to take part in a friendly cast with any one in England and to use their rods and lines, either with single-handed trout rods or salmon rods. Mr. Mallock, who came nearest to Mr. Wood, whipped the ground behind him so that his flies were most damaged, a thing that Mr. Wood did not do."

We thoroughly believe in the value of these tournaments as a means of demonstrating the best methods of hand'g the rod, and therefore we gave the reports of the last one in full in our last issue, and will continue to give such comments as our correspondents may send, or we may find in English journals.

### BLOOMING GROVE PARK.

THE Blooming Grove Park Association has been improving its grounds for the past two years, and is now proposing to establish a hatchery for trout. The new club house, and its both comfort and appearance are well attended. We recently paid a visit to the club, and drove over to Lake Laura and took some bass. This lake is singular in being shallow in parts and yet free from vegetation, the bare rocks looking as clean as if washed by surf. The bass are plentiful in this lake, but as a rule are not very large. They take the fly readily, perhaps because food is scarce, which may account for their small size. In Lake Laura, near the club house, there are large trout, but will not take either fly or bait, although they can be plainly seen at times. This is thought to be on account of food being so plenty, and if so, the fish will eventually increase until food becomes scarcer when they will gladly accept a bait, even if a line be attached to it. With a hatchery there the trout streams should be brought up to their former standard in a few years.

The croning park contains some deer and others will be purchased, some fawns were dropped this spring and will be turned out. Bears are frequent, and we saw where one had opened an ant-hill in the road, on the way to Lake Laura. The woods abound in game of many kinds, and the club is on a sound financial basis. Some years ago it seemed as if this organization was in a feeble state, but its membership is now

full, and of good men. Some years ago it bought some thousands of acres in the wilds of Pike county, Pa., and now it has over 800 acres under fence as a breeding park for deer.

### SMALL FRY.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In your issue of June 7, a correspondent gives a glowing and enthusiastic recital of his wonderful prowess as a trout-killer. I should scarcely have noticed the rhapsodical effusion, if the writer had not been so overcome by blind infatuation as to use the expression "speckled beauties," that terrible *bête noir* to sportsmen, which he introduces with heart-sickening recklessness, and utter disregard for the finer feelings and feelings of sensibilities of your readers. I supposed it was a principle well settled and fully understood, throughout the length and breadth of the territory which constitutes the geographical distribution of FOREST AND STREAM, that if any man should assume to himself the garb and semblance of sportsman, and had the hardihood to force that nauseous phrase upon the stomachs of your innocent and unsuspecting readers, he would, with common consent, be unanimously ejected from the fraternity, and be metaphorically drawn and quartered, for the warning and edification of posterity. The correspondent and his companions devoted five hours to the heroic exploit of killing one hundred and seventy-five trout, of which five were one-pound fish, fifteen half-pounders, and thirty-four ounce specimens, leaving a hundred and twenty-five which weighed less than four ounces. The writer is so sure of himself, so sure, on the poor little innocents, I am reminded of a story told me by an attaché to a traveling dramatic company, a musician named Reynolds. He said he was fishing a trout stream in Massachusetts, and he had been engaged for several hours, when a farmer ascended him and asked, "What luck?" "Oh," replied Reynolds, "I have caught twenty trout." "Where are they?" asked the man. "I have them here in my vest," replied Reynolds, "I will show you catch them," asked the farmer. "That's a secret of mine," said Reynolds, "but I don't mind telling you, only don't give it away. I put a big grasshopper on my hook, and whenever a trout comes along the grasshopper swallows him. When he got full I took him off and put him in my pocket."

The sort of fish which constituted the bulk of Mr. Mure's catch, are such as we commonly catch here when we drag with a mosquito bar for bait.

A few days ago a friend of mine, Bob Osborne, caught in Bayou Danchiff, near the crossing of the Vicksburg, Shreveport and Pacific Railroad, one hundred and forty-seven pounds of fish with a single rod, most of them being black bass and white perch. His fish ranged from one to two and a half pounds. One of the perch weighed five pounds, a very unusual weight for this fish. Let Mr. Mure and his companions try our Southern waters. We will give him a hearty reception and good sport, but let him eschew "speckled beauties" in his future ebullitions of enthusiasm.

OJACUITA.

### FISHING AND LYING.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

It is a singular fact that these two accomplishments usually go hand in hand throughout the world, and doubtless accounts for the remark attributed to the blackfish, to wit, "I don't mind being hooked so much, but it worries me to think what lies will be told about my size and weight." For nearly two thousand years this propensity has been indulged by piscatorial sportsmen, and it is worthy of comment that in pursuit of that branch of moral culture the lower animals have generally been selected for illustration. We are all familiar with the boy's story of the thousand cats which he saw on his father's woodpile, and which on investigation was reduced to "our cat and another one."

The periodical appearance of these "fish stories" is known as "the great American sea serpent," which is seen every now and then hovering about our coast, seemingly in doubt whether to swallow an Atlantic steamer or pull Long Island away from its moorings, is faithfully reported to the world by the press.

One of these "fish stories" has lately been hooked up out of Lake Michigan or elsewhere by a Chicago editor, and the editorial angles and cut and moral city have scooped it into their own columns, with an exaggeration which would astonish the blackfish spoken of had not the frying pan destroyed his powers of appreciation.

The science of "fishculture," as represented by this tale, can hardly be expected to go much further, for what was a mere little "killy fish" at Chicago has become a right whale on reaching the seaboard. But, without further preface, let the story be briefly given.

The writer is charged with having said that our worthy President Arthur is not fit to be the Chief Magistrate of this great republic, although a gentleman and a scholar, because "he goes a-fishing." Now, to deny such a silly story would be as silly as the story itself, and reminds the undersigned of the prudent remark of an old lady, who lived near where he was born, in reply to the assurance of her son that his gun was not loaded, to wit, that "she had heard of guns that would go off without lock, stock or barrel!"

HENRY BROWN.

LARGE CAVALLE OR POMPAÑO.—Mr. George Gilbert, of Pilot Town, Pa., recently sent to a friend in Jacksonville a cavalle weighing 49 lbs. and measuring 3 ft 8 in. The name of cavalle, or cavallé, for Dr. Gill spells it both ways, is apparently derived from the name of the fish of the family *Carrangidae*. Gill gives it as a South Carolina name for the fish known as pompano on the southern coast and in New York. In his "Catalogue of Fishes of the East Coast of North America" he records three pompanos—the *Trachynotus carolinensis* (the one we have referred to), the *T. glaucus* or smooth pompano, and the *T. ocellatus* or short pompano. Within the past three years we have recorded the capture of large specimens of *T. glaucus* weighing from eighteen to twenty-four pounds, a fish whose habitat is the west coast of Africa about the Canary Islands and in the same latitude as Florida. It has been suspected to be merely the adult form of our common pompano or cavalle. If so then our fish is not full grown, and in common on our coast only in its early life. Our valued correspondent, Dr. Keworthly, has been charged with drawing the long howl in saying that he had caught one of these fish in the Gulf of Mexico, Florida, which weighed sixteen pounds, a fact that we do not doubt.

BLACK BASS IN LAKE ONTARIO.—The Oswego, N. Y., *Pollardian* says: "Just now, not only the people of this city but of the whole country along the south shore of Lake Ontario, are having the rarest sort of sport in angling for black bass. It may be that this is an exceptional year—though we doubt it—and that the bass have come to this shore in unusual numbers, about which, also, we are doubtful; but of one thing we are certain, and that is that some of the finest sport of which we are capable is being enjoyed by the fishers on the lake. In a general way, and of a verity, it may be said that the whole south shore of Lake Ontario, from Pulleyville to Cape Vincent, is one series of black bass fishing grounds. Of course there is much of this shore—the sandy and gravelly portions—which is not haunted by the black bass. But, wherever there are broken rock bottoms, or from five to fifteen feet in depth, there the fisherman may safely throw out his lines, and there he will get the most satisfactory results. The city of Oswego seems to be most favorably situated with reference to the noted black bass haunts. Lewis's Bluff, some six miles up the lake, is one of the best points on the whole shore, and it can be easily reached either by boat or carriage; by the former in an hour and a half, and by the latter in an hour, over a delightful route. From five to fifteen feet in depth, the rocks run out a mile and a half into the lake, with a depth of water ranging from five to fifteen feet. This ledge varies in width from a quarter of a mile to a mile, and it, and the bays near it, are now full of black bass—the smaller fish being in the shallow water, and the larger in the deep. This condition holds good on the ledges and surrounding bays all along the shore. Coming east from Lewis's Bluff, and about half way to the city, the fisherman runs upon Port's Shoals, and a better place for an afternoon and evening's sport is not to be found. These shoals cover considerable ground and there are days when the well equipped fisherman can have sport which he will not fail to remember with pleasure. Good baits, carmen, hunchon and minnows can be had at Lewis's Bluff. Coming down the lake and passing east of the city, the angler will find a number of fine fishing points of land, all of which indicate rock bottoms and deep beds. In any of these, if his lines are out, he will soon have trouble." Four miles down there are large areas of bass bottoms from which fabulous numbers of the gamy tribe have been taken this season, and of unusual size. Continuing east, we strike Pleasant Point, one of the notable fishing grounds of this shore. Here Capt. Sam Nichols has a comfortable place, where the fisherman can find comfort and hospitality. The point is convenient to many famous ledges, and it is much favored by parties from the city and surrounding towns for its pleasant scenery, as well as for its notable bass beds. Three miles further east is Mexico Point, one of the loveliest spots on the south shore. Here is Mr. W. H. Wright's hotel. Just now, and probably until the latter part of July, the troilied, live minnow is the "killing" bait. These minnows are taken in great numbers, of wonderful execution now. Very large bass are taken with minnows—still fishing—but this is no sport for an angler. If you would have sport next to fly-casting, do this: Take a fly-rod—say from ten to fourteen ounces in weight, with a good reel, and from seventy-five to one hundred feet of oiled silk line. Put on a twelve-foot leader and three flies—not large and changey changes of leaders such as some imagine are necessary, but a live minnow on the hook, and a three quarter ounce sinker on the line about two feet above the leader; troll slowly over the ledges in the vicinity of any of the points named above, and if you are an angler, you will have fun, the like of which you have not had. We know a man—a Mr. Loomis of Syracuse—who within the last week, with this kind of tackle and skilled manipulation, killed in one day near Mexico Point, one hundred and thirty-two black bass that weighed two hundred and fifty-eight pounds—and it wasn't much of a day for bass, either."

A BLACK BASS IN.—Capt. J. W. Collins, of the staff of the U. S. Fish Commission, now at the International Fisheries Exhibition in London, tells the following story of how one of our colored brethren came out ahead of an Indian from Canada in the way of posing like a tobaccoist's sign. Capt. Collins says: "We have among our exhibitors at the London International Fisheries Exposition several fine cases of colored fishermen. One of these had been placed near the display of whaling implements, and another close by the main entrance to our section, facing the broad aisle between the United States and Canada, down which passed the royal procession. A short time before noon the Indian brought over by the Canadians took up his position on their side of the aisle, with his feathers, beaded leggings, etc., he made quite a sensation on his first appearance. Not to be outdone by 'Mr. Lo', a North Carolina darkey, who has been employed as a laborer in our department, acting under instructions, dressed himself cap-a-pie in a suit of oil clothes, and took up his position, or in hand, opposite the 'noble red man' from New Brunswick. Standing as erect and immovable as a royal horse guard on duty, and scarcely distinguishable from the cast of a negro near by, he became, as soon as the opening ceremonies were over, the center of attraction for a large crowd which gathered round, and by all the arts and devices which are usually resorted to on such occasions, tried to bring a smile to the stolid and statuesque colored individual. But he displayed a most remarkable control over his features. Though he was pinched and pushed, and his fingers forced between his lips and between his fingers, not a muscle quivered, and scarcely the wink of an eyelash told the gaping crowd that he was different from the plaster cast. Some of the people were deceived into the belief that he was a cast. One lady exclaimed: 'Well, I do declare, these Yankees are very clever people; they are sure to get ahead of all the rest of the world. No one could tell but what that colored man was a better specimen of a human being than the white man.' To make the darkey show some sign of motion, broke out with: 'That beats the horse guards all to pieces. I never saw anything like it.' It is needless to say that this caused the crowd much amusement during the entire afternoon. The Indian was forgotten, and after showing his approval of the negro's solidity by an 'ugh,' left the scene, probably retreating to smoke his calumet outside of the buildings, where no prohibiting notice stared him in the face."

BLACK BASS IN THE POTOMAC.—Dr. W. S. Hoke, of Philadelphia, with his brother and party of friends from Chambersburg, Pa., will go into camp at Falling Waters, on the Potomac River, and there will be a large bass fishing. The bass at this point on the river are large and sport is anticipated. I shall have daily accounts of the catch from the camp.—Hoxo.

THE CARP AS A GAME FISH. A correspondent of the *London Fishing Gazette* writes of carp fishing at Wimbledon Lake, and says: "When carp fishing, the anglers cease to try and pull out of the Wimbledon Lake carp weighing from 4 lbs. to 20 lbs. without a reel? You will scarcely believe it possible, but many of these so-called carp fishers visiting this lake never think of using a reel. The consequence is, as 'L. B. Esq.' says, 'the breaks away, as compared to the captures, are most alarming.' I shall not forget to mention that these same gentlemen contradicted me in a future issue, in answering my question. I ventured to suggest, in the most polite manner, what the result would be in the case of hooking a fish of 5, 6, or 7 lbs. In reply, he observed: 'It appears to me you know very little about carp fishing. With a rod like this, I could play a carp 5 or 6 lbs as easily as playing a roach of 5 or 6 oz.' I should no more think of using the said rod for taking carp, Mr. Editor, than a butcher's pole. The rod used for club or barbel fishing in the Trent is what I should use. Unless I am very much mistaken, I said: 'You would not even have the chance of playing him.' 'Why not?' 'Why not?' because he would be gone before you could say 'Jack Robinson.' I here left him, and within ten minutes of my doing so he was literally smashed all to ribbons by a perfect fish-keeper afterward informed me that this very individual was broken up no less than three times in one day."

Two or three years ago the Erie Game and Fish Association secured a large number of German carp minnows, which were placed in the bay here. It is impossible to say the abundance of the already excellent stock on our fishing grounds. Scarcely anything has been heard of them since they were placed in the water and their fate was a matter of conjecture for some time. It was not known whether the little fellows could manage to escape the hungry maws of our larger brethren, or whether they had been devoured on such delicate food as the little carp. The development of this spring's fishing season shows that the experiment has proved a success, and that a number of the German carp have become full-grown, and are biting well, but of course it cannot be known yet whether the supply be large or small. From time to time small German carp have been captured occasionally. In this spring quite a number have been caught, and the people in addition to our game of black bass will be the attraction of hauling in a lot of light and as excellent eating. Mr. Fuchslocher was out yesterday with a friend, and during the afternoon they captured two big fellows weighing about five pounds each. Mr. Fuchslocher says that the carp die game and fight desperately for life, so that the sport of hauling them in is fully equal to that of a good struggle for a lively black bass, with this disposition not to be caught if he can help it. The carp somewhat resembles a whitefish, but are more of a silver-gray in color, and as soon as their favorite haunts are well established they will be sought out with great avidity.—Erie (Pa.) Observer.

THE JORDAN.—To those who have visited the Jordan River it is unnecessary to say anything in praise of it as a trout stream. Few fishermen are ignorant of its qualities, but to those who are not acquainted with it, we say come and try it, and like others who have done the same, go away satisfied that it is one of the finest streams in the Northwest. We refer those wishing an extended description of its beauties to the little booklet, "Detroit and the Development of Resorts of Northern Michigan," issued and distributed gratuitously by the passenger department of the Detroit, Lansing & Northern Railroad. Excellent catches are reported already, and sportsmen are turning their steps toward the Jordan in large numbers. First-class accommodations may be had at the old hostelry, Webster's, three miles up the river, and guides and boats can be procured at Charlevoix. The various ways of reaching Charlevoix are pretty well known to shooting men. Lake steamers may be taken from Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland and Chicago direct to Charlevoix, or by rail via Detroit, Lansing & Northern, or Grand Rapids & Indiana to Boyne Falls, thence by narrow-gauge railroad to Boyne City, thence by steamer on Pine Lake to Charlevoix. Refreshed by food and rest, and invigorated by the northern air, the fishermen can (having procured guide and boat) take the steamer, or the elegant passenger steamer, Clara Bell or Gazelle, for the river, or can procure a rig from the lively stable at hand and drive through the forest direct to Webster's.—H. L. I.

A LARGE ALLIGATOR GAY.—MORRIS, LA., June 26.—Your correspondent "Eclipsus" sends a very facile pen and some very good words, and a picture of a big fish, and tells him down on the weight of his fish. This morning Bill Hanna caught an alligator in the river at this place, which I think is the largest fish I have ever seen a record of as having been taken with hook and line. Bill procured a cotton line "about the size of a lead pencil," and had three ordinary catfish hooks lashed together with wire, so as to form a kind of "bob." Armed with this tackle he went down the river, and after a long time, he hooked a trout. At last, however, he succeeded in getting the fish near enough to the fish dock to enable the fisherman to brain him with an axe. The gar was hauled up to our office on a dory, where, having procured a small block and fall, he was hoisted up to a limb of a tree and weighed in the presence of a large number of deeply interested spectators. He weighed one hundred and seventy-six pounds, and measured six feet ten and a half inches in length.—OJACUITA.

WHITEFISH TAKE THE HOOK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Do whitefish bite or take the baited hook? Yes, they do. Many years ago I was storm-bound forty-eight hours at Copper Harbor (old Fort Wilkins, Lake Superior). One afternoon, when there was a heavy fog, I took a trout, knowing that there would be found there. I tried drop-fishing, baiting with fresh beef. Several times the hook was taken, though very quietly, but I got no fish that afternoon. After dark, Capt. Wm. Watts and myself tried it again, fishing on the bottom, over the bulwarks of the steamer. We caught six or eight fine whitefish in less than one hour's fishing. I was credibly informed that a few days before, when the fog was at the South end of the lake, the foot of the locks there. I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but I believe it. I used small pieces of fresh beef for bait, and fished on the bottom in Copper Harbor.—T. GARLICK (Bedford, O., June 26, 1888).

The canning of lobsters in the United States is entirely confined to Maine. The industry is almost wholly in the hands of canneries controlled by American capital. Without its canning interests the Maine lobster fishery would lose much of its prestige, as the majority of the lobsters canned are below the regulation size established by custom for the fresh market. The average size of the lobsters is about 10 inches, weighing less than ten or ten and a half inches in length, and those under this size are sold to the canneries. The canning industry was first started about 1840, at Eastport, Me., but several years elapsed before it was successfully introduced. In 1850 the value of the lobster catch was \$1,000,000, with a total capital of \$250,000, remaining open from about April 1 to August 1, and giving employment to about 650 lobstermen.

In the course of my misicultural life, I have been applied to many times by persons who wished to stock ponds with valuable fish, to know how to get rid of sunfish. They have often asked if an explosion could not be effective, and I have told them that it could, but that it would be of little other value than throwing them into the water, and that their pond would be barren of all such valuable fish-food as insect larvae and crustaceans, and that the remedy was as bad as the disease. All that then suggested itself was persistent netting, and this entails much labor and expense. Recently, however, I have again been asked to watch the nests, it occurred to me that the young crop could be effectually killed off by rowing around the ponds and

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The young salmon, liberally fed upon the chopped-up flesh of the whitefish, attained in one year the weight of 250 grammes. At this time almost all lost the dress of the earliest life to assume the beautiful silver reflections of the smolts, but they did not show the restlessness which is usually observed in the

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longer, possibly by reason of the "cutter type of model which has been imported into the Glean, somewhat after the Elsworth style," the smaller boat drew away from the larger one, and crossed the line a winner, even sailing, and not on time allowance, as you after-ward erroneously state, nor by a fluke neither.

I trust that you will, for the credit of your paper, either correct your criticism, or your statement as to your knowledge of the facts.

[illegible]

"TIME: time limit for the recent Savannah-class (trifurcated) matches was eight hours for all classes. Large-classes sailed 38 miles; third-class sailed 31 miles; for fourth-class sailed 27 miles. All this measuring the course straight, allowing no wind, no current, no tide, no wave, no Spt, and no wind. The 38-mile stand 41, 37 and 37 miles, all to be accomplished within one and the same time limit. The time limit was, therefore, for large-class sailboats, for third-class a speed of about 15 miles, and for fourth-class a speed of about 32 miles an hour. Estimating the rate at about 15 miles. That expected of the large-classes is reasonable, and perhaps the third class may be passed, but the speed of fourth-class hardly seems credible. The point can be put, however, so as to prevent a repetition of the fiasco of giving a prize to a boat. Spt. deadline in a match with equally good boat of Spt, lead-

The Wenonah is also of very large displacement, seventy-two tons, but she proved herself in the same race capable of propelling that large displacement through the water at a faster rate than the best light displacement yachts in America were capable of driving their small displacement with equally as large and larger sail areas in proportion to length or bulk.

The Wenonah also has lead on the keel, twenty-eight long tons,

THE first annual match of this new club was sailed in a cracking breeze from southeast over a course from club house, foot East 10th street, Harlem, to and around Gangway buoy and return. Distance, twenty-four miles. Reefs and bobbed jibs were in order with a few, but the majority risked whole sail. Time allowance was two minutes to the foot; prize to each winner and pennant for best time over course. Seventeen came to the start as follows:

Yet she proved herself  
speed and less detrim  
with inside ballast.

The Wenonah has no  
on." Yet she outsailed  
sketch of midship see  
The Wenonah also

The Welshman also  
foot mainsail, and the  
the fastest sloops in  
sails made of cotton.

The inferences are established superior water, of light displacement the virtue of "chayin

close windedness of t  
a person a wide berth  
day. He is a mere th

**FOURTH CLASS MATCH, S. C. Y. C.—JUNE 23.**

"Corinthian matches. June 23, we give space to the following supplementary account. The contention this match has raised proves the necessity of providing accommodation enough for disinterested persons to follow all classes and obtain records which shall not be flavored with the prejudices of the owners compelling. We hope that our remarks in last issue on this head will bear fruit next year.

Half a mile above starting point Petrel found Glean about to cross. These being the only two which got wind enough to make even a semblance of fair racing, were pretty close aboard. Both crossed within a few seconds as Petrel closed up with a light breeze. Amazon followed them out west channel. Petrel had cruising rig and cruising light sails. Glean was heavily sparred for light weather, and brought large kites into play as opportunity offered. This was a great help to her all day. Petrel went through the water faster

	CLASS A	CARIN SLOOPS.		
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Bella Beau.	12 19 10	4 11 2	3 52 18	3 52 18

Wave hailed Petrel, came that Petrel felt to this point had won same wind. Petrel the Bank, Amazon far as being left rapidly. N

windward, and Mr. was all this time possible in the light were a mile ast

testify. Then Petre  
hove to the eastward,  
that Ray, Gleam, and  
his son, Mr. Gleam's st-

ing under Gleason's skin  
now in same water w  
and Ray, and was rap  
of 1m. 23s., official 1

found the only steady  
and both were round  
After rounding, Petre  
the cutter had to be

cutter was luffed a second time. The topmast threatened to fall and was found the eye broken.

It is clear that the owner of the Glean should not suffer for want of an opportunity to give the public his view of looking at the Glean. It is raining in the Seewalden (Cöln) and the addition of the rain is founded upon testimony quite as good as that of the owner, and we have no alterations to make in our general conclusion. The owner's attitude of perfect indifference to its weak boat wins, or the finish, however, we could add no ground for our impression that the owner of the Glean won on time. We accept, in the instance, the owner's assurance that Glean was not a success. It is not a success, but it is a success. It should be added that Petrel had only cruising speed, a maker and small fibropast, and that as time was never able to get into the fray, leaving the owner to claim winning on the merits of his boat is a perfectly useless undertaking. This letter must be the last on the subject.

The third time Petrel was buffeted to go at a watch tackle on the shroud. Of course this gave Glean a long lead in the nice working wind then blowing. All this lost water was made up by Petrel before the Spit buoy was again reached. They rounded in close company. Wind then became palmy and the two boats, for a mile extra, were able to keep abreast of each other. Petrel, squaring away to the home run, for three miles they ran along. Petrel taking a slight lead. Glean then dodged east and west with the cutter in order to steal Petrel's wind by "covering." At close of race wind came stronger from astern. Glean got the wind first and Petrel came round in the lee. Glean was now in the lead and Petrel was unable to do so in going and enabling Glean to cross the finish a few feet ahead. The others in the class never got into the race after leaving the East Bank for want of wind.

GLEAM'S WIN.—JUNE 23.

*Editor Forced and Stream:*  
 It seems very unfortunate that any paper should be so biased by its predilections in favor of one type of boats over another and that the same paper should deliberately make positive false state-

## Editor Forest and St

It seems very unfortunate that any paper should be so biased by its predilections in favor of one type of boats over another and of different type of yachts, as to deliberately make positive false statements in regard to facts, and to make the same time alleging an entire absence of facts, as to the part of anyone in reference to the same. After to your statement in this week's issue in which you say "The Gleam, for instance, won in the fourth class, the only one which made the race within the time limit. Now no one pretends that the Gleam, 23ft., can beat such a goer as Petrel, 28ft., or Ariel, 27ft. 8in. headline, in fair sailing. Her honors were won by a fluke, yet no one knows how she came by them."

You are certainly free to entertain your own views in respect to matters of opinion, on the question of relative speeds of different water line lengths and of different boats, but when you misstate facts and in the same paragraph admit that your statements are made without any knowledge of the facts, you certainly place yourself in a position not very creditable to a respectable journal, or likely to lend to its authority on matters of fact, or opinion either.

As to the merits of the contest in the fourth class, in respect to which you are so free to state as facts what you admit you are, I am blissful ignorance of, I desire to inform you that your statement that the Glean won by a fluke, is untrue. That so far as the Gael is concerned she was lost sight of in the early part of the race; but as to the Petrel, she was close to the Glean on the way out at buoy 86, at buoy 86, at buoy 5, and at buoy 4, and she was in the lead at buoy 3, buoy 2, and buoy 1, together at buoy No. 9, and until the breeze came in, when sent her home, when they were not together any more.

las of the manning by amateurs of schooners and sloops of the first class. Positively the demands of the Clytie, Gracie, Fanny and Belmont absorbed no less than seventy Corinthians. The labor of working such large vessels is severe, and when day, if the practice be persisted in, we may hear of trouble, and some a rapidly freshening breeze, and a heavy squall, tempt taking in of kind, and an immediate overhaul of the reefing gear, which possibly no one on board has been practiced in handling.

A HARD-HEADED BUT SOFT-HANDED CORINTHIAN.

GRACIE-THORP MATCH — A race was sailed June 27 between

[illegible]

WILLIAMSbury, C. Thirteenth annual regatta was ~~held~~  
June 27. Course from club house, Greenpoint, to and around  
Steeples Light and return. A. was blowing from the east with  
force. The following were the winners: 1st, 100 yds. race, **W. L.**  
Mary L. 38ft., Metamora 33ft. 3in., Sally Ann 38ft. 4in., Forceness 32ft.  
2nd, 150 yds. 32ft. 3in., 300 yds. 38ft. 3in., 500 yds. 44ft. 3in.,  
1000 yds. 52ft. 3in., 1500 yds. 58ft. 3in., 2000 yds. 64ft. 3in.,  
3000 yds. 72ft. 3in., 4000 yds. 80ft. 3in., 5000 yds. 88ft. 3in.,  
6000 yds. 96ft. 3in., 7000 yds. 104ft. 3in., 8000 yds. 112ft. 3in.,  
9000 yds. 120ft. 3in., 10000 yds. 128ft. 3in., 11000 yds. 136ft. 3in.,  
12000 yds. 144ft. 3in., 13000 yds. 152ft. 3in., 14000 yds. 160ft. 3in.,  
15000 yds. 168ft. 3in., 16000 yds. 176ft. 3in., 17000 yds. 184ft. 3in.,  
18000 yds. 192ft. 3in., 19000 yds. 200ft. 3in., 20000 yds. 208ft. 3in.,  
21000 yds. 216ft. 3in., 22000 yds. 224ft. 3in., 23000 yds. 232ft. 3in.,  
24000 yds. 240ft. 3in., 25000 yds. 248ft. 3in., 26000 yds. 256ft. 3in.,  
27000 yds. 264ft. 3in., 28000 yds. 272ft. 3in., 29000 yds. 280ft. 3in.,  
30000 yds. 288ft. 3in., 31000 yds. 296ft. 3in., 32000 yds. 304ft. 3in.,  
33000 yds. 312ft. 3in., 34000 yds. 320ft. 3in., 35000 yds. 328ft. 3in.,  
36000 yds. 336ft. 3in., 37000 yds. 344ft. 3in., 38000 yds. 352ft. 3in.,  
39000 yds. 360ft. 3in., 40000 yds. 368ft. 3in., 41000 yds. 376ft. 3in.,  
42000 yds. 384ft. 3in., 43000 yds. 392ft. 3in., 44000 yds. 400ft. 3in.,  
45000 yds. 408ft. 3in., 46000 yds. 416ft. 3in., 47000 yds. 424ft. 3in.,  
48000 yds. 432ft. 3in., 49000 yds. 440ft. 3in., 50000 yds. 448ft. 3in.,  
51000 yds. 456ft. 3in., 52000 yds. 464ft. 3in., 53000 yds. 472ft. 3in.,  
54000 yds. 480ft. 3in., 55000 yds. 488ft. 3in., 56000 yds. 496ft. 3in.,  
57000 yds. 504ft. 3in., 58000 yds. 512ft. 3in., 59000 yds. 520ft. 3in.,  
60000 yds. 528ft. 3in., 61000 yds. 536ft. 3in., 62000 yds. 544ft. 3in.,  
63000 yds. 552ft. 3in., 64000 yds. 560ft. 3in., 65000 yds. 568ft. 3in.,  
66000 yds. 576ft. 3in., 67000 yds. 584ft. 3in., 68000 yds. 592ft. 3in.,  
69000 yds. 600ft. 3in., 70000 yds. 608ft. 3in., 71000 yds. 616ft. 3in.,  
72000 yds. 624ft. 3in., 73000 yds. 632ft. 3in., 74000 yds. 640ft. 3in.,  
75000 yds. 648ft. 3in., 76000 yds. 656ft. 3in., 77000 yds. 664ft. 3in.,  
78000 yds. 672ft. 3in., 79000 yds. 680ft. 3in., 80000 yds. 688ft. 3in.,  
81000 yds. 696ft. 3in., 82000 yds. 704ft. 3in., 83000 yds. 712ft. 3in.,  
84000 yds. 720ft. 3in., 85000 yds. 728ft. 3in., 86000 yds. 736ft. 3in.,  
87000 yds. 744ft. 3in., 88000 yds. 752ft. 3in., 89000 yds. 760ft. 3in.,  
90000 yds. 768ft. 3in., 91000 yds. 776ft. 3in., 92000 yds. 784ft. 3in.,  
93000 yds. 792ft. 3in., 94000 yds. 800ft. 3in., 95000 yds. 808ft. 3in.,  
96000 yds. 816ft. 3in., 97000 yds. 824ft. 3in., 98000 yds. 832ft. 3in.,  
99000 yds. 840ft. 3in., 100000 yds. 848ft. 3in., 101000 yds. 856ft. 3in.,  
102000 yds. 864ft. 3in., 103000 yds. 872ft. 3in., 104000 yds. 880ft. 3in.,  
105000 yds. 888ft. 3in., 106000 yds. 896ft. 3in., 107000 yds. 904ft. 3in.,  
108000 yds. 912ft. 3in., 109000 yds. 920ft. 3in., 110000 yds. 928ft. 3in.,  
111000 yds. 936ft. 3in., 112000 yds. 944ft. 3in., 113000 yds. 952ft. 3in.,  
114000 yds. 960ft. 3in., 115000 yds. 968ft. 3in., 116000 yds. 976ft. 3in.,  
117000 yds. 984ft. 3in., 118000 yds. 992ft. 3in., 119000 yds. 1000ft. 3in.,  
120000 yds. 1008ft. 3in., 121000 yds. 1016ft. 3in., 122000 yds. 1024ft. 3in.,  
123000 yds. 1032ft. 3in., 124000 yds. 1040ft. 3in., 125000 yds. 1048ft. 3in.,  
126000 yds. 1056ft. 3in., 127000 yds. 1064ft. 3in., 128000 yds. 1072ft. 3in.,  
129000 yds. 1080ft. 3in., 130000 yds. 1088ft. 3in., 131000 yds. 1096ft. 3in.,  
132000 yds. 1104ft. 3in., 133000 yds. 1112ft. 3in., 134000 yds. 1120ft. 3in.,  
135000 yds. 1128ft. 3in., 136000 yds. 1136ft. 3in., 137000 yds. 1144ft. 3in.,  
138000 yds. 1152ft. 3in., 139000 yds. 1160ft. 3in., 140000 yds. 1168ft. 3in.,  
141000 yds. 1176ft. 3in., 142000 yds. 1184ft. 3in., 143000 yds. 1192ft. 3in.,  
144000 yds. 1200ft. 3in., 145000 yds. 1208ft. 3in., 146000 yds. 1216ft. 3in.,  
147000 yds. 1224ft. 3in., 148000 yds. 1232ft. 3in., 149000 yds. 1240ft. 3in.,  
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153000 yds. 1272ft. 3in., 154000 yds. 1280ft. 3in., 155000 yds. 1288ft. 3in.,  
156000 yds. 1296ft. 3in., 157000 yds. 1304ft. 3in., 158000 yds. 1312ft. 3in.,  
159000 yds. 1320ft. 3in., 160000 yds. 1328ft. 3in., 161000 yds. 1336ft. 3in.,  
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165000 yds. 1368ft. 3in., 166000 yds. 1376ft. 3in., 167000 yds. 1384ft. 3in.,  
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174000 yds. 1440ft. 3in., 175000 yds. 1448ft. 3in., 176000 yds. 1456ft. 3in.,  
177000 yds. 1464ft. 3in., 178000 yds. 1472ft. 3in., 179000 yds. 1480ft. 3in.,  
180000 yds. 1488ft. 3in., 181000 yds. 1496ft. 3in., 182000 yds. 1504ft. 3in.,  
183000 yds. 1512ft. 3in., 184000 yds. 1520ft. 3in., 185000 yds. 1528ft. 3in.,  
186000 yds. 1536ft. 3in., 187000 yds. 1544ft. 3in., 188000 yds. 1552ft. 3in.,  
189000 yds. 1560ft. 3in., 190000 yds. 1568ft. 3in., 191000 y

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed, Corrected.
Mary L.	11 58 30	3 57 00	3 58 30
Metamora	11 57 00	3 55 00	3 56 00
Sally Ann	11 58 00	Not timed.	
Sorcevess	11 57 30	3 50 00	3 54 00
Lizzie V.	11 56 30	3 58 00	3 53 00

		CLASS B—CABIN.			
Bulldozer.....	11	58	00	Not timed.	
		CLASS D—OPEN.			
S. S. Engine.....	11	48	30	1 01	30
				1 14	50
				1 14	50

Armenia .....	11 40 00	4 08 00	4 28 00	1 19 10
Tidal Wave .....	11 49 00	Capsized.		
Grace Darling .....	11 50 00	Did not go course.		

[illegible]

proun. Class C Atlantic V, C was sailed June 26 over club course around Split buoy and Scotland Light and back to Whiskey Point buoy. The wind from the north-northwest blew at 10 knots. Commodore Verniflye, sailed off the course as Judge's boat. Crocodile, John G. Pragne, got off at 1:59:43, and Wade, Dr. J., C. Haron, at 2:10:10. A strong wind from the north-northwest blew at 10 knots. The wind lifting Crocodile into a good lead over Lower Hospital Island, with Wave nearly three miles astern. Wave stood over into Gravesend light and crossed it at 2:28:17. Crocodile followed her and was surrounded by Crocodile at 4:37 and Wave at 5. Crocodile had to make a leg to weather Scotland Light, but Wave picked up for the mark and finished over at 4:43:35, just ahead of her. The pair led in the picking up at quite a lively rate. Inside Hook spinners were running out. Nearing Homer Beacon the wind began to fail, and Wave, being so close behind, was forced to give up. Crocodile, however, kept on. Crocodile now got her turn of luck, and came down upon the leader, and with a new wind and crossed at 10:30. Wave being late, Crocodile won the winner and took away the prize money subject to conditions.

**THE TERROR.**—Concerning the *Marjorie*, the *Harold's* correspondent writes from Harwich, England, as follows: "Mr. James Ashbury's schooner, the *Cambria*, which went to America some ten years ago, must be pretty well known to most American yachtsmen. She was at that time the crack English yacht, but things have wonderfully changed here since then, and the *Miranda*, which was built in 1870, proved herself so much faster than the *Cambria*, after a few matches with her, gave up racing altogether. The *Miranda* sailed in to-day's race, meeting the *Marjorie* for the first time, by which yacht she was beaten, as described, by six minutes and thirty seconds, without any allowance. The *Miranda*, after numerous contests, was found last month to give the *Cambria* from twelve to fifteen minutes in anything like a fair breeze over the usual English course for this class, say sixty miles. Now if the *Miranda* can beat the *Cambria* in thirteen minutes and the *Marjorie*, according to a fair and honest performance to-day over a course in which there was a large proportion of tacking and reaching, can beat the *Miranda* six minutes and a half, the *Marjorie* is accordingly some twenty minutes faster over a sixty-mile course than the *Cambria* was when she sailed in America."

**THE NEWS ABROAD.**—The victory of the keel cutter *Wenonah* over the centerboard sloops of the New York Y. C. in the annual regatta of that club on the 21st inst., shows that the American cup is in the hands of the English yachtsmen, whenever they choose to fight for it with one of their best racing cutters. The *Wenonah* was built last year from a design by John Harvey, a famous English naval architect, and is of the following dimensions: Length over all, 72 ft.; length on waterline 60 ft.; extreme breadth of beam, 11 ft.; draft of water, 10 ft. Her sails were made in England, and she was sailed by an English skipper and crew. The *Wenonah's* dimensions are scarcely up to the standard of modern English racers, and as she sailed her first race on the occasion, there are probably at least a dozen well-sensuenced cutters in England that could have given her a beating over the 38 mile course. *Helle-rille Intelligence.*

**NEW SLOOP.**—John Munn is building a deep sloop for Mr. John Dimond, of Brooklyn. Over 45 ft.; water line, 32 ft.; beam, 14 ft.; depth, 5 ft. Mr. Dimond was a great admirer of the skimming ship, and lost no opportunity to procure his faith. We are glad to find his new sloop with 3.5 depth in place of the old orthodox 1 ft.

**QUINCY Y. C.**—Third race was sailed off Great Hill, June 2d, in easterly wind with thick fog. J. G. Coffin, won in second class in 1:10:42, and J. H. Coffin, 1:11:04. The *Wenonah* sailed in 1:52:41 corrected time. Prizes were pennants, presented by Sigourney Butler. Next race second championship match, fixed for 3 P. M., July 12.

**ESTERBROOKER Y. C.**—Pennant matches for club yachts are to be sailed once a month, July, August and October. Pennants become property of yachts winning most races. First class comprises all cabin sloops, second class open yachts over 20 ft., third class open yachts under 20 ft., fourth class cat-rigged yachts over 30 ft., fifth class cat-rigged boats under 20 ft. and over 30 ft., sixth class, cat-rigged yachts under 30 ft. Course for first class from Port Morris club house around Tom buoy and return. For others around Port Schuyler buoy. Start prompt at 2 P. M.

**RIVET.**—The iron cutter *Rivet*, formerly of Kingston, Ont., will join Royal Canadian squadron this year. She was built by Simons, of Glasgow, in 1862, and sent out in sections to the lakes. She has now been bought by Hon. Edward Blake, and has been thoroughly overhauled and received ballast. *Rivet* is 100 ft. over all, and 30 ft. beam, so it will be seen she has quite modern proportions and certainly was ahead of her times when first built. She sailed for Niagara with the Toronto squadron, June 10.

**BEVERLY Y. C.**—Club book for the year shows 122 members and 109 yachts, being a larger proportion of yachts to members than any other club in America. The fleet is made up of four keel and four centerboard schooners, six keel and thirteen centerboard sloops, eleven cutters, two yawls one helter, fifty-eight motorboats, and one steamer. There are four keels among the catboats, seventy-third race on Saturday. Classes over 21, 17 and under 17 ft.

**PHOTOS.**—We have received from Rockwood, the photographer, No. 17 Union square, a fine assortment of instantaneous photographs taken during the recent great races. They represent individual vessels and interesting groups. Among them we note some of the schooners *Grayling*, *Atlantia*, *Thialfay*, *Montauk*, cutters *Redoubt* and *Peter*, sloops *Rover*, *Fanny*, *Rover*. The photos are well executed and handsomely mounted.

**TORONTO Y. C.**—The squadron sailed for Niagara June 3d, and attended a hop in the evening. Yachts in the fleet were: *Cutter Gunnevere*, Geo. Nicol, M. C. Brown, C. Marriott; *Salters*, H. Armstrong, W. Law, H. Parsons; *Cutter Rivet*, Capt. E. H. Blake, V. Armstrong, N. Moffatt and H. Norton; *Sloop Gyssie*, Capt. Townsend, C. M. Sutherland, A. Boulbee, R. Agnew and F. Dumbard; *Sloop Mischief*, P. Parkinson, D. Murray, F. Thomas; *Sloop Kesrel*, C. Townsend, J. George and A. Campbell.

**SALEM BAY Y. C.**—Prizes in recent race have been awarded to *Nirvana* in first class sloops, and to *Comus* in third class, fast failed to make the course.  
**KREL CAT.**—Lawley & Son, South Boston, have built a keel cat for Geo. Paine. Over all 100 ft., on water line 16 ft., iron on keel 900 pounds.

**NEW JERSEY Y. C.**—Will arrange a match open to all yachts under 35 ft., for Sept. 15. Regular club course, around Robin's Reef and buoy 13 in lower bay. Fixed ballast, limited crews. Classes for catamarans, yachts over and under 20 ft. Prizes, champion pennant and \$25 in each class.

**JEFFERISS Y. C.**—Second championship match was sailed off Joffres Point, East Boston, June 3d, in light easterly wind. Course, 6 miles. Only two starters, *Lizzie*, S. Porter, Jr., won in 1:29:52, corrected time, beating *Judith*, F. T. Pison, by 20. 158.

**CHICAGO Y. C.**—Sixty members are off on the annual cruise to Milwaukee. The fleet comprises schooners *Idler* and *Comet*; sloops *Corra*, *Wasp*, *Sardor*, *Ariel*, *Peter*, *Zephyr* and *Beatrice*; cutters *Larson*, *O. R.* and *Salter*, and steamer *Huntress*.

**HULL Y. C.**—Has placed large mooring for visiting yachts, and they are instructed not to occupy those of other vessels away from the club. The club has issued to members a twenty-page pamphlet giving fixtures and rules for the season.

**ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.**—Schooner *Orion*, cutters *Alarm*, *Alben* and *Verve*, and other yachts of the club, are off on the annual cruise, sailing for the first time, then Charlotte and home, occupying three days.

**BOSTON CITY REGATTA.**—Judges for the public races are M. J. Kiley, chairman; C. F. Loring, Wm. Morris, Louis M. Clarke and Geo. A. Palmer. A full report appears in our next issue.

**JERSEY CITY Y. C.**—A match has been fixed for July 10, open to rats, for cup offered by Vice-Com. C. R. Browner Archer. Course around Robin's Reef buoy.

**EOLOS.**—The exact amount of load ballast on underside of keel of schooner *EOLOS*, Mr. Miles Wood, N. Y. Y. C., is thirteen tons.

**WANDERER.**—This schooner has been sold to Mr. Weld, of Boston, and is being overhauled before departure.

**VALKYR.**—Is having a new racing rig by Sawyer, of South street.

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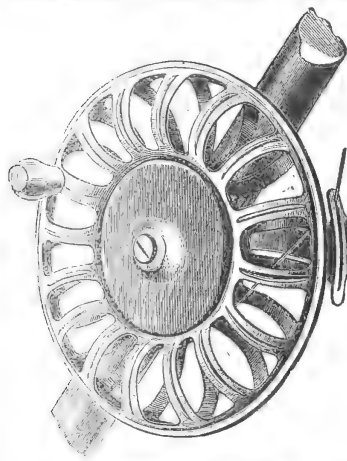
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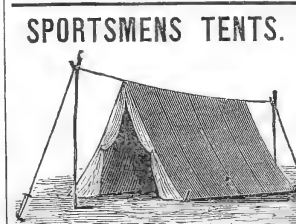
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

With its compact type and in its permanently enlarged form of twenty-eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.

TEN YEARS.—With the issue of July 26, the FOREST AND STREAM will have completed its first ten years of publication.

## JAPANESE PHEASANTS IN CALIFORNIA.

IN our issue of November 3, 1881, was published a letter from Lieut. W. W. Folger, of the Navy, then stationed at Shanghai, in which letter he told us of Consul-General Denny's willingness to procure Japanese pheasants for importation into this country. An appeal was made to sportsmen's associations to avail themselves of this kind offer by making provision for receiving and caring for the birds. Whether because discouraged by the fruitless migratory quail importation or from a lack of public spirit, game societies appear to have given no attention to the subject, save the California State Sportsmen's Association.

Something over a year ago that society received from Japan nine pheasants—they being all the survivors of a lot of seventy-five birds shipped. The pheasants were put in charge of a gentleman at San Mateo, and carefully provided for in a house specially constructed for them. We learn from the *Pacific Life* that the birds have thrived. Eighteen young have been hatched and are now a month old, and sixty eggs were, at the time of writing, yet to be heard from. The association appears to have demonstrated that it is practicable to breed the birds in this country, and although it is as yet too early to predict the final outcome of their enterprise, it appears highly probable that the pheasant can be successfully acclimated.

The so-called English pheasant has been introduced on this side of the continent, one instance being that of Mr. Lorillard's farm in New Jersey, where the bird furnishes sport after the regular English style.

If the individuals and clubs, who have a great deal to say and little to do in protecting game, would direct their intelli-

gent efforts to following these two examples of public and private enterprise, they would accomplish much more than can ever be attained by violent denunciations of "pot-hunters" and "monopolists." Our State associations have abundant means and every opportunity to increase the supply of native game and to introduce foreign game, if they could only be induced to give some attention to the matter. If these societies had begun ten years ago, to labor in a systematic way for this increase, they would have had a great deal to show for it to-day. The next best thing is to begin now.

## THE BOTTLE JOKE.

ONE of the harmless institutions of the day is a Funny Paragraphers' You-Tickle-Me-And-I'll-Tickle-You Association. The membership is composed of the professionally funny men of a half dozen professionally funny papers. The duties of the members are simple; each is bound by a cast-iron oath to copy the jokes manufactured by the others, and there his obligations end. Each member of the order makes an annual pilgrimage to the offices of the rest; on which occasions Brother Bill devotes a half column of gush to lauding the visiting Brother Bob's brain, and Brother Bob in return pays in kind by communicating to his own paper an equal number of lines about Brother Bill's capacious intellect. Thus each practices the golden rule and blows hard the other's horn, even as he would that the other should blow his horn.

A staple topic for these paragraphers and mutual admirations at this season of the year is angling. They generally let themselves loose on the topic of the city angler and the "barefoot boy;" or they try a big "fish story;" or (and for some not wholly occult reason this is their favorite theme) they find their inspiration in the "whisky bottle." It would be an interesting subject of inquiry to determine which of these themes is the most venerable as a joke, or in the paragraphers' hands most dismal. The grandson of the original "barefoot boy" was killed by a British bullet at Ticonderoga; the greatest "fish story" extant is some thousands of years old; and the whisky joke was current in Ireland when Raleigh and Spenser were fighting the Spanish invaders there, and was even then thought by connoisseurs to be considerably mellowed by age.

The latest distillation of this spirituous joke is a product of Iowa. We find it credited by the other funny paragraphers to "Bob" Burdette, and it is therefore of the Burlington *Hawkeye* brand. It reads:

Did we not go fishing it would not be summer. 'Conversely, if it were not summer we would not go fishing.

"We are going fishing next week," said Mr. Oldboy, "and I want to be sure we've got all our things together."

"Got a tent?" asked his partner.

"Yes, I've got a tent."

"And a boat?"

"Yes; that's engaged."

"Whisky?"

"Lots of it."

"Some pilot biscuit?"

"Yes, a whole box."

"Five or six dozen of beer?"

"Yes."

"Cigars?"

"Hundreds of 'em."

"Plenty of whisky?"

"Yes."

"Ham and canned meats?"

"Yes."

"A good lot of beer?"

"Yes."

"You'll want some ice."

"I have that, and I have lots of canned goods, plenty of beer and cigars, no end of whisky and bread, and everything I can possibly think of, and yet it seems to me I've left something out."

"Got your tackle, haven't you?"

"By George!" shouted Mr. Oldboy, "you've hit it. That's just it—fish hooks and lines, we'll need some of them, won't we? I knew I had forgotten something."

I do not know why it is, but for some reason nearly every fishing party carries with it a lot of hooks and lines which are only good to tangle up and catch in the drooping branches of the whispering trees.

Now, as we have said, these paragraphers and their little jokes, even their whisky jokes, are for the most part harmless. So is a drop of water. But it is the iteration that tells. The drop of water when it falls at regular intervals upon the head of the victim becomes the most refined torture and drives the sufferer into a maniacal frenzy. The angler's whisky is passed around so frequently and so persistently by the funny men that respectable gentlemen, who go into the woods for recreation, are losing their patience. They are tired of having the bottle continually fired at their heads by these muddled prunsters. We know some anglers—very worthy, law-abiding citizens they are, too—who would like nothing better than to impale one of these sland-

erous jokers on their hook, souse him into a cool stream of pure trout water and "play" him there until the whisky should be well washed out of his gigantic brain aforesaid. Again it has been plotted to invite him out on a shooting trip, when on a preconcerted signal all hands should accidentally fill him full of No. 8 shot. Less heroic than the water cure or the administering of leaden pills, and not so provocative of black lines in the bereaved funny paper, is the method proposed by others, namely to entice the whisky joker into the forest and there compel him to inhale the odor of balsam boughs and the woody fragrance until the fumes of the still are evaporated; but, however differing in methods proposed, one and all are agreed that the angler's whisky joke fiend should be squelched, even if it be necessary to disrupt and disband the whole mutual-tickling half dozen of them.

The funny men are behind the times; this is the year of grace 1883, not 1388. If they ever go angling themselves they ought to know, as we now beg leave to tell them, that it is not all of fishing, nor indeed any part of it whatever, to get gloriously drunk. An angling trip is not, nowadays at least, an excuse to swill whisky or beer. The professional and business men, clerks, artisans and mechanics who annually by hundreds and thousands go into the woods with fly-rod or bait-hook do not go there to guzzle firewater. These dimly humorous imputations that anglers think more of their jugs and kegs than of their tackle are standing insults—none the less obnoxious because flat, stale and unprofitable—to all pleasure tourists who in the God-made forests, as at home, are gentlemen and men, not beasts.

When the FOREST AND STREAM's machinery becomes so nicely adjusted that its editors can "get away" for a fortnight in the woods, nothing would please us better than to take along a trio of the whisky paragraphers to show them how to angle successfully without swilling demijohns of grog. Nor would it be an altogether thankless task to teach the paragrapher how to shoot without loading himself to the muzzle with rum.

And yet the community as a rule understands these things better than does the funny man. There is no need then of enlightening him save for his own individual benefit and that of his professional brethren; and the beauty of it is that if we can convert one "Brother Bob" or "Brother Bill" he will, on his annual mutual-admiration tour among his fellows, help to convert them also, until the whole lump shall be leavened.

HENRY BERGH AND ANGLING.—The story about Mr. Henry Bergh's objection to President Arthur because of the latter's angling proclivities turns out to be a fiction, or in short, a lie, concocted by the fertile brain of that mischievous being, a "New York correspondent." The denial from Mr. Bergh, with its good-natured but nevertheless telling sarcasm, published in our last issue, has sufficiently vindicated that gentleman from the silly fabrications of the said gossip-loving penny-a-liner. Mr. Bergh might have gone further had he thought it worth while, and have corrected the distorted personal portrait of himself as drawn by the same imaginative and more or less slanderous correspondent, who in all probability never heard Mr. Bergh say anything about angling or anything else, nor in short, ever saw him.

A SUMMER HOME FOR PETS.—When city people leave their homes for a summer in the country or by the seaside it sometimes becomes a perplexing problem how they shall provide for their house pets during this absence. In response to the "long felt want" of a caravanserai where owners may leave their dogs and cats and birds, Miss Ellen M. Gifford, of Boston, has established a "home" for the purpose in that city. The weekly rates of entertainment are seventy-five cents for small dogs, fifty cents for cats and thirty-five cents for birds. The institution ought to be a paying one. We shall probably now hear less about the heartlessness of Boston people who leave their cats to die.

ANGLING INCIDENTS.—A man out West in casting his hook caught it in one of his eyes, which was ruined. A man who was fishing from a Hoboken dock lost his hat overboard; according to one account he was drowned in trying to recover it; another says a bystander was the unfortunate victim; if both accounts are true, both men were drowned. A fisherman near the Highlands, the other day, fished up the body of a drowned man. These cheerful notes might be multiplied, were the catalogue pertinent; but we have no desire to dampen the ardor of any enthusiastic angler.

## THE WIMBLEDON TEAM.

THE American team are now on the Wimbledon Common, and within a fortnight the match will have become *un fait accompli*. The reports so far from the other side show that the men are in good condition, and the few scores made on several occasions show that the men have caught the secret of the air, light, etc., and are able to roll the records close to the highest possible.

The fears that the team of visitors were to sit by, a mere idle squad, during the Wimbledon meeting, are not to be realized, if the meagre telegrams received speak aright. In place of allowing the rule prohibiting screw wind-gauges on the rear sight of military breech-loaders to be set aside in favor of the American shooters, and others like them, who prefer a modern to an ancient style of firearm, the Council have issued to the team complimentary score tickets to the several M. B. L. matches.

This may accomplish all that the riflemen and their friends here wished on behalf of the team—a chance to practice freely and fully during the fortnight of the Wimbledon meeting, and if so, then the team will go into the match as fully prepared for the struggle as it was possible for them to be under the circumstances. Still, it had been better if this concession or courtesy had been granted earlier in the season, and the vast amount of uncertainty which surrounded the reception of the team abroad had been avoided. It is but a roundabout way at best of reaching a good result, and it would have been far better had the Council turned fairly about on the screw gauge question and confessed by an amendment to the rule that the screw is a part of a serviceable weapon and that in using it the American team is not guilty of employing a mere device for securing higher scores, fit only for range use, but not to be recommended for those who desire only a soldier's weapon.

The work of the team will be watched with interest during the next few days. Already members have been the center of a great deal of attention on the part of their fellow-marksmen in Great Britain. Fêtes and dinners of various sorts are talked of, but to all the reply is made that a previous engagement will prevent acceptance until after the match has been fought. No date has been fixed for the return of the team, but win or lose, Col. Howard is determined to keep his men in good condition until after the meeting of the teams at the end of next week. He has placed them in lodgings away from the temptations of Wimbledon camp, and when the afternoon for the opening range comes, we hope to hear that the men stepped to the shooting point with every factor of possible error as far as may be carefully removed.

THE OLD "BEAR MARKET."—The Washington Market, in this city, is to be rebuilt; and *apropos* of the change the *Evening Post* gives some interesting particulars of its early history. At the time of its establishment, it was too far away from the thickly settled parts of the town to prosper, and the dealers who had taken stands there soon deserted them. "In this uncommercial condition of the new market a fortuitous event occurred. One day a great fat bear came out of the New Jersey woods and started to swim the Hudson for a visit to New York. When near the shore on this side he was observed by a young butcher named Jacob Finck, who had kept his almost deserted stand. Collecting a few assistants, Finck boarded a small boat and prepared to receive Bruin in proper form. After a hard contest the butcher slew the bear and bore his carcass in triumph to his market stall. The fame of the encounter spread through the city; people came from all parts to see the dead beast, and the butcher improved the occasion to let it be known that the carcass was to be dressed and offered for sale, in parcels to suit, from his blocks. The meat was readily and profitably disposed of, and the place where it was sold came quickly to be known, in the absence of any other name, as the market where the bear's meat was sold. Finck, with true business sagacity, procured other bears from any source they could be obtained, which he sold exclusively from this market, and it thereby acquired the permanent name of the Bear Market," which it held until, after the Revolution, its patriotic dealers gave it the name it now retains.

"SLATHERS" is the only word that will express it, and it is therefore just the term used by an Oregon paper to signify the amount of game in that favored land. For the sake of certain titled gentlemen from abroad, who with extensive armaments of express rifles, explosive bullets and bombshells, are scouring the Western game countries, we repeat the weird tale which comes to us of a valley near the headwaters of an Oregon River, where the "cougars have for years prevented the deer or two keeping watch at the mouth to the herd from escaping. Whenever a cougar of the band gets hungry he walks into the little valley, like a butcher into a corral, and picks out the fattest deer he sees, and dines off his carcass. When the herd of deer grows small the cougars hold a "rodeo," and collect a few score more and drive them into the valley. Now all a man has to do is to kill off the cougars, and then go for the deer, and there is just fun alive." If the artillery trains of the gore-thirsty band alluded to could only be diverted from the antelope and buffalo to the cougars, it were a consummation on the attainment of which true sportsmen might fall upon each other's necks and weep for joy.

"THE WILD WEST."—Messrs. Carver and Bogardus have turned philanthropists, and are now "starring" for the benefit of the small boy who goes to the circus, and his grandfather who goes to take care of him. The aggregation of wonders under their canvas is something to make the proprietors of the "only greatest show on earth" green with envy. Here is a list in cold type of the attractions, the show being under the direction of "Buffalo Bill, the World-famed Prince of the Plains; the Hero of Thousand Thrilling Scenes; the Most Romantic Character in American History, and Dr. W. F. Carver, known as the 'Evil Spirit of the Plains,' whose appalling skill with the Rifle has won for him a place among the Remarkable Productions of the Century." "One Hundred Indian Horses; a Herd of Wild Buffalo; a Herd of Mountain Elk; a Herd of Wild Texas Steers; a Camp of Sixty Indians; a Company of Famous Scouts; a Band of Genuine Cowboys; a Group of Genuine Mexicans; the Original Deadwood Stage Coach; Bogardus, the American Shotgun Champion; Major North, the White Chief of the Pawnees; Tom Wilson, Hero of the Deadwood Massacre; Buck Taylor, the Cowboy King; Jim Lawson, the Wonderful Lassoist; the Chiefs Standing Buffalo and Little Sitting Bull; John Nelson and his Indian Family; the Comical Mexican Burros; the Only Baby Buffalo in Captivity; the Squaw and her Pappoose; the Louchy Wagon Train; the Phantom of the Prairies."

A REQUEST FOR WORDS.—The Century Company of this city are preparing an American edition of the Imperial Dictionary, which they purpose to make the most complete work of the kind in existence. The editor of this journal, having undertaken the revision of the terms relating to angling, shooting, and kindred topics, would be grateful for the co-operation of those persons who may favor him with terms in local use.

THE GREELEY RELIEF EXPEDITION.—At four o'clock P. M. on Friday, June 29, the vessels for the relief of the Greeley party left St. Johns, N. F., for Lady Franklin Bay or the nearest accessible point to it. The Proteus was the first to start and was soon followed by the Yantic. The wind was fair for them from the southwest, and the squadron moved off under most favorable circumstances.

THE DANVER MINING EXPOSITION will be opened July 17. Visitors to Colorado this summer may combine a visit to the exposition with a visit to the trout bonanza streams of the mountains.

THE FOURTH OF JULY, as will be learned from our ride and trap news columns, was a great day for targets and clay pigeons.

## The Sportsman Courier.

## ON THE VIRGINIA SHORE.

JUST a little to the southward of a line between Old Point and Cape Henry, about six miles from the former and twelve from the latter, with both in sight on a clear day, there is a very pleasant resort for the summer stayers in Norfolk, Portsmouth and vicinity. Reached by a half-hour's pleasant ride in open excursion cars, it gives as we emerge from the woodland a good view of the ocean, and with the wind in any of the quadrants, north of west or east, a breath of its salt air, a very welcome breath to succor those impregnated with the many odors due to combinations of great quantities of Africans, truck, imperfect drainage and sewerage, hot sun, chloride of lime and other disinfectants which are liberally used in the main streets, and I wish I could say the back alleys, also.

The resort is appropriately named Ocean View, and every evening that the thunder storms do not prevent, the place is crowded from 6 to 8 P. M., or later, as there is one later train.

Ocean View has several advantages over its rival, Old Point. People can go and return several times per day at an expense of not necessarily over thirty cents; while, except upon occasional excursions, a trip to Old Point includes supper, lodging and breakfast at Higgen's, when croakers do duty for spots, at one dollar per meal, said croakers being a drug in the market at five cents per dozen, the spots ranging from twenty-five to seventy-five cents; and the spots are served up as "hogfish," which are quoted at treble the price. Thus a trip to Old Point is nearly ten times as expensive, and Ocean View reaps the harvest of people of moderate means, who prefer sleeping at home to temporary lodging at a hotel.

Old Point has the Fortress, the military band and the gay uniforms, and is a most delightful resort. But Ocean View is not without its charms; the beach is clean, bathing facilities excellent—better than at Old Point, if the beach and surf are considered.

There is a comfortable hotel, with spacious verandas facing the sea, a band stand, a dainty pavilion, restaurant, bar, and good attendance. Last but not least to me, there is good fishing very near by; and if the hotel, which furnishes boats and boatmen, would but recognize the fact that as the good fishing depends upon the right tide (last of ebb and young flood), and that this phenomenon is bound to occur very often during the extreme heat of the day, and that when this is the case the most ardent fishermen will find a dozen times before they will hire a boat once—and that the more he thinks the less chance there is of his hiring one at all—and that (to put it briefly) a boat without an awning is at such times a delusion and a snare, a pain producer and a joy destroyer—and would in consequence proceed to fit out said boats in more comfortable shape, then this letter is not written in vain, and "mine host" Kennedy will gather in increased store of dollars, trade dollars, etc. From one hundred to a thousand yards from the beach there are many rocky patches, and here and there the sub-

merged timbers of wrecks or casks, furnish resort for the sheephead, while over the rocks must swim a countless host of fish of many varieties.

Leaving Norfolk one evening at 5:30 with a companion, I left the beach at 6:15, and at 8 P. M., again landed to catch the 8:20 train up, and a preliminary sandwich. During the interval we had, besides the row to and from the fishing patch, caught six or seven dozen fish, ranging from six ounces up to a two-pounder; and I lost a good bit of my money; once a good-sized bluefish, which scooted off with the fifty yards on my side, and then without pausing continued to scoot regardless of my feelings; and again when I hitched on to what at first I supposed to be a rock, but which while I was worrying at it, coolly got under way and shifted berth about six or eight yards in a slow deliberate style, that pronounced its character to William Henry (our boatman) as a turtle.

These two fish I didn't catch, and, as usual, in such matters, they were the biggest of our day's work.

We did catch croakers, "black wills" (a sort of perch) perch, spot, trout, roundhead, bluefish and hogfish. Only two of the latter, for it is comparatively rare, and to this fact more than to any inherent virtue, owes its proud pre-eminence in price, for I'll defy any man, not thoroughly familiar with the Virginia fish, to tell which is which, when I brought in a contact with a well-colored, platter full of boys and hogfish. I cannot, and I've tried a dozen times, guessing wrong quite as often as right. So, although not quite the fair thing to sell two-cent spot for a ten-cent hogfish, it's not quite so bad as to try to pass off croakers as either. The croaker is to a fisherman here what the chub is to a trout fisherman, or the cunner to a tautog, and has hardly a marketable value. Of our fish, at least three-quarters were croakers.

They are a very fair table fish, and when slightly cooked can hardly be distinguished from the less plentiful, and I like them better than either the roundhead or trout, especially as material for a chowder.

I wonder if the coming process would not prove a very good way of preparing trout, bass, or other fresh-water fish? If we could make the spots open, remove the backbones, sprinkle a little salt; expose to sun, inside up, for about fifteen to twenty minutes, and it is good for two days.

Our bluefish were about half-pounders; the spots ranged from six to eight ounces; croakers ditto; trout and roundheads up to two pounds. After a little practice we could tell pretty well the fish that was biting by his method. Genest of course the spots and bass, just a minnow with; the croakers bit severely, pulled for all they were worth, and were quite gawky; the trout were lively, but not so much so; when occasionally we felt a slight nibble, and on pulling in a heavy dead weight, it meant crab, of which "little red fish that walks backward" we got lots.

The bluefish was the gamiest of all. He didn't wait as did all of the others for the bait to nearly reach bottom; anywhere from the surface to a yard under he would bite.

The "trout" puzzles me. In general appearance it strongly resembles a real trout, both in shape and markings. But lacking the second dorsal, peculiar to the salmon family, it is evidently not a member.

The few spots where sheephead can be procured are reserved for those who are willing to tip the boatmen, who depend largely upon said tips for their income; and those of them who fail to fairly the duties expected of them fully earn their money.

The boats are owned and rented by the hotel, and a ticket costing fifty cents entitles a person to boat, man, gear and bait.

I don't know how much can be gotten for the fifty cents; parties of which I have been one have always fished liberally; and we had all the fishing we wanted.

The baits used are peeler crabs, soft crabs, clams and hard crabs, valuable in the order given. Although it is understood that everything is furnished, one is much surer of good fishing by taking one's own gear, and carrying down a few peeler crabs or clams; the former are hard to get, the latter abundant and cheap. Unless you carry your own rod and gear, that provided may not suit, as it is of the coarsest sort.

Take it all in all, a run down to Ocean View pays. PISCICO.

JULY, 1898.

[We presume that the "trout" is the fish known as weakfish in New York. There are two species, the Southern form is black-spotted.]

## A STORY OF WAR TIMES.

SEENING nothing of late from our old army friends who were the "blue and the gray" in our late family differ ences, I give you the outlines of a stirring incident that took place while the writer was stationed at Goodrich's Landing, La., during the summer of 1863.

While the siege of Vicksburg was progressing, and in fact after its termination, the darkies, in pairs, in squads and in droves, poured into our camp for protection, and formed a motley crowd of men, women and children several thousands in number. The able-bodied young men were enlisted into the several negro regiments then forming at that place. All these people had to be fed from our post commissary on the regular army rations, and the food told with fatal effect on these helpless creatures, who had been accustomed to nothing but corn meal and fat bacon; they were prostrated by hundreds and died by scores daily. The fatality was not confined to "Africa," as we designated the contraband camp, but invaded the colored regiments, until the hospital was full and the levee in front of the quartermaster's depot one vast graveyard, alarming in the extreme. Our doctor, our medical purveyor, and his able assistants, had exhausted their skill to lessen the fearful death rate, but had utterly failed; not for the want of skill on their part, but owing to their want of knowledge of the Southern negro, and his former mode of life.

About the first of September the matter became so serious that the General called a council of his staff and field officers to get their views, and if possible to devise some change for the better.

After a two hours' highly scientific discussion by the medical staff on the causes, effects and cures of acute and chronic dysentery, which was amusing in the extreme, considering their lack of practical success in arresting its fatal effects; and the General, observing a broad grin on my features, remarked, "Well, Quartermaster, you have said nothing; but us here, we have said a good deal."

Remarked, "Why, Bruce, this is not a question of medicine; it is one of diet. Return to plantation fare, and my word for it all will be well. Corn and bacon are the things

to feed the colored regiments on. Stop your rations of flour and fresh meat and you will have no use for drugs."

This settled the problem, the council was dismissed, and all returned to routine duty.

The next morning, while driving Sergeant Charles Hatten, our chief of land transportation, some instructions, when an orderly rode up, handing me the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS, 10th REG'T, ETC.

"The quartermaster will procure by heading and delivery duty to the post commissary, forty wagon loads of corn; and he shall make requisition on the assistant quartermaster for troops as he may deem necessary for protection and fatigue duty."

"J. P. HAWKINS, Brie. Genl."

I read it and handed it to Charley. It was a surprise to both of us, for at that time the whole country between the post and the Texas was ruled by Harrison's cavalry, a reckless, daring set of men, led by their brave, enterprising colonel, who was always watching for a brush with our men.

While discussing the merits of the order, and the probability of carrying it into effect, an old darkey who lived on an adjacent plantation five or six miles southwest of camp, came shuffling, but in hand, with his usual salutation: "Morning, Massa Cap'n." Forgetting the order for a moment, I queried, "Any deer or turkey in the cane-brake, Nels?" "No deer," but some turkey, saw them last evening west of the place." This news stirred up the huntsman in me, and turning to Hatten I said: "Charley, let's have a hunt, and perhaps we will find some corn on the trip. It was soon settled that we two should start early next morning, and we went about our preparations, brushing up our Sharpe carbines, that we had trained to close shooting, each taking a package of ten cartridges, and providing one day's rations cooked ready.

Long before the sun rose on the following morning we were far beyond the vedettes, cantering on our way to Nelson's place. We found the old man up; he pointed out the clump of woods where he had seen the turkeys, and the shot was soon in the air. We did not find them. We searched for hours through the woods, the cane-brake, around the fences, but no turkey was there. It was ten o'clock, and we had turned our horses campward, when Charley saw the flock about half a mile on our right scratching in the edge of the field. We, by careful driving, stole up on them, and stopping to shoot, discovered our carbines were yet empty. To open my package and load was the work of a moment, when Charley's remarking, "No time to lose." Not waiting to lose time, I handed him five of my cartridges; we took deliberate aim, fired, and found one dead gopher. The flock made for the brake, we in hot pursuit, over fallen logs, cane ten feet high, with thickets of vines through which we had to cut our way with our pocket-knives. The chase was a severe one, but we succeeded in planting two more shots, killing a large fat hen. By this time the sun was pouring down on us, and with terrible effect upon our panting horses; but we determined to have one more shot, and followed the fleeing game, which had taken flight across a large plantation. Spurring our horses we came in sight of the turkeys, which had kept together and were then huddled with their wings extended, panting under a wide-spreading tree at the far side of the field. Dismounting, we crept on our hands, and getting within a hundred and fifty yards, fired, killing nothing, however; for when we reached the tree we saw the last of the flock across a wide and deep lagoon which completely barred our way.

The hunt being over, we took reckoning, judging we were ten or twelve miles from camp, in the midst of an unknown country, and two rounds of ammunition in our pockets. On examination we found we had been hunting domestic turkeys, which had reverted to a wild state. The country being abandoned the plantations and mills left alone, took to the woods, and we went on our approach.

Discovering the plantation buildings a mile distant, we walked toward them leading our horses, and eating a check as we went. We advanced to the residence without hesitation; hitching to the horse rack, we tried the front gate, which was fastened—nailed fast. The yard in front of the house was a thicket of rosebushes, flowers, vines, filices, a hundred different kinds of annuals, all in full bloom, filling the air with a perfume of delicate and delicious odors, intoxicating the senses; while the walks and paths were choked up with tall, coarse weeds, showing that no fostering care had been bestowed on the garden that season. Springing over the gate, we mounted the steps, found the door locked, and windows barred by shutters. Going to the back door, to our surprise we found it unlocked. Entering we found every room fully furnished, showing taste, and with well-reckoned furniture, the finest of carpets, easy chairs, settees, oil paintings on the walls; a piano, flanked by a stand of select music, stood silent on one side. Opening the shutters we surveyed the scene. In one corner stood a stack of *De Boer's Revue*, while on the luxuriant sofa, face down, lay one of the last numbers open as if just read.

I opened the piano and touched the silent keys; the sweetest sound started up. Sitting down, I sang, "Auld Laurie," which awakened sweet and tender memories of scenes long past in dear old Scotland. Then I played "Home, Sweet Home." How sad, how touching the thoughts started into life by his heart-searching notes. Then I sang to its bold accompaniment, Campbell's "Soldier's Dream." The last notes had scarcely died away when I sprang up, closed the beautiful instrument, shut the blinds, and told Charley we were drifting in every note of the music. "This will not do," Harrison may be about." We passed through the hall, and seeing a door ajar, entered. It was a young lady's bedroom, with a large downy bed covered with dust, a wardrobe with a number of dresses and garments on the hooks, and a dressing stand. We both felt that we were trespassing, and withdrew, closing the door, and left all as we found it, silent, sad, alone; bearing every mark the imprint of war's fearful desolation.

Mounting our horses we passed on to the quarters. There we found everything in disorder, showing plainly that the flight had been made in haste, without thought as to the mode of departure. Passing on to the ginhouse and stables, we found plows, cultivators, hoes, baskets and tools scattered about in the greatest confusion, and to our surprise and pleasure, every building full to the top of corn in the shock, stored, packed and piled in every corner; also a variety of rail pens, full to their tops. Thus we had found turkey and corn, and as the boys say, "felt good."

I dismounted, handed my bridle to Charley, and examined the corn, found it all sound and in the best of order, and had returned to my horse and placed my foot in the stirrup, when Charley said, "What is that over in the stock

field? I have been watching it but cannot make it out." I had mentioned while he was speaking, and looking in the direction pointed out noticed a horse pass an open space in the tall corn-stalks, and close after it a man leading a second horse.

"Charley, we are trapped," was my answer; and wheeling my horse to the left passing round the stables, I saw a road flanked on both sides by broad ditches, running, as I supposed, east toward the river. At this moment a shot rang out, clear and sharp, and to my dismay about fifty men mounted their horses, half on our right, half on our left, forming a circle of expectant drawing in on the road before us. The two troopers that we saw were on our right and considerably in advance of their followers, while those on the left were closer together, and about two hundred yards from the road. No time for thought: I touched Black Tom with the spur; he knew its meaning and fairly flew over the hard road, while the two troopers on our right were closing in on us, and threatening to bar our way. When within about one hundred yards of us, counting tearing through the dead corn-stalks, we saw them raise their guns, the leader emptying two barrels at us. The report was followed by a shower of spent buckshot, which maddened our horses but did no damage. The second one, dropping his bridle to shoot, relieving his horse from the pressure of the hit, it staggered and fell, throwing the rider in a half circle over its head, when both barrels were discharged in the hit. Charley was by my side in a moment, and said, "We will have killed that fellow." Without answering, I fired at him, but it missed. Charley then stopped his horse, fired, and the noble animal that was preparing to spring the ditch in front of us, reared and fell dead on its brink, and at the same time disabling his rider. When he fell Charley pulled off his hat, waved it over his head, and yelled at the top of his voice, in which I joined most heartily.

Now it was a race, with fifty shotguns behind us to push us on. Our horses were good, and I did not easily out distance our pursuers. The race was kept up for four or five miles, during which time we had passed through a skirt of timber.

We gradually slackened our pace, chatting and laughing at our narrow escape, and rejoicing at the fact that we each had one cartridge left, when, without the least warning, "crack" and "zip" came a bullet right between us and very close. We touched our horses with the spur at the same instant, and looked at each other. "Zip," came another messenger of death. Charley said, "Charley that is no shotgun." Glancing over my shoulder, I saw two new, fresh troopers coming after us at the top of their speed, galloping at every leap, the leader, an officer, about forty yards in advance of his comrades, and about a hundred from us, shooting with deliberation at short intervals; while the whole troop was scattered along the road to the woods.

"Charley, they will get us," I said. "No sir," was his answer. I drew rein, wheeled, fired, and was answered by a shot that shattered the pommel of his saddle. My turn had come; our safety depended on my shot, which was our last. Staking all in my nerve, I drew rein, jumped from the saddle, dropped on one knee, took deliberate aim and fired. The noble horse gave two or three convulsive springs, then reared up and fell back on the brave fellow that rode him. I was riveted to the spot, and was still sitting when Charley returned with my horse, which had gone some distance. He said, "Mount, Cap'n, quick, they will be on us." We were soon on the way again, and finding that the chase had ended slackened our pace and reached camp in safety. And we had our turkeys.

This story would be incomplete without its sequel. The next day the officer of the day led up to my quarters a handsome bay horse bearing a young lady. She wished to see the officer that had led the scout on the preceding day. Captain Ferguson kindly consented, and she came under my escort, myself and Hatten, sent her to me. She dismounted, entered the office, and being furnished a seat, I asked her kindly, "Madame, what can I do for you?" She blushed; tried to say something; failed; blushed again; and finally unwrapped a beautiful bouquet of flowers, handed them to me as a peace offering, and having gained her composure, said: "I have come to ask a great favor of you, Sir. I told her to marry him, and they married him to his loss. I told her the Texas, and his brave young wife, during the lion in his den, had ridden some fifteen miles to the Yankee camp to procure a surgeon to dress her husband's wounds. It is needless to add that when the request was made known to Gen. Hawkins it was cheerfully granted. A surgeon with the necessary appliances was sent to the wounded man's relief, and after a few days' absence returned and reported that the dressing fellow was out of danger."

CAPE GIRARD, MO.

CAMP ROCK.

## A SEAFARING REMINISCENCE.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

THAT sailors are naturally superstitious, goes without saying. And this is not so much to be wondered at when one comes into contact with the faces of the ignorant and unlettered condition of many of them, and the strange, even mysterious, nature of certain sea phenomena which they are constantly encountering.

A singular, and, I must confess, inexplicable, illustration of this came into my experience when I was quite a youngster, making my second or third voyage before the mast, in a very old ship called the William and Mary. I had left the ship Tonawanda, known to many Philadelphiaans, in Savannah, and with this other one I was bound for New York, on board the William and Mary, receiving fifteen dollars (wages were low in those days) for the "run" to New York.

The William and Mary was a small, full-rigged ship, whose antiquated appearance indicated that she must have been built during the past century. Her masts, sails, spars and rigging were alone of modern make, while her hull was strangely old-fashioned. The stern, which was high and overhanging, was covered by a most fantastic mask, though the carvings were partly concealed by the many coats of coal-tar which had been liberally applied, voyage after voyage. Her beam was full one-third the entire length of the box-like deck, with its shoulder-high bulwarks, and the bows were as bluff and swelling as those of a Dutch galliot.

The captain, Robert Tharber, was an Englishman from somewhere about Deal, I can remember rightly. His two officers belonged in the south of England. They were all quiet men, not given to bullying or blustering, and as the crew was a very good one (for in those days the merchant service was not made up of the mixed foreign element composing our present-day crews) the voyage proceeded without any incident worthy of notice, until the little event that I am about to relate.

By the time we got up with Hatteras, the wind, which had blown from the most part from the south and southwest, hauled round into the north-west, and began to blow as it only can off that stormy cape in the month of February and March. Being crank, and very deep with her heavy cargo, the William and Mary was not a very marked success on a wind—indeed, I am inclined to think that she made nearly as much leeway as headway, for the thirty-six hours that it nor'west'ed lasted.

It was in the middle watch, the second night of the gale, and blowing harder than ever. Under three reefed topsails, fore-stay-sail, and reefed spanker, the old ship, with her yards braced sharp against the backstays, was staggering along through, into, and under, a tremendous cross sea, nearly as fast as one could whip a crab through a barrel of soft tar—to use a sailor's simile. As she butted up against the tremendous billows, or sank into the great abysses that yawned beneath her keel, sea after sea broke over her continuously, keeping the vessel so full of water, that Captain Tharber had the lookout stationed in the slings of the fore-yard, and called the rest of the watch up in the gangway on the lee side of the quarter, for it was almost impossible to stay on the main deck, without danger of being washed overboard. I remember my watchmates, as being rather out of the ordinary run of common sailors generally found on shipboard. Two, besides myself, were Americans. One of these was a middle-aged man only known to us as Tom. Not many years previous he was Captain Thomas B. F., at one time master of the ship Amethyst, built in Boston, in 1829—a ship which when commanded by Captain Jakey Howes, once made the passage between Liverpool and New York in sixteen days. Later, the Red Jacket made a like passage in thirteen days, one hour, and twenty-five minutes, and if I remember correctly, the formerly famous clipper ship Dreadnaught, is said to have done almost as well. This man, formerly a Harvard graduate, with a wild streak penetrating his Boston blue blood. He had in the ten years of his seafaring life visited almost every navigable port in the world, and it was his laughing boast, that during this time, he had also sailed under nearly every flag that floats from a ship's peak halyards—even having once made a voyage in a Chinese junk, from Whampoa to Melbourne, Australia. If I mistake not, this erratic sailor is now the oldest captain of one of the largest ocean steamers afloat.

These two were crouched under the lee of the after-house, while my third watchmate—a tall, reserved Russian, nicknamed "Silent Peter," by reason of his peculiar reticence not only regarding himself, but in general conversation—looked refuge by my side in the partial shelter of the long loat which was secured on the top of the house. Now, among sailors, for some reason whose origin I have never been able to discover, a Russian, or Russian Finn, is looked upon as possessed of certain powers closely verging upon the supernatural—all comprehended under the generic title of "wizard." Forecastle Jack asserts that some of them can at will bring good or bad luck to a ship; that they have the gift of second sight, and can also see phantoms of their drowned shipmates. So I was not so very much surprised, when Peter, who had hardly spoken since we took our seat on the house, suddenly asked—

"What do you believe of the supernatural, what you peoples call the ghosts?"

"As I never saw anything of the kind, I can't say I do. Seeing is believing, you know," I answered carelessly.

"Um"—retorted Peter, who not only spoke English quite fluently, but two other languages besides—"well, look you. You may at me laugh," he continued with an earnestness which impressed me strangely, "but last night, when from eight to ten, I did see one strange thing. You know how it was?"

I nodded without speaking. "For all the dark," Peter went on, "I see plainer than you now, a strange dress man who belongs not to the ship, stand for one, two hour in the weather gangway here, hold of the topmast backstay."

"A stowaway, perhaps," I suggested, more for the sake of an answer than because I really believed anything of the kind.

The stowaway shall not be a man thirty-three or four years old, dress in old-fashion soldier-coat and top-boot with tight breeches," returned Peter with a quiet shake of the head. "He had to him a face that was some thin," continued the speaker slowly, as though recalling the features of the mysterious stranger, "but you would see him as one of a character determined. His hair was long, of color black, and Peter was a man of more than ordinary education. He seemed less reserved with myself than with the others, and I had gathered from fragmentary bits of his half confidences, that at some time in his life, he had been an officer in the Russian navy. This much, together with the fact that he had a twin sister in New York, who was the wife of a wealthy fur dealer on Broadway, was all I did know of him. Such anomalies as this singular shipmate's appearance and his history of himself to ourselves are not unfrequently met at sea. There are few safer places for a man who wishes to lose sight of his past life and present identity, than a ship's forecastle.

Peter said but little in reply to my rather flippant comments upon his narration, until the striking of four bells called him to relieve the watch.

"No one shall know what may to him happen," he quietly observed, and prepared to obey the summons. "and should it come to me any time, tell my sister that will come aboard in New York, there is the letter for her in my chest." And before I could answer this singular request he had left my side.

Two hours later, while we were stowing the mizzen top-sail in one of the fiercest nor'-west squalls of sleet and hail

that I ever experienced, Peter lost his hold and fell, striking head first on the rail beneath and going overboard. The blow itself must have stunned, if not killed him outright, and with the terrible sea then running, it would have been worse than madness to have lowered the clumsy old tub which we called a long-boat.

So the waves and storm sounded their requiem over the drowned sailor, and the old ship went wallowing on. Next day the gale abated; the wind came round to the southward and eastward and blew us fairly into port in rather less than a week. As usual, the crew all left, bag and baggage, directly the ship was made fast. Disliking the surroundings of a sailor's boarding-house, I had obtained permission to remain on board until next day, when I was intending to start for home. After supper Captain Thurburn was alone, and a little later both officers, leaving only the colored steward and myself in charge. As I stood leaning idly over the rail, a private carriage drawn by two stylish black horses drove rapidly down on the pier, from which a groom assisted a tall, slender lady in deep mourning. As she approached the vessel's side and threw back a heavy cape veil, I could not repress a slight exclamation of astonishment, for though her manner, delicate, her features were almost perfect copies of the company of my drowned shipmate, and I at once knew that this must be the twin sister Hilda of whom he had once spoken.

"You had a sailor—Peter Androvitch—on board," she remarked in tones singularly like those of her brother, but speaking in quick, agitated tones.

"We had," I began hesitatingly, but the lady interrupted me.

"Yes, I know; he was drowned the night of this week; he told me himself," she answered in a tone of repressed emotion, and as I stared at her in open-mouthed amazement she stepped on board and entered the dingy fore-cabin. She remained there a moment or two, and when she came out I saw that she held a letter in her hand.

"His chest and the things in it you may have, sailor," she said, and I caught her eyes were full of tears. But before I could stammer my thanks she had entered her carriage and was driven away.

The entire affair seemed so curious that when Captain Thurburn came aboard I told him the whole story, and even his usually phlegmatic nature seemed to be somewhat stirred, particularly when I narrated that part of it relating to the singular appearance which Peter had described to me. "It is strange, Harry," he said after I had finished, "and I'll tell you to me is the strangest of all. This old ship, built a little more than a century ago, is the one that carried General Wolfe and his staff from Portsmouth, England, at the time when the British troops were sent over to conquer Canada. And the description Peter gave of the apparition, or whatever it was, closely resembles an old steel engraving of General Wolfe himself that hangs in my father's house in Shrewsbury."

I gave the story exactly as it occurred, without the slightest embellishment, nor do I offer any comment upon it. The main facts are copied from an old pocket diary, and I have written them out in detail as to rely illustrative of the time-honored and well-worn quotation:

"There be more things in heaven and earth  
Than thy philosophy dreams of, Horatio."

## Natural History.

### THE COMMANDER ISLANDS.

FROM the advance sheets of the proceedings of the United States National Museum just issued, we learn some details of the natural history of this group of islands, situated between Alaska and Kamtschatka, and of which Bering Island is the most important. This group has a great historical, as well as zoological, interest, for it was here that the explorer Bering met his death.

Mr. Leonard Stejneger, who is known to many of our readers as an ornithologist and naturalist, has spent some time among the Commander Islands, studying the zoology of the group, and as might be supposed, when the geographical position of the region is considered, he has found this study full of interest.

Bering Island, which was the first of the group to which he devoted much time, is the last of the Aleutian chain of islands, and is only about one hundred miles from the nearest cape of Kamtschatka, and about twice that distance from Attu, the nearest of the Aleutian Islands. The character of the fauna of the island is, as has been supposed, palaearctic, agreeing more or less closely with that of Kamtschatka. This is due in part to the greater proximity to the coast of Asia, and also to the fact that the prevailing winds and currents are from the westward, and visitors are thus more easily carried from that direction. Stejneger concludes, from several facts, that the islands were once a sub-archipelago, that these islands during the period previous to which they received their present fauna, were wholly covered by the sea, and that therefore the present inhabitants are immigrants from two continents, those from the west coming more easily and regularly, while those from America are accidental visitors, for our continent contributes but very little to the fauna of these islands. The notes from which we quote are contained in a letter to Prof. Spencer P. Baird, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, and we make copious extracts from them, for they are to the zoologist very delightful reading.

As announced in my letter from San Francisco, the steamer Alexander started on the 5th of April at noon. The wind was very unfavorable, most of the time blowing from the west, and very often with a force of four miles only or more. Up to the 10th of April the wind was blowing in a direction of wind from a different quarter. As we were compelled to make about one thousand miles under sail, our progress was necessarily slow, so that on the 23d of April we found ourselves only in longitude 145° west, and latitude 50° 35' north, about 500 miles southwest from Sitka, and as many miles southeast from Kodiak. On the 30th of April we passed the Aleutian chain between Segeen and Adia, in fog and sleet, and the Bering Sea received us with a veritable hurricane from the east-northeast. After having stopped at the village of Copper Island the anchor was dropped in the morning of the 7th of May at Gavan, the harbor of Bering Island, where I landed with as much of my baggage as could be taken on shore before the cargo had been discharged in Petropaulsk. For long I was comfortably lodged and began my work.

At first I was much confined to my station on account of

the meteorological observations. Not until the obliging agent of the Alaska Commercial Company, Mr. G. Chernick, had been instructed how to take and record these observations, could I think of making longer excursions. Many thanks are due to him for his kind assistance. Thus I was unable to cross the northern part of the island, consisting chiefly of flat swamps and tundras, of lakes, a moderately high plateau, and a chain of interesting table mountains of about the same height, while the southern, mountainous and larger, two-thirds of the island remained a complete terra incognita to me. I therefore planned an expedition with the purpose of exploring the secrets of this region, the more as it was especially there that Steller had made his observations. But I had to wait until the sailing season was over, for all hands now were occupied in this, their chief, and one may safely say their only, work.

Meanwhile I resolved to go to Petropaulsk on the 16th of June to establish a meteorological station, and to hire and train an observer. Besides, it was my desire to study as much of the natural history of Kamtschatka as the surroundings and the limited time would permit.

The season was unfavorable, as the vegetation was already so luxuriant as to make it difficult to move outside of the roads, and the mosquitoes were plentiful enough to make it extremely painful to lay in wait for birds or to creep around searching for spiders, beetles and snails. However, if the stay was not very profitable to the collection, it was not entirely without results, for I gained a great deal of valuable experience which will be of use to me during my proposed visit to Kamtschatka next year. What rendered my sojourn there so especially instructive and instructive was the daily intercourse with the experienced and incipient explorer of Eastern Asia, Dr. Benedict Dybowski, who, of course, better than anyone else, could give me all desirable information. On the 15th of July I found myself again on Bering Island.

The following weeks were occupied chiefly by observations on the rocky, about 15 miles distant from the village, and I could not leave the island until the expedition toward the South before the middle of August.

Every one suggested that the most practicable way would be to go around the island in a boat, as traveling overland with dogs would be difficult and expensive, and, on the other hand, several places of interest would be inaccessible by this route, which, besides, would offer little or no opportunity for carrying the necessary outfit and the objects of nature study. I had, however, collected during the journey. The prospect of finding a skeleton of a sea-cow at any one of these places, seldom or never visited by the natives, was a very probable one, and as such a skeleton alone would be enough to lead a boat even larger than ours, I resolved to hire six Aleuts, to man the boat of Mr. Grebnitzky, kindly placed at my disposal. Mr. Osche, in the service of the Alaska Company, who during a sojourn of several years had traversed the island in all directions on his hunting expeditions, and had thereby gained an extensive knowledge of the island and its products, joined the expedition as a volunteer; an assistance the more valuable, as without it I should hardly have been able to realize my intention.

The special object of the expedition was to study the general natural history of the southern part of the island, to collect specimens of all kinds, as far as possible, and to permit, but especially to search for remains of the sea-cow. I also proposed to survey the island for further explorations, and to collect material for a more correct and detailed map than the one in existence. Besides I wished to identify the places mentioned by Steller in his narrative, in order to compare his description with the localities as they present themselves to-day, and to restore the original names. I also desired to visit the spots where Bering's vessel was wrecked, where the ill-fated expedition wintered, and where Steller made his observations on the sea-cow.

The "circumnavigation" took place between August 21 and the 1st of September. It was attended by all the disagreeable consequences of fog and rain, of wind and surf, and the few skins which could be obtained under these circumstances were almost spoiled at our return. The personal inconveniences during a two-day journey in the ocean, along an open coast without harbors or anything like a shelter; of being kept wet by continuous fogs and rains; of sleeping under an old sail, are serious; but no naturalist would ever count them should the result of his work be in inverse proportion to his troubles.

Unfortunately, I cannot so report, because the animal life, contrary to my expectations, was much poorer with regard to species than in the northern part, although the number of individuals was considerably larger. In fact, the only addition to my list of birds observed on the island was a single species, *Rissa brevirostris* Brandt, a species strangely limited in its distribution on the island.

I inspected a large colony of *Rissa kotzebui* Bp., situated on the western shore, about 18 miles from Cape Mamai, the southwestern point of the island, where thousands and thousands of this black-legged kittiwake were now feeding their almost full-grown young ones. Among them a single red-legged bird, quite lonely, and apparently without any young, had placed itself on a narrow shelf of the rocky wall. It was the first and the only one that I saw, and I was fortunate enough to shoot it. *R. kotzebui* was observed in countless numbers along the western shore; but as soon as we had doubled Cape Mamai we met as large or still larger flocks of *R. brevirostris*, among which not a single black-legged individual could be detected. I minutely surveyed a breeding colony on this side, and the result was the same, not a single black-legged one was seen. And thus the red-legged form completely excluded the other along the eastern shore, except at Cape Tonkoj, where the coast trends towards the northwest. Here on the cape a larger flock of kittiwakes was sitting on the shore, and I picked out that only the legs of the other row could be seen; they were all red. I shot, however, and of the ten lying on the ground, seven were red-legged, while three belonged to the black-legged species. The young of *Rissa brevirostris* also has dark legs, but I need not expressly state that I did not make any mistake in this respect.

On the other side of the last mentioned cape the old acquaintance reappeared as exclusively as along the western shore. Thus, the genus *Rissa* occupies the whole shore line of the island, of which *kotzebui*, however, has usurped nine-tenths, leaving to *brevirostris*, as an exclusive possession, but one-tenth, or about twelve miles.

We found, however, another animal, which I much regretted not to have been able to skin and to carry with me. But as it was a *Belonogadus*, fifty feet long, I was compelled to leave it where it lay, and spent a day on the spot in order to take the necessary measurements, and to make such investigations as the far-advanced decomposition of the

carcass would allow, as a matter of course. \* \* \* But now as to the sea-cow. We found the remains of one, and I will here give an extract from my journal concerning this event.

August 27, 1892, Cape Tolstoj.—Mr. Osche went out hunting, while I was occupied in searching for fossils. From the extreme point of the cape I took some bearings of the other capes visible from here, and was just looking over my collection of stones when Mr. Osche returned, with the cheerful intelligence that he had found what he thought to be a skeleton of a sea-cow. Immediately we seized the spades and set out for the place. Having removed some spaces full of soil, I soon became convinced that his supposition was right, but at the same time it was evident that the skeleton was in such a bad state of preservation that it would hardly be of any use. It was situated in a sand bank twelve feet high, about equally distant from the base and from the top of the shore, close to a rivulet, which here had cut its bed through the bank and carried away the whole caudal portion of the skeleton. 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# Game Bag and Gun.

**GAME RESORTS.**—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

## NOTES FROM CAPE COD.

I HAVE been down here since the first of April, and have never before seen bay birds as scarce as they have been this spring. I will try to show how some of the shore birds have decreased of late years. We will begin with the golden plover, one of the handsomest and largest of the plover family. My uncle is a close observer of birds, and has been a sportsman many years. He says, "When I was a boy and went to school, the golden plover would come and alight in the fields around the schoolhouse in large flocks, and was so tame that we could walk within a few yards of them before they would fly." That was twenty-five years ago and no person shot plover there then. Let us go there now when there is, not a flight, but the arrival of a small bunch. You will see a number of sportsmen lying in wait for them, and they are fortunate if they shoot a dozen each. If they decrease in the next twenty-five years, as fast as they have in the last, which they surely will, unless a law is made to prohibit shooting them for a number of years, the whole year round, they will become an extinct species only to be seen in museums and colleges.

The black-bellied plover has also rapidly diminished within the last few years. On one marsh, where they were quite abundant in the spring migrations several seasons ago, only a few dozen stopped this spring. The reason they did not stop is not because they were shot there in springs before, for only one man has been gunning there at all, and he has not lately. It is simply because they have decreased with such rapidity that there is no great number to stop.

A few turnstone or chicken plover stayed with as a short time this spring, and I succeeded in obtaining several good specimens. While I was setting them up an old man, that has lived here all his life, happened to be in the room. He looked at the birds a few moments, and then said, "I have seen a great many of them in my days." He called them rock birds and said, when a young man he and a companion with a stick and lantern used to kill as many as they could carry home. He also said, the first bird that was heard in the spring was the killdeer plover, and they were plentiful, but for the last five years he had not heard a single one. And bobolinks, until lately, were seen in small numbers on the reeds in the brooks here. This year I have not seen or heard a one.

The yellowlegs and humbirds are getting scarcer and scarcer every year, and this spring the winter yellowlegs were very scarce.

Thirty years ago the sickle-billed curlew was quite common, but they are rarely seen here now.

The ranks of these smaller shore birds, such as the ring-necked and piping plover, peep and least peep, are growing smaller and smaller, and ten years hence will be as scarce as golden plover are now.

Within the last day or two a few peeps and ringnecks have made their appearance. We expect brown-backs by the twelfth.

Quail are quite plentiful here, notwithstanding one hundred were shot within an area of a few miles this last fall. Even as I write I hear them calling in the fields near by. I saw beveys as late as the first of June. Have not seen any young quail yet, but have seen two fine beveys of ruffed grouse.

CHESSTER.

EAST BREWSTER, Mass., July 5, 1893.

## KYNOCCH SHELLS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have used one hundred of the Kynoch shells in four different breech-loaders. When the advertisement first appeared in FOREST AND STREAM I thought they would be an excellent shell, so sent to New York for one hundred, and the guns I have used them in are the Fox, James, semi-hammerless and Field; the last two are single guns. Out of the one hundred, using them the first time there were only two or three misfires, but after being recapped about one-half of what were used in the Fox gun failed to go. I at first laid it to the primer, but tried two kinds with the same result, but I soon saw what the trouble was. The head of the shell was so soft that when the plunger struck the cap the metal would not resist the blow but would drive away so far as to be out of reach of the plunger and that, being the misfire. In the James they seldom missed, as the plunger was different, but I can not use them in it as the chambers are not perfect, and they can't be used in a gun imperfectly chambered. In the Field they failed to go after being recapped, as this gun also has a large chambered plunger. In the semi-hammerless they work to a charm. This gun has a long firing-pin that follows up the cap, and they very rarely miss, and being made by the same makers as the Fox is perfectly chambered, so the shells do not expand. Unlike "Medicus II." I have not had one burst. I have fired some of them half a dozen times.

In regard to loading, I do not like the mode they have of scolloping the shells, as it is apt to cause annoyance when one is in a hurry to get them into the gun. I made a stick with a small gauge similar to the one advertised, but discarded it. My mode is to recap them with a Remington recapper, and if the head of the shell is pressed in to put it on a bench or table and drive it out again. Then I use the Parker loader with No. 10 wads in 12-gauge shells. This seems to hold the shot in nicely, but unless one uses this kind of loader the 12-gauge wads would expand the shells so as to be unfit for use. They can be put in almost any shape, but when fired they are as perfect as ever. I think the makers will miss it if they do not make the head of these shells a little more solid. It looks rather bad to have a man go to a glass ball match and have about one-half of his shells misfire.

C. B.

NEW HAMPTON, N. Y.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have read with much interest the several communications in regard to the Kynoch shells.

I procured two hundred of them; have used all once, and some second and third time. I load with number of wad hat corresponds with that of shell. Make three dents just over and above wad with the loader. They work well and

stood the severe test of duck and snipe shooting to my entire satisfaction. I had none to spare in the gun, and no misfires. The complaint of misfires, I think, comes from defective locks or faulty firing pins. They are open, however, to the same objection as the heavy brass shells, namely, one must save them. When they can be made cheap enough to throw away, they will, indeed, be "perfect."

I am now trying the star brass wads. I have used sixty shells loaded with them at target and glass balls. They do not make any change in pattern or penetration, and do not scratch the barrels. I fired one hundred five times with a shell in the other barrel, to test their holding properties. No very great loosening was noticed until the fifth shot, when the wad came entirely loose.

Whether they will stand the rough usage of field work or not, remains to be tested. From above experience I very much doubt their doing so. I of course used the brass wads in paper shells.

We will have plenty of quails this season. Their merry whistle can be heard in every stubble.

Bass fishing has proven an entire failure this season, the first time for many years.

DICK.

BRAZIL, Ind., June, 1893.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

In your issue of June 28, "H. V. L." Hoboken, N. J., advances the idea that the difficulty in using the Kynoch shells was due to imperfect chambers. I think not, for this reason: I have used Winchester's shot shells for over two years, firing from some of them probably over fifty shots, and to-day I can extract them from the gun with my fingers, without any effort whatever, and I believe that if there were imperfections in the chambers such as he mentions, the brass shells I have used would have expanded so as to be truly irremovable. I have seen others experience great difficulty in extracting their brass shells from their guns after long usage, but happily I have not been troubled in this manner, and I come to the conclusion that my gun must be slightly smaller at the innermost end of the chambers. I am not one to condemn, especially implements pertaining to the gun, unless facts warrant it, and I was as pleased as a boy with a new top when I read of the merits claimed for the Kynoch shells, but upon giving them a trial I was greatly disappointed. I neglected, in my previous communication, to mention the gun and charge used, and will do so now: The gun is a Clabrough, 10-gauge, double breech-loader, with all the modern improvements. I used 4 dz. Hazard ducking powder (Dixon gauge), with two pink-edge No. 8 wads on top, 12 oz. No. 5 shot and one pink-edge wad, just such charges as I always use for ducks. The sample shells I use were slightly dented when received by mail, but not apparently as much so as crimping would render them. I have ordered a new sample, and hope to be able to make a more favorable report. I should say that the breaking of these shells as reported by "Medicus II." in your issue of June 28, was due to the shells being too small for the chambers, and the butt being of heavier metal than the rest of the shells, it would not expand as readily and caused them to break apart. I consider this a subject of vast importance to sportsmen, and am pleased to see the reports coming in from all quarters. If the difficulty we experience in them is due to improper loading or a faulty gun, we want to know it, and if in the "Kynoch Perfect," ditto.

D.

MANTOWOC, WIS.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I notice in your issue of June 31, a short article from "D" on his experience with the "Kynoch perfect" brass shells. I have been experimenting to a limited extent with these shells also. While the results were not as satisfactory as I could wish, yet they are not as bad as those of "D." My experiments were with a W. & C. Scott & Son No. 12 gun, weight 8 pounds, choke bore. Shells loaded with 3 3/4 and 4 drams Hazard No. 4 powder, 14oz. shot, 8 of each charge being fired. In two instances with 3 drams powder the shells cracked, one at the base and one about middle of shell. With the 3 3/4 and 4 dram charges the shells stood finely. I had no trouble in extracting empty shells after each discharge, and the pattern and penetration was probably some better than with paper shells under the same circumstances.

Another party has also been experimenting with about the same results as myself, having fired twenty charges of 3 drams Hazard No. 4 powder and 14oz. shot, with one burst shell at base. He uses a James gun, 12-gauge, and 8 pounds weight, and experienced considerable difficulty in extracting on account of expansion. The shells fit my gun nicely, and I think I could detect the least expansion.

And, very serious drawback to the crimping or loading tool. When the shells are worked by hand, the crimping and loaded shells are easily extracted, but when reloaded the crimping binds so it is in many cases impossible to extract the shells without removing the wooden head and driving them out with a stick; this I attribute to the shells not being put in crimp in same position as first crimped and not to expansion of the shell. I hope to hear from others on this subject, who have had a more varied experience and can present the matter to better advantage.

J. L. P.

KINGSBORO, IOWA.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

As soon as the Kynoch shell was for sale, I procured several, and have since used them freely, and in my gun they are certainly a failure. I have forwarded to your address, a Kynoch shell that I have fired several times and also two patterns, one made with the Kynoch shell, the other with a Winchester brass shell. You cannot fail to notice the great difference between the two. The one made with the Winchester recording 224 No. 8 shot in a 30-inch circle at 40 yds., while the one made with the Kynoch only records 21½ (the shot circle, double the size of the other), and the pattern I send you is the best I can make with the Kynoch shell. On the other hand, with a Winchester or Parker brass shell or a Winchester, U. M. Co., Lowell, or Eley paper shell, I can average about 320 No. 8 shot, in a 30-inch circle at 40 yds. Why the difference?

I have loaded in every conceivable manner, and the best result I have before you.

With Winchester brass shells, at 40 yds., I use 3 drs. of powder, 2 Eley pink wads, 14 oz. shot, and one Eley or cardboard wad over shot, without crimping. My gun is a 12-gauge, 28-inch barrel, Colt, and with brass shells I use No. 10 wads, with paper shells No. 12. My Winchester and Parker brass shells are the same length as the Kynoch. As the Kynoch is so much thinner than the Winchester, I tried a larger wad, and varied the quantity of powder and shot, but the result was no better, always a poor pattern.

The penetration was about the same as the other shells. The shell that I send you seems to be perfect yet, with no splitting, etc., that others have complained of. Now, where lies the trouble? It must be with the Kynoch shell, somewhere. I think that I have given them a fair, honest, trial, and the result is certainly not very satisfactory. A. T. S. [If there is an abrupt shoulder in the gun used by A. T. S. it may be that the shot driven out of the thin Kynoch shell against it are jammed out of shape and so fly wild.]

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I have noticed several articles in late numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, in regard to "Kynoch Perfect Shell." I had a sample package sent me, and my experiments have been conducted with only two shells, 12-gauge. I fired several shots from these shells, and in every case, pattern and penetration were both better than those made with paper shells. Charge used was 34 drs. powder and 1oz. shot. The gun was a heavy 12-gauge, full choke in both barrels. I could find no difference in shells after a number of shots and had been fired, and considered the tests satisfactory. Although closed with the fingers, the charge was held tight in shell in left barrel when right barrel was fired. I shall use these shells this fall, and think them superior to paper shells.

FAIRFIELD.

WALLACEVILLE, S. C.

**DECEPTIVE ADVERTISEMENTS.**—It is very amusing to read some of the advertisements for seaside resorts which are intended to draw the sportsman. The following is a sample: "Back of the island and along the sedgy clunch which cut off Atlantic City from the mainland are illimitable reedy meadows, fed with the salt sea, and a home for numbers snipe, plover and reed birds. About the middle of this month the snipe-shooting season will begin, and the half dozen varieties of the noble game will pipe sweet music to the sportsman's ears." Now the reed bird is never found near salt water, and the reed upon which he feeds is a fresh water plant. "The seven varieties of noble game" are found on the Atlantic City meadows in numbers only during the spring migration. All that will be found at Atlantic City by the middle of July will be peeps or o-yees. The note of a clapper rail or mud-hen will be heard often enough, but the bird will not be seen until September storm tides drive him to show himself, and then he will be potted in the water. Better it is for the sportsman to read up his weekly FOREST AND STREAM, select his grounds from the notes culled therefrom, than to be influenced by flouting advertisements written by those who are not of the cloth. Homo. [Our correspondent is in error when he states that the reed bird is never found near salt water. We have frequently seen and killed them among the beach-plant bushes between the salt meadows and the beach.]

**A FELINE RETRIEVER.**—Cooper's Point, July 2, 1893.—I have a cat, I call him Jerry, a name perpetuated from the grand sire, the original boathouse pet. Every fall he takes his six weeks' trip with me to the Delaware Bay on a duck shoot, and no one enjoys oysters, fish, and birds more than he. He is my constant companion, whether tramping the marsh, or lying behind the blinds. He is the best swimmer I ever saw, man or beast; answers to a dog call, and retrieves my birds when crippled on the marsh, and on one occasion brought a dead black duck to blind from outside of the decoys on the bay shore in quite a tumble of a sea. I could write pages and yet not do Jerry justice. A brute of a hostler at the hotel near by, the Delaware Bay Hotel, was and was pelting it with stones while it was struggling for life. Jerry was taking his usual afternoon siesta in the boathouse, and heard the cry of distress. In a moment he was in the water, and despite the stones thrown by the heathenish hostler and fiendish boys, he caught the drowning kitten by the nape of the neck, and brought it triumphantly to shore, depositing it in his own cosy cot. I promise you this and the truth will be found by any animal by a good nappy who read this. How the brute often puts man to shame.—R. G. W.

**WOODCOCK IN PENNSYLVANIA.**—Philadelphia, July 6.—There has been so much rain during the last week, our woodcock shooters have found the birds very much scattered and the weather so disagreeable that it is almost impossible bag. During the two first opening days of the season the good shooting has been bad, however, in the neighborhood of Burlington and Bordentown, N. J. All the woodcock killed in the criples near these places were birds bred there. I learned that two gentlemen who worked these criples last week brought in twenty. The weather now is sweltering hot and but few will venture into the river side thickets while it continues so. Two pairs of woodcock were killed on the morning of the 5th of July, on Darby Creek, near Potts; my informant stated to me he knew of the old birds settling there early in the spring to breed, and he expected to find at least six, but bagged all he saw.—Homo.

**STAR WADS.**—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—Herewith I give you my experience with the star wad, as requested in your issue of the 21st ult. Loaded ten shells, put star wad over pasteboard wad on top of shot, and after firing nine out of the right barrel, I found that the shot in left barrel had not started. With the star wad it was necessary to cut the shell or to crimp it, thereby much time and labor is saved; now add the advantage gained by filling the chamber of the gun up to the shoulder, thereby giving a better pattern, also the saving of the shell, and I think we have something that fills a need long felt. Trusting that we will hear from others in regard to the star wad in your next issue.—ROBT. W. HOPKINS (Secretary Aquehonga Gun Club, Staten Island).

**WOODCOCK IN WOODLAND CEMETERY.**—Philadelphia.—On the evening of July 6, two woodcock were seen to fly across Woodland avenue, West Philadelphia, then over the road and into the cemetery. At the lower end of these grounds, near to the Blockly Almshouse enclosure, there is an excellent feeding place which remains wet the summer through; the birds doubtless were attracted thither. Years ago we knew of woodcock breeding there, but of late more secure retreats have been chosen by the birds.—Homo.

**TENNESSEE.**—Nashville, July 6.—Squirrels are reported abundant, and a number are offered for sale every morning at the market houses, though the weather has been too hot and wet for the town Nimrods to go abroad after the sport. Commodore Wallman and Bob Grubbs killed a few doves and a brace of summer ducks the other day, but both are as yet out of season.—J. D. H.

ANTELOPE IN TEXAS.—Martin County, June 25.—Antelope are quite plenty in this section. I saw about sixty or seventy head this morning while traveling eight miles. They were within two miles of the railroad. Good sport can be had here in the winter season. Last winter while hunting here I often saw as many as 300 to 700 in a bunch. During a "norther" they will drift down on the plains as far as the railroad, and I have seen their trails along the side of the road as plain as if three or four thousand sheep had been driven along. Being afraid of the track they would not cross it, and seldom do so except when they see other antelope on the opposite side, or when the leader takes a notion to cross, then the rest of the bunch will follow.—W. A. W.

THE "EJECTOR HAMMERLESS."—Among the notable improvements in the manufacture of fine guns is the ejecting mechanism recently added by Mr. W. W. Greener to his hammerless guns. By an ingenious device, which is exceedingly simple and we should judge durable, the fired shells are ejected when the gun is opened; or if but one shell has been fired that is ejected, and the other simply extracted. We have recently tested the working of the ejector and found it to be as excellent in practice as in theory. In some of our English exchanges we find reports from those who have used the ejector hammerless, and the experiences there detailed appear to bear out in the fullest degree the claims made by the manufacturer in regard to the gun's durability.

DITCHES COUNTY ASSOCIATION.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., July 9.—We organized on Saturday an association to be called the Dutchess County Association for the protection of game and fish. The following officers were chosen: W. S. Johnson, President; James H. Dudley, Vice-President; P. B. Hayt, Secretary; James Lenox Banks, Corresponding Secretary; Edward L. Morse, Treasurer; P. E. Ackert, Counsel.

## Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

FOR two or more very long hours had we sat in a boat on the untroubled bosom of Maidstone Lake, our baits within a yard of the bottom, seventy feet below us, "bobbing" for a bite. Three expectant fishermen, whose beaming countenances, radiant with hope, might craze with mirth the most stolid "bype" that ever darkened a community.—Prof. S. of Bangor, Capt. B. of Lancaster, and yours truly. Suddenly Prof. S. jumps to his feet: "I've got a bite."

"Yank, then," from both his companions. He did yank. Two more hours of weary "bobbing," during which the beaming countenances changed to a somber hue, then a blue, then a homely color, without till, but expressive, "I've got sick of this. Let's go home." Enough. We slowly wound in our lines. As the Prof.'s hook came from the water a quarter pound trout was seen impaled upon it, hooked through the brain, dead. Again his varying phiz changed to an expression of astonishment indescribable, and he made his companions scream with laughter as he slowly asked, "What made my bait go wrong like that?" We assured him it was a peculiar property of the water, and that was enough.

Coos.

IN FOREST AND STREAM OF MAY 24, the writer of "Notes on the Birds of Alabama," states that the local name of the ivory-billed woodpecker is "woodcock."

It is a fact, also, that to many dwellers in our land of cane-brakes and cotton fields, the true woodcock, *Philohela minor*, although at certain seasons quite numerous, is almost a *Philohela incognita*. The only bird that they recognize by the name "woodcock" is the aforesaid Ivory-bill. Thereby hangs a tale.

One day, at a country cross road, the writer was relating a story of what time he had hunted woodcock under the shadow of Muskonekong and along the swales of Waywaya, where the foot prints of poor Herbert (Frank Forrester) had scarcely been obliterated by the changing seasons, when John B. remarked that the woodcock was certainly the best of birds when properly served. His words attracted the attention of an individual who stood near us, an overseer on a neighboring plantation, whom we will call H. This person, believing that C. had reference to the aforesaid Ivory-bill, volunteered the remark that he "didn't know them damed things were fit to eat."

"O yes," said B., who saw an opening for a practical joke, in which he was never averse to indulge, "O yes, the finest bird that flies when properly cooked. You just kill some and try them. H. and you'll agree with us, I'm certain." Nothing more was said on the subject at that time.

About a week afterward we three happened to meet at the same place again, when B. asked H. if he had tried any woodcock.

"D—n your woodcock!" said H. "I killed a whole dozen and had 'em cooked, and I had as live eat so much fried alligator."

"What?" said B. "I don't expect you cooked 'em rightly."

"I cooked 'em like everybody cooks birds," said H. "There you made a great mistake," said B. "But tell us exactly how you did cook 'em."

"Why," said H., "I just picked 'em, and dressed 'em, and I think the old darkey said she parboiled 'em, but it didn't do 'em a bit of good." They ate like they were a hundred years old.

"I thought," said B., "you must have made some mistake in cooking 'em."

"Well, how the devil do you cook 'em?" said H.

"Well," said B., "in the first place you ought not to have picked 'em, and in the second place you ought not to have dressed 'em. All you've got to do when you cook woodcock is to tie a string around their necks and hang them up before a pretty hot fire—not too hot, though, nor so near as to scorch the feathers. Some people," he continued, "like 'em basted with salt and pepper; but they are good enough for me just dry so."

"The devil you say?" muttered H., as he turned away, and—

"I believe I'll have mine cooked that way next time, and—have you got a cat, 'em?"

But whether the Ivory-bill in H.'s cuisine was ever served according to B.'s recipe, I do not know, as H. never seemed disposed to talk woodcock afterward. TUCKAHOE.

## Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

### THE SECRETS OF ANGLING.\*

THIS quaint and charming old poem has been faithfully and literally translated from the original edition, and we therefore have it as it was written, instead of the modernized edition of Asher, which has long been the only accessible one. The latter took great liberties with the original, both in punctuation, orthography, and syntax, and consequently robbed the book of its principal charms. The original edition had on its title page the following: "Secrets of Angling. Teaching the Choicest Tooles Baytes and Seasons, for the taking of any Fish, in Pond or River; practiced and familiarly opened in three Bookes. By J. D. Esquire. Printed at London for Roger Jackson, and are to be sold at his shop neere Court, 1613." This appears on the title before the reprint.

The first Booke containeth these 2, Heads. The Antiquitie of Angling, with the art of Fishing, and of Fish in general. The lawfulness, pleasure and profit thereof, with all Objections answered, against it. To know the season, and times to provide the Tooles, and how to choose the best, and the manner how to make them fit to take each severall Fish.

The second Booke, Containeth The Anglers Experience, how to use his Tooles and Baytes, to make profit by his game. What Fish is not taken with the Angler, and what is; and which is best for health. In what waters and times to finde each Fish.

The third Booke containeth, The 12 virtues and qualities which ought to be in every Angler. What weather, seasons, and times of the yeere is best and worst; and what hours of the day is best for sport. To know each Fishes haunt and the times to take them.

Also, an obscure secret of an approved Bait, tending therunto.

We have read this volume with great pleasure, and commend it to all lovers of angling. It is so full of gems that it is difficult to select a few for illustration. In the "First Booke" we read:

Your *Anglers* that in the Springs and Waters sweet,

Your dwelling haue, of Every Hill and Dale,

And oft amidst the Meadows greene doe meet

To sport and play, and hear the Nightingale,

And in the Rivers fresh doe wash your feet,

While *Progresse* sister tels her wofull tale,

Such aye and a power unto my very lead,

As may suffice this little work to end.

Even two hundred and seventy years ago it was known that an angler should be properly dressed for his work, for we are told:

And let thy garments Russed be or gray,

Or colour dark, and hardest to desrey,

That with the Raine or weather will away,

And least offend the fearful fishes eye,

For neither Skarlet nor rich cloth of raye

Nor colours dyd in fresh *Asiatic* dye,

Nor tender silkes, of Purple, Paule, or Golde,

Will serue so well to keepe off wet or cold.

The obscure secret of an approved bait we will give, not only to refresh the memories of the older anglers, who may have forgotten it, but also to inform a generation who may not have seen it, of the most perfect thing ever discovered to attract fish to the hook. The ingredients may be difficult to obtain in some places, but the author assures his readers that if they understand it it is perfect.

Wouldst thou catch Fish?

Then here's thy wish:

Take this receipt,

To annoynt thy Bayte.

Thou that desir'st to fish with Line and Hook,

Be it in pond, or River, or in Brooke,

To blisse thy bait, and make the Fish to bite:

Loe, here's a meenes, if thou canst hit it right,

Take Gum of life, fine beat, and laid in soake,

In Oyle, well drawn from that which kills the Oake.

Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt haue sport thy fill,

When twenty faine, thou shalt be sure to kill.

Proletum.

It's perfect and good,

If well used in River or in Brooke,

Else not to be told

For Silver or Golde,

—B. R.

The work is neatly printed and gives us the first opportunity to read the author as he wrote, and Mr. Westbrook deserves thanks for preserving this book from extinction, or, what is as bad, the devastating hand of the "improver."

\*THE SECRETS OF ANGLING. By J. [John] D. [Jennys] Esquire, 1613. A reprint, with introduction, by EDWARD WESTBROOK. London: W. Satchell & Co., 19 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W. C., 1883.

### MOSSBUNKERS OR MENHADEN.

FISHERMEN in the north are complaining about the wholesale destruction of mossbunkers, as bluefish and other fish are driven from the coast as a consequence of a lack of food. With us the opposite is the case, for in the lower St. Johns fishing is seriously injured as a result of too many bunkers. Food is so plenty that the fish will not take a hook. On the flood tide bunkers enter the stream in immense quantities; in fact it is a continuous stream of mossbunkers for about four hours of the flood and five hours of the ebb tide. The supply is continuous from June until the latter part of November.

Land, labor and firewood are cheap, and as the fish can be captured in immense quantities, it might prove advantageous for your bunker fishermen to investigate the subject. Steamers would be unnecessary, as there is an almost unlimited demand for fertilizers in the State and for ice cheap.

An excellent market would be found in Jacksonville, Fla., and in Savannah, Macon, Augusta and Atlanta, Ga., for the

edible fish caught. In this market the wholesale price paid by dealers for sea trout, small sheephead and whiting, is fifteen cents per string. If the bunker men wished to indulge in the capture of larger and oilier fish they could net all the tarpon and porpoise wanted. Near Mile Point is a small bay with sandy bottom where porpoise do most congregate during the copulating season, and if a net could be constructed to hold them tons could be captured at a haul. Will some bunker man visit the lower river and investigate the resources of the St. Johns regarding the manufacture of oil and fish guano? AL. FRISCO.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., JUNE 7.

### FISHING NEAR NEW YORK.

THE fishing season near the city has been an average one thus far, both in fresh and salt waters. The height of the season is from June to July in fresh waters, and from July until cold weather in the salt waters near New York. There is not a place in the country from which such a variety of fishing, and such excellent sport also, can be had as New York city. There are many places where more fish of any one or two species can be taken, and where larger fish may be captured, but take it all in all New York city is the best center for variety angling.

In the fresh water fishes there are the trout streams of Long Island, the Catskills, New Jersey, Connecticut and Rhode Island, all within a few hours' reach, while the Adirondacks are only from fifteen to thirty hours distant. The black bass fishing is not of the best, the fish being absent from such waters as have not been stocked with them, for it is not a native of this region. Still the New Jersey lakes and the Delaware River and its branches afford some sport. Pike are not found near the city, but small pickered are plentiful in places much esteemed by anglers.

The salt waters outside the harbor and up and down the coast swarm with gamy bluefish, often reaching ten pounds in weight, while the noble striped bass is taken about Staten Island up to three or four pounds, and from Montauk Point to Newport of the largest size. Weakfish, kingfish and other species are more or less plentiful, and are sought by anglers of all degrees of skill and of all grades of tackle, from the best to the cheapest. Haul nets, which are used in small boats and with shadler-crab and clam "twich," at every indication of a bite, and haul their prey in hand over head, and often come back with large strings. The "Fishing Banks," just outside Sandy Hook, are visited by steamers which advertise for passengers, promising from four to six hours fishing, "bait and lines provided," and return with a motley crowd loaded with lunch baskets, returning with the party well subnourished and usually seasick, with more or less porpoises, toadfish, sculpins, and an occasional weakfish or other game. The Long Island Railroad takes the angler to Great South Bay, where the fishing is often excellent, and now promises to be better since war on the illegal netters has been declared.

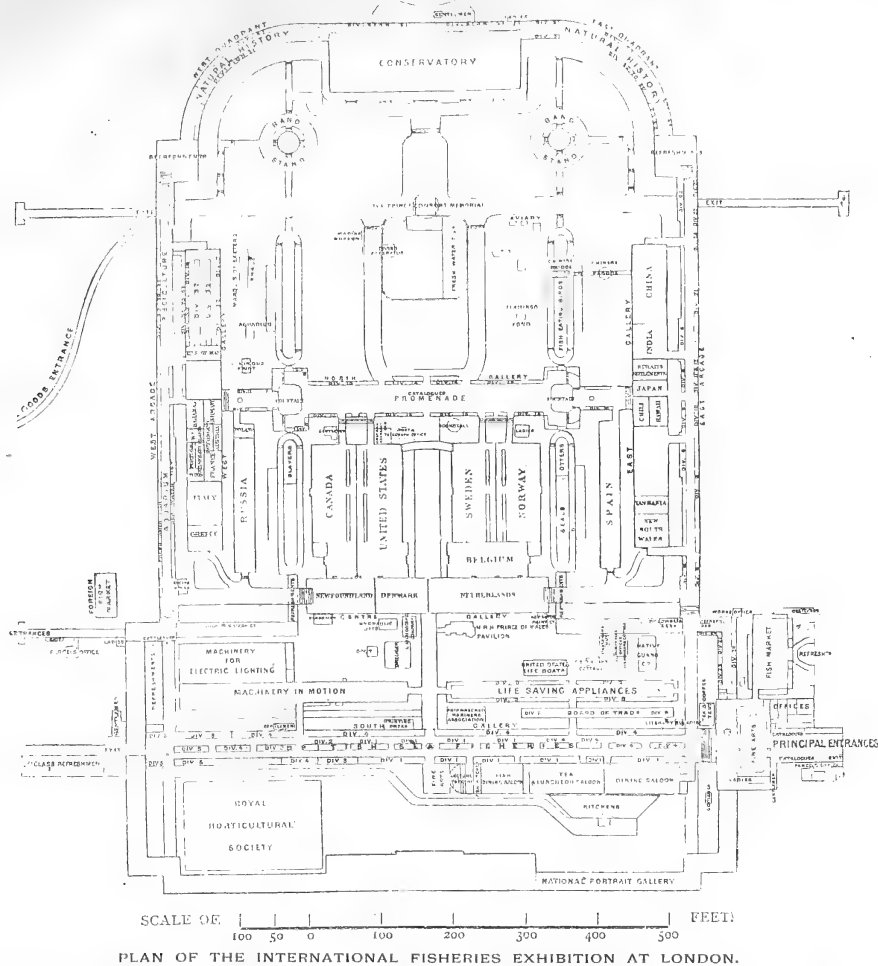
On the coast, the waters of New York and Newark bays and the Kill, small bass, white perch, blue perch, black drum, flounders, sea bass and eels are taken both from boats and off the bridges. This kind of fishing is not as good as formerly, on account of the pollution of the waters by the refuse products of petroleum which are dumped into them, and which have banished the lobsters and disgusted the crabs, so that all which cared to live cleanly have left for more savory sport loaded with lunch baskets. Fishing, especially behind the lighthouse at the Fish Point, and off the long bridge from the Point to Elizabethport. Near the junction of the Passaic and Hackensack rivers small striped bass are taken, and up these rivers are found catfish and eels in abundance for such as care to take them. Further up the Passaic some black bass are found, and the Passaic is perhaps the best grounds lying between Two Bridges and Little Falls.

With this variety all who love to fish, whether the scientific angler or humble brother of the hand-line and worm, can surely find sport suited to their tastes and their purses, and fish of all sizes, from the ponderous drum to the little sunfish, and from the royal striped bass to the slimy eel and the groveling catfish. If we have omitted the Hudson River, or any of the great fishing places, it is because there is no fishing worth the name in it near the city. The Hudson seems to be the poorest angling river in the United States. It still produces shad, eels and a few insignificant fishes, but nothing that the angler cares for—at least in any quantity. Even the sturgeon, which were once so plenty, have nearly disappeared.

COOS, NEW HAMPSHIRE.—A recent communication of mine in the FOREST AND STREAM regarding the fishing in this vicinity having brought me a "heap" of letters replete with inquiries, I take the same medium, with your consent, to reply. Coos, N. H., is the address of the village of North Stratford, N. H., the most northerly railroad station in the State, on the Grand Trunk Railroad, where it crosses the Connecticut River into Vermont. It has two regular Boston mails, and two regular Montreal mails, daily. There is a first-class hotel called the Percy House near the depot, with which is connected a livery, and the roads in all directions are unsurpassed. The trouting waters in the immediate vicinity are Nulhegan River and its branches, Paul Street, Lewis Brook, Black Brook, Bear Brook, Kimball Brook, West Pond, Turtle Pond, Notch Pond, Unknown Pond, South America Pond, North Pond and a score of other resorts, with pickerel and perch fishing in as many more places. I nearly forgot to mention Maidstone Lake, eight miles distant, with a first-class road, where the fishing this summer has been unsurpassed. Very recently there was a record of a pickerel caught weighing about four or five pounds. The abundance of fish will probably improve about here until September. The shooting is good, deer are very plenty and partridge ditto. Any communications addressed to Cy. Tibbets, or Dr. A. F. Willard, at Coos, will be freely answered.—A. F. W.

PENOBSCOT SALMON.—The run of salmon in the Penobscot River has been a small one this year. Comparatively few have been caught, but the individuals have been of good size, averaging over eight pounds. The absence of small fish is remarked, and had they been present in the usual number, the catch would have been up to or above the usual run.

QUEBEC, Canada, July 5.—Through the enforcement of the fishery laws, Jackson, Montreal and St. Charles, since mid-July, respectively from this city, which had been almost completely "fished out," are now teeming with trout, and the latter lake well stocked with bass.—H. H. Y.



PLAN OF THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION AT LONDON.

**BASS AT ST. CLAIR FLATS.**—Buffalo, N. Y. June 30.—One two months ago I saw an article in *FOREST AND STREAM* from "Deep Troller" speaking of black bass fishing at St. Clair Flats. He has evidently "been there" and thoroughly enjoyed the sport, but even then does not extol it highly enough. Last season I saw a black bass (not a "large-mouth" bass) that was caught there, and he weighed 7½ lbs. This is a fact that can be easily demonstrated. The fishing there now is good, but not as good as it will be in July and August. One afternoon last week, I caught thirty-nine black bass, averaging three pounds each, on light tackle. Pickerel are also biting well on a troll, and from this time out any one that enjoys perch fishing can have his fill. They are almost too plenty; can be caught, two at a time, and will average over one-half pound. They abound where there is little or no current, and very light tackle can be used. The fishing grounds are about thirty miles above Detroit, and two steamers run from there daily. Joe Bedore keeps a first-rate house for hunters or fishermen to stop at, has good boats, and can furnish first-rate boatmen if desired. Among the best of these are George W. Cole, (in fact the best I have ever met) who, as a hunter or an oarsman, cannot be excelled, and has lived all his life on the Flats. James Slocum, at Star Island, also has quite a large hotel. The steamers from Detroit stop at his and Bedore's docks. Any one going to the Flats should not fail to visit the Bassett Channel. There I have had the best black bass fishing I have ever known, and it is very easy of access from Bedore's house. I shall go again in July or August, and would be very glad to meet any of my brother fishermen there and then. There is "room for all," and more than enough fish to go round. P. S.—Joe Bedore has a big ice-house well filled.—**LIGHT TACKLE.**

**SALMON IN THE RESTIGOUCHE.**—The fishing in the Restigouche River is better this season than for the past three years. Many salmon have been taken, and the sizes run large. We were lately shown a letter from Mr. William Blair Lord to Harry Fricbard, dated Fraser's Hotel, Matapedia, Province of Quebec, July 4, in which he says: "I send you by express a salmon I killed to-day. I would have sent you one sooner, but I have relatives and others who have prior claims on me. Besides, for two weeks, while the logs were running thickest, I caught just enough to send to my brother and sister. I have had very good sport below the club grounds. My largest fish was 36 lbs., and my whole catch averages over 30 lbs. I have caught 4, 3, 3, 2, 2, on different days. The four weighed 99 lbs.; good for one day. I hope the fish will reach you in good order, and that you will enjoy eating it."

**WEAKFISH AT BARNEGAT.**—L. M. Auerbacher, of this city, with three friends, caught over 300 weakfish on Barnegat Bay, one day last week. Largest fish 3 lbs., average about 1½ lbs. The small fish were returned to the waters as fast as taken. Party started from Parker's Hotel, Forked River.

**PHILADELPHIA NOTES.**—The Schuylkill River still continues muddy; the water is gradually clearing, however, but the heavy rains have rendered it more than usually turbid in the last ten days. Its tributaries are much clearer, and at this writing are in prime fishing order for bass. Bass fishing about Shawmont has been poor since the heavy rain fall. The catch since the opening day, June 1, this year, taking it as a whole, will exceed that of any season for three or four years. We may expect a falling off during the hot weather. Weakfish, seabass, blackfish, etc., continue to bite well all along the New Jersey coast. Many sheephead are taken, the fish measuring large. From Fish Warden Ore's report to the Fish Commissioners of New Jersey, of the value of the fish caught in the Delaware, in Camden county, I take the following, which is very interesting: "The shad catch be values at \$29,700; herring, \$3,225; sturgeon, \$300; and catfish, perch, black bass, etc., \$240, making a total of \$33,465. In trout run near Clemington, N. J., a trout was caught weighing one and a half pounds. The report asks that all herring nets and small meshes should be strictly prohibited after June 10, as thousands of small shad are destroyed by them. The retail price of shad on an average was thirty cents; herring seventy-five cents a hundred, and other fish averaged eight cents a pound, except sturgeon, which brought one dollar each."—*Homo.*

**NEW BRUNSWICK SALMON RIVERS.**—Frederickton, June 20.—The sale of fishing leases on the ungranted water grants, on the following rivers took place to-day, at the Crown Land office, at noon: Restigouche River, from Toad Brook to Almon grant, at Indian Brook, upset price, A. L. Light, Toronto, Ont., \$825; from Almon grant, at Indian Brook, to Tracey Brook, upset price, A. A. Mason, New York, \$500; from Tracey Brook to mouth of Kedgwick, upset price, H. R. Ranney, St. John, \$600. The river Kedgwick from its mouth up to Quebec boundary, upset price, H. N. Habersham, Savannah, Georgia, \$510. Nepisiquit River from its mouth to Indian Brook, upset price, J. W. Nicholson, St. John, \$360. Upsalquitch River, from the mouth to Great Falls, no bid; from the Great Falls upward, upset price, H. N. Habersham, Savannah, Georgia, \$210. Main North West Miramichi, from the head of the tide up, no bid. Patopedie, from its mouth up to Quebec boundary, no bid. Jacquet River, upset price, H. R. Ranney, St. John, \$130. Total \$3,435.

**SALMON IN THE MERRIMAC.**—Manchester, N. H., July 2.—Some small boys were observed pounding with clubs a large fish in a small pool on the Amoskeag Falls this morning. On being asked what they had, replied they did not know, but guessed that they had killed a young whale. Investigation proved it to be a salmon of twenty-one pounds weight.—*H.*

**GRAYENHURST, Canada, July 5.**—Owing to the beastly quantity of rain up here the fishing is rather poor, but just as soon as the weather settles we expect to have grand times.—*C.*

**A BOOK BY THE LATE LORENZO PROUTY.**—A memorial of the late Lorenzo Prouty will be published in a week by Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston. It is a book on "Fish their Habits, Haunts and the best methods of taking them," together with descriptions of trips made by Mr. Prouty in the woods of Maine and Nova Scotia. The work was in part written by Mr. Prouty himself, and in part compiled from his journal by his widow.

**BLACK BASS.**—A very interesting paper on the distribution of the black bass, by Dr. James A. Henshall, read before the American Fishcultural Association, will be found in another column. By the way, we presume most of our readers have seen Dr. Henshall's excellent paper on black bass fishing in the *July Century*, to which we called attention some time ago.

## Fishculture.

### THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

(PROCEEDINGS CONTINUED)  
ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE BLACK BASS.  
BY DR. J. A. HENSHALL.

IN this brief paper the writer intends merely to give the facts as they exist, relative to the distribution of the black bass species, without attempting to draw any conclusions therefrom from the laws which govern the geographical distribution of fresh-water fishes, or to offer any theory concerning the same. A study of the habitat of the black bass, however, will, no doubt, aid the biologist very materially in solving the problem of the distribution of animals.

The geographical distribution of the black bass is remarkable for its extent; the original habitat of one or other of the two species ranging from Virginia to Florida, and from Canada and the Red River on the north to Louisiana and East Mexico. In other words, it might be stated that the original geographical range of this representative American fish embraced the whole of North America, south of the British possessions and east of the Rocky Mountains, except the waters flowing into the Atlantic in New England and the Middle States, thus far exceeding any other fish of America in its distribution. Of the two species, the large-mouthed bass had the widest distribution occurring all through the vast scope of territory mentioned above. The small-mouthed bass had a somewhat limited range in comparison, not extending east or south beyond the Alleghany Mountains, though occurring everywhere else with the large-mouthed species.

At the present day the habitat of the black bass has been extended by transportation, and by means of artificial canals, so that it may be said to inhabit every State of the Union. It has also been successfully introduced into Europe, Scotland and Germany, thus occupying a wider range than any fresh-water fish in the world.

The fact that the original habitat of the black bass does not embrace New England and the Pacific slope is not remarkable, for the characteristically American forms of fishes, as has been observed by Prof. Jordan, are, generally speaking, rare or absent in the waters of these sections. This fact was





a hare can easily beat a far superior dog, but unsteady yet on hares. In "Stonehenge's" scale eighty points were given for natural gifts and only twenty for breaking, and I think this

gave a really good dog more chance to win, and rendered more justice to the point of view a breeder must take in the matter of field trials.

To encourage good breeding, why not give extra prizes to the best breaker? But never let the better broken but inferior dog have an advantage over the dog who shows the superior natural gifts which are of value to the breeder. I am certain that many judges are often actually vexed to see the best dog in a stake lose suddenly all his chances by following a hare or rabbit, as they are almost obliged by the practice of the day to give the preference to the dog which follows the hare, or was wise enough to avoid chasing hares. But why must it be so? Why not let such insignificant offenses be ten times compensated for by the wonderful and really valuable qualities of the high bred pointer or setter—*Prince Albert* in *Kennel Gazette*.

The following letter from Mr. J. H. Satter, which we clip from the same journal, also breathes upon the same subject, beside containing other matter that is well worthy the attention of all who are interested in our field trials:

Sir: Two or three things struck me at Blanford last month as requiring some alteration in our present system of conducting field trials.

(1). That sufficient credit is not given for superior pace and style.

(2). That chasing hares by young puppies is too heavily penalized.

(3). That the hounds ought to run his by to put him on terms of equality with the best opponent.

(4). That there should be no "guarding" of breeds in the All-England Stake.

As regards (1). I need scarcely say any sportsman which he prefers, a dog that dashes ahead and tries to find game, even though he should be a fault by being over zealous, or one that creeps about his toes and trots after his heels, looking as scared as a bushy young man at an evening party, whose chief forte (if he have one) must be "backing," and who, as things are, is sure getting out of a fast and furious all-round opponent by the negative qualification of doing nothing wrong.

It gives an opening, too, to a clever breaker to "hold back" his dog, and let his adversary "take his own throat," a sanguinary proceeding very often accomplished by a bold ranger when matched against a pottering duffer.

(2). As to "chasing hares" by young puppies. This may evoke some difference of opinion, but I must say I myself would forgive a young dog "mowing" a hare, if he jumped up just in front of his nose (I do not mean an animal that one continually beholds at all cry on the sky line) if I had seen him behave better in all other respects than his opponent, for instance, at Blanford, where I saw a dog, who, like others of her sex and brave Bijou, yielded to a little tantalizing temptation and fell.

Of course, "rules are rules" and it is wholesome to have them "hard and fast," besides which judges are often very "wary" simply because he has drawn a hare, and a good whole chase to put them out of their difficulty; but, unless judging by points is in vogue, I think our judges might be excused if they allowed a little leniency in this matter of "chasing hares" in young puppies (not all-aged dogs, and not you), and gave the erring juvenile who had previously shown superior merit "one more chance."

(3). As to "trimming off hares." It looks to me as you obviously unfair to put down a fresh dog against one that has lost a hare, or two; "gruelier," simply because he has drawn a hare. Let him get the benefit of his bye by remaining in for the second round, but let him be put on such terms of equality with the others he has to meet as circumstances will admit of. I mean, by having a run for a quarter of an hour, twenty minutes, or for such a time as the judges may decide, either by himself, with a kennel companion, or with any other dog in either of the stakes who is also entitled to a bye, so that that time may be economized. It would be an advantage to a runner. A result, you might say, a bit of study might get it, and an opponent who had met with a "gruelier" in the preceding round would be more fairly handicapped when he has to meet the bye dog in the next.

(4). "Guarding" breeds in the All-England Stake seems to me to be an anomaly, for why should a numerical superiority on the card be converted into a test of real merit in behavior? One of the objects in guarding in the Puppy Stake is to bring out the pointer puppy and the setter puppy of the year; but in the All-England Stake, which is a limited number of nominations, granted singly, the object is to find the best dog of the year, whether he be pointer or setter.

As we manage it at present, a superiority in numbers of either breed is a distinct advantage to that breed in the result. Merit should never be crowded out by weight of numbers. Some may say "it can't," but let these look at the card and see if it may not be so.

I contend that in the All-England Stake, somewhat differs from the Puppy Stake in that each nominator has but one nomination, so it behooves him to fill it with his best representative, and with that representative, whether pointer or setter, he must take his chance of an hour, twenty minutes, or the good or bad fortune to meet during his journey through the stake. To win it, he must be the best all-round dog in it, and must meet all comers, pointers, setters, droppers, or, for the matter of that, "any other variety," big or little, good, bad, or indifferent, and he must have the advantage of running against nothing but opponents of his own breed until they are all out of the stake or the final course. He ought to take them as they come, that is, as they are drawn. We should have a card in the All-England Stake, while, continuing to guard the two breeds in the Produce Stake, we shall still have also the best pointer and the best setter of the season.

I should like to hear what other field trial men have to say to these suggestions.

J. H. SALTER.

A VERY WET POINT.—Newark, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: One day last spring, taking my friend B. and my old red setter, who had been a long time in the house, we went out English snipe. The old dog winded game, and putting his head up, lead the way, closely followed by two guns in "present arms." Coming to a deep and wide ditch full of water, dog and men stopped, when the dog, having stopped in the middle, with only his nose and top of head out, and held that position until one of us went forty yards to the left and crossed on some fallen brush, and the other the same distance to right and crossed a one-mile fence, each returning along the ditch to the dog, when the dog, having crossed up out of the water, and getting his bearings, continued his course. After proceeding about fifty yards he came to the game, which we flushed—one quattering to the left and two quattering to the right. My friend killed to the left, and I, anxious to get in a quick double to right, was astonished to find, after firing my first barrel, no more birds to shoot at, having killed both with one barrel. It was hard to tell who enjoyed the result most, but the honors went to the old red dog.—REBECK.

CORRECTION.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I wish to correct the statement in your issue of FOREST AND STREAM, of June 29, that I purchased the beagle bitch that won first prize at last Lowell bench show. Mr. Elmore has shown conclusively that his bitch Roxy is the rightful owner of that title. I had long been hunting for a long time for a good winner by different gentlemen, and did not at the time doubt the statement made by C. S. Dodge, No. 8 Walker street, Lowell, Mass., of whom I purchased her.—A. D. BARBER (Townsend, Mass., July 6).

CHAMPIONS.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In your issue of June 29, 1893, an article on the subject of the champions, and I consider the point very well taken by your correspondent, who has stated the case fully as regards champions, when he says a dog is entered in the champion class, wins often with no opposition, and immediately he is trumpeted forth as such, or if there is any danger of his getting beaten, the next show he is frequently not shown. Now I claim, as does Mr. Dorsey, that this is all wrong. I think also that a dog ought to win at least three times in the open class before he can be entered to compete in the champion class, and even then he ought to be able to win twice before he is trumpeted forth as the champion; then if a dog is successful it won't be cheapening the honor, as is the case at present. I think Mr. Dorsey's views are held up, and I hope other bench show managers will well consider this matter, and that they will in the near future adopt some such rule, then exhibitors can look with pride on their winning dog.—W. H. ASHBURNER.

THE LONDON (CANADA) BENCH SHOW.—The date for holding the London Bench Show has been fixed for October 2, 3, 4, and 5. The entries will close September 19. Mr. Chas. Lincoln will superintend. Mr. John Fiddicombe, of London, is secretary, and Mr. C. A. Stone assistant secretary. Mr. Lincoln informs us that nearly \$1,000 will be offered in cash prizes and that quite a number of valuable specials will be given.

#### KENNEL NOTES.

##### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST give the following particulars of each animal:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age.
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Dam, with her sire and dam.
9. Owner of dam.

All names must be plainly written in communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

##### NAMES CLAIMED.

*See instructions at head of this column.*  
*Linebreed.* By Mr. A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., for black and white ticked pointer dog, whelped March 19, 1883 (Brand-Prider).  
*Linebreed.* By Mr. A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., for black, white and tan pointer bitch, whelped March 19, 1883 (Brand-Prider).  
*Elmore.* By Mr. A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., for liver, lemon and white ticked pointer dog, whelped March 19, 1883 (Brand-Prider).  
*Beauchamp.* By Mr. A. McDonald, Rockland, Me., for spaniel dog, whelped March 21, 1883 (Brand-Prider).

*See instructions at head of this column.*  
*Linebreed.* By Mr. C. W. Feickert, Denver, Col., for red Irish setter, one dog and five bitches, whelped May 22, 1883, by Deacon (Ned Elcho-Bridget O'More) out of Mrs. Nellie.

*See instructions at head of this column.*  
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#### KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

**No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**  
G. W. K. New York.—Groom your dog thoroughly every day, using

J. F. D. Taunton, Mass.—Groom your dog two grains of iodine of potassium three times daily.

REARER, Colar Falls, Ind.—The trouble with your dog is undoubtedly that you are giving him too much food. Give him only one-half area unit—two grains for every pound of his weight—and follow in two hours with a dose of castor oil.

W. D. Boston, Mass.—The bad breath is probably from indigestion, as he is too young to have trouble with his teeth. Feed him light and often and keep his bowels open. Continue the vegetable diet and give him in addition thick sour milk.

W. D. Boston, Mass.—Give your young dog a year's war. There may be some foreign substance inside, possibly a var. For his feet use vinegar and water, oiled pads, and give him an occasional mild dose of epom salts. Feed plain food with no meat.

#### Rifle and Trap Shooting.

##### MUZZLE VS. BREECH-LOADER.

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

I send you for inspection a target made by Carlos Gove, now of Denver, Col., of ten concentric shot bands, made of the target, 30 feet high (in fact), on June 12, 1897, with his muzzle-loading target rifle, forty-five pounds, .45, ball conical and patched, telescope

Serran, Baltimore, Md., a quarter of an ounce of lead. The target and bullet holes are full size, and its center is at the intersection of the cross lines.

The authority for the above is derived from Mr. Gove and Mr. E. Berg (in parts), both of whom are strangers to me. Mr. Gove yet owns this rifle, and your well-known correspondent, "D.", recently stated that Mr. Gove sent one to him.

I recently received this target through the politeness of Mr. Gove, whereupon, in the interest of your readers as well as of historic record, and Mr. Gove's sent one to me. I am glad to see it published. To this I kindly consent, and I feel sure your readers will thank him for it. As for myself, I spend most of my leisure time in trying to beat others, and I am sure that I am not a bad shot. I have most carefully report this most excellent target to your readers.

I entertain, after careful inspection, no doubt that the target is strictly correct. Other than to reject it, I have carefully measured the shots from center to center, and they stand in the order of merit as follows:

No. of shots..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

From Centers..... .39 .25 .27 .28 .31 .32 .47 .50 .62 .70

String..... 4.02in. 1 Average..... 4.10in.

A half dollar nearly covers the whole ten shots, and each one of them at 50 or 60 yds., has his center of ball within the diameter of a

Here we can plainly see ten bullets starting from the same point the muzzle, and going over the same route to the target. It is a very fine thing, and the exact path of the bullet is anything more powerful and beautiful? I have never seen it in rifle shooting. And yet this is what the first class of hunting muzzle-loaders will do when they are loaded with lead. The weight in the hunting rifle is not necessary for steady shooting, as many suppose.

Question 1. Does the muzzle-loader shoot steady?

Question 2. Can the breech-loader beat this target?

I anticipate your correspondents must answer yes to question 1, and no to question 2. I will try to answer question 1, and I will try to answer question 2. He has once broken me down with his monosyllables "yes," "no," and being an "expert" with the rifle and

Now, I will give the breech-loader the balance of the year 1883 to surpass this target. The rifle may be shot at an ordinary rest, and use telescopic sight. But it must use its legitimate hunting ammunition, that which we buy at the stores, the same which has the conical ball, and which must be shot under the same conditions. The kind of hunting ammunition is the counterpart of the hunting rifle. Buy one, buy both, use one, use both. Thus say the makers of these,









ten shooters at ten clay pigeons, at 10 yds. rise, with the following result: M. Brigham, 6; Travis, 7; Smalley, 8; Stevens, 3; Gile, 8; Ma-







something to spare. But we are still inclined to give Crocodile the preference, and leave it to those interested to explain away her defeat. In chess, the last move of the interest owing to the absence of the cutter Petre. It was just her day, and she could have landed the prize with ease. But she was off cruising about (revenge) and had a better chance of getting a prize. She was not failed to show to advantage, as had been expected in some quarters, and she was easily beaten by the other two in her class. The second prize was won by the cutter, which was a great success. It seems a little too much of the washboard order to make a going boat, except in very light winds at low speeds, when form does not count for much and sail area for a great deal. The last of the race was the old-fashioned length affair, and under it (Glen receives great favor in the way of large prize. When made a prize, it was a new rule to sail by the cutter, but her chances with her class in a breeze do not seem over bright.

For the rest, the classes were filled with shifting, ballast boats and the best we can say of the class is that all but one kept right side up for the day. The black sheep was Hornet again. The poor thing tumbled about, jumping around, Mattie and the cutter, and the cutter, and the cutter were Rabbed out by boats at the scene of collapse and sent to dry. All hands got in a fair order, though the usual average of slow coaches has to accept a handicap of the slow making. It was about a dead beat to the Execution mark and the 4-4 broke tracks working out. Grace with jib and sail soaked up slowly on Fanny, the latter with a hunched posture, to the star, being unable to follow suit, and tacking around, bore away for Mattiecock in the lead. Crocodile had slain herself a good one to windward and came to the mark with the weather berth to her class. Varuna and Amazon had left Glen hopelessly in the short beat down. Oriana had worked up through the rest of the athletes of the small fry and was first to the mark, and she was the only one to get a prize. The cutter, Zee, with Mr. Sanderson at the stick, followed a minute later and Ada, one of the crocodile's, the baggers, brought up the rear for want of courage and speed. The cutter, Zee, with Mr. Sanderson at the stick, followed a minute later and Ada, one of the crocodile's, the baggers, brought up the rear for want of courage and speed. The cutter, Zee, with Mr. Sanderson at the stick, followed a minute later and Ada, one of the crocodile's, the baggers, brought up the rear for want of courage and speed.

Grace, 11:28:50; Fanny, 12:04:55; Rover, 12:04:55; Fanta, 12:04:55; Crocodile, 12:05:30; Schenker, 12:06:30; Waco, 12:07:30; Varuna, 12:07:30; Amazon, 12:17:30; Oriana, 12:17:30; Zee, 12:17:30; Fanta, 12:17:30; Crocodile, 12:18:18. The rest followed at short intervals. The breeze freshened, and spinners to starboard lifted the yacht about at a flying rate. The cutter, Zee, with Mr. Sanderson at the stick, followed a minute later and Ada, one of the crocodile's, the baggers, brought up the rear for want of courage and speed. The cutter, Zee, with Mr. Sanderson at the stick, followed a minute later and Ada, one of the crocodile's, the baggers, brought up the rear for want of courage and speed. The cutter, Zee, with Mr. Sanderson at the stick, followed a minute later and Ada, one of the crocodile's, the baggers, brought up the rear for want of courage and speed.

CLASS C—CARRI SLOOPS.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed, Corrected.
Grace	11 28 30	3 21 17	5 52 47
Fanny	11 28 30	3 20 53	5 52 03
CLASS I.			
Fanta	11 28 31	3 07 05	3 38 35
Rover	11 28 05	3 13 56	3 48 51
CLASS II.			
Crocodile	11 25 47	3 34 10	4 08 23
Waco	11 26 07	3 34 14	4 08 06
Schenker	11 25 50	3 34 13	4 08 41
Confort.	11 25 41	Not timed.	
CLASS III.			
Varuna	11 25 50	3 24 33	3 50 25
Amazon	11 28 05	3 24 51	3 56 56
Oriana	11 28 10	3 28 51	4 10 44
CLASS IV.			
Chimney	11 37 31	3 08 10	3 30 39
CLASS V.			
Zee	11 38 50	3 26 32	3 48 02
Ada	11 37 32	3 12 09	3 39 31
Yac	11 38 18	Not timed.	
Nymph	11 37 18	3 15 00	3 50 42
Orion	11 37 05	3 18 00	3 37 55
Fairy	11 37 02	3 42 33	3 47 48
CLASS VI.			
Metor	11 38 30	3 23 57	3 45 27
CLASS VII.			
Capelet	11 35 50	3 25 30	3 57 00
Fanny wins in class C subject to protest, and takes Lanner cup for the year. Fanta wins in class I, and also takes Gould cup. Schenker wins club prize in class II, Amazon in class III, Orion in class V.			







# FOREST AND STREAM.

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## ON THE EVE OF THE MATCH.

TOMORROW and the following day are the dates set for the match between the American and British teams at Wimbledon. Each team has been most carefully selected, and the two dozen men will embrace the pick of the thousands of civilian marksmen on both sides of the Atlantic. The match promises, at this writing, to be a close one, for since the arrival of the American marksmen in England they have been very diligent in their range work and the scores have been such as to lead Colonel Howard to express his opinion that the team under him is in good form and able to do its best on the match days.

There certainly is little difference in the excellence of the weapons employed. If the Americans have not been able to make rifles in every respect equal to the English arms the odds are so little in favor of the British arm that they are hardly worth considering in anything but a careful bench test. The British riflemen are individually vastly superior to the Americans in experience over many ranges and under every possible condition of wind and weather, so that taking such a measuring unit as the average of each man's shooting for a time past the British aggregate might run the higher, but if Col. Howard's assertion that his men are working in good trim means anything, we understand that the men are in a condition to help each other in every way during the progress of the match. In this way, and in this way only, is the match to be won. That the men help each other is not of itself a warrant of a victory, but it is very certain that, taken from first to last, the individual members of the American team are not the equals of the British shooters, and only by a well organized system of co-operation can the Americans successfully cope with the home team.

While the match and its results is in itself of comparatively trifling importance, yet in its consequences, direct and remote, it is an event of more than passing moment. It would be a thing of vast value if the American public could

understand just what the Volunteer movement in England amounts to. It can be studied to advantage by the authorities of every State, and the people of the United States would not regret the time and money spent in building up such a reservoir of passive power in case misfortune ever required the throwing of a body of armed men into the field. With such a force of semi-trained civilians to pick from there would not be that scrambling about for available men which has marked the formation of every American team thus far. But entirely apart from team formation, the possession by the United States of such a body of men would be a wonderfully effectual guarantee of peace and safety from invasion, and if the present match will in any way lead to the bringing into existence of such a body, it will be worth all the expenditure of time and money which it has cost.

## THE SPORTSMAN AS A GULL.

ATTENTION has frequently been called, in the pages of this journal, to one of the growing abuses of the time, the luring of sportsmen by hotel proprietors into regions where there is neither game nor fish. The summer resort landlord and the farmer, who takes "city boarders," both put forth their mendacious and alluring advertisements of "good fishing in the vicinity," and "game abundant," when, as a matter of fact, there may be no fish, save minnows, within ten miles, and the only game is the mal-odorous skunk or the burrowing woodchuck. Many sportsmen, misled by these lies, make long and expensive journeys, only to find themselves most abominably sold.

We know of no sufficient course of action to remedy this evil. It is little satisfaction to "show up" the unscrupulous "hosts;" that does not give one back the wasted money and time. A very good rule is to write personally to the advertisers of these range fishing and shooting resorts, and obtain from them in writing an explicit statement of the case. It is often the case that a man will lie in an advertisement to the general public, when he will hesitate to put the same deceptive statements on paper in black and white, over his own signature, for which he may be held to a personal accountability by the victim of his greed. The sportsman tourist is wise in his day and generation who thus provides himself with the documentary evidence which, in the event of disappointment, may serve its useful purpose in fixing the blame where it belongs.

## FORESTRY.

IN another column we give a report of a meeting held to organize a society to preserve the Adirondack forests. It is an organization much needed, and one which will commend itself to all who love out-door life, as well as to those who look upon it from the utilitarian point of preserving a great water supply for our aquatic highways. In parts of Europe forestry is a science, and officers are appointed by the governments to supervise the forests; and only judicious thinning of young trees and the cutting of those which have attained their growth is allowed, and we understand that this law applies to tracts of woodland owned by individuals, the theory being that the individual will pass away, but the forest must remain forever. Such laws would be unpopular to many here, but they would work well for the people at large. A man who can only live a hundred years at most is allowed to buy a tract of land in the great water producing region of the State and for his own pecuniary benefit render it forever sterile.

The State was too anxious to sell Adirondack lands at an early day, in order to get some one to pay taxes on them. Lands were sold in great tracts at a price often as low as five cents per acre; the timber was cut off, and then the lands were allowed to be sold for taxes and finally came back to the State. In consequence of this there are isolated tracts of State land scattered all through the wilderness; and in some cases the State has an individual third interest in lands on which the other two owners can cut the trees, but from which the State derives nothing. These State lands are regarded as free plunder by some lumbermen, and a sort of squatter sovereignty has been established in some cases where lumbering and bark-peeling have been carried on freely.

The new association deserves the support of all interested, and we hope that names of new members will flow in to the secretary from all who love the woods. His address is, Mr. Verplank Colvin, Superintendent Adirondack Survey, Albany, N. Y. A meeting for further organization and action will be held this fall, when all who are likely to take an interest in it will be out of the woods.

GREAT SOUTH BAY.—The waters of the Great South Bay of Long Island were formerly celebrated for their fine fishing. Hundreds of anglers went daily from New York and other places to capture bluefish, weakfish and other fishes in its waters. For years the people living near it received much money from the angling strangers who came to fish; and they waxed fat from summer boarders, boat and horse hire, bait, etc. But they also allowed nettles to take the fish, in open violation of the law, and failed to support those who protested against it. Mr. Roosevelt, of the New York Fish Commission, was one of those who protested some years ago, and the netters convinced him that he was in error by boring holes in his yacht and other arguments of a like character. Now the fishing is ruined, and the angler who goes there not knowing this fact soon leaves for Barnegat Bay, or other good locality, and the hotel keepers are in mourning. True, a society has been formed to correct the evil, but they are late, and it will take them years to repair the mischief which has been steadily exhausting the fisheries for the last decade. It seems to us that the Long Island Railroad, which has derived its share of benefits from the traveling anglers, should help this new association to preserve the fisheries of this great natural feeding and breeding ground.

AMERICAN WOOD POWDER.—In reply to several inquirers respecting our opinion of the powder manufactured by the American Wood Powder Co. of this city, we repeat what we have said before. The manufacturers of the powder, when they first brought it out, stated that they had succeeded in overcoming, by the process of manufacture, the objection we urged against the Dittmar powder, namely, its liability to detonate. The strength of their claims could be tested only by a chemical analysis of the powder. This we at once instituted, putting samples of the powder into the hands of an eminent chemist for that purpose. Circumstances have delayed his reporting to us. Pending this report we must decline to give advice in the matter. We prefer to treat such important subjects thoroughly, believing that the interests of all concerned—particularly those of the consumer—demand intelligent consideration instead of a hasty and therefore premature passing of judgment.

THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION.—Prof. Baird is now at Wood's Holl for the summer, where the scientific portion of the commission is at work on sea-dredging and general marine investigation. The menhaden investigation by the Senate committee, consisting of Senator Lapham, of New York, Senator J. F. Morgan, of Alabama, and Senator Call, of Florida, is at Cape May. Col. McDonald, one of the brightest and best fish culturists that this country has produced, is with the committee, representing the commission. The question is a very vital one, and one that anglers take a great interest in. We will look for the report with much anticipation.

RAINBOW.—Speckled beauties—trout. Crimson beauties—snappers. Green beauties—bullfrogs. Brown beauties—woodcock. White beauties—polar bears. Blue beauties—disappointed belles. Red beauties—Irish setters. Black beauties—crows. Liver and white beauties—pointers. Crushed strawberry beauties—sunburnt anglers. Rusty beauties—gun barrels. Yaller beauties—Ki-yis. "White, black, and read all over" beauties—FOREST AND STREAM pages.

THE GAME PROSPECTS for the approaching shooting season are very satisfactory. The birds are recovering from the decimation wrought by the severe winter weather of 1881-2, and where they have been fairly well protected from illegal shooting will afford good sport in the fall months.

LOGIC IS LOGIC.—"That Office Boy" says that a man who will kill game out of season will not scruple to kill his fellow man as well. This is, we must confess, a pretty severe statement, but the suggestive point is that out in Colorado the "Boy" has found facts to sustain his proposition.

THE G. A. R.—Target practice, carefully conducted, is getting to be a feature of the many G. A. R. picnics held. The "old uns" show considerable skill with the improved weapons of to-day, and always manage to boast of much more than they accomplish.

WILL CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE OBLIGE US by directing their communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals. The annoyance caused by non-compliance with this request is constant.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAMP HENDERSON.

A SONG to the jolly old camp.  
The scene of full many a lark:  
Alone in the grave-solent wood,  
The fire flickers weird in the dark.  
The coffee-pot sings in the coals,  
Above rises a shadowy owl,  
A frog hearteily croaks in the pool,  
A chord to the woe's distant bowl.

Some vent on cooks on a spit,  
The deep skillet savor of eels;  
Hark! yonder come "Rustus and John,  
The bulls of the day in their creeds,  
The onagers their viands disgorge,  
With zest the attack is begun;  
We eat as if famished for weeks,  
The forest resounding with fun.

Seest hemlocks who strew by the fire;  
On these our dried limbs find repose;  
With blankets drawn 'er us we sleep  
The slumber true weariness knows,  
Mosquitoes and punkies may swarm,  
And grandaunes may prate of the damp;  
We'll laugh all such terrors to scorn  
And sing to the jolly old camp.

LEW VANDERPOEL.

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

NO tourist can pass through the mountains of North Carolina without being impressed with the magnificence of the climate and scenery, and made sensible of the justice of the boast of its inhabitants, that it is the "Switzerland of America." I shall not attempt to describe any of the lovely spots which have called forth enthusiastic admiration. Those who desire to obtain accurate information of the climate, scenery and physical attractions of Western North Carolina are referred to Miss Fisher's book entitled "The Land of the Sky," and to the sketches on the subject in *Harpers Magazine*, by "Porte Crayon."

It is my design, by this article, simply to invite attention to this locality as a game resort. There are localities off from the beaten tracks, such as Watauga county, which it is difficult for the tourist to reach, but which, it is said, present to the lover of nature and sport, attractions not to be found elsewhere east of the Western North Carolina line. The forests abound with game, and the clear cold streams are filled with trout. The most accessible spot in these mountains, which the sportsman can make his headquarters, is the Warm Springs, in Madison county, near the Tennessee line, and from which place I am now writing. Celebrated as a resort both for pleasure and health, it is beautifully located in the midst of the mountains on the far-famed French Broad River, and is reached by the Western North Carolina Railroad which connects with the Richmond and Danville system at Salisbury, and with the East Tennessee, Georgia and Virginia systems of railroads at Morristown. The drawback consists in the exorbitant charges which a sojourner at the Warm Springs is sure to find on his bill. Niagara is no worse. But if satisfactory arrangements in this regard can be made with the hotel proprietors, the sportsman will, in all other respects, be charmed. According to the reports of the servants, like the colored servants generally found at public places all over the South, are excellent. It is the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that white servants are superior to colored servants found in the South. When, in this great republic, a white person becomes a menial, it seems to degrade him in his own estimation, as it certainly does in the opinion of others. He even resents the idea of being called a servant, but insists that he is only a "nigger." The colored citizen upon the contrary, when he becomes a servant does not object to being called one, provided you do not call him a "nigger." The latter term he regards as the greatest of insults. And so far from being lowered in his own, or the estimation of his fellows, by going into service, the reverse is true. If his employment be one where he has some authority, confidence or trust reposed in him, he feels elevated, and seldom reluctantly found him at home as no more thorough aristocrats than are frequently met with among the colored menials of the South.

Upon inquiry I was informed that Tom Coulter was regarded as the great authority upon all questions relating to the chase in the neighborhood of the Springs. Tom is a colored man, and resides in Green county, Tennessee, about nine miles from the Springs. He rode over into Tennessee to see him, and fortunately found him at home. Like most of his race, he is polite and accommodating, and has far more than ordinary intelligence. He was formerly a slave, and is now fifty-three years of age, and lives with his family on a comfortable little mountain farm, which he has bought and paid for since the war. He keeps a pack of hounds, and from and after the 15th of July of each year, having secured his crops, he stays at the Springs during the season to hunt with and guide the guests. There is not a foot of ground in a radius of thirty miles around his house with which Tom is not familiar, and notwithstanding his age, he can tramp over the mountains following his dogs from daybreak and until dark, and always keep within hearing. He exhibited a number of trophies of the chase, and gave me a full account of all game, and the haunts of the same, in the neighborhood.

Beats are numerous, but owing to the lofty and precipitous mountains and the dense growth by which they are covered, it is almost impossible to catch them or bring them to bay with dogs. Started near the Springs, they often make for the Black Mountains, the highest mountains east of the Rockies—Mount Mitchell being higher than Mount Washington in New Hampshire—a distance of over thirty miles. But large numbers of bears are caught in traps and pens. Tom himself has caught since the war twenty-three bears in pens. These are built of hewed log ends, about four feet deep, four feet wide and seven feet long, with a door of the same hard and heavy material, so constructed as to fall when the bear enters and takes the bait. If any other materials are used except the best locust, the bear will be certain to cut out. These pens are much better than steel traps.

There are a good many deer in the neighboring mountains, but there are more in the groups known as "Cow-Bell" and "Spring" mountains than in any other. When started on the north side of the French Broad River, the deer generally run through Courtland's farm, and cross the river at certain

points between two and four miles below the springs. Hunters taking stands along the river at these places are almost sure to obtain a shot if vigilant. There are now on the mountains embraced in the Courtland farm a herd of fine bucks. The does have fawns at this season. They fawn about the last of June, and by the fifteenth of July the fawns are able to shift for themselves. The laws of North Carolina afford the poor deer no protection whatever, as I am informed. Tennessee has game laws, but they give the game no protection near the North Carolina line for obvious reasons.

Within a few hours' ride from the Springs is the Clifty-fork range of mountains in Cocke county, Tennessee. This is a famous bear region. It is on the northwest side of the French Broad River, and covered with dense thickets of laurel and briars, affording to bruin an almost inaccessible retreat.

Brush Creek Mountains and flats, nine miles west of the Springs, is a favorite resort for deer. When started in these mountains they almost invariably cross the river at the mouth of Brush Creek, which is therefore an excellent stand. Four miles above the Springs is Walnut Mountain, upon which there are a great many deer. When started they cross Laurel Creek at two points, from which they may be easily killed. Laurel Creek is a large and beautiful stream emptying in the French Broad four miles above the Springs. Many of the streams flowing into and forming the Laurel are filled with trout, which, though small, seldom exceeding ten inches in length, afford excellent sport.

On the south side of the river, and emptying into it at the springs, is a large clear stream called Spring Creek, which takes its rise in the Bluff Mountain range, some ten miles from the Springs. On the head waters of this stream and of Big Creek, many of the streams flowing into and forming the Laurel are filled with trout, which, though small, seldom exceeding ten inches in length, afford excellent sport.

Since the railroad has been built along the river, the deer and other game have been driven further back into the interior, but are still plenty in the mountains near the Springs.

Wild turkeys, pheasants, ruffed grouse and partridges are abundant. Occasionally eagles may be seen. They build in the inaccessible cliffs near the rivers and creeks. Of course, there is other small game, such as rabbits, squirrels, etc.

Owing to the splendid warm baths at the Springs, which are favorable to the sportsman afflicted with rheumatism, no money is demanded for the use of the Springs. The colored citizens, during the autumn and winter months, provided he can obtain board on reasonable terms. From November until January is the time to come here to hunt, when the deciduous trees have shed their leaves, and the mountain air is crisp and bracing.

The "sportsman tourist," by going only two miles from the hotel, may get into the hunt, and enjoy the loveliest of scenery on the mountains. Wildcats and catamounts are numerous, and are often killed.

The tributaries of the Laurel are the only streams near the Springs in which trout are now found; but black bass, redhorse, cats and other fish abound in the French Broad and all of its large tributaries. Gray and red foxes are found in such numbers as to afford excellent sport. Tom Coulter and Mr. Surveyor have each a pack of hounds, and are always ready and willing to lend their services to the sportsman. Indeed, every one about the Springs is polite and accommodating, and outside of the hotel, charges are reasonable enough. Like most men of his habits, Tom Coulter is good-natured and amiable, and delights in all kinds of hunting, whether for rabbits or for bears, and has at his tongue's end any number of incidents connected with his sporting experience wherewith to beguile away a tedious hour.

I had the good fortune to meet at the Springs Col. Thomas Steele and his son, of Little Rock, Ark. All readers of the FOREST AND STREAM are probably familiar with his name, as I have often seen it mentioned in connection with his hunting tours in the Rocky Mountains. He is a large planter and an enthusiastic sportsman, and having removed to Arkansas in 1855, remains there, where he has been truly a sportsman's paradise. Scarcely a season passes that he does not go on a camp hunt in the Rockies. Having, therefore, such varied experiences as a sportsman, and being a gentleman of fine sense and attractive though plain conversational powers, it may be readily imagined what a treat it is to sit and listen to his relation of his sporting adventures, especially when given in his quaint and original style. We have hoped to meet him here, when we learn he is somewhere in the mountains. I trust he will be inspired thereby to give us soon another of his entertaining letters. I desire here to return my thanks for the kind invitation extended by him to me and others of the fraternity, through the medium of the FOREST AND STREAM, to visit his home in Rockingham. Not only from some of his numerous kindnesses for he belongs to a family having probably a more extensive connection than any other in the South, but we learn I have earned of the hospitality to be met with under his roof, and I hope at no very distant day to be able to find time to accept his invitation.

JULY 7, 1883.

THE ADIRONDACK GUIDES.

I AM no fighter—would rather walk round a block the wrong way to avoid a hawk and let it swoop on my neck, even from my wife. But there are times when I will make a stand for my friends, and show fight in their behalf when, were the case my own, it would probably pass unnoticed.

Now then for the provocation, which is in the following paragraph from a late number of *The Mail and Express*: "Adirondack tourists are already on the march, and the guides have all come to the front with customary rapidity. Tourists are most fortunate who do not have to do with the guides."

You know that I have done a little traveling and camping in the Adirondacks—and your fishing editor has done a little of the same. Now, I know (excuse me for going in front, for it's my right) and you know, that without the aid and assistance of these much-maligned guides, the Adirondacks to many would be an impossibility. There are some who can go all into the wilderness, and pack horses, boatmen and cooks of themselves; can put up with any or no shelter, can digest food cooked poorly or well; can do many things that the guides do for us, and feel all the better for it. Wouldn't I be a proud man if I could do it and live? But I know that's too much for me, and not only for me, but for the

great majority of those who visit and enjoy the grand old North Woods, and are the gainers thereby.

What are we to do when this terrible army of guides fasten their greedy, avaricious, treacherous eyes upon us as we enter their territory? beat it, retreat, and go somewhere else, simply because of these miserable, mean, scurrilous innuendoes flung out in this style? or, will we be manly enough to do as the Children of Israel when Moses, acting under Divine instruction, issued his marching orders, "Go forward!" I have been in the care and keeping of several different guides in the years that have fled, and my acquaintance among them, especially in the Adirondack region, is pretty extensive, and I do not know of one solitary guide with whom I would not share my blanket in any part of the wilderness, and feel just as safe in person and property as I would in the house of any friend in New York city.

They work for pay. So do we all of us, only they give a great deal more work for the money than any class of men I know of. Theirs is an inglorious service—they require brains, and good ones, too. Every emergency or crisis they must be prepared for, and I've seen some of them get caught in tight places, but never knew one to fail or flinch; true as steel, and faithful as true, they do not deserve these slurs and stabs in the dark.

I know that around some of the lakes where large numbers of fashionable people gather, in the large hotels, there exists a class of "hotel guides," who are not to be named in the same breath with the genuine guides. These men, or boys, are brought in from the settlements and farms on the borders of the wilderness, and are employed by the hotels at a certain sum per day for the busy season. The hotel hires them out to the guests, and often the latter are sadly taken in. They may get some one to row the boat for them, but they have no guide; he knows nothing about the forest, the fish, or game to be found; he knows nothing about the woods, and is often simply a lazy, good-for-nothing beat, whose only ambition is to get through his day's work and bleed his patron of all his spare change. "From all such deliver us." They are not guides!

In your issue of May 3, which I read in the woods, your correspondent, "Piseco," relates his grievances in this line, and at the expense of my good friend Robert Perrie, of "The Lake House," and the editor of *The Adirondack*. He was very difficult to convince me that the story he stated by "Piseco." And yet I don't want to say, or even believe, that he would make a false statement, but will suppose that he got a bad bargain, felt very much aggrieved, down on everybody, and had to "boil over or bust." Mr. Perrie's statement is briefly told. "Piseco" came to him at a season when all the guides were engaged, every man of them. He was so informed, and the editor of *The Adirondack* stated that who was able to row a boat, but knew nothing about guiding, and it being Holston's choice, he had to take him or none. He was disappointed in his bargain, as he might have expected, but he would have been wiser and happier if he had passed it by without getting into print.

So much for the guides, and it's all gratis on my part. I love the honest faithful fellows for their merits, and could not hold my peace.

I went into Brown's Tract, via Boonville, early in June, and spent a pleasant three weeks there with my son, and then turned back to my daily round of work, better, fresher, and abler for my toil—brain clear, blood purified, liver cleansed, run infused into my system and "set up" in good shape, warranted to run. Changes have occurred since my last visit; George A. May, the genial landlord of the Hubert House, Boonville, has sold out to George H. Beck, who promises to do his best for the sportsman and visitors to Brown's Tract who may give him a call. Death has made another change; Bart Halliday, one of the old time guides, died late in May and was buried at Boonville. He was well known, respected, and much sought after by sportsmen. He has dropped his paddle and gone over his last "carry," and now rests from his labor.

One other change, and I don't like it, a steamboat has been put upon the Fulton Chain of Lakes. To be sure it is "only a little one," and very slow at that, but, without wishing John Meeker any injury in person or purse, I shall not express my regrets if he finds it profitable to give up the job. The Adirondack boat is good enough for me yet, notwithstanding my little tilt with "Nessunk" last year—he is wiser than his title, let him alone, you can apply that scripture to either or both of us.

J. R. JR.

IN BOSSIER PARISH.

BY GEO. D. ALEXANDER.

ON Friday, June 30, 1883, in company with my esteemed young friend William Mercer, I set out on his hospitable invitation to Clark's Bayou, some eighteen miles southwest of Minden; having prepared myself with everything necessary to enjoy several days of sport in both hunting and fishing.

As we drove over the bridge across the bayou, Mr. Mercer remarked, "The water is in fine condition for catching bass, and just right for using a good troll for black bass." A mile beyond the bridge, however, we were met by Mr. Mercer, unfortunately, was on Red River visiting her sister, but he expected her to return before I should leave. Now he would have to do the honors of the house and act the part of the bachelor.

At his store, near by, I met my old friends Dan Cole and Mr. Bodenheimer; not old in the sense of years, for both are young men and keen hunters and fishers. One of the Minden dealers, George Mr. Sugden, was there also, who joined us the next day in fishing.

Early the next morning we were up, rigging poles, procuring bait, and saddling horses, though our spirits were considerably dampened by fears that the heavy rain which fell during the night would have muddied the water and destroyed the prospects of a very successful fish.

However, Mr. Mercer thought it would be the case, he would return to the store, get some freedmen and his seine, and, by going down to the mouth of the bayou, where it empties into Lake Bisteneau, we should not be disappointed in having as many perch and bass as we desired to eat.

On getting to the bayou, we found it just muddied sufficient to prevent the bass from striking the trolls, yet not preventing bank perch and the goggle-eyed bass from coming.

I tried several general purpose trolls, but not a bass would strike. In huge disgust I laid those aside and tried the minnows. It was as unsuccessful as the trolls. Then I gave it up as a bad job, and turned my attention to fishing with red worms and sawyers for perch, which Mr. Sugden was rapidly pulling out and filling his sack.

Mr. Mercer did the same. An hour's work had filled our



sacks, and we returned to the house to have them prepared for dinner. His cook, who, by the way, is splendid in browning a fish just to suit my palate, and baking a corn dodger, which, next to an ash cake, I love above all sorts of bread, had cooked the fish to suit me to a T, and I did enjoy my dinner. Mr. Mercer has the largest quantity of cattle of anyone in Bossier Parish, among them some of the best milk cows, and no odd to fine butter and cool milk. How I did enjoy these after being cooped up in a town for a year!

That evening a big chill caught me, and I could not accompany Cole and Suggen to go higher up the bayou, where they thought the water would be clear and the chances good for catching bass and goggle-eyes. They returned in time for having the fish cooked for supper, with a large number of each kind, reporting the fishing as superb, it being almost impossible to let the troll strike the water before a fine, fat bass of some two or three pounds striking it. Goggle-eye bit as fast as the hook could be baited and thrown in the water.

This was all pleasant to them, but poor me! I had shaken the bed nearly down with a chill, and when they brought the fish to my room to show me, I was burning up with high fever.

Sunday, July 1.—I got up, dressed, and felt better, but staid in-doors all day.

Mr. Mercer said, as it was now lawful to hunt deer, we would go hunting early Monday morning.

Monday Morning, July 2.—Ate a hearty breakfast by sunrise, and then mounting Dora, Mr. Mercer's fine saddle mare, with him, Cole and two freedmen, proceeded to our stands about a mile and a half from the store. The deer had been coming every night into his cotton field just before the house, and then laid up during the day in large pieces of woods nearly surrounded by fields. Cole drove, he had two good hounds. I went with Carey Porter, a freedman, to show me my stand, while Mercer and Adam Turner, a freedman, went to stands beyond ours. Carey had barely time to place me at the proper place, before I heard the full and bounding direct to my stand. In a few minutes I caught the outline of a deer's ears as he sprang into the path some seventy-five yards from me, and stopped, but behind some pine trees, and at the same instant, a plagued red cur bounded across the path between the deer and myself. It was done so quickly that I was in doubt whether it was a dog or a fawn, until in a moment it returned direct to the little deer and drove it back into the drive. The two hounds came out, ran across the path, and a circuit coming up to me, and just then I heard the cur open a few times, not less than a quarter of a mile on the drive, taking the deer, as I thought, to Mr. Mercer. The cur was running it so close that the animal took a thicket, and though passing quite near Mr. Mercer, he did not see it, and then left on quick time for Red River bottom.

To say I was mad would not express my feelings. I was furious, and I declared I would kill that dog as sure as I should lay eyes on him in the live.

Cole blew back the hounds, and went to stands inside of the same drive. Mercer told me this same cur had kept him over twenty times from killing deer, just as he did me, that he belonged to a worthy freedman who lived not far from his store, and when the dog heard the horn of the driver, he would come to him or the drive, and act just as he did this morning.

After I took me to a stand and then went on to one further down the road, the freedmen being left at the stands I and Carey Porter had filled.

Not thirty minutes passed before I heard Cole bawling very lustily to his dogs, and then they broke into full cry. Soon he blew his horn many times and succeeded in getting the dogs back to him. He was blowing, shouting, and making as much noise as the first locomotive makes on coming to a rapid stop. West for the first time, when two heavy shots in rapid succession broke the stillness, and then came an indistinct cry of a dog in pain, and next the wailing of both dogs for half a minute. Then all ceased, and the three long blasts of the horn notified me that a deer was killed, and I should ride up.

Cole was not over a quarter of a mile from me, when he shot, and as I came up both of the freedmen and Mercer rode up. I saw a beautiful fat young maiden doe lying dead with her hind legs broken in several places, and several shot piercing both hams. He had made a splendid shot as the deer got up before him in very thick bushes, and he only caught a glimpse of it as he shot.

He rather evaded a reply to my asking him "did he kill it with the first or second shot?" He was in fine spirits, more lively than usual. It was not over half a mile to the house, and while going along back home he informed me, "that red cur would have bitten my legs broken in several places, and that the cur that ran in before him as the deer lay down."

We had not been absent two hours from the store. The milk and liver being favorite parts of a deer with me, Mr. Mercer sent them to the cook, to have them prepared in the best manner, and did I not enjoy them? It had been eleven months since I had eaten any venison, and this was 91st Mr. Mercer's.

Soon after dinner I was taken with a regular old fashion ague and chill. I have rarely suffered as much before as I now as I did with this. Nevertheless I managed to eat a double portion of the delightful venison. The cook had stewed the ribs until they were thoroughly done. I ate an enormous quantity for a sick man.

The next day I laid up all day, swallowed not less than four grains of quinine, sweated myself nearly to death, and rose the next, bright and refreshed, ready for another hunt. July 4.—Mercer could not go hunting, but Cole went with him. He got several freedmen to accompany us. Among them were Carey Porter and Henry Johnson. This last was one of the best negroes, Mercer said, he ever knew. He certainly had one of the most pleasant and honest faces I ever saw. Mercer told me, "he would believe him as quickly as any white man in the country, and he would credit him as soon as any one the amount he asked for."

One of the finest specimens I saw of the negro race, about six feet, two inches tall, black as a crow, well proportioned, and having a face that one does not tire in looking at. Honesty, fidelity and bravery were stamped on every lineament. He was the body servant to young Jack Hodges, an older brother of my son-in-law, Lawson K. Hodges, and had accompanied his young master at the opening of the new field of Mammas. There young Hodges was killed, and when it was told Henry, the poor negro nearly went crazy. Some of the company told him his young master was left dead on the field of battle. The negro broke from camp, traversed the whole field, turning over and scanning every dead body, until he found him.

Lifting him gently in his great arms, he bore the body back to camp. He could get no coffin to place the body in, but as he told me, "he borrowed a saw, and he stole some planks from a quarter-master, and made himself a rude coffin in which he placed the body, and then digging a grave, he buried by himself the loved form of him whom he loved as a brother, and then he made his way back to his old master's home, near which place was the same land, he now lives. He owns his own farm, has a good gun, plenty of horses and cattle and hogs, makes good crops, and owes no man a dollar."

Who will deny that a negro is not faithful, and to be greatly praised under such circumstances?

But to return to our hunt. He made three drives in succession, without getting a start. Ordinarily, Cole said, "he could start twenty deer in the woods we hunted." It was getting excessively hot, and we went to a spring to get some water. While there, I was struck with a quaint remark of Carey Porter. Said he, after swallowing nearly a gallon of water, "It is too hot for white folks, too hot for hounds, but is just right for niggers."

How true is this in such a latitude and at such a season of the year!

After our hunt I seen the freedmen so well off as in this Bossier Point, and I am certain I have never seen a more quiet, orderly and respectful body of colored people. All are doing well. You never hear of any fights and quarrels. And I am certain that even in slave times one would not have found the negroes more respectful and law-abiding.

After cooling at the spring, we proceeded to beat across an old field, before taking another drive.

Cole was riding a little in advance of me, to my left. Henry Johnson was in the center, but in advance of me. We were passing a little cluster of sumac bushes, when I saw Henry lower himself on the neck of his horse to look at something, and then exclaim: "Daris a deer: shoot him." Up bounded a beautiful fawn, and then it stopped a moment and ran on my right. I could not shoot, but rode a step or two to give Cole a chance to shoot, when he lay fly both barrels from the left shoulder, but did no damage. The terrified little creature ran some forty yards and stopped. By this time I had turned Dora to the left, which gave me a beautiful chance to shoot; and as I brought down the heavy Moore & Son gun, weighing some eight pounds, the mare's head went up and down quicker than a die-dapper duck. The gun was so hard on trigger that I could not keep it on the deer, and I fired at random, only frightening the beautiful little terrified creature. It bounded off unharmed, and I was glad of it.

The hounds ran in for a mile or more and then lost it. On returning home, Henry told us "he could not die happy unless he told the truth about this little deer, and that was, he was so excited he forgot he had a gun, and wanted us to shoot it."

This ended our hunt. I did not have a chill, and I did, indeed, enjoy the eating of the deer we killed the day before.

After our railroad is completed, the hunter who loves both fishing and hunting, can have much of both as he wants by going down into Bossier Point. And should he be so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of this most hospitable and genial gentleman, William Mercer, he will never regret a sojourn at his residence.

The next day I returned to Minden, to find all my fine chickens dead with cholera or some other fatal disease, and my fine bitch, Princess Louise, the gift of Mr. J. O. Donner, of Brooklyn, so dead, that she would not come to me, and had left home to take up with a neighbor.

MINDEN, LA.

## Natural History.

### THE COMMANDER ISLANDS.

[CONTINUED.]

I AM unable to send you at present a full description of the islands, as my sojourn here has scarcely exceeded three months. The following pages will contain merely some disconnected sketches of those things I consider to be new or of special interest. You will see, besides, that they are, with a few exceptions, new to the world, and, as this, of course, has been the main object of my studies and observations. The collections of marine animals are as yet insignificant.

My stay here has as yet been too short, of course, to allow of exhaustive generalizations with regard to the zoological relations of the islands, the more as I have been able to identify with certainty only a small portion of the animals which I have collected. But I shall hesitate to state that the character of the land fauna is palæarctic, as it has been supposed to be. Such being the case, you will not find it surprising that the faunal character of the island agrees more or less with that of Kamtschatka.

The islands during the period previous to which they received their present fauna and flora were totally covered by the sea, and that since that time they have not been connected with the mainland on either side. From this it would follow that the fauna and flora occurring here are true indigenes. They evidently immigrated, especially in more regularity from the west, from Asia, by means of prevailing winds, currents, and the driftwood carried by these, and more accidentally from the east, from America. That the inhabitants, more independent of those circumstances, likewise show nearer relationship to the Asiatic fauna is partly due to the shorter distance, this being only 100 miles from the nearest cape of Kamtschatka, Cape Kronotski (which by the Russian man-of-war Vestnik, this year, has been found to be situated twenty miles more to the westward than given in the charts), while the nearest island of the Aleutian chain, Attu, is twice as far off; and partly to the effort of the Asiatic fauna to extend beyond its own limits. It is a well-known fact that the Asiatic fauna is in a continuous and comparatively rapid motion toward the west, especially in northern Europe. But it seems to me that a similar movement takes place in the eastern part of Asia, only in an opposite direction, the proof of which I find in the not inconsiderable number of exclusively palæarctic forms in Alaska, especially among the birds. I here enumerate only *Cyanocitta*, *Scolecia*, *Phylloscopus*, *Pyrrhula*, *Parus obsoletus*, *Cab.*, etc.

It is true that the zoogeographical regions overlap each other, and their boundaries are not really definite, but that America contributes but very little to the fauna of the islands, and that here we will detect still more Asiatic forms in Alaska, and that hereafter it will be necessary to register as

residents such species which at present are known only as temporary or casual intruders.

The occurrence of species peculiar to the islands (and I have no doubt the final revision of the material collected by me will make known several new ones) will not invalidate what I have stated above with regard to the want of indigenous animals and plants. Their origin is due merely to variability in connection with isolation and time.

As to the plants I shall be very brief, as I am not a botanist. I limit myself to the remark that I find the general character of the flora very much like that of the treeless regions of Northern Europe, the most discrepant features being the splendid *Rhododendrons* (*kamschatkicum* and *chrysanthum*) and the Saranina lily (*Pritularia saranina*). Still closer, of course is the resemblance to the plants of Kamtschatka, especially to those in greater altitudes. The plants of both islands are, I think, identical, but the manner of their immigration very likely has caused the occurrence of some species in one island which are absent in the other. Thus I have from Copper Island a very small but conspicuous *Viola* with yellow flowers (much resembling the yellow variety of *V. tricolor*), a plant which I found also in Petropaulski, but not here on Bering Island.

The islands are completely destitute of trees, unless one might be compelled to term so the shrubs of *Salix*, *Sorbus* and *Rubus*, from six to eight feet high, some of which obtain a proportionately great thickness close to the ground. Thus, for instance, I have a section of a birch with a diameter of two inches.

The vegetation, especially in the valleys, is very luxuriant, in most places of a man's height or more. This exuberance is especially due to the rich soil in connection with the extreme moisture, for the temperature during the three months, during which the plants have now been growing, was not high. My observations show a mean of 42° F. for January, 48.2° for July, and 54° for August. The minimum temperatures for the same months are 31°, 39°, and 44° F., respectively. In higher latitudes the length of the day and the intensity of the light produce the same effect, but as we live here in latitude 55°, under a sky generally overcast, we do not find the same conditions as we should there.

Of land and fresh-water invertebrates I have collected only some specimens of worms, mollusks, and arthropods. The worms are represented only by a species of *Lumbricus* and by two *Helodina*.

The mollusks are more numerous, including one bivalve and two or three pond snails, seven land snails, and one slug. Among the land snails there are several extremely small *Helix*, scarcely larger than a pin's head, some of which I suspect to be new. They are surely not the young of the larger kinds, of which I possess young ones, also of the same size, except a medium-sized *Limacina*, and with the same exception they are not very numerous.

Of myriapods I have found only a few species, while the spiders have yielded a richer harvest.

As a rule the winged insects seem to be more numerous, with regard to both individuals and species, which is also the case in Petropaulski. In the first place, the mosquitoes make themselves very conspicuous. Although not quite so large, large numbers as in Kamtschatka, where the furious attacks of their legions sometimes prohibited me from securing a bird I had shot, and usually a valuable one, even here on the island they seriously interfere with the duties of a collecting naturalist. The diurnal lepidoptera seem to be very scarce. I have seen only a single one, early in the season, a *Pieris*, first of May; it was a butterfly, much like, if not identical with *Pieris arcticus* L., but unfortunately the chase was unsuccessful. My lookout for some species of *Argynnis*, *Erebia* or *Tieris* has been completely in vain. The *Notula* are not very numerous either, while the *Geometridæ* and *Microlepidoptera* are more common.

The beetles are not numerous, including up to date only one or two *Carenidionæ*, one or two *Elateridæ*, one *Silpha*, some *Staphylinidæ*, *Dytiscidæ*, *Gyrinidæ*, *Curculionidæ*, and a *Grindellæ*, which I have seen at only a single place, although it is a conspicuous species.

Of crustaceans the fresh-water ponds have yielded a *Branchipus*, some *Gammaridæ*, one *Daphnia*, and one or two other almost microscopic species, which, I think, belong to *Cyclops*.

I can hardly write anything about the fishes inhabiting the rivers and lakes. It will be better to postpone this topic until next year, and I shall limit myself to a mere enumeration of the species observed by me up to date, viz., *Gasterosteus aculeatus* L., *G. ephippium* (Pall.), *Salmo gairdneri* (Pall.), (called *Golez* by the natives here), *Oncorhynchus lyodon* (Pall.), (Russian *Krasnaya Riba*), *O. tshawytscha* (Pall.), (Russian, *Kislozh*), *O. pinnatus* (Pall.), (Russian, *Gorbushka*), and the "*Bajdarski*" of the natives, which I have not yet been able to make out. "Sik" is the Russian name of *Gasterosteus*, but I do not believe that it belongs to that genus, as the mouth extends beyond the eye. Probably it is the same species called *Gasterosteus* by Nordenskiöld (Vega Expedition, American edition, page 618), as I do not know any other one to which to refer this name; the three other species of which he speaks are *calcaratus*, *lyconotus*, and *proterus*.

In my next report I hope to be able to add another Salmonid to the list of the species known (as I suspect the occurrence of such a one).

Batrachians and reptiles are wanting altogether on the island, as might be expected. Dr. Dybowski and I have been searching very eagerly for a *Salmonastrula*, as we suspected the "*Krugoni*," of which the natives told us, to be such an animal. It turned out, however, to be a large *Dytiscus*.

The ornithologists starting for Bering Island will probably prepare themselves beforehand for hunting and collecting two large, rare, and interesting birds, viz., *Halobastur* (Pall.) and *Phalaropus perspicillatus* Pall., as Pallas, on Steller's authority, gives Bering Island as their habitat, where they occurred in abundance. You will not be more disappointed than I am in learning that there is no hope whatever of getting a specimen of the latter, and very little of obtaining any of the former from Bering Island.

It is not to be doubted that the *Phalaropus perspicillatus* does not occur on the islands at present. The next year, however, remember very well the time when it was plentiful on the rocks, especially on the outlying isle Ar Kamen. About thirty years ago, they say, the last ones were seen, and the reason they give why this bird has become exterminated here on the island is that it was killed in great numbers for food. They unanimously assert that it has not been seen since, and they only laughed when I offered a very high reward for a specimen.

When Pallas gives Bering Island as the habitat of

the *Thalassidroma* I feel tolerably sure that he has misunderstood Steller's words, or that Steller, if he really has reported its occurrence, met with only a stranger from Kamtschatka. The former supposition seems to me to be more probable, for the reason that Steller, in his description of Bering Island, does not mention this eagle.\* He, however, speaks of an eagle in the following terms: "Von seltsamen, an der sibirischen Küste nicht gesehenen Vögeln habe ich dort [Bering-Id.] einen besonders merkwürdigen mit weissem Kopf und schwarzem Hals" \* \* \* "ausgetroffen" \* \* \* "jener nistet auf den höchsten Felsen, und sie haben im Anfang des Junius Junge, die ganz mit weisser Wolle bedeckt sind." This is the same bird of which he speaks in his "Beschreibung von dem Lande Kamtschatka" (1774), pp. 193-194 as follows: "Eine Art unbekannter und sehr schöner Adler, so aber in Kamtschatka viel seltener vorkommen als in Asien und den umliegenden Inseln, daher auch solche hier diese Stunde noch nicht erhalten können. Exist derselbe so gross als der *Haliaeetus*, ganz schwarz, augenommen den Kopf, *Circus* ist, schwarze Füsse und Schenkel, welche so weiss als Schnee sind. Er macht sein Nest auf hohen Felsen, aus Reisern im Diameter von einem Faden einen Schwund dicken, und legt seine Eier gegen den Anfang des Junius, schwach an der Zahl. Die Jungen sind weiss, ohne Flecken, und stehlen die heide von ihren Eltern, da ich ein Bittens Elter das Nest nicht erhalten. Stalt auf mich zu, das ich mich kaum ihrer a dem Stock erwidern konnte. Unerachtet ich den *Pulio* keinen Schaden zugefügt, verhiessen die Alten dennoch das Nest und bauten sich ein andres an einen Felsen wohin niemand möglich zu kommen."

I think there can be little doubt that the bird thus described is a *Haliaeetus leucophthalmus* (Linn.) in spite of the white "highs," which perhaps is only a *leucophthalmus* of a person copying the original manuscript, this being, as we know, only a rough draught of Steller's, in common with the "black feet." The following are my special reasons: 1. The habitat given by Steller agrees exactly with that of *H. leucophthalmus*, while *H. pelagicus* is common in Kamtschatka, and does not occur at all in America; 2. "White high" can only mean *H. leucophthalmus* and not of *pelagicus*, which has merely the forehead white; 3. If Steller had intended to describe the *pelagicus* he would not have overlooked the white shoulders, a much more conspicuous feature than the white forehead; 4. Even if Steller's manuscript contained words "highs white" it would be of little importance, as it seems that he did not kill the bird and only made the description from the living animal. In *pelagicus* the whole plumage is white. The supposition here advanced seems the more plausible, as a pair certainly belonging to this species still breeds in the neighborhood of the place where Steller and his comrades wintered. Besides, *H. pelagicus* inhabits exclusively the dense and large forests, and is not known to rear its young ones in such treeless localities as those of Bering Island. When it occurs here, it is, at present at least, only as a lonely stranger from Kamtschatka, usually a young bird, and it is no reason why this should have been different during Steller's time. I have seen a young bird here, shot on the island, obtained by Mr. Grebnitzky, and forwarded by him to the Academy in St. Petersburg. It was in the same plumage as the young specimen in the National Museum. The measurements are as follows: Total length 910mm; chord of culmen from forehead to tip 55mm; from cere to tip 68mm; radius of curvature of culmen from tip of bill to tip of mandible 84; hind angle of nostril 62; and from this point to fore angle of eye 40mm; height of upper mandible at upper border of cere 37; and its breadth at the lower border of cere 27mm; gony, 29; wing, 630; tail feathers, 340mm; from feathering on front of tarsus to base of middle claw 142; chord of the latter 34, and of its hind claw 44mm.

It will be seen from the above statement that the bald eagle is an inhabitant of the island, but I can affirm that if very scarce at present in proportion to what it has been only a few years ago, judging from the many abandoned nests and from reports of the residents.

But it seems as if a third species of eagles should be added, not only to the fauna here, but even to the list of known birds, for I have never seen a young *Haliaeetus* with the whole lower surface almost white, and the upper side with dark tips, and edged with whitish, from such as my No. 1057. This young female still with black tail was shot on the 15th of May, measuring in total length 890mm (35 inches), with a stretch of wings of 2,220mm (87.40 inches); iris, faint yellowish white; bill, horny brown; cere, yellow, with horny brown shadings on the back; feet, bright golden yellow.

Compared with the young of *H. leucophthalmus* of the same age, it has, quite in contrast with the color of the body, the tail feathers, under tail-coverts, and the under side still darker colored. The size is not considerably less than that of the bald eagle, as the specimen in question represents the largest size of its kind, being no larger than an old male of the said species. The bill is fully equal in size to that of a young *leucophthalmus*, and the feet likewise; but the body, tail and wings are smaller.

I have little doubt that this bird, if more mature would have assumed an almost uniform white plumage below, with white tail, a supposition corroborated by the statement of Mr. Grebnitzky, that he himself once has observed here, on the island, an eagle with a white lower surface and tail.

That we do not deal in our case with an albino is evident not only from the color of the eyes, but the character of the whole plumage would also contradict such a theory. The white color does not appear as an irregularity, and the dark colors are deep and distinct.

Upon the whole, I reach the conclusion that the present bird is sufficiently distinct from *H. leucophthalmus*, and, consequently, also from *H. albicollis* (L.). There are two other species, however, of which I know only the names, viz., *H. leucophthalmus* (Pall.) and *H. leucogaster* (Gm.); but Dr. Schenck, who is acquainted with the former, asserts that this is quite a different bird, while Dr. Henry Wedemeyer, who has been collecting in Central Africa and is quite familiar with the latter, corroborated the same statement upon seeing my bird during a day's visit here. Both received the impression that the species is a new one.

Did I not have the hope that Mr. Ridgway would take the trouble to compare this specimen with those in the National Museum, and describe it if he should come to the same conclusion, I should hesitate to give it a name. But as the collection of birds will be placed in such good hands as his, I think it advisable to wait for his decision.

In this connection I will merely mention some other forms which I have been led to have been hitherto more or less unknown, or wrongly known, likewise leaving to Mr. Ridgway the labor of having them compared, described, and named if he should find them to be actually new.

In the first place I call your attention to the four larks, Nos. 1020 and 1117 from Bering Island, and 1242 and 1249 from Petropaulski, where I found this species, in one place taken tolerably common. The lengths are respectively 168, 187, 184 and 172mm; the bills, dark brown; bill, pale flesh color; culmen and tips of both mandibles blackish brown; feet, light reddish brown; tarsal joint, dark grayish; toes below, livid; nails, blackish gray. It is much like the common European *Alauda arvensis* L., but it appears to me to have lighter and clearer colors. The size agrees very well with that of birds from Northern Europe.

No. 1251 is another passerine bird, thought to be new. It is a kind of willow-warbler, common in Petropaulski, but not observed here on the islands. My only specimen is a male, shot on the 5th of July, 1892. Total length 149mm; iris, hazel; feet, clear yellowish brown.

The loud song, consisting of the syllables *ritshe-ritshe-ritshe-ritshe*, and somewhat resembling the sound made by whirling a scythe, was heard, especially toward night, from all sides of the island, and from the high grassy willows covering the swampy slopes of the mountains with almost impenetrable both to foot and eye. You would very seldom get a glimpse of the watchful songster, when, clinging to the middle of the upright stalk of some high orchid or grass, he did his best in the singing match with one of his own kind or a *Callipepla kamtschatkensis* or a *Corvinus*. But no sooner would you move your gun to secure the long-footed bird, than it would be completely and suddenly as if he possessed Dr. Fortunatus' cap. The only way to obtain a specimen is to watch patiently near one of his favorite bushes, with the gun ready. For hours I have thus sat in the wet swamp, almost desolate from the bites of the numberless bloodthirsty mosquitoes, which I did not dare to wipe off, fearing to drive away my silent bird, who perhaps was watching my involuntary figure until he was satisfied as to his safety. Curious, but still cautious, he would come nearer, slipping between the stems and branches nearest to the ground, uttering a very low, thrush-like *tak, tak, tak, tak*, and with the tail straight upright, very much like a long-tailed *Troglodytes* both in color and conduct. And if I kept absolutely quiet he sometimes would proceed close to my feet, looking curiously at me with his pretty dark eyes. But before the challenge of a neighborly bird attracted his attention and provoked his reply, which he usually began with a short shrill, it would not have been advisable to move a muscle.

Then comes the time to lift your gun very slowly, stopping as often as he suspiciously stops his song, until the crack puts an end to it forever, and you hold in your hand a usually very movable figure until he was satisfied as to his safety. Curious, but still cautious, he would come nearer, slipping between the stems and branches nearest to the ground, uttering a very low, thrush-like *tak, tak, tak, tak*, and with the tail straight upright, very much like a long-tailed *Troglodytes* both in color and conduct. And if I kept absolutely quiet he sometimes would proceed close to my feet, looking curiously at me with his pretty dark eyes. But before the challenge of a neighborly bird attracted his attention and provoked his reply, which he usually began with a short shrill, it would not have been advisable to move a muscle.

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The family of sandpipers is very well-represented here on the island, and my collection therefore contains not less than nineteen species, or nearer one-third than one-fourth of the total number of species collected, a number liable to be not inconsiderably increased before the list embraces all the species occurring here as residents or visitors. I must confess that there are several species among my birds which I have not been able to identify, although I have no hope that all these will prove to be new. Thus the most common limicoline bird here is an *Arquedula* (Nos. 1031, 1039, 1044, 1048, 1085, 1107, 1108, 1262, 1344, 1345, 1468, etc.), about which I feel quite sure that it is a very well-known species, but as to these birds it is more difficult to determine the species from memory alone than in almost any other group that I know of.

But there are in my collection two species, the common forms of which I have been well acquainted with, showing some differences from these, if I am not quite mistaken. The one is the snipe, which, having only fourteen tail-feathers, comes nearer to the European *Gallinago gallinaria* (Müll.) than to the American *G. arctica* (Temm.). But I do not think that the former has the crisped and the under tail-coverts so dark brownish as my specimens, nor is the pattern of their greater wing-coverts quite identical. Snipe-hunting without a dog is exceedingly difficult here. For this reason I have at present only five specimens to send of this bird, which, in suitable localities, is by no means uncommon.

The other one is a form of *Phidippa alpina*, which seems remarkable for its pure colors and the absence of any dark spots on the lores. I cannot unite it with *P. chinensis* Swinh., which has been identified by Taczanowski with *P. schinzii* (Brm.), and consequently must be much smaller than my birds.

Finally, I have referred five birds (Nos. 1637, 1641, 1646, 1652 and 1659), with much doubt, to the genus *Tringula* Cuv., on account of their short bill, this being considerably shorter than the head, and the long toes exceeding the tail by their whole length when stretched backward. The feathering of the bill seems to me likewise to be more protracted than in other *Tringula*, although not to such a degree as given for the American *T. ripidissima* (Vieill.). Besides, there are no black mottlings on a white ground on the wing, only some faint whitish mottlings at the base of the remiges as it is often seen in *Tringula*. A conspicuous feature is the fine black bristles below and below the eyes, almost encircling them, and, upon the whole, more developed than in other genera. The color, except the rusty crown, is to a certain degree like the plumage of the snipe, and the bill, being somewhat widened, grooved, and furrowed at the tips, and having a very long nasal groove, also remotely resembles that of the latter.

The total number of species collected during these months amount to sixty-one, without counting those collected in Petropaulski; and, besides these, I have observed about ten species of which no specimens have yet been secured. Among the latter is *Sterna longirostris* Temm., of which a specimen was shot during my stay in Petropaulski, but on my arrival I found it in such a state of decomposition that it was quite unrecognizable. It was shot near the shore of the island, but only in four pairs. I looked in vain for my *Sterna alutacea*. Upon the whole, the poverty of representa-

tives of the subfamilies *Sterninae* and *Larininae* is very noticeable; thus, for instance, I have met with only one species of the genus *Larus*, *L. glaucus*, Licht., being not so numerous, however, as one might expect.\*

\* The species of *Larus* observed on Popokof Island by Dr. Kjellman in the summer belongs here. From the translation of a portion of Professor Nordenskiöld's narrative of the Vega expedition, Henry Elliot's monograph of the Real Islands, p. 112, it would seem that *Larus* was taken by the Vega by the name of *L. glaucus*. The American edition by Leslie, p. 617, shows, however, that they expressly restrict this statement to *Fratercula cirrhata* in accordance with fact.

\* Sundevall (Scap. meth. disp. Av., p. 145, 1872) has substituted for *Breuthia Scop. Breuthia* "Antai," a name suggested by some later collector, and Contrabius (Contrabius) (Contrabius) 30, but *Breuthia* is preoccupied for a genus of *Coleoptera* since 1850.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## NEW YORK FORESTRY ASSOCIATION.

THE indiscriminate cutting of timber, the stealing of it and the peeling of bark in the Adirondacks had been a great evil for years. It has been written about by individuals who saw that unless it could be checked there would soon be no woods to speak of, and consequently no water for the canals and rivers. The attention of the Legislature of New York was called to it, and last winter the Senate appointed a committee consisting of Senator Koch, Lynde and Frederick Lansing, to look into the matter and take such preliminary steps as would in their judgment seem just and proper for that purpose. Joseph Koch, its chairman, called a meeting of the committee at Albany, July 12. The meeting was held at the office of Superintendent Colvin, of the Adirondack Survey, at 11 o'clock on the 12th. In connection with this meeting Mr. Colvin invited several gentlemen known to be interested in the subject to meet with the committee and form a forestry association. In the Senate committee and form a forestry association. In answer to this call the following gentlemen were present: Gen. Robert Lenox Banks, C. P. Williams, Fred Mather, Judge Clinton of Buffalo, Hon. Neil Gilmour, Dr. S. B. Ward, Hon. P. J. Rogers of Seneca, Hon. William P. Leitchworth, Chairman of the State Board of Charities, Mr. William Barnes and several others.

Superintendent Colvin was the object of the meeting and read letters of commendation of the work to be undertaken from ex-Gov. Seymour, Hon. Erastus Brooks, Prof. Edward North, of Hamilton College, Dr. Franklin B. Hough, Judge Smith and Erastus Corning, all of whom gave words of encouragement to the undertaking, and expressed regret at being unable to attend the meeting. Mr. Colvin explained that the fact that the Senate committee on State Lands was to meet this city on the 14th of August, in movement by several who were interested in the formation of a State forestry association. He said that on the 8th of August the American Forestry Congress would meet at St. Paul, Minn. Heretofore the State of New York had been represented at the yearly meetings of the national body only by the presence of volunteers interested in forestry, while most of the other States had sent regular delegates. In view of the fact that so much had been done by the last Legislature looking to the preservation of the forest lands of the State, it had seemed to those interested that this was a favorable time to organize a State association.

Senator Lansing stated that there were 600,000 acres of forest land which the State now owned, having acquired title through recurring tax sales, situated in the counties of Essex, Franklin, Hamilton, Herkimer, Madison, Montgomery, Otsego, Schoharie, Warren and Yates. The State owned a length upon the necessity of saving these lands from further spoliation, both as a sanitary measure and for the benefit of our streams, rivers and commerce generally.

He was followed by Hon. William Barnes, of the Forest Commission, who gave a brief and interesting history of our forests, and explained the manner in which forests are preserved in Germany and Russia, showing on a map the outline of the Russian forests.

Mr. Colvin showed new manuscript maps, prepared in his office, of Hamilton county and other counties, on which the forest lands were outlined in red.

Mr. Lansing explained the characteristics of the lands shown on the map, and said that the question was as to whether the State should acquire more lands, with a view of securing the forest, or possibly in one great tract, and the great importance of the preservation of the vast forests in the Adirondack region, and urged that the Legislature in so important a matter could do little without the active support and assistance of citizens generally. Discussion and a comparison of views would have an educational influence and bring out the facts, and determine what it was necessary to do to preserve the forests. It was then explained that along the Black River the rapid cutting away of the forest had so opened the woods to evaporation that the springs of the head-waters were drying up, and with his people at Watertown it became a simple, practical question—shall the forests be destroyed and the streams cease to give the regular supply of water, or shall we study and guard against these dangers?

Mr. P. J. Williams believed that a forestry association might accomplish good results, and queried whether the interests of private owners in the forest region might not be made to contribute to the end aimed at—the preservation of the wooded lands and their scientific maintenance. He knew, from personal experience, that the lands in lower Hamilton were almost worthless for agriculture. The cutting of timber was entirely unprofitable, and was even falling to a depth of seven or eight feet. He had maintained a farm in the locality for ten or twelve years, by annual contribution to the family working it, not for any agricultural results, but for the purpose of having a summer home and a trout fishing resort for himself and friends. Pasture was fair in the district, but the ordinary crops of the farmer could not be grown. If the forests could be preserved, they would be a source of water, and there was nothing to prevent the hills from drying up. When he was a boy there was plenty of water in the Hudson for sail vessels to tack anywhere from Castleton to Albany and now nothing but a steamboat channel remains in summer.

After further discussion, Gen. Banks was chosen chairman, and Mr. Colvin, secretary of an executive committee, which, on motion, was made to consist of those persons present. The next step was to take action on the matter. A resolution, offered by Mr. Barnes, authorizing the executive committee to report a constitution and by-laws, and also to sug-

\* Neueste nord. avier, II (1765), p. 229.

\* This is completely senseless. I conjecture it to be a misprint for *Schneidmüller*.

post names for representatives of the New York Association at the meeting of the National Forestry Association at St. Paul, in August, was adopted. The meeting then adjourned subject to the call of the chairman. The Senate committee subsequently held an executive meeting for the purpose of discussing the best method of examining lands in the Adirondack region.

**A BIRD BATH.**—Your notice in the last issue of **FOREST AND STREAM**, of the fondness of birds for a bath in hot weather, reminds me of a scene very familiar to me during my rambles in search of specimens through the cedar groves of Bermuda, during the hot weather of the island summer. The peculiar formation of the group affords in several places depressions of the earth's surface, which have evidently once been the floors of so many small caverns, now minus their roofs. These miniature faults after rainfalls fill to the brim, and being watertight retain the liquid for several days, in a shady spot. To these welcome baths the gaudily-plumaged cardinal grosbeak (*Cardinalis virginianus*), locally termed "red bird," lies during the hottest period of the day, and one of the prettiest ornithological sights I have ever beheld, was that of a small flock of males, in full scarlet livery, performing their ablutions in one of the fairy pools situate in the midst of the dense *lantana* scrub in some retired part of the island. They generally dived in the breast high, and stooping down, flapped their wings violently enough to send the spray to a considerable distance. Having well wetted the feathers, they would hop on to the elevated rim of the tank and as violently vibrate their wings again, rubbing their whole bodies with their beaks, and soon drying the whole plumage. Then up into the branches of a neighborly cedar, and with a loud "few, few, few," they were off to their daily duties. I very rarely observed any of the other common resident birds of the island, of which there are only four—blackbird (*Melospiza carolinensis*), bluebird (*Sialia sialis*), chick of the village (*Troglodytes aedon*), and ground dove (*Chamaeliparus passerinus*) indulging in a bath, and this induces me to believe that the *Pringillidae* are at all other land birds proper, the greatest lovers of a bath.—J. MATTHEW JONES (Fern Lodge, Nova Scotia).

**LOCKED DEER HORNS.**—South Bend, Ark., July 10.—An old trapper found near here about three months since, a curiosity in the way of two pair of massive deer horns that were locked together by fighting, and in such a manner that it is impossible to pull them apart. He stated to me that he supposed the two bucks had been dead probably three months or more before he found them, and from the size of their frames, that they must have been tremendous big deer. They will be in the Arkansas exhibit at the Louisiana Exposition.—E. T. B. [We have a pair of such locked horns in this office.]

**RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.**—Received by purchase—Two gray squirrels (*Sciurus carolinensis*), five heavers (*Cistichus f. canadensis*), one tamarina antelope (*Panandrus tamarinus*), one cassowary (*Cassidix quatuordecim*), six maned dogs (*Canis gallicus*), one Peruvian thicknee (*Adenotus superciliosus*), one Cuban parrot (*Chrysotis leucophthalmus*), one diamond rattlesnake (*Crotalus cerastes*), one hooded snake (*Agkistrodon cristatus*). Present ed—Two trunks (*Putorius vivax*), one black bear cub (*Ursus americanus*), one red fox (*Vulpes fulvus*), one woodchuck (*Marmota flaviventris*), one muskrat (*Fiber zibethicus*), one catbird (*Otus virginicus*), one robin (*Erithacus migratorius*), three yellow-striped woodpeckers (*Colaptes auratus*), one fish hawk (*Pandion haliaetus*), one laughing falcon (*Elanus leucurus*), one blue snake (*Basiliscus constrictor*), and one pine snake (*Pituophis melanoleucus*). Borne—Seven Virginia deer (*Cervus virginianus*), one oryx (*Oryx capensis*), one bighorn sheep (*Ovis montanus*), one llama (*Lama guanicoe*), two bueviers (*Castor fiber canadensis*), nine valley quail (*Lophortyx californicus*), four pea fowls (*Pavo cristatus*), and three mallard ducks (*Anas boschas*).

## Answers to Correspondents.

**SALEM, N. J.**—Can you let me know what you bait with to catch carp in a pond. Ans. See reply to "R. M."

**A. MEK., New York.**—What is the best bait for black bass? Ans. The minnow or bluegill, cut in halves, or a shrimp, minnows, frogs.

**M. W., New York.**—Please inform me of the best and nearest fishing place to Sing Sing, N. Y., for other salt or fresh water. Ans. There is little fish in the Tappan Zee, or Tappan Bay as that part of the Hudson opposite Sing Sing is now called, but it is not reliable. The best place to catch salt water fishing is at the New York Bay, or Long Island.

**T. F. M., New York.**—I am desirous of stocking a small lake in Western Ontario with black bass. Can you tell me whether I could, by addressing Mr. Seth Green, secure that end? That is Mr. Green's address, and what charges, if any, are made by him for sending trout to the lake? Ans. Mr. S. G. Green, N. Y., writes directly to him.

**Ans. 1.** We cannot say whether there are fish there or not. Try trout. They are a good species, but do not expect to get two or three pounds of lead two feet above the spoon, nor slowly. Try also trolling with a minnow cage in the same way. 2. The game is so new to me that I cannot say whether you would succeed in your own individual choice.

**J. B., Augusta, Ga.**—Will you please inform me if a small hand machine for making fishing line can be procured and from whom? Ans. We do not know of such a machine. Fishing lines are now made by machinery in large establishments. The makers deal entirely with houses in the wholesale fishing tackle trade and do not advertise, consequently they are unknown.

**R. M., J.**—What is the best way to kill trout when caught? 2. Are German carp and minnows and whitefish the best bait for bass? Ans. Put the second joint of the forefinger in the mouth, and the thumb on the back of the head, and bend upward until the neck is broken; then use knife to the junction of the head and body, and cut off. They are taken with boiled peas, a paste made with mashed potato and dough, and also with the worm.

**Ans. 3.** As to the strength of the strongest, most durable, and in fact most desirable, a twisted or a braided line? supposing both to be of the same thickness, or diameter. 2. Which is the best for trout? Ans. The twisted line is the best, and the braided line possesses over a linen line? Ans. 1. A braided line, because it does not kink. 2. It depends on what use you want it for. 3. A silk line is best for trout because it is strong, smooth, and good in small diameter. If you had told us what fish you fish for we could have given you more information.

**VACATIONS.**—Can you tell me whether the black bass fishing at Greenwood Lake, N. Y., is of any account in the latter part of July or first of August, does the bass fishing amount to anything there at any time? Ans. The fishing for the trout is the best in Pennsylvania, near the western part of New York State much better. I should be much obliged if you could enlighten me as to the above, and more so if you would tell me where the best fishing is to be had. It is best in August, and black bass fishing is often good at Greenwood Lake. It is best in spring, and larger fish are caught there. We have had fair fishing there the time you mention, but have not been there this year. Why not try the Lacawanna?

**W. C., East Douglas, Mass.**—Will you be kind enough to inform me the Mumford River Fishing Club what is the best time to fish in this town with carp? The pond is fed by springs, and covers one mile square, mostly gravel bottom. Will average about ten feet deep, and cannot be drawn out. I would like to know if you could inform us what variety is best, how to obtain them, and what they will cost, and how to proceed to have the pond protected by the State. Any other information of the lake and vicinity would be of aid. R. Baird, Washington, D. C., or to Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York. The fish will cost you the transportation from the lake, and the price of the fish, and the price of the fish, and whether the scale, leather or mirror carp are best. The former is most prolific. For protection you must look to State or local laws.

## Game Bag and Gun.

**GAME RESORTS.**—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of **FOREST AND STREAM**. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

### DUCK SHOOTING ON THE MAINE COAST.

"Down to lay waves the fish-hawk swoops.  
The wild duck floats within their bays."

"COME, Mr. P., get up; it's four o'clock, and we must be off," dimly in my dreams comes Tom R.'s voice, and the sound of his knuckles playing a devil's tattoo on my chamber door. Suddenly I realize the full meaning of this early summons, and with a yank the bed clothes go flying across the room, and out on the floor go to sea search after those never-to-be-found matches, which, finally, after thrashing around in the dark in a vain endeavor to encase our lower extremities in the sleeves of a canvas hunting coat, turn up on the wash stand. In five minutes I am down on the wharf in the quaint old seaport town of Kennebecport, and there find my trusty heechman making all ready for immediate departure, by the light of a lantern suspended from a ship's spar over his dory. In the bow of the light craft that is to bear our fortunes, are piled up the wooden decoys and in to these are placed our guns covered with a couple of old oil skin coats, bearing marks of age and seaworthiness. Mine is an American breech-loader of twelve-bore and eight and a half pounds weight, while Tom's is a muzzle-loader of heavy caliber, much the worse for wear, for its owner follows hunting and fishing for a livelihood, furnishing, for the modest sum of two dollars per diem, his decoys, boat, and self to wandering Nimrods like myself, and only too well tells his deeds to the pleasure of all concerned.

The tide is falling fast and a short half-hour's work at the oars brings us out on the bay, just as a faint streak of daylight begins to appear on the eastern horizon. Those who have been there can imagine the fun of sitting in the stern of a fisherman's dory, on a cold, raw morning of late October, when the chilly, salt air stiffens one's fingers, and crawls down the spinal column with a persistence worthy of a better cause, while the rough, choppy waves make one's interior department feel like turning inside out, in the endeavor to make an offering to the sea.

But it is no time for imagination to depict the pleasures of a lazy snooze under warm blankets, so changing places with Tom at the oars, I start the blood circulating in quick time before reaching the shooting ground just north of the mouth of Wells River. Here the decoys are anchored, and a distance of forty or fifty rods we drop our grapnel overboard, and lie down on our oil-skin coats in the bottom of the boat to await developments, and indulge in an investigation of the contents of the big tin pail which mine good cook of the hostelry has provided. We are right in the line of the sea duck and coot, as they fly from their feeding grounds to the marshes that line the river's bank, and a better morning for this sport could not be wished for. The sky is overcast with heavy clouds, forbidding a coming storm, and a light mist is falling fast. Not long are we destined to wait, for presently my companion's more experienced eye discerns a long dark line oceanward coming directly for the boat. Nearer and nearer come the birds, but sweep by just beyond gunshot, while the sight of a dozen big black ducks just out of our reach causes a silent chorus of "confound the luck" from one end of the dory at least. "Look out," says Tom, and now a batch of old squaws are within reach of the gun. I am just about stopping on their way ashore. Quickly I pull the right barrel on them and "nary" a feather drops, but desperately putting the left full four feet ahead of the line, I am made happy by seeing two dead and one wounded bird brought to the water. Tom soon has the dead ones on board, and bids good-bye to the third, which is only wing broken, and is swimming and diving a half mile away. Making due allowance for the fact that you are further from the game, I eventually vow to pull ten feet at least on the next, and presently have an opportunity to practice it on a solitary sheldrake going by at express-train speed, and just clip his tail feathers neatly, without stopping him in his course.

Now for a half hour or more all is quiet, save ever and anon the shrill cry of a loon away toward the south shore, and a flock of wild geese far overhead on route for a warmer clime. We are just filling our pipe for a quiet smoker, when a sudden splash! splash! splash! greets our ears, and as the water is splashed high in air alongside our stools, we see between twenty and thirty gray coats that have approached unseen, swimming slowly away from their stolid wooden brethren. Two charges of No. 4 shot scattered promiscuously among them cause a sudden panic, and again as they rise in the air, another volley still further thins their number, and the remaining school, as it were, with their wings can carry them. We pick up nine dead, and have a tedious chase after four or five wounded ones, succeeding in gathering in only two. One of them, apparently lifeless, is thrown with the others in the bottom of the dory, when to our surprise with a shake of his wings he flops over the gunwale and dives for the bottom, escaping Tom's outstretched hand. When he came to the surface after his dive, an untimely charge of shot awaited him, and with a last struggle, his fat but fishy corpse is once more brought to light.

For more than an hour we have good shooting until the morning flight is over, and with arms and shoulders aching from heavy gun charges we desist from firing, and picking up our traps start for home. None too soon are we, as the mist has changed to heavy rain drops, and they are patterning down in such a suggestive manner, that we are, for a moment we wait, however, for that old loon coming down the wind, and in spite of Tom's muttered, "You can't get him; too far away," I fetch a him a clip in the head with a four-draught charge of Dupont's best, and an ounce of No. 2 chilled shot. With a "hip, hooray, boys," we take in his lordship, and Tom lays to the oars with a will.

"Another loon, Tom, by all that's gorgeous," is my shout as we round a long point of rock and sand, seeing a northern diver leap the shallow bay, apparently an easy capture. We reach the corner of the inlet, and there is no chance of his flying by over the water without being in range, but to our discomfiture the loon proposes not to use his wings, but disappears under water and comes up to view away out at sea behind us, rising his full height from the waves, while that shrill, mocking laugh is thrown tauntingly after us as we row through the storm for the river, now near

at hand. Close to the pier at the mouth of the river, a very unexpected and welcome sound is heard—a hunk! a hunk! directly overhead. Tom yells at me to shoot, as five brown geese are flying almost directly in the boat's course only twenty-five or thirty yards high, and evidently tired with their long flight. Hurriedly I haul my gun out of its rubber case, and raising it to my shoulder, pull the trigger, but no report follows, for the hammer is at half cock. An instant suffices to remedy this, and the charges are plucked full into the flock. Then it is that we feel like having a Pawnee war-dance, or an Irish jig, as a brace of fine geese come down "ker-splash," one almost within reach of the oars, and the other scaling up two or three hundred yards and falling as dead as a stone, having flown as long as strength held out. Tom winks once or twice as he thinks of the extra pay my good luck will bring him, and just as the clock strikes the dinner hour pulls up by the shipyard to the wharf, and a couple of wet birds, and hungry chaps disembark with our game. Tom gets his pay twice over for treating his charge to the best day's sport it has ever been his luck to enjoy, the one "big day" to offset the many wearysome tramps in field and wood, when, returning tired and gameless from the hunt, we feel just like forswearing the gun and dog. But how often do we forget the bad luck and, with undiminished ardor, at the first opportunity are off for the field in quest of another "skunk" or a fairly good bag.

"All hail, ye Nimrods, sportsmen hold."

May care's nets ever shun,

No woe or poverty e'er depress

Our brothers of the dog and gun."

A. M. P.

POTOMAC, CONN.

### THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

**WHEN** Mr. A. H. Mershon, of East Saginaw, was re-elected president of the East Saginaw Game Protective Club, after the manner of other officials he prepared a "message." The club were not favored with the document, but the manuscript was cast away into what threatened to be oblivion, until one day the **FOREST AND STREAM**, by mysterious agencies of its own, gained possession of it, and herewith publishes. Our readers will recognize in the message the same language which Mr. Mershon used in a meeting held and published in our issue of January 15, 1883. The document is as follows:

*Gentlemen of the East Saginaw Game Protective Club:*

Having learned from this morning's paper that I am again re-elected President of the East Saginaw Game Protective Club, I hasten to prepare and lay before that useful, ornamental, and influential body, my unusual annual message. Fellow citizens, honorable, hard-working and economical members of this distinguished organization! It affords me a certain sort of pleasure to tender my cordial greetings upon the occasion of your assembling, and I beg you will allow me to congratulate you upon your happy choice of officers, as I learn the entire executive force, including myself, are re-elected by a unanimous vote, and that without the technicality of a quorum being present. In this connection let me call your attention to the fact that if you should insist upon a quorum of members who have paid their dues to date, you would probably never hold a meeting, hence the policy of your prompt and comprehensive action.

#### FOREIGN RELATIONS.

The duty devolves upon me of presenting to you the condition of the affairs of this association, such as they appear to me to need your consideration and attention. I will state here that our foreign relations are generally friendly, in confirmation of which I refer to the messages of my confrères, Chester Arthur, Benjamin Butler and Mr. Begole, who have all noticed that fact, and but recently made the same observation. I think we need fear nothing from either Clare or Roscommon counties—if we let them alone.

#### FINANCES.

I am glad to be able to assure you that our treasury is in its normal condition, and when some of our delinquent members shall find it convenient to pay in their dues there may be some funds on hand. In the meantime you will continue to "stave off," so to speak, the little printing bill, etc., as usual. As you are aware, this is not a sordid affair of dollars and cents; it is a matter of principle. Economy, if I am not misinformed, is one of the cardinal virtues, and should be strictly observed and carefully nursed. I respectfully suggest the expediency of ringing in (excuse me)—soliciting—new members, who may, at a few dollars each, if obtained in sufficient numbers, replenish our exchequer. You may be able, in this way, to ultimately pension some of the older members who have worn themselves out in the arduous labors of trying to get a quorum together. Still, it is not quite clear to my mind that this subject should be approached, except with extreme caution, until the matter is in sight. I recommend that trade dollars be taken at par, and until a sufficient sum shall accumulate, a "sinking fund" might be a good name to give it.

#### GROWTH AND INCREASE.

It is somewhat humiliating, to contemplate the slow and unsatisfactory progress of our association. While other organizations have increased, under adverse circumstances, from 100 to 500 per cent., during the past decade, ours has scarcely more than held its own in numbers. I have no figures at hand to illustrate these facts as to the State of Michigan, but presuming Illinois to give about the same result, I give below figures from the censuses of 1870 and 1880, showing the number and increase of certain classes in the latter State:

Insane.....	1870.....	1881.....
Blind.....	1,625.....	5,411.....
Deaf.....	1,000.....	3,200.....
Dead.....	1,000.....	3,615.....
Totals.....	4,715.....	14,121.....

It is an extremely humiliating fact that the four unfortunate classes quoted above should increase over 300 per cent., while the E. S. G. P. Association should hardly hold its own, although in the possession of all its facilities.

#### AGRICULTURE.

Although it may seem to you that agriculture does not come within the scope of your influence or control, I will endeavor to show you that to a certain extent, indirectly, it may. We must all admit the policy of conciliating the farmer, and keeping the right side of the honest granger. Many of them, through ignorance, are trapping quails, turkeys, ruffed grouse, shooting game out of season, ruttling trout and taking them from their spawning beds. They are



even bringing up their boys to trap, snare, and sell quails (called "colin," when you don't want them to know what you mean), taking them to market with only a pinched head, or broken neck, when a simple punch with an awl, or a jab with a fork would enable them to swear they shot them, without much risk of penalty. An occasional small shot inserted in the hole would satisfy any petit juryman of modern times.

You will see the expediency of educating the farmer and his family up to the standard, so that he may be led to divide with you occasionally when you cannot, consistently, provide your own table with the luxury of game in season, or any other time.

#### REVISION OF THE TARIFF.

While some may doubt the policy of mixing our affairs with political questions to any great extent, I would ask your careful but cautious attention to the protection of game, which, by a moderately elastic construction may come within the "tariff for revenue" side of the case. Game, if properly protected (from observation) can be made to produce revenue at all seasons of the year. Your wise consideration of this fact is respectfully suggested. Trout, grayling, and other protected game fishes will come under this head. You must not consider that I recommend any interference with game, as understood by another branch of the sporting fraternity. I allude to poker, both straight, draw and tunk, keno, faro, croquet, polo, tennis, charades and base ball. The various varieties of pool properly belong to the Fish Commissioners, who would carp at any officious intermeddling in that channel. The industry of these classes of game upon revenue is so uncertain, that I advise you to be very careful to look over your hands the second time previous to risking money upon their value. I may, however, be allowed to hint, as my individual opinion, the policy of reforming the rules now in vogue as to the Jack pot, so called, which is a destructive modern invention, and gives capital an undue advantage over labor, induces and encourages rakes, causes loss of the command so far exceeds the supply that production is stimulated to such extent that decks are overloaded, holds are full in flush times, when many rash speculations are made, resulting in disaster in the call. I may safely leave these matters to your mature judgment, trusting you will deal fairly with them when it comes your turn.

#### IN CONCLUSION.

Thinking you, who are still awake, for your kind indulgence and the deep interest you seem to manifest in my remarks, and that I do not disturb you far exceeds the supply that production is stimulated to such extent that decks are overloaded, holds are full in flush times, when many rash speculations are made, resulting in disaster in the call. I may safely leave these matters to your mature judgment, trusting you will deal fairly with them when it comes your turn.

A. H. MERSTON, President E. S. G. P. Club.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., Jan. 7, 1888.

### STAR WADS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the above heading in your issue of June 21, one of your correspondents asks for some information from those who have used them. My experience has not yet been very extensive, but as far as I care is decidedly in favor of the star wad. They have been used quite firmly in place in every shell in which I have used them, whether in new paper shells or in those which I have unloaded.

My gun is a W. & C. Scott Damascus barrel, 12-gauge, choked to 14 at the muzzle, and I do not find that there has been the least injury done to the barrels. I am convinced that these wads cause the gun to shoot closer than when a cartridge is crimped. As evidence of this fact, I was shooting clay pigeons on the fourth of July, and found that I must get directly on the object or I would miss it; and then, as a further test, after others had shot and missed several, I shot, and broke them at least 50 to 60 yds. distance; all of the time I was using 3 drms. of Dupont No. 2 powder, and 14oz. No. 8 shot. The metal of which these wads are made is so soft that it would appear impossible to injure the barrels of a gun, and yet they do hold the paper wad down very perfectly.

NEW YORK.

J. H. T.

### GAME IN COLORADO.

THE game in Colorado is fast decreasing, owing to the non-enforcement of a not very stringent game law. Your correspondent interviewed one of the oldest and best-informed sportsmen in the State. He said that within the last fifteen years buffalo could be found within a few minutes' ride of Denver in numbers of thousands, and antelope could be seen in the outskirts of the city. In about six years ago one wandered into the city during a blinding snow storm. Some four years ago, during the month of January, when the antelope made their appearance, after a severe snow storm, hunting for food, 285 were killed by stag hounds, near the exposition grounds. This was during the close season. It is only a few years ago that the black-tail deer could be found within two hours' ride of Denver; and also that famous animal the Rocky Mountain sheep could be found in large numbers in the neighborhood of Bear Creek and Clear Creek Cañon, while the cinnamon, black and grizzly bears were abundant enough to satisfy the most bloodthirsty tourist.

With the advent of the railroads into the mountains all this was changed: the employees of the railroad companies, from the contractor to the train boy, considered it their game their property and slaughtered indiscriminately, in season and out. In places where the railroads do not reach, the stockmen and desperadoes kill the game, blow up the fish with dynamite, and in many cases kill deer in the close season for their hides only. Even the well-to-do stock raisers, men who would consider it an insult if you accused them of breaking the law, have been found mounting off game in the close season, justifying themselves by a clause in the game law which allows a man to kill game for his own use only. Buffalo cannot now be found within 600 miles of here, while only fifteen years ago there could be seen thousands of them. This may sound exaggerated, but it is a bare fact and can be proven.

The Legislature here is not competent to enact a suitable game law, and unless the people will elect men who can appreciate the value of the game and fish to Colorado, things will get worse instead of better. It is a well-known fact that Eastern and foreign sportsmen have contributed in no small degree to the welfare of Colorado, and if the game is not protected, she will lose one of her greatest attractions to tourists. Wealthy men come here in search of health, rec-

reation and good hunting; and in many cases have located here and greatly increased the prosperity of this State. If the game be exterminated, the attraction for the moneyed tourist is gone, and Wyoming or Montana will reap the benefits that Colorado can and should have. There are in this city of Denver men who, if they would, could do a great deal to stop this illegal killing of game, and if they can only be persuaded to set the ball rolling, will find plenty of supporters in the other towns throughout the State.

In Grand county some prominent men who have openly violated the game laws only a few days ago, shot each other, which proves, in this State at least, that a man who will break the game laws will commit murder.

When the citizens of Colorado awaken to the fact that she is fast losing one of her greatest attractions, then they will enact and enforce a law that will protect the game and fish, but unless they do this very soon it will be too late.

THAT OFFICE BOY.

DENVER, Colorado, July, 1888.

A REVOLVER STORY.—Editor Forest and Stream: Your readers have undoubtedly all heard of the traditional lunatic, who, during the heat of an engagement, loaded his charges of powder and shot in his musket, one above another, in order to get six successive whacks at the enemy without stopping to reload; also, of the fellow who goes hunting once a year in the summer time and always manages to ram two big charges down one barrel of his gun at a critical moment, when he sees a red squirrel smiling at him from the opposite side of a tree limb. What I want to chronicle is a newly-discovered method of compound loading, which certainly beats both the foregoing by a vast majority. Last summer my brother Walter, accompanied by several other boys, went down the Ohio River a few miles from town, and while in a grove tried target shooting with a 7-shot, 22-caliber revolver. Strange to relate, after each discharge no bullet marks could be found anywhere. At length, when the shooter tried to cock the revolver for the sixth shot, he found the concern would not work. In the investigation which followed a remarkable discovery was made in the barrel. There, wedged tightly together, one behind the other, were the five lost bullets, jammed into one made with the tail end of the fifth bullet projecting into the cylinder and clogging its action. The cylinder was found to have been put into the revolver out of a true line with the barrel, and the bullets, moreover, being rather too large and tight for the weapon, they had lodged, one upon the other, in the barrel, as described. The mystery to me is why the shot didn't blow up. As the Irishman would say: "The facts in this case are entirely true."—W. (Kentucky).

WESTERN NEWS.—Mexico, N. Y., July 9.—I fear that the fall shooting in this vicinity will be a failure; at least will afford but little sport to local sportsmen. In talking with a gentleman yesterday (who always keeps his eyes open) he said we would have a few woodcock as he had seen one or two broods in his rambles. Big and Little Sandy ponds have been mentioned in your paper frequently, and I need say nothing of them. Oswego sportsmen come in part, if not entirely, all the duck shooting at both ponds. The ruffed grouse is no longer seen in this locality, I don't suppose there are twenty-five birds in the county. In my early boyhood I used to find a covey in almost every piece of woods. Now there are none. "Tis the parasite or worm and not the hunter that has destroyed our best game bird. The bass fishery continues good, though I understand that the best fishing is found at Captain Sam Nichols', up the lake and nearer to Oswego.—J. W. S.

THE CHARMS OF FLORIDA.—There are hundreds of your readers, who like the writer, have spent winters delightful and pleasant to remember among the lakes, the woods and marshes of Florida. Go there from the snow and ice, the slush, wind and rain of our northern winters; camp (not in the hotels nor among the "crackers," but in your own tent under the pines; sail in your own boat; leave the lines of tourists' travel; go anywhere in South Florida and good sport with rod or gun can be had for those who seek it patiently and do not expect too much. As for the climate, it can restore weak lungs I know from experience. I also know that in the southern end of the Peninsula it is usually dry, delightful weather from January to April. For fishing, where can it be equalled? Of game there is enough, except for those who wish to slay their thousands in a day, and all from the deck of a steamer.—G.

REED BIRDS AT THE SEASIDE.—In stating that the reed bird was never found near salt water, I only intended to convey the idea that the bird was not abundant in such localities, or in numbers that would warrant their being sought; and thus criticized the article referred to. They are plentiful in season, and in the best condition for the table only when they are feeding on the seeds of the fresh-water reed, and then are not game. I have killed them in May, for mounting in bobolink plumage near the seaside. Those shot, as stated, among beach plain bushes near the salt meadows could not have been in prime condition. Your correspondent has killed wild pigeons on the beach that skirts the New Jersey coast, but would not advise such grounds to be selected by the sportsmen. He has also seen a horse fly over the river.—Homo.

TEXAS PRairie CHICKENS.—Indiana, Tex., July 9.—Have had nice showers these last few days, and look forward to good prairie chicken and plover shooting on the 1st of August, when the season opens.—G. A.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS IN MINNESOTA.—Sauk Centre, July 10.—Present prospects are good for prairie chickens, and it is a dry season and has not been bad by flooding the marshes for any length of time.—DELL.

"BATES'S TRAVELS IN MINORCA."—The editor of this journal wishes to procure a copy of Bates's "Travels in Minorca," and will thank any reader who may direct him to where the book can be found, or who may send him the full title page.

A son of Mr. Henry Christison, living a few miles west of Winchester, Ill., met with a painful accident a short time ago which will cause him the loss of one of his eyes. While engaged in the business of cutting hay, he was seen by a hawk caught in his eye, sinking in the pupil beyond the beard of the hook, making it necessary to have a surgical operation performed.

## Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

### A DAY'S SPORT AT CEDAR STUMP.

ON June 25, 1888, two veteran anglers might have been seen at Middle Dam Camp, on the Rangley Lake, making preparations for a trip some distance away. Any one knowing the country and the men well would have said, "There is business ahead," and as the backboard was driven up in front of the camp, Judge P. and the Scribe stepped aboard, with lunch basket, landing-net, and two good fly-rods. As the horses started down the road toward Cedar Stump Landing, the boys in camp heard the undertone of what was up, and soon one remarked, "That means trout for those two old coons know what they are about, and I have noticed a mischievous look about their eyes for the last half hour."

Three and one-half miles ride, and we left the backboard and walked down the old trail a half mile to Cedar Stump Landing. As we parted the alders were stepped out on to the rocks by the riverside we looked down the undercurrent to the still water below the rapids. The trout could be seen breaking water in a half dozen places at a time, but entirely out of our reach.

"A boat, my kingdom for a boat!" broke forth from the lips of the Scribe, but no boat was to be had, and the next thing the do was to fish the "spring hole" and the rapids. Carefully creeping out on the rocks, the Scribe went east; the instant the flies touched the water both rods made their bows, and with heavy tugs and plunges the fish swung down the stream.

"Say, Judge, this looks like business—both fast to large fish at once."

"Yes, Mr. Scribe, we've struck it this time."

We carefully work our fish up near enough to see them, and "Clubs, by thunder," when the Judge unhooked two clubs weighing nearly two pounds each, and they were whacked on to the rocks in a way that indicated great displeasure. About this time the Scribe's face took on such long dimensions that it is not necessary to say that he had duplicated the Judge's catch of clubs. We kept at work, however, until this kind of a row was well cleared out, when we concluded to wade back to the shore and let the water in the pools quiet down, then try again; for we were sure there were trout in them, and large ones at that. Ten minutes' rest and the Judge decides to go up stream some six or eight rods to a nice looking pool, while the Scribe leisurely waltzes about two-thirds the way across the river, clearing the flies for long casts toward the "spring hole." The third time, and the flies came dancing in the very spot intended. "Great Scott! what a trout he is two feet long if an inch!" but he just missed the stretchy fly and was gone like a flash. At that instant a cry is heard from the Judge, above the roar of the waters, "Come with the landing net," but the temptation was too strong, and the Scribe made another cast.

Ye penurious stay-at-homes! Ye gingerly fellows that are afraid of a little tar and oil and a few mosquitoes, and ye who dig and delve from year to year, and will not take an outing and bask in the golden sunlight, and wander through the majestic forests and by the peary streams. To you I do not address myself. It would be casting pearls before swine, but to the man who can walk the fly-rod well, and who understands the gentle art, and loves the woods and the flies, and hears the water splashing as his gliding notes float through the green valleys and from the mountain sides, to you I would say: The ecstasy of the next moment cannot be described, but you, and you only, can understand it well.

The sun had struggled through a rift in the clouds, which gave the rippling water a bright golden tinge, through which the form of a trout was seen, and a moment later a rainbow as he plowed upward and upward through the rushing water, and with a splash that had given an amateur the "buck fever," closed his huge jaws over the light-winged "Montreal." A strike, a "twang" from the line, and a rush of sixty feet down stream, when the old and tried ten-ounce split-bamboo says, "Whoa!" and I find that the trout has been brought within four or five pounds, and a stubborn fighter at that. But I will not weary FOREST AND STREAM'S readers with a repetition of the playing and netting of a trout when it has been done so ably many times before. Suffice it to say, that I had forgotten the Judge, who had towed his two-pound trout ashore and saved him, and now stood by my side, and as he gently slipped the net under my trout, quietly remarked: "I saw the whole business, and I was well done."

After a short rest we struck out again, and in a half hour, we added to our catch two more trout weighing three pounds each. At this juncture the Judge concluded to cross the river and fish down toward the still water. I was busy casting for a large fish that would rise but would not take any fly I had in my book, when I heard a tremendous splash across the river. I glanced across and, O horror of horrors, no Judge to be seen, but only a half-struck trout in the current, which finally makes its way to the shore and slowly rises from the water with something in the shape of a man under it, and both disappear in the woods. I never allow myself to laugh at other's misfortunes, but this thing was so sudden, so unexpected, although I was told by a near relative of the Judge, that if he got excited he was liable to fall in the water, perchance upon his head, and thus drown. At this time, and I well knew that if I even snickered the Judge would not like it, and I might lose my balance; so I bit my lips, pinched my ears, and even pounded my sides, to keep down the great waves of laughter that came bubbling up and trying to escape. All at once I began to see-saw on that rock; I reeled, and teetered, and waltzed around, until I found I had got to go, then with a yell of half rage and half laughter, and one grand swish, I slid off the rock and stood in the water nearly up to my waist. The Judge told me afterward that he saw me standing on a rock, and as my head was turned he guessed I was laughing at something, and he did not know then, neither will he until he reads this, that the Scribe slipped full as much water on that memorable day as he did.







covers, or in the six hundred pages of its catalogue, more suggestive than this contrast between the exhibits of China and those of the United States. They represent two very opposite views of human life, and two very opposite methods of dealing with nature and of extorting from her the means of subsistence. Will the people who have grown to 300,000,000 already—an expansion no other people have ever reached, an homogeneous population equal to the aggregate of all the nations of Europe—who are able and ready to work well for less than half other people, who can live where any other people would starve, who can labor in every climate, and are content with any form of government, will they at last burst the invisible bonds which have hitherto kept them within their own boundaries, and which there now appears in them some disposition to burst, and overflow other parts of the world, and displace existing populations by getting possession of the means of living, through their ability to work harder and to live upon less? Or, to look at the question from the other side, will the most progressive people in the world, who take it for granted that those who have gone before them did it no more than the starting-point from which they themselves are to advance; who, without shrinking from manual labor, labor with the brain as no other people ever did, in order not merely to live, but to live well; who regard the whole world as the field for their activity; and who look upon the force of nature, and the materials of nature turned to the best account, as so many problems which they are called upon to solve, will they be hemmed in, beaten, and displaced by the Chinaman?

It has been said if a Chinese Napoleon were to arise he would cut out very ugly work for the rest of the world. That apprehension, however, we may summarily dismiss, because the future can only grow out of the past, and China during its thousand years of existence, and out of its hundreds of millions of people, has produced no Napoleons. The contrast just dwelt upon seems to meet satisfactorily the apprehensions on this subject with which some minds are at present troubled. Who can doubt that fifty years hence the Chinaman with the same appliances as he sets before us in this Exhibition, will be capturing about the same amount of fish he captures at this day, and which is probably about his entire food supply. He will capture, in a few years, two or three thousand years ago? This interesting and instructive Exhibition shows, among many other things, that the history and present condition of the fisheries of all people, together with the amounts of enterprise and hardihood displayed severally by their fishermen, constitutes a very fair measure of the character of the people themselves.—*F. Barham Zincke in Macmillan's Magazine.*

**TIM POND AND THE SEVEN PONDS.**—I send you extracts from letters just received from the Maine resorts named: "July 3, 1883.—Smith is getting lots of letters from new parties referring to advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM. Several cabins are engaged by sportsmen for themselves, their families and children to board at Tim Pond for two months. The more the better. More sportsmen are here this season than up to this time last year. The prospect is for a very large increase through the season. Gen. F. C. Barlow, of New York, with two sons, are now having splendid trouting at Big Island Pond. I saw in Gen. Barlow's boat fifteen or twenty trout averaging about one pound each. Mr. Henderson weighed two of them, one weighed two pounds seven ounces, the other two pounds five ounces. The tackle is the best. The name of the gentleman from South America who has been at Seven Ponds the last twenty-five days, came into camp last night from L. Pond, bringing the best string of fish I have ever seen from that pond. A man from Boston went to Tim Pond yesterday, and was having grand fun when I left. There are several broods of young partridges in the woods this spring, but cannot yet tell how numerous they will be the coming season, but the law that prohibits killing them for the market will save thousands per year for sportsmen and the home tables. I saw a bear in the road between Smith's house and Tim Pond recently; he looked at the buckboard team a moment, then made good time for the cover of the forest." "The law protecting trout in this State is a great help to fish in these ponds as well as all others. Formerly there were more trout caught out of than in season. Not so now, and I have no children to board at Tim Pond, but the sport is quite as fine now as then. Hope when you come you will have your usual good luck."—*J. W. T. New Britain, Conn., July 11.*

**NOTES FROM THE SUSQUEHANNA.**—Athens, Pa., July 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your many mentions of bait for black bass, I have not noticed bullhead mentioned. This is the principal bait here; and those who fish for big bass use a bullhead from two to four inches long. When fishing with these you are not troubled by the biting of small fish. They are found under loose stones in the riffles, and are caught by stunning or by dip net. Hook them through the lips. E. W. Davies, our enterprising fishing tackle man, offers a fine rod as a prize to any of his customers catching the largest black bass with hook and line during the season, the bass to be weighed by him. We have had little or no fishing here yet, as the river has been too low for mudpuppy. But early in the spring quite a few yellow bass were taken by trolling. Monday evening, July 9, a fish club was organized to protect the fish, which are disappearing yearly because of pot fishing and seine drawing. J. S. Williston, President; E. W. Davies, Secretary and Treasurer; R. Jolly, Fish Warden, besides others appointed to act as wardens. A reward of fifty-five dollars is offered to any one who will give information that will lead to the conviction of parties who draw seines in the county of Bradford.—*W. K. P.*

**PICKEREL TAKE THE FLY.**—A well-known angler of New York in a private letter to us wrote as follows: "Last week I took advantage of leisure to run down to Southampton, Long Island, where another gentleman and I caught fifty-nine pickereles on the fly, casting not trolling, and thirty large-mouthed bass. The pickerel were far more game than the bass, and reminded me of the festive trout in action. The pond where we caught them is surrounded with overhanging bushes, which explains to me the readiness with which we caught them in casting the fly. When I saw what we were about I put on some 'old sockers' I bought several years ago, and had him aside as useless. They were so many and so thick, that I left them very little, having some wool bodies, yellow and red; wings, mostly red and black. Did you ever?"

**CAMPBELLTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 9.**—Salmon and trout have so far been scarce in the Jaquet River, but in the Restigouche waters both the net-fishermen and fly-fishers report the catch of salmon to be the largest known for years, and during the first part of June trout fishing at the head of the tide in Bay Chaleur was good, but now at this date little or no sport is to be had there. The writer and Mr. Richard Parker, of Campbellton, have just returned from some lakes back some twelve miles to the wilderness from here, where we have had good trout fishing, and a portion of the trout taken there were the most beautiful specimens of *S. fontinalis* imaginable. With the exception of a narrow, dark-mottled strip along their back, the general color was a pale yellow, with four rows on each side of the fish of large deep gold spots, and running through and among these larger spots were two rows of smaller spots of the deepest crimson. I several times had two of these trout that would weigh about 12 lbs. each on my flies at the same time, and they presented, while darting through the water, their colors, which shone with a bright metallic lustre, to the best possible advantage, and formed the most attractive pictures that I ever saw. Moose, caribou and bear signs were numerous in the vicinity of those lakes. I also saw a hen ruffed grouse that had a large family of chicks. A part of them were, at least, three or four weeks old, and the others not over two or three days old. With the exception of the few days that trout are running in the first part of the season, trout fishing is not as good in this section as in the lakes north of the St. Lawrence River, or even in some portions of Maine and the Adirondacks, while the expense is greater, with nothing of the comforts that you get in the last-named places. Here at the hotels, badly cooked food and dirty sheets are the rule without hardly an exception.—*STANSTAD.*

**BLACK BASS TACKLE.**—Mamaroneck, N. Y.—I have read with pleasure and profit Dr. Henshall's article on "Improved Black Bass Tackle," in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM. I have seen the reels he refers to, and they are certainly improvements on the right direction. The writer's clear and evidently impartial manner in setting forth the good points of these reels is to be commended. The black bass being, in a manner, my specialty, I feel much interest in everything pertaining to improvements in the "tackle" by means of which this game fish is caught. There are other reels and fishing appliances which I should be glad to see the Doctor treat in the same practical way, showing their defects as well as their good points. In regard to the new line, I have had some fishing and have seen, in the Doctor's description, and which, for aught I know, may have been made to meet the requirements called for by Dr. H. in his "Book of the Black Bass," and which has been for sale by Messrs. Wm. Mills & Son for about a year past. It is numbered H., is a very hard brand, very strong (lifting nine pounds or more), and is in all respects the best black bass line I have yet seen. It may have been made by the parties Dr. H. mentions, at all events, it seems to me identical with it, and deserves all the praise the Doctor bestows upon it. Articles like the Doctor's last are very useful to such readers of FOREST AND STREAM as are not well posted in regard to fishing tackle, and who are not quite willing to trust implicitly to the highly drawn descriptions found in many of the catalogues.—*PETRA.*

**REUBEN WOOD IN ENGLAND.**—New York, July 10.—The following extract from a private letter just received from my friend Henry Wright, Esq., confidential secretary of the Duke of Sutherland, will be read with interest by the numerous friends of the champion fly-caster of the world. Reuben Wood, Esq., of New York, writes, Sturges and PAGE, "Stafford House, St. James, London, June 28, 1883. My dear Mr. Page: \* \* \* What a pity you cannot be at the Fisheries Exhibition here. There never was so complete and extensive a show, and probably never will be again. Although I have been several times, I was so hurried that I was unable to study anything closely. I met your friend Reuben Wood, a tall, genial, cheery gentleman, who showed me some beautiful and new reel, which would be very convenient for trout fishing, but I am afraid would not enable one to kill a heavy fish, otherwise it would be a great advantage when a fish was running toward you to be able to run up the slack more rapidly than by the usual plan of hand winding. A few weeks ago I was at Dunrobin, Sutherlandland, Scotland, and killed two salmon on my single-hand line, and I fear I could not have done that with the spring reel. I am going to Trenton, Staffordshire, to-morrow, and on my return I mean to have another 'palaver' with Mr. Wood on the subject. Yours very truly, HENRY WRIGHT."

**THE BIG CAT OF THE KAW.**—North Carolina.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Ouachita's" big "gar" beats me by just eleven pounds. While in Lawrence, Kas., in 1878, I saw a catfish taken from the Kaw River, at the dam of the Douglas Company's mills, which weighed 165 pounds. Some of your readers probably will remember the incident. This monster cat was caught with tackle similar to that described by "Ouachita" in the "angler's" column. The fish was "sons of Ham" to land the fish, and I well remember that after a pole had been run through its gills, and shouldered by the proud possessors of the prize, the tail of the fish trailed on the sidewalk as it was being carried up street. This was the largest fish I have ever seen taken with hook and line, though some of the "forty-niners" can tell of larger fish having been taken from the Missouri and its tributaries.—*F. R.*

**PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.**—Charlottetown, P. E. I., June 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The long continued rains have kept the waters well up in the small rivers of this island, which has made trout fishing the best known here for years. Mine host Davis has just returned from the "Morrell" with fifty pounds of trout in a thirty-five-pound creel, and the basket was not full either. After much discussion and a war of words the cat was played on the scales, and showed thirty and one-quarter pounds, which may be set down as the usual difference between a fisherman's guess and the actual fact. The catch of salmon here this season has so far been a small one. The movements of *S. salar* have been very erratic, a great scarcity in some sections, while in others an overabundance.—*STANSTAD.*

**SHEEPSHEAD AT CAPE MAY.**—July 12.—The sheepshead fishing at Cape May Point continues to be very good. Mr. Cushman, of Philadelphia, having run many days since taken twenty-five fish during one forenoon.—*HOMO.*

**VERMONT TROUT STREAMS.**—East Berkshire, Vt., July 14.—I am living on the Missisquoi Railroad, twenty-two miles from St. Albans and within five miles of plenty of trout fishing. There are several brooks where plenty of trout are caught, viz., Wade Brook, Mill Brook, Hannah Clark Brook, Jay Brook, and several others that I do not think have any names; and besides these is Trout River. A short time ago I fished on Wade and Jay brooks, at the junction where Wade Brook runs into Jay Brook, and took out eighty-seven fine trout that were served up, shortly after, at several different places, I having divided them among my friends. It is a fine place for a sportsman to spend a few days, as there is plenty of fishing, with good hotels near by. Plenty of partridges can be shot there after the first of September, as they are very plenty this year and with but few hunters. Till I commenced taking your valuable paper I did not know anything about angling, other than going to the brooks, yanking out all I could get and going home. But, thanks to your paper, I now fish with a 10-count, 101-foot fly-rod, with a multiplying reel and forty yards of very fine green line, and am getting good sport without caring so much about the number of fish as I do the size of them. I learn something from your paper every week, and it is getting to be a friend that I do not care to be without.—*SEMPER SNAP.*

**BLACK BASS FISHING IN THE BRANDYWINE.**—Bass fishing in this stream has been unusually good of late, and some fine strings have been caught. Mr. John Ingram, a tobacconist, of West Chester, Pa., offers as a premium for the largest black bass taken during the season of 1883 a jointed bamboo bait rod of superior workmanship. There are a number of competitors for its possession. The largest bass reported measured twenty inches, and weighed one and one-half pounds. The west branch affords excellent fly-fishing. The bait employed most successfully is the tadpole, although some of the smaller fish are caught with the crawfish and helgramite. There is no accounting for the varied taste of the black bass of the Brandywine. At times all the above allurements are persistently refused, while the common earthworm is eagerly sought. I can recall a circumstance which happened a few years ago in illustration of this peculiar trait. One of our local fishermen had used all the known bass bait and a great deal of patience without avail. As he was in the act of unjoining his rod, he espied a small field mouse. In a fit of desperation he killed it; attached it to the hook and made another cast. In an instant the cork was out of sight, and after much persuasion he landed a three-pound bass. So much for bait.—*OCCASIONAL.*

**BLACK BASS IN OHIO.**—Newcastle, Pa.—Fishing here this year seems to be a failure on account of rain. It has rained almost three days a week since fishing began, keeping the water muddy. I am told in the fall there is good fishing to be had for "salmon," but as I have just moved here I cannot tell you very much about it. After frost they try the regular bait. While at Trenton the other day I saw several drop on the water, and they had no sooner touched than they were taken by the fish, but I could not tell what kind of fish they were. There were four or five fine bass caught at the old railroad bridge over the Neshaunock yesterday. I am told, that would pull the scales at three and one-half pounds.—*CHAR APPLE.*

**BLACK BASS IN SENECA LAKE.**—Elmira, N. Y.—I have never seen anything about this magnificent sheet of water and the black bass in the Finger Lakes. The fishing does not take place in Seneca Lake until about the 15th of September for black bass, and then they will take the hook until very cold weather. The law in regard to that lake is the same as in other lakes as to black bass, but for some reason or another they will not take the hook until about the 15th of September. A great many fish at night for these fish in the summer, using pieces of pork, white rags, shelled lobsters, etc., for bait, and they have much better success than the day fishermen. One person took the boat moving just enough to keep the hook of his "pard" from getting fast to the stones in the bottom of the lake, and they will fish in this manner all night some nights, and will be rewarded by a handsome string of these black beauties.—*G.*

**POACHING NEAR ALBANY.**—Nassau, Reus-selaar Co., N. Y., July 16.—There is a pond about one mile from the town of Nassau, which was stocked with black bass of the small mouth species, several years ago. I can remember the time when one could go up to the pond of a morning, and take a nice mess of pickered or black bass; but now that is a thing of the past. And why? Because there are certain unscrupulous persons, living on the banks of the pond, who catch the fish as soon as the ice is out in the spring, by netting. Now what I want to know is, could I inform a game constable, without letting the party be the wiser as to who gave the information?—*C. J. V. A.* [If you inform your nearest game protector he can work up the case on his own responsibility, and you need not appear in it.]

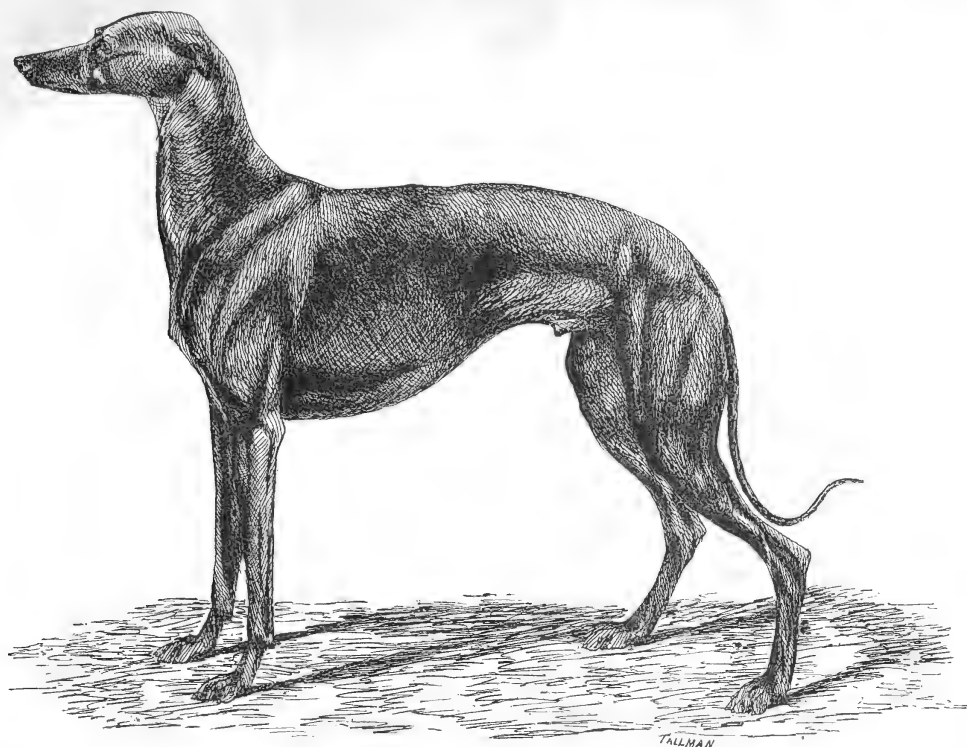
**THE KINGFISHERS.**—That jolly party of anglers known as "the Kingfishers," whose camp life has been so delightfully portrayed in our pages, is now in the woods near North Macheson. They left this week for Cheboygan, where they took wagon to camp, some twenty-three miles. They will remain for three weeks, and the big bass are welcoming them with outstretched jaws and empty stomachs, while the nasals are whetting their incisors to sever their lincs. There is a hint that a grayling stream, said to be unknown save to a few "old mossbacks," will be visited, and we are promised an account of their joys and tribulations when they get out of the woods.

**FLORIDA.**—Jacksonville, July 11.—Colonel J. E. Hart is fishing at Fort George and stopping with the genial George Gilbert, of Pilot Town. Yesterday Colonel Hart, with rod and reel, caught four bass of an aggregate weight of 110 pounds. He lost seven beside these and several lengths of line. Good time? Of course he is having a good time. Could you be having a good time if you were catching fish like that?









MR. C. H. MASON'S GREYHOUND DOG "FRIDAY NIGHT."

## The Kennel.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

### FIXTURES.

#### BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 2, 3, 4 and 5, London Bench Show, London, Canada. Entries close Sept. 19. Charles Lincoln, superintendent; John Puddicombe, secretary; C. A. Stone, assistant secretary.

#### FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1883.—Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1; for the Members' Stake, Nov. 17; for the All-Aged Stake, Nov. 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Long Island, N. Y.

November 20, 1883.—Robin's Island Club's second Annual Field Trials at Robin's Island, L. I., for members only. Entries close Sept. 1. A. T. Plummer, Secretary.

December, 1883.—National American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Eryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

### THE BEAGLE CLUB.

LIKE our friend "Briar" I am pleased to note that the admirers of the beagle are beginning to give us their views, but that alone will never establish a beagle club as long as this effort is not vigorously prosecuted. I fear there are a great many among us like our friend "Dorkin," whose minds are filled with doubt instead of being confident of success. Of course if we intend following the example of the cocker men we had better "leave well enough alone." I agree with "Dorkin," and I hope all others do, that the forming of the standard should be left to a small, competent committee, and in my humble opinion three better men than he has named could not be selected. His confidence in friend Elmore, I have no doubt, is shared by all who ever came in contact with that gentleman. If these gentlemen—Dr. Treadwell, Gen. Rowett and N. Elmore—will together decide upon a standard, I have no doubt that all real lovers of the beagle will abide by their decision. If so, then there will be no chance for the bickerings and controversies such as "Dorkin" predicts.

Why should not success be ours? Are the lovers of the "little hounds," whose idleness, courage, devotion, intelligence and affection entitle them to the rank of our best friend, not energetic and strong enough to organize and maintain a club for their benefit?

Now, Mr. Editor, let me beg of you to take this matter in hand, appoint the necessary committees, etc. Hoping you will aid us, we thank you for the interest shown in our cause on previous occasions.

WRIGHTSVILLE, Pa., July 13, 1883.

### LONDON (ONTARIO) DOG SHOW.

THE third International dog show, which has been fixed to take place on the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, October next, during the week of the Great Western Fair, promises to be a great success.

The committee will soon issue a very liberal premium list, besides a large number of special prizes have already been contributed.

The Fair Association have generously placed at the disposal of the committee a large and commodious building for the purpose of holding the show, which is admirably suitable for a show of this kind, being both well lighted and ventilated, besides the exercising ground is unlimited.

It is the desire of the committee to make this show in character what it is in name—International—and cordially invite all owners of dogs from the United States to make exhibits, and to those visiting the show, their time will be endeavored to be made as pleasant as possible.

The judges appointed are Mr. John W. Munson, of St. Louis, for setters and pointers, and Mr. James Mortimer, of New York City, for all other classes.

The entries will close on September 19, and the premium lists will be ready for distribution by August 1, copies of which will be sent you for distribution.

CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt.

### FRIDAY NIGHT.

FRIDAY NIGHT is a black greyhound dog with some white on chest and feet. He is 18 months old, and is by Master's Prince out of Mr. J. H. Salter's Sally, both well known in the coursing field. He is owned by Mr. C. H. Mason. He was imported last spring, and shown in public at the recent New York show, where he won first in the open class, and the Lotz-Dawson challenge gold medal. He also won first at Chicago last month. Friday Night is of medium size, very well balanced, with a racy appearance that takes the eye at once. He is an elegant easy mover, and is said to be very fast. He is from a sketch by Harry Tallman, and is an excellent likeness.

### THE ULMER OR GREAT DANE.

SINCE the non-sporting dogs have become fashionable, your enterprising journal has given not only true delineations of the most important breeds, but also some very faithful woodcuts. I think with Mr. Adcock, of London, and many others who have had occasion to study this breed, that the great Dane, or, as the Germans call him, the German dog, has a right to rank with the English mastiff and St. Bernard, not only in nobleness of appearance and carriage, but as regards intelligence and affection. In England he is beginning to be appreciated, and ranks highly in Germany, at Aix, and in Prussia.

At the recent conference in London, for the purpose of organizing a Great Dane club, a deputation was sent to Vienna there to meet the German recognized authorities and adopt a set of rules, and get the correct points, etc., of the breed.

Through a private letter received by me recently from an enthusiastic breeder and fancier of the great German dog, Prince Albert Solms of Braunfels, Prussia, I received a copy of the recognized standard, taken verbatim from the German National Stud Book, as follows:

#### THE GERMAN DOG.

By accepting this name, the usual denominations Danish dog or Ulmer dog have to be dropped.

1. *General appearance*.—The German dog is not so heavy and clumsy as the mastiff or bulldog, and at the same time his form is not so slender as the greyhound. His appearance should be exactly the middle between the two. He is large, of powerful build and elegant figure. He has a proud step and haughty attitude, with head carried high. The tail is generally bent downward or horizontal, and only slightly curved.

2. *Head*.—The head is moderately long, and more high and compressed at the sides than broad and flat. The forehead, in profile, seems to be only a little higher than the bridge of the nose and gradually rising toward the back. Seen from the front the forehead is not remarkably broader than the muzzle, which is very well developed. The muscles at the angle of the mouth are also well developed. Nose large, with the bridge a little curved. The lips are nearly straight, docked in front, and on the sides somewhat projecting. The lower jaw is neither long nor short. The eyes are small, round, with a sharp expression, the brows well developed; ears middling large, set high on the head, if cut they are pointed.

3. *Neck*.—The neck is long, powerful and slightly arched, gradually increasing in size from head to shoulders without throatiness.

4. *Chest*.—The chest should be broad and deep with the ribs well sprung. Belly small.

5. *Back and Loins*.—The back is long and straight with loin well arched. Croup short and handsomely sloping to set on of tail.

6. *Tail*.—The tail should not be too long, hardly reaching the hock. It is broad at the root and tapering to the end and slightly curved.

7. *Forelegs*.—The forelegs should be diagonal to the shoulders and perfectly straight and strong, with the upper arm muscular.

8. *Hindlegs*.—The thighs are muscular, with the lower leg strong and long and bent like a greyhound's.

10. *Feet*.—The feet are round, turning neither out nor in; toes closed and well arched, nails strong and curved.

11. *Coat*.—The hair is very short, fine and thick, with no long hair upon the under side of the tail.

12. *Color*.—A—Like flames. Ground color, golden brown, yellow, slate, iron color, or ash gray, but always with black, irregular cross lines of one color. B—Yellow, slate, ash gray, silver gray, or entirely of these colors, with a darker shade around the eyes, mouth or on the back, further entirely black. The yellow color alone is not fancied, nor are white spots. The nose is always black, with dark eyes and nails. C—Spotted or tiger dogs. Ground color, white or silver gray, with black or gray irregular spots.

The above exact translation was kindly rendered by Mr. Louis Solms, of the Austrian Consulate, this city, an accomplished linguist.

Prince Solms also sends me a large photograph of the champion German dog, Dr. Caster's Leo. He stands thirty-two inches at shoulder, and is straight and graceful as any terrier; weighs 160 lbs. This dog is worthy of a place in our kennels, has been much abused and distrusted under the name of "Siberian bloodhound," etc.

Any further information on this subject will be gladly given if in my power.

E. P. HODGES.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.

### THE BELFAST SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you marked catalogue of our recent Belfast show. There was nothing new shown that was especially new except Rex, the first prize pointer, a really good liver and white. He beat the celebrated red Irish Garryowen, as well as the black spaniel champion Zulu, for the challenge cup for the best sporting dog in the show. I understand that his owner claimed him at the catalogue price (£30). This I consider a very low figure for him. With the exception of the Irish terrier and red Irish setter classes, which were good, there was nothing worth mention.

Following is a list of the awards in the pointer and setter classes:

POINTERS.—1st and Newry challenge cup, D. Richardson Coates's Rex, 3yrs. smos. (Col. Campbell's Oscar—Baltimore Belle); 2d, G. Arthur Coates's Domino V. (little brother to Rex); 3d, Adam Clarke's Rex, 1st 4yrs. (Bravo—Juno). High com., E. J. B. Buckle's German II, 2yrs. (Shot—Belinda).

SETTERS.—Champion—James J. Giltrap's red Irish dog; Garry Owen, 4yrs. smos. (Baltimore Belle).  
IRISH SETTERS.—1st, R. A. Wilson's Box, 4yrs. (Red Rocket—Dora); 2d, T. M. Hilliard's King Richard II. (Count—Cister Queen); 3d, James J. Giltrap's Lady Palmerston II, 3yrs. smos. (Palmerston—Lizzie). Very high com., Edward Higgins's Red Queen, 3yrs. (Rocket—Cay); Win. Elliott's Blarney, 3yrs. (Brace—Stella); John Redcoat's Rosey, 3yrs. (Brace—Kate); Thos. Erwin's Red Maid, 3yrs. smos. (Red Grouse II—Peggy II.). High com., Edward Higgins's Baltimore, age and pedigree not given; G. St. G. Tyrer's Frog, 3yrs. (Terry—Ely); A. F. Nuttall's Reuben and Leo VII, 3yrs. (Grouse II—Colleen Rhin). Com., T. B. French's Parrell, smos. (Roger's Palmerston—Quail); Wm. J. Smyth's Parrell II, 3yrs. (Shot—Chloe); Thos. Erwin's Red Dash, 3yrs. (Red Rock—Sappo); Thos. Erwin's Colleen Bawn, 3yrs. (Brace—Stella).

SETTERS—ANY OTHER BREED.—1st, Joseph Boyle's Count Walder see, 3yrs. (Rock—Dream); 2d, R. Chapman's Dye II, 3yrs. smos. (Don—Kate); 3d, R. Chapman's Heather Jock, 10mos. (Harry—Ranger—Bell). Com., Thos. Kirk's Star, 3yrs. (Shot—Luna). G. Belfast, June 25.

### BANG BANG.

THE pointer dog Bang Bang, recently purchased in England by Mr. G. De Forest Grant, for the Westminster Kennel Club, arrived last week on the steamship Erin. We like his appearance very much. He is an orange and white of medium size, very well put together, with capital legs and feet. He has no weak points, but is good all over, and we have no doubt will prove a valuable acquisition to the club as well as the breeders of this vicinity. It is the intention of the club to run him at the Field Trials next fall. The liver and white pointer bitch Moonstone, owned by Mr. Grant, also came in the same steamer. She is half sister to Bang Bang, of medium size, well built, and looks a worker. She will be bred to Senation.













## ST. CLARE BYRNE.

by Mr. Wash. E. Connor, will be sailed last week in August. Open yachts 21ft. and upward. Smaller boats may enter at that measurement. Course to be at least one-third to windward. The Pfaff Cup will be sailed for at same time and under same conditions.

**SMALL YACHTS.**—The Beverly Y. C. restricts its open races yachts under 50ft. The club is the only one which has in its by-laws a rule restricting the size of yachts eligible to enter the club races.

**FLYING STARTS.**—Starting to one gun with time taken from the gun is now practiced by the Dorchester, Eastern, Hull and Beverly Y. C., and also by the Boston City Regatta, authorities as well as by some of the smaller clubs. As yachtsmen become accustomed to this smart way of starting it seems to be growing in popularity.

**UTOWANA.**—The new steam yacht building at Chester, Pa., for Mr. W. E. Connor, was launched Tuesday. She is 138 ft. over all, 12 ft. 6 in. loadline, 30 ft. 6 in. beam, 11 ft. 7 in. hold, with 8 ft. 3 in. draft. Compound levered engines, two cylinders 13 in. and 20 in. x 13 in. stroke. Horizontal tubular boiler 92 ft. 11 in.

**NEW MEASUREMENT.**—The sail area and length rule has now been adopted by the three principal clubs in the country, the New York, Eastern and Six Weeks Clubs. The Beverly will also sail the open race for first class under the rule, and several other clubs are about to adopt the new fourth.

**BOSTON CITY REGATTA.**—In the four class Meteor and Hand Threes made a dead heat of 14 to 15 minutes of seconds. They will divide the prize money for first and second yachts.

**ARLINGTON Y. C.**—This Baltimore club, the only one of that city, leaves August 4 for an extended cruise down Chesapeake Bay. Fleet to be gone two weeks.

**VALKYR.**—This compromise cutter is at the yard of Pollons, Brooklyn, receiving a new racing outfit, larger spars, 6 ft. more gaff and 5 ft. more bowsprit. With this rig she will, no doubt, give a good account of herself. We should like to see her shed the board and add 8 or 10 in. lead underneath the keel.

**OFF CRUISING.**—There has never been a time when so many of our yachts were away on cruises as at present. It is supposed that they go early this year so as to get back for the great regatta of the Beverly and Hull yacht clubs, August 18 and September 1. —*Boston Courier.*

**FINE CUTTER.**—D. J. Lawlor has just finished for Lynn owners a very handsome thoroughbred. She has been named *Orion*. Over all 34 ft., beam 7 ft. Outside iron 2,100 lbs. Same builder has also finished the *Cypress*, 35 ft. 6 in. This yacht is varnished instead of painted.

**IRON LACQUEE.**—Three pounds asphaltum, half pound shellac, one gallon turpentine. Varnish for iron work may be made by dissolving in two pounds of tur oil, one-half pound asphaltum, and one half pound powdered resin. Mix hot and apply cold.

**LARCHMONT MATCH.**—In the race, July 4, the protest between Fanny and Gracie was decided in favor of the Fanny. She takes Corner cup, subject to conditions, also regular cash prize of the club.

**OPEN BOAT RACE.**—The owners of the open boats, Mistake, Snoozer, Susie B. and others met at John Sawyer's loft, 83 South Street, last Friday, and settled upon a sweepstakes race for Monday, August 27, entrance money per boat \$100.

**ARROW.**—This sloop, recently bought by W. P. Douglass, N. Y. Y. C., has been overhauled at Mumm's yard, Fifty-fifth street, South Brooklyn, and will go into commission in time to join the cruise of the New York Y. C.

**DREADNAUGHT.**—Mr. A. W. Nickerson will cruise to the eastward from Boston in the schooner Dreadnaught. She has been newly coppered and received a new fit of sails from Wilson's Sons, of Port Jefferson.

**HULL Y. C.**—Cruise to New Bedford and other ports will be undertaken July 28. The fleet will meet the Atlantic Y. C. in New Bedford.

**CRUISING.**—Sloop Mystery, N. Y. Y. C., Mr. W. B. Parsons, arrived at Halifax, July 17, and will remain a few days.

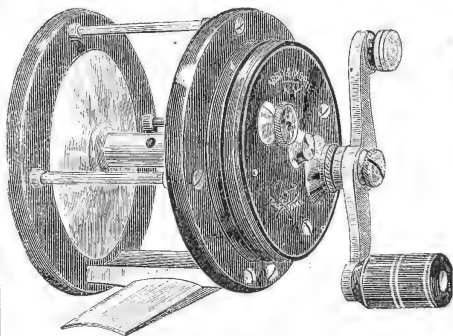
**NYFFA.**—Mr. J. L. Wall has changed the name of his keel sloop Glyam to Nyffa.

**NORNA.**—This schooner left Halifax for New York Thursday, July 13.

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| 11. Suppressed or Painful Periods.....         | 25   |
| 12. Whites, or Gonorrhea Periods.....          | 25   |
| 13. Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing.....     | 25   |
| 14. Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Strains.....     | 25   |
| 15. Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.....           | 25   |
| 16. Piles, Hemorrhoids, Hemorrhoids.....       | 25   |
| 17. Chills and Ague, Chills, Fever, Agues..... | 50   |
| 18. Catarrh, acute or chronic, Influenza.....  | 50   |
| 19. Whooping Cough, Violent coughs.....        | 50   |
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| 21. Kidney Disease.....                        | 50   |
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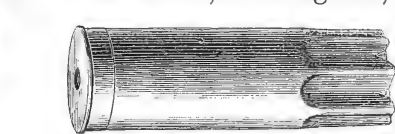
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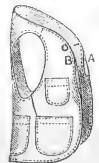
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Departments are also provided for the registration of stud visits, dogs at stud, births, sales and transfers, dogs at sale, and deaths.

Prize lists of all the American shows will be given, with descriptions of the principal winners and dogs exhibited; also prize lists of important shows abroad. This department will include a record of field trials. The first two numbers of the Register contain prize lists of Washington, Ottawa and Pittsburgh shows.

The publication day is the fifth day of each month; and nothing can be received for publication later than the first day of the month. All matters intended for publication should be in the hands of the editor at the earliest practicable date. Entry blanks for each department will be furnished free on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

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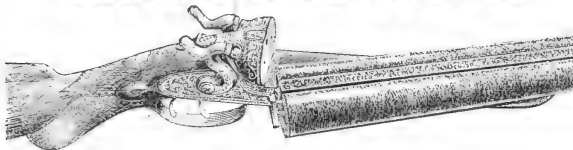
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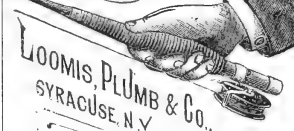
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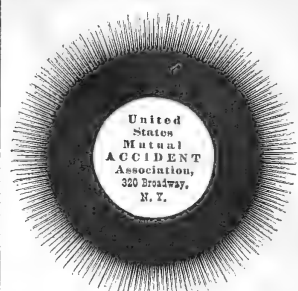
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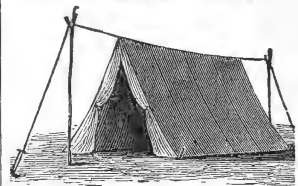


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## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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## TEN YEARS.

WITH this issue the FOREST AND STREAM completes the first ten years of publication. Next week, that being the paper's eleventh birthday, we shall review some of the many changes which have taken place in those years. The number will be an interesting one, containing contributions, congratulatory and otherwise, from many familiar pens, among them those of Al Fresco, Awhawsoe, Balsam, Nathaniel H. Bishop, Didymus, John Dean Caton, Cecil Clay, Elliott Cones, Forked Deer, Theodatus Garlick, J. A. Hen-shall, Hix, H. P. U. Jack, Jacobstaf, K. (of Worcester), Kingfisher, M. (of Boston), Maj. H. W. Merrill, Wm. B. Mershon, Nessmuck, Penobscot, Piscos, Podgers, Reingolds, Robt. B. Roosevelt, S. Von W., Corp. Lot Warfield, Wawayanda, Yell—thirty-one, with others yet to be heard from.

## DEFEAT OF THE TEAM.

THE American team has suffered a defeat, and for the second time the English military shooters have established their superiority in a formal match test. It can hardly be said that this outcome of the competition is a surprise. A year ago defeat was certain for the American team, this year there was a chance of victory for the visitors, though the probabilities were against them, and after a good fight, with some very encouraging features about it, Colonel Howard and his men came home to impress upon American riflemen that, though much has been done for the development of rifle practice and the improvement of small arms in this country, yet our advance has been irregular, and that in certain very essential lines of the art and science of rifle shooting we are still behind our British friends.

To the story of the match we give ample space in our rifle columns. There it is told how a tempest of rain and wind came down upon the common while the match was in progress, how these squalls and showers were broken by floods of bright sunlight, how the wind came from various quarters of the horizon, and in such a quick succession of changes that it appeared to the bewildered Americans as if the cave of

the winds had opened on all sides. It was, in fact, such a day as Creedmoor never has and Wimbledon but seldom. The Britishers were somewhat used to such conditions of sky and air, and so the sooner caught their bearings in the skirmish of the elements, and managed to get out of the match in advance of the strange team.

There has been talk of inferior rifles in the hands of the American marksmen, and the cable dispatches, reflecting the opinion of the English ranges, have placed special stress upon this feature. It appears to us to be not well founded, for had there been a change of weapon, and the Metfords of the English team placed in American hands, and *vice versa*, we doubt not that the victory would still have been to the team whose members were best able to catch the real strength of that rush of crosswinds, and who could best fix their elevations for the dark, moisture-laden atmosphere. No doubt the American rifles placed the bullets just where they were aimed, but had judgment was shown in estimating the meteorological conditions and in formulating their influence in so many points on wind-gauge and elevation.

The match passed off in good shape so far as freedom from any misunderstandings were concerned. It was, so far as the wire informs us, a fair fight for the American militiamen not against their very friendly antagonists, the English team, but against that very uncertain and treacherous foe, the fickle weather. We are not informed upon what basis Col. Howard made his selection of the final shooting twelve, but no doubt there were good and sufficient reasons for making such choice as he did. It is not likely that any other arrangement of the men would have brought about any different result. The strength of the American squad was fairly set forth in the twelve men who went to the firing points.

The match in its results is full of encouragement to the N. R. A. and to American rifle interests generally. As compared with the results of last year we have been able to show a positive advance. The lesson of last year has not been thrown away, and to-day we have a fund of information, of experience and practical knowledge on the points of the military breech-loader as known at Wimbledon, where two years or more ago we were entirely ignorant. At the lower and more distinctively military service ranges the Americans proved that they were in rifles and ability not a whit behind their expert adversaries, but rather superior, yet the difference was slight, hardly more than the general luck of battle would leave between two well trained and evenly matched contestants. We have, indeed, in two years produced a gun which will shoot round after round without cleaning, and we have secured a body of men able to use that weapon with fine precision under all the conditions of weather to which we are accustomed here. The match days brought Colonel Howard and his men face to face with new conditions, to meet which they had no data in their score-books, and consequently they could only flounder about, making such efforts to reach the target as their general knowledge of rifle shooting suggested. The Englishmen may well note this significant fact, that our men are rapidly closing up the gap between our neglect for years and their two decades of most thorough and careful practice at Wimbledon and its many subsidiary ranges. There are even in misty, muggy England days when the sun shines out so clear and bright that our boys might imagine themselves at home at Creedmoor, or Bennings, or Brinton, or Walnut Hill, and then perhaps the figures of the totals may tell a different story.

It is, perhaps, too early yet to speak of the match in a critical way. The scores would seem to show that there was a lack of team system at the extreme range among the members of the defeated side, but until mail advices bring more full particulars, it would be well to leave this point of the match without discussion. There was the usual chapter of accidents, such as planting good shots on the wrong target, but these accidents did not change the final result. The Americans were whipped, not by any fluke or unaccountable slip-up, but fairly and squarely because they were over-matched in pitting their brief experience against the shooting drill which has been going on for so long a time abroad. They struck more weather to the square inch at Wimbledon, than Creedmoor ever dreamed of having.

There is no talk yet of another match. This is right. Let us first get our team home, learn from them exactly what is to be done for improvement, and then during the winter there is ample time for such correspondence as may lead to a continuation of the series of competitions, but with conditions so fully drawn that no misunderstanding may creep in. The defeated ones deserve a hearty welcome home. While they may not have accomplished all that was hoped, they

have surely done all that could be reasonably expected of them. They encountered tremendous odds with a natural consequence.

We present to our readers not only a full account of the match, but a series of diagrams showing where each shot fired struck the target slab. The New York *Herald*, with its accustomed enterprise, gave its readers early representations of the targets in fac simile, and before the last shot had been fired on the English range the public in New York were looking at the targets made in the earlier part of the match. Our diagrams give the shots numbered in their order of hitting, reproducing, in fact, the record of each marksman's score book.

There is but one little gleam of consolation, and that is in the fact that while we were whipped in the International match, our old friends, the Irish small-bore men, seized the occasion to once more enjoy a victory in the Elcho Shield match.

## SEEING THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

THE completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad to Bozeman, has opened the National Park to the world. Men of all professions are hastening thither, urged on by the natural ambition to be among the first of the general public to behold those natural wonders, of which so much has been written since their discovery, and which, during the progress of the fight against the attempt of a stock company to capture the Park last winter, were again brought prominently before the people. The projectors of the scheme for seizing the Park have inaugurated a great excursion thither; another made up of prominent Northern Pacific people is in contemplation, and a host of smaller parties will scatter themselves about over the Park, and enjoy its beauties.

More important than any of these, from the standpoint of the friends of the Park, and so of the people, is the party which is to enter the Park from the south. This will be under the command of Gen. P. H. Sheridan, and will include among its members President Arthur, Secretary Lincoln, Senator George G. Vest, Surrogate Rollins of this city, and Governor J. Schuyler Crosby of Montana. Early in August they will leave Green River Station on the U. P. R. R., and proceed thence to Ft. Washakie, where they will take their pack train and go into the Park, and through it northward to Livingstone, Montana, whence the Northern Pacific R. R. will bear them eastward once more.

No doubt they will have a good time, will catch a lot of fish, and, without the boundaries of the Park, kill some game. But the important point of the excursion will be that members of the Government, whose influence should be strongest in shaping legislation on this important subject, will be able to see for themselves a part of the needs of the Nation in respect to the Yellowstone Park. It is impossible, of course, in a hasty trip across such a wide area, to appreciate all that is required in the way of provision for the protection of the Park and its interesting features, whether organic or inorganic, but intelligent men cannot fail to acquire much useful knowledge, especially when they go accompanied by one who is so familiar with a considerable portion of the reservation as is Gen. Sheridan.

We have urged this subject on Congress because we know that it is something that ought to be done, and because the longer it is delayed the more difficult it will be to accomplish it, and the more it will cost. Those who oppose it are as a rule men who are quite ignorant of the subject, while all who are most familiar with the Park and its capabilities are agreed that it is a matter which demands the prompt attention of Congress. This year a greater number than ever before will feel its importance and be able to speak intelligently on the subject.

We believe that the importance of enlarging the Park will at once impress itself upon these visitors, and we trust that the need of such enlargement will be so clearly seen, that a recommendation concerning it may form a part of the next message of the President to Congress. This extension of the Park's boundaries should be made both on the east and the south. On both sides there are wonders which should be preserved to the people at large, and the setting aside of these additional tracts can be done now without interference with the rights of any citizen. There are a few cattle men within the region referred to, but their claims can be bought out for a few thousand dollars, an expense which should not be considered when the importance to the country at large is realized.

We hope most earnestly that within a year the boundaries of the Park may be so extended as to include the territory lying east of it to the 109th meridian, and on the south to lat. 43° 30'. We should then have a park in which every

American might take a just pride, and one which for beauty and interest is unparalleled. The wonderful lakes and mountains to the south of the Park, Jackson's Hole, the Tetons and a hundred other beautiful spots should be saved, and so too should the heads of the Stinking Water and a dozen other streams, each of which could put forward its special claim for protection from the touch of civilization's hand.

The gentlemen who are about to visit the Park are incurring responsibilities in the matter which we are glad to see them assume, for we are confident that this pleasure-trip will, next winter, in Washington, bear abundant fruit.

#### NEW YORK GAME PROTECTORS.

AS our readers are aware, from our reports of the progress of the Game Protector bill in the Legislature of New York last winter, the Governor of the State was empowered to appoint sixteen new protectors in place of the eight which held office last year. A clause in the new bill placed these men entirely under orders of the Fish Commissioners of the State, from whom they are to receive instructions and to whom they are to report in writing every month. Without the proper certificate from the Fish Commission the game protectors can receive no pay.

The men appointed are all new ones, except John Liberty, of Essex county, and Geo. M. Schwartz, of Monroe county, and we hope that they will do their duties well. We have been importuned to make recommendations for this office, or to indorse them, but have steadily declined to do so, not caring to become responsible for the performance of the duty in the case of any individual. We are therefore free to applaud or condemn, as the work done may seem good or bad.

The protectors are appointed for certain districts this year, and not for the State at large, as last year. How this will work, unless they have full powers all over the State, we do not know. For instance, Oneida Lake, which lies wholly in Oswego county, where the Onondaga Club fishes a great deal, lies in the ninth district, and the protector of that district lives nearly forty miles east of it, while the protector of the tenth district, a man whom the club indorses, lives within six miles of the lake, which is infested with poachers whom he has fought for years. If a protector has powers outside his district this will work well, but if he has not, then in this instance a mistake has been made. The appointments are:

First District—Kings, Queens, Suffolk, and Richmond Counties—George A. Whitaker, Southampton.

Second District—New York county—Joseph H. Godwin, Jr., King's Bridge, New York city.

Third District—Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess, Columbia, Ulster, Greene, Rockland, and Orange—Matthew Kennedy, Hudson, to take effect August 1.

Fourth District—Sullivan, Delaware, Schoharie, and Otsego—Francisco Wood, Schoharie.

Fifth District—Albany, Schenectady, Saratoga, Rensselaer, Washington, and Warren—Seymour C. Armstrong, Weavertown, Warren county.

Sixth District—Essex, Clinton, and Franklin—John Liberty, Elizabethtown, Essex county.

Seventh District—St. Lawrence and Jefferson—Albert M. Griffin, Pine, St. Lawrence county.

Eighth District—Fulton, Hamilton, Montgomery, and Herkimer—Thomas Bradley, Rockwood, Fulton county.

Ninth District—Oneida, Lewis, and Oswego—Nathan C. Phelps, Remsen, Oneida county.

Tenth District—Broome, Chemung, Cortland, Madison, Tioga, and Onondaga—William H. Lindsley, Canastota, Madison county.

Eleventh District—Cayuga, Wayne, Ontario, Yates, Schuyler, Tompkins, Chemung, and Seneca—Aaron M. Parish, Reading, Schuyler county.

Twelfth District—Monroe, Orleans, Livingston, Genesee, Steuben, Wyoming, and Alleghany—George M. Schwartz, Rochester.

Thirteenth District—Chautauqua, Cattaraugus, Erie, and Niagara—Stephen A. Roberts, Buffalo.

Mr. Lindsley, of the tenth district, has for some years been a town game constable, and has acted with Mr. Dodge, a former State game protector, and has been repeatedly shot at by the persistent poachers of Oneida Lake. He has built a steamboat for the express purpose of clearing this lake of nets, on the promise of being appointed a State officer for the protection of fish and game in a region which was supposed to be in his district. Knowing these facts we hope that the Fish Commission will extend his authority over Oneida Lake.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is rendering good service to field sportsmanship in America by its admirable sketches of shooting and fishing. The engravings in the July number accompanying Dr. Henshall's paper on the black bass were not only artistic but excellent in their faithfulness to nature; and the same may be said of the beautiful illustrations in the August number, of Prof. Alfred M. Mayer's excellent description of "Bob White, the Game Bird of America." The engravings and the letter-press combine to make a very charming study of this favorite bird. It is an open secret that the Century Co. will soon publish, in book form, a collection of their magazine articles on field sports.

## The Sportsman Tourist.

### DRIFTING FOR SHAD.

"WHAT are you going to do to-night? Will you come out with me for shad?"

Such was the compound question which my friend James, the impetuous, hurled at me. I came up the wharf after having a cooling dip in the noble St. John.

"Well, nothing particularly; and, yes, I should like to go, very much."

It is a curious fact, that while game birds and animals retreat before the advancing white tide of civilization, fish are more constant to hereditary haunts, and inhabit their ancient waters until driven therefrom by the defilement of the stream, or actually displaced by the impudent angler. But, while the defilement of streams drives away some fishes, others, such as the eel, thrive on the garbage and refuse of cities. This is scarcely an example of "the survival of the fittest." Of course, the different elements in which beasts and fish live account somewhat for the coyness of the first, and the friendly constancy of the latter. As the land becomes settled the animals have to retire to more secluded haunts, but the eels, living in an element whose domain cannot be so thoroughly invaded by man, are exempt from the necessity of beating an unqualified retreat. But while this is true, I hold that the fish, of its nature, is far tamer than the beast of its. While our forests and plains for miles round any considerable center of civilization are entirely deserted by their old time frequenters, our rivers and streams are still well stocked with the descendants of their primal occupants, undisturbed by the thunder of mill wheels, the gliding, dark hulks of commerce, or the panting saw mills, which, like wrathful giants, hurl the spoils of depleted forests upon the uncomplaining tide. Thus it is that in the St. John River, at Fredericton, the capital of a populous Province, we still find the perch, chub, smelt, pickerel, shad, cusk, gizzard, bass, salmon, sturgeon, and many other fishes, and, in a short distance of the city, the haunt of the intangible waters—the speckled beauty, the rainbow-hued trout. But let us drift back to our drifting.

"Yes, Jim," I replied to the hydra-headed interrogatory, "I should like very much to go." And so we went down behind the wharf where the boat lay ready to receive us, and where the entangling net hung over its saddle where it had been dropped in the sun. After Jim had placed the net and a mysterious little basket on board, we seized the oars and pulled for our destination about a mile above the city, and almost abreast of that aristocratic mansion, Government House. Think of it! drifting for shad within a stone-throw of the gubernatorial residence! Is it possible that the humble shad is growing aristocratic? No, I scarcely think so. He is a Conservative, such a good Conservative that he will ever be a liberal under a glorious sky, bears manly, unaffected manners, the goodly customs, and the glorious liberties of his centennial forefathers. He frequents these waters merely because he has ever done so, and he cares not whether castle or cottage, court or crib, stands on the banks of the placid river.

The St. John at Fredericton is not far from a mile wide, and this evening its broad, unrippled surface, which reaches far toward the shore, was a vision above the water. Boats bent on errands similar to ours. Each boat confines itself to a certain locality—its own domain, as it were—the same spot where perhaps for years and years the fisherman has cast his net, and the desertion of which he firmly believes would be attended with disastrous results. He knows the old ground, just where the snags lie, and these he can locate as correctly as if they were visible above his head. Perhaps he has spent many hours in removing snags from the bed of his favorite drifting ground; and when many boats are out all good fishermen will respect his claim. At times, when but few boats are out drifting, a fisherman will desert his usual ground, if the fish are coy, and casting his net in waters new, make a long sweep of the river, his distances being curtailed only by the locality of his home, and the necessity of having to breast the current in rowing back. But when he dips his net into strange waters, he is in danger of having his net caught in snags or obstacles of the locality of which he may be ignorant. There are spots in the river here where no boat is ever seen to drift, not because there are snags lying darkly concealed to lead the net, but because, as the fishermen aver, the shad never run there. From some peculiarity in the locality, some formation of the bed of the river, or other cause, the fish are known to pass through those places in numbers sufficient to repay the trouble of casting the net.

Here, off Government House, James, and his father before him, have fished for years; here the shad, from some cause best known to themselves, run within well-defined limits, which said limits are well known to the honest James; and here the net may drift slowly, noiselessly as a shadow, without let or hindrance of any snags or other dangers of the deep. There is one large sunken log at the lower end of James's territory, but this monster is repaid by the producing of many carefully studied lines springing from well-known corners, chimneys and trees in the distance, and from closer but less accurate points on the shore, by an instinct which would guide my friend's course when these landmarks were invisible, this monster is spotted. His hair is as well known, and he is as carefully avoided, as if he were a floating torpedo, ready, on impact, to blow us and all other little fishes, sky high, and transform us into veritable flying fishes.

Here, off Government House, James casts his net carefully into the water, while I row the boat athwart the tide, "going on" or "holding on," "up stream" or "down stream," as James commands, and as the proper extending of the net requires. Our net now extends from the stern of the boat in a straight line of bobbing buoys, thirty or forty yards across the current. James sits in the stern with his hand on the rope. He says he can tell by the motion of the net, which he feels in the rope, when a fish is entangled, even in the uttermost meshes.

We float quietly down, talking in but subdued tones, and when near the end of our run, James hauls in the net. Only one fish, but the one we wanted, came along with us, and so while James overhauls the net, I row up to our usual starting point. Again the net is cast; again we drift over the accustomed ground, and again eagerly and in great expectation is the net hauled in. Fifteen this time! That's better! And still we feel that other nets on the river this evening must be accomplishing more work than is ours. We will try one more cast.

It is getting to be quite cold, and when I make an ob-

vation to that effect, James produces his mysterious basket and takes therefrom a small fish, which he hands to me. "What is it?" I inquire.

"It is one gill of Jamaica, one gill of water, and some lemon-juice."

"Good! A little of that will keep out the cold. Good health, James!"

James has also some sandwiches, and pulling to shore, we make fast to a raft and enjoy our collation.

James is a great talker, and many and wonderful are the tales which he has related, both when out fishing, and also at divers other times and places. He is a firm believer in the powers of the mineral rod, and he hints darkly at having tested his capabilities on the fish-weak, near the city, in search of hidden treasure supposed to have been buried in the dark ages by darker dyed pirates. The old French frigate which lies deeply imbedded in the sand, keel up, in its eternal dock-yard at the bottom of the river, opposite the city, has ever been a source of curiosity and regret to James. If he could only raise that hulk, what vast treasures he would discover! Why did no one ever make the attempt?

Another sunken vessel lying in the Nashwaakiss in, as he says, a hole so deep that no one can find bottom, is also matter of wonderment and anxiety on James's part. He is ever promising himself that some day he will, &c., but treasures and vessels remain undisturbed, and I cannot compel myself to hope that the deserving James will ever be enriched by such phantom wealth. Having finished our lunch, we pulled again to our starting point, and, casting the net drifted slowly down, and patiently awaited the result of this, our last venture for the night.

"How many?"

"Eleven."

"Not bad at all!"

And now we start back to our place at the wharf whence we came. As we proceed down river we meet or overtake other boats still plying their trade, and make inquiries as to their luck. When one lone fisherman acknowledges having secured a smaller number than fell to our share, we immediately become possessed of the idea that we are great fishermen; but our exultation is short-lived, for the next man we greet informs us that he has caught forty-five! We pass away silently, and forbear making inquiries of any other boats. Arriving at our landing we hung the net on its rack, and James placed it in a wheelbarrow for transportation homeward, a accepting six, which left twenty-eight at James's disposal. Probably he sold about twenty of them next day, at ten cents each. As we said good-night, I could not help thinking that casting the net for the treasures of the deep is somewhat more profitable than carrying mineral rods over the country in search of the shadowy treasures buried in unknown ages by phantom pirates. I did not say so, however, for I would not offend James for the world. It was two o'clock when I got home, and placing my shad in a tub of fresh water I left them to await the tender offices of the cook.

FREDRICKTON, New Brunswick.

#### COBB'S ISLAND.

DOUBTLESS many of your readers are now casting about them for a pleasant summer trip, and are anxious to find a place where good fishing and shooting can be had, and where a millionaire's pocketbook is not required to pay expenses. I have just returned from such a place—Cobb's Island—and have had most excellent sport.

On Friday last, with a friend, we shot over stools eighty grayback snipe, and would have killed more had we been in practice. This bird is now returning from the north, and within a week or two days myriads of them will be found on the island mentioned. The fishing for weakfish or sea trout is superb, the writer and his friend having taken over 100 lbs. in one tide, and only desisted from very weariness. As an apology for catching so many, I would add that we fished for a boat's crew of thirteen persons. Any person going to Cobb's for fishing should take with him an ordinary rod and reel, with a fairly large braided silk line, as found line fishing is an abomination, and does not afford half the sport or fun.

As to the comforts of the hotel I cannot speak, as I did not live there, but the guests appeared fairly satisfied. The surf bathing is good, and any one fond of the labor of hauling in sharks can have as much of that kind of sport as they want.

To reach Cobb's Island take the boats from Baltimore or Washington to Old Chatham, then the steamer Northampton to Cherrystone, then by sailboat to destination.

COSMOPOLITAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 31.

## Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

IN your paper of July 5, "Ouachita" tells of the attaché of the dramatic company catching the twenty trout through the medium of the large grasshopper. "That reminds me," said I, "of a similar incident which occurred in Spring River, Md., some time ago. We had met with very good luck, capturing a number of channel catfish, white bass and perch, when one of the 'natives' came along. He was quite talkative, and related his experience in fishing."

Among the many stories he told was one wherein he had caught what he termed the "bellfish."

He said he had been fishing in the headwaters of Spring River about two years ago. He had fished nearly every day, but without success, when at last (he had about concluded to give it up) he had a "powerful bite." He worked for nearly an hour and landed the "bellfish," and as he expressed it—"Stranger, you may not believe me, but as soon as that fish was out of water, the fish—an I never see the like—commenced to flop and jump out of the water to follow him, an' with the help of my oldest boy, we just took a pole an' an old net we had with us, an' caught near two bar'l of fish." We concluded that that was a large "fish story." He explained by saying that fish always selected one of their number as a leader, and followed it, just as cattle, horses and sheep will follow one of their number to which a bell is attached.

SHAWONTDARE.

KANSAS.

In next to last line of "Me-hit-able's" story in issue July 5, "boat" read "bed," as he wrote it.

# Natural History.

## HOW TO KILL THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I agree with your correspondent, "Homo," in regard to the dangers attending the use of the gun or of poison for exterminating this nuisance. I have been much annoyed lately by sparrows that occupy a martin-house on my neighbor's premises. The martins left it in disgust a few years since, for all our birds keep aloof from the filthy house-sparrow. If the house had been my property I should have removed it long ago. The sparrows likewise had heaped their rubbish upon forsaken birds' nests, defacing the trees and making something like a nest for their own offspring. I encouraged the boys in the neighborhood to destroy all these lumps of rubbish, but this did not seem to diminish the sparrows or their demoniacal chirping.

Our Massachusetts Legislature had repealed the ridiculous law that protected these pests, and the inhabitants were now at liberty to use their common sense in the treatment of these birds. But while thousands were anxious to exterminate them (if possible from the face of the earth), all were averse to using poison or the gun. I would not like to use either, though in winter, when our summer granivorous birds are absent, poison might be used with safety.

Being confined to the house by illness during the month of May, and amusing myself by listening to the singing birds that were numerous around my house, I was greatly annoyed by the demoniacal chirping of the sparrows, which often for an hour would render it impossible to hear the sylvan concert. While watching a man outside who was using the hose to wash the windows of an adjoining house a happy thought, as it seemed to me, entered my mind. I thought how quickly every sparrow in the martin-house might be destroyed by directing a stream of water into their filthy apartments, after they had been led to rest and drooping with thirst. The same idea might be used to drive them from every place they had appropriated. But this method of destroying them could be used only in certain neighborhoods.

Now, Mr. Editor, I ask leave to suggest a method by which the sparrows, however numerous, might be exterminated from any town in less than a week. This would be done by the use of a steam fire-engine. Let every town that is in earnest about getting rid of an enemy as sure as a bird is a man to use it for this work. The drowning of the sparrows with cold water would be momentary, and there is indeed no cruelty at all in the act. The engine could be used most effectually in the winter, when a stream of water, by immediately freezing, would destroy the birds almost as quick as lightning. WILSON FLAGG.

NORTH CAMBRIDGE, July 13.

## THE ROBIN.

*Turdus Migratorius.*

SEE him throw out his chest and rear back! Oh, he is a proud fellow, quite in a house, with his more modest neighbors, but after all, his is a pardonable pride. Possessed of such a well-knit figure, fine head and erect carriage, who can blame him if he exhibits a trifling conceit. His is a familiar figure on our lawns, now hopping quickly along and now running swiftly, pausing after each dash, and rearing up to look around. See him as he makes another swift run of a few feet, then bends eagerly forward, appearing to listen intently. Suddenly he darts his bill down, and with the force of a cannon, we see him drag a long earthworm from out the grass roots. I have never been able to determine with any satisfaction to myself whether it is his sense of hearing or sight which guides him to his food; his attitude of intense attention for a moment before darting on his prey, would seem to indicate that the former was the case, but again, he may be only watching intently, as it is possible that the squirming of the worm as he pushes his way to the surface, may cause a tremor among the blades of grass, not visible to our coarser vision, but easily perceptible to our little lynx-eyed friend. At all events, there is a moment's pause each time before the final lunge, which almost invariably results in a capture. If the tender morsel happens to be an extra large one, it is amusing to see him "freshen his grip," as it were, and back off, until stretched to its utmost, until comes the worm, and its wriggling length appears for an instant only, as redreast unceremoniously gulps him down.

Our friend is fond of living near us, and builds almost anywhere, in maple, elm, spruce, on the lawn, in the orchard, or in fact, in the most convenient spot he may chance upon. The location, however, once selected for his nest, he will often occupy year after year. High or low seems to make little difference. As to materials for his nest, he is not over particular. Though formed chiefly of wisps of paper, stry, hair, and always a quantity of mud, seemingly intended to give it stability. The interior is carefully lined with soft warm fibers of bark, hair, and grass, and great attention is paid to this part of the work. His temper, I am sorry to say, is not altogether as lovely as his appearance. When a family jar occurs among the feathered inhabitants of his abode, although they may not be of his own kind, you will see him streak off for the scene of the rumpus, to mingle his angry notes in the general roar. He is a kind husband though, and ever on the alert to protect his family. His shrill cry of distress will summon all his companions within hearing, and their united efforts will often disconcert and drive away feline intruders, to say nothing of crows, blackbirds and other egg-sucking, nest-destroying vermin. He is happy, although they may not be of his own kind, and is supremely happy, and will join with the sparrows in raising such a din about the poor thing's ears as to put it ignominiously to flight. A good songster, he is at his best during the breeding season, and it is a surprise to many, who are familiar only with his ordinary monotonous cry of bob! bob! bob! to hear him launch into such an ecstasy of song, often insisting that he cannot be the performer. He is capable of a great feat in the musical line at the season, however. At the bath he is inclined to dominion over others who may be in possession on his arrival, and I have noticed with interest that the English sparrow moves off at once on his appearing, or is forced to leave often in spite of noisy expostulation. He will wash in company, provided he is not crowded, but if this happen he at once clears the board.

In the autumn his whole nature changes; congregating in large flocks, he becomes exceedingly shy and difficult to approach, and at this season is a favorite object of pursuit with the swarms of pot-hunters who infest our neighbor-

hood. A great deal has been said in regard to his destruction of fruit. True, he will eat the cherries, and by-the-by, he is a connoisseur as regards the cherry, and we boys always used to select those that bore his mark as being the most luscious. He affects the strawberry also to some extent, and occasionally varies his menu with a fine grape or two, but the damage he does is light, compared to that inflicted by others, the imported nuisance for instance. It may be that he causes wholesale destruction in some sections, as is written of him, but I cannot believe of it, and I am rather inclined to think that if pains were taken to carefully observe, the greater part of the sins of which the pretty fellow is accused, would be brought home to "some other man." In the mean time until the documents are produced, I shall stand for "Bob" against all comers. WILMOT.

["Wilmot" is the signature adopted by our contributor [who under the nom de plume "Dick" has so often had a place in our columns. For the many "good things" sent in the past, our readers will please transfer the credit to the new name.]

## THE BLACK RACER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I'm surprised. Do you know where doubters and unbelievers go when they leave New York for good? Here I've had the greatest of it lately, twenty years, tore it off myself, have referred to it I don't know how many times, and one of you say that his existence is doubted, or rather that he did exist before I killed him, or that there ever was another like him. I am surprised. I only wish Woodman was alive to set forth his merits to you as he did to me, and then see if you had doubts. "Don't know Woodman?" Why, he's the one that did not give the first unearthly screech when the city of Springfield was born, but he did the crying that invariably follows birth, for two years beautifully. I wish you could have seen him march down Main street, swinging a ponderous bell as though the championship of America rested on his shoulders, and as he would bring up at the corner of Court square, with the dignity of a judge deposit the bell on his left arm, and, with feet well braced, open on the subject in hand. It was not necessary to repeat his message, for the whole city heard it. Later, however, his voice produced some fearful results. One Sabbath morning while engaged in his usual barber-shop occupation, and in the most difficult part of it, "two dogs" attempted to settle a little unpleasantness on the doorstep. Opening the door under the excitement of the interruption, he "histed the gate clear up" with a "get-a-e-o-u-t" exceeding even his usual powers. One dog disappeared over the fence and was not seen afterward; the other made a desperate leap for the street, but fell dead at the gate, undoubtedly struck while crossing the line of some note in that "music of the spheres." This conclusion was reached after full discussion over the remains.

But there was earnestness in his description of the black racer. There was, to him, terror in the name, and this is, perhaps, not to be wondered at, for he was not swift of foot, and the idea of being choked in the racer's coil was among the possibilities at least. "One of my neighbors," said he, "was riding to the lake, when the racer came out across his back as from a heavy whip, and hollered, 'Oh, he looked all round, but could see nothing and drove along. Soon he received another blow and again hollered, 'Oh, it was a black racer, hid in the hay, that had struck him.' Another case he related where the snake "clicked" his tail like a whip lash round the legs of some children, hurting them awfully, and that one big snake was chased by men on horses clear to the door of the House on the Boston road, where they beheld the track entirely, having been distanced out of sight by the snake.

But to return. It is hardly safe for parlor naturalists to ignore tradition. Few structures are without a base, and the wildest exaggerations in describing phenomena in organic life invariably have some parts on which to build. The Indian tradition of the nastodon which graced one of our earliest school-books, and to me, an unsolved mystery, until I laid before the skeleton entire stood before me, and I walked between the forelegs of one, my head not touching the breast bone. And in like manner, after the accumulated tradition of the black racer, it was hardly proper for Goodrich and other writers to ignore his existence, because there must have been something from which to build it. Now he stands out as one of the things that are, and although almost extinct in New England, no reasonable person can doubt his existence at the present time.

The common *Crotalus* of the United States is seldom even six feet in length, black above, while the whole belly is slaty blue. Constrictor is to me a mistaken title. I have seen them in all ways and places for nearly half a century, and I never kill one, but give chase, stepping on the tail to see them turn upon me, striking with open mouth, seizing my clothing and shaking it like a puppy. I have never been able to induce an attempt at the Constrictor qualities represented. I have seen them ascend a tree of thick branches with all the cleverness of a squirrel."

The black racer (*C. caryocarpus*) is slimmer built and from eight to twelve feet in length. Glossy black above, the belly a mottled brown. The throat and two-thirds of the neck circuit white as polished ivory, while large blotches of white extend four feet down the belly, disappearing in a broken line in the middle of the body, and on short acquaintance is the most saucy, impudent snake in existence and ready to follow anything that will run. One man said to me: "The snake moved out from an old fence directly in front of me, head two feet high, white throat and belly, thrusting out a long fiery tongue. Then, to get a better view probably, he came several feet nearer, and evidently with 'come now, start yourself' in his eye. Of course I showed coat-tails to the field, with a snake-skip close behind. He was rearing a fence, and a snake fight with a fence, life lasted, but the snake stopped just beyond reach of the club. After regaining the breath which was most gone, I demonstrated at the snake who retreated across the field and I after him. Making a stroke at him which he dodged, my club broke and fell from my hand. He instantly turned upon me, and without stopping to think I took to my heels across the field a third time, the snake close behind. Here I cried 'quit' and got over the fence and left him in possession of the field."

Another man said a racer chased him whose head was as high as his own, and that he barely escaped with his life. Another said his companion, while hunting, clive down the hillside with a racer at his heels, calling for help at every jump, having lost both bat and gun in his flight. And yet another, "I was sauntering along, staff in hand, when I heard a creature crawling over the rocks, and saw a snake with 'colors flying loose.' There's a snake after me," was

all she could utter. As she shot past me, I stepped in front of the snake, who instantly stopped. Stopping a little to get a horizontal stroke and cut his head off. I struck, but his head wasn't there. Quick as a flash he dodged my blow, then turned and disappeared in the brush and bushes."

I could repeat these stories indefinitely. They come from men of candor and veracity; are what they saw and what they did; so that, making all possible allowances for fricht and exaggeration, I feel that it is hardly necessary to exhibit any other substance than the evidence of the eyes, which, in all serpentine qualities, stands alone and at the head of his genus. Impudent, saucy, rolisome, but harmless, is my story of his life till a better one is told.

B. HOWSFORD.  
P. S.—I am happy to announce that after twenty years' research I received to-day another *Caryocarpus*, not as large as the first, but bearing all the characteristics before described.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

## Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

## SOME EXPERIMENTS IN VISION.

I HAVE pursued my experiments, as "I. H. T." suggests, with results as follows so far as my eyes are concerned:

If I bring the left edge of an object close at hand on a line with the right edge of an object at a distance, the right eye is closed at the first, and then the right eye, the first object does move over and obscures, though it does not hide, the distant object; the distant object is seen dimly, and apparently as if through the near object, while other objects at a distance that were hidden by the near object when the right eye was closed, become visible when the right eye is opened.

If the right edge of the near object is brought in line with the right edge of the distant object, the right eye shuts, when the right eye is opened the near object again apparently moves over to the left, and the distant object becomes visible; but by looking intently with both eyes open, the head being steady, the same appearance of seeing the distant object through the near one becomes evident, though not so clearly marked as in the first case.

That we see with both eyes, when both are opened, can be easily shown by trying to hide some distant object, as a flagpole by some near object as the vertical bar in a window sash.

With either eye shut the head can be moved so as to hide the distant object; with both eyes open the distant object will be seen in all positions of the head that keeps the orbits of the eyes on a horizontal line; looking intently it will appear as though there were two near objects, the distant object being seen all the time, and a position can be found when it will appear as though the distant object was seen between the two near objects.

The moon was used as a distant object, and a veranda post as the near object in verifying the above, so far as the near object's moving over to the left, and the moon and a flat ruler wide enough to cover her disk, when held at arm's length, for the last experiment. The ruler was used for this, as the veranda post hid the moon even with both eyes open, on account of its width. The ruler, held at arm's length, made the moon double, the two images occupying the positions shown when first one eye and then the other was closed; by closing first one eye and then the other, the ruler can be given such a position that the moon can be seen exactly midway between the two images, and the image in position for the right eye (for my eye) was found to be much the stronger.

I have used the microscope, telescope, transit, etc., and have never shut the unused eye, nor does it begin open either in the least. The most singular power, however, is that familiar to all who use the jeweler's eye-glass; by the will power alone it is possible to see with either the eye looking through the glass and be blind for the time being with the other, or to see with the eye not occupied by the glass and to be blind with the one so occupied. Time and time again have I used my eyes, seeing through the glass when at work that needed it and seeing absolutely nothing with the other, but when a tool was needed instantly changing to vision with this eye and looking for the tool, perhaps and more than probably not changing the position of the head while so doing, so as not to lose the position of the work through the glass when it became necessary to look at it again.

In shooting a rifle at target I always close one eye, although I can see the sights plainly with both eyes open. In snap rifle shooting I never stop to think whether I shut one eye or not, and in shooting with a shotgun I keep both eyes open—with me, being a right-eyed and right-handed individual, I have no trouble; but I can readily see how a right-handed, left-eyed man, or *vice versa*, would be troubled to shoot well until he had accustomed himself to the circumstances by practice.

I will not trespass on your patience longer, as I only intended to give the "Snapshot" by the results of my observations. I thank "I. H. T." for his suggestion, however, which has led me to confirm my idea by further observations. C. D.  
WYOMING, July 16.

A PERTINENT INQUIRY.—"The Rev. G. A. Cleveland, of Gloucester, Mass., in a letter to the *Cape Ann Advertiser*, asked me a question which I thought I ought to explain. He had been a good deal amused with one of their tricks. On my coming near the flock the male partridge would rush toward me with feathers stuck out like a frill, wings flapping, and making a terrible fuss in every possible way. After a time, though, I found that this was only a trick. While my attention was being drawn to the bluster before me, the female with smooth feathers and drooped head was hurrying off with the brood. I was so taken up with the male that I had been accomplished there were no longer any partridges in sight, male or female." A Hartford correspondent, "W. H. K.," who sends us the above clipping, suggests the pertinent inquiry, at what season of the year was Mr. Cleveland "bunting partridges before now?" Will that gentleman have the courtesy to tell us? And if, as we presume may sometimes have happened, the shooter succeeded in killing the bird, would he explain, as he did, his contribution to natural history, what became of the brood?





**OHIO GAME NOTES.**—Steubenville, O., July.—We have quite a number of gentlemen here who are alive to the enjoyment of sports in the forest and stream. It is true, game is not very plenty in this locality. Squirrels are being killed in fair numbers around the wheat fields, and I am happy to say that Bob Whites are whistling all around us again. I saw a brood of little fellows last week just large enough to fly, and had the exquisite pleasure of putting a load of No. 7 shot in a hawk which was doing his best to destroy them. With a little care we will have plenty of birds here again. Rabbits were never so plenty. The boys are training their dogs with the expectation of fine sport this fall. I have three good dogs, and about October we will make the fur fly.—A. E. M.

**IOWA PRAIRIE CHICKEN.**—Decorah, July 18.—I must send you a few lines again this time, in regard to the prospects of the coming shooting season. From all accounts I have no doubt to obtain, I think we are likely to have some good chicken shooting; we have had some very heavy rains, but fortunately the young birds were strong enough to stand them before they came, and if the birds are only left alone (which I fear is dubious) until the season opens, there will be some good sport in this vicinity. There seems to be a nice lot of quail, which I am surprised at, owing to our having had so severe a winter. Pheasants are almost as good as a bird of the past in this part of the world, why I cannot say.—J. L.

**NORTH CAROLINA GAME.**—Belvidere, N. C.—I have never seen old quail more abundant than at this time. Should the heavy rains not destroy the young, we will have excellent hunting next autumn. Our law protects them until Oct. 1. Deer are becoming scarce, but plentiful every year, and as we have protection for them from Jan. 1 to Aug. 1, they will probably get a rest.—A. F. R.

**TELEGRAPH STRIKERS.**—Our Philadelphia correspondent reports July 21: Two or three dead woodcock have lately been picked up under the telegraph wires near Norristown, one last evening by some children of the town. Examination proved them to be telegraph strikers, but the blows in every case were disastrous and ended in dissolution.

## Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

**ANGLING RESORTS.**—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

### CHANNEL BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On several occasions I have referred to the royal sport in store for fishermen if they would visit Mayport, near the mouth of the St. John's River. In the past our fishermen have been in the habit of capturing these fish with a hand line, and I have repeatedly pointed out to several of my friends the sport to be secured in the capture of these noble fighters with rod and reel. About two weeks since Col. H. S. and H. made their first essay in rod and reel fishing for large bass. S. hooked a large one, and after playing him for some time he coaxed him to the side of the boat. The fish disliked the appearance of the excited face of S., gave a flirt with his tail, ran under the boat, and in an instant the rod was converted into match wood. H. (an eminent civil engineer from Gotham), who had earnestly discussed with me the antics and gambols of the "red-tail" salmon, and ridiculed bass fishing, hooked a big fellow. The bass started on a two-forty gait, and H. thumbed his reel until the cuticle disappeared; and as a *denier reser* he compressed the line against the rod with his finger; but the pressure lasted but for a moment, for blood followed the line. H. let him run, and as soon as the last coil left the reel, the line parted and the fish departed. Col. H. hooked one which the boatman carried off fifty pounds; and after a fight of one hour and a half the mood was cut in twain.

Col. H. made a second attempt, and he called on me this morning in raptures over his success. Owing to the breaking of his line and the hook tearing out he lost two large fish. He weighed his fish, and in order that I may not be accused of "drawing the long bow," I append a printed statement from to-day's *Evening Herald*, regarding my friend's second attempt at bass fishing:

"Our genial and popular fellow citizen, Col. J. E. Hart, is distinguishing himself as a disciple of old Izak Walton, and bids fair to make as complete a success of himself in the delightful sport of fishing as he has made of his big grain elevator at the foot of Liberty street. He came up from the bar this morning, where he has been spending the last few days, bringing with him a twenty-five-pound channel bass, the trophy of the rod and reel. Saturday he caught four of these beauties in about an hour's time, the largest weighing thirty-five and the other three twenty-five pounds each; and the rod and reel did it all."

The time has not arrived for the main run of these fish; but from the middle of August to the middle of September they will enter the river in quantity. In many years' fishing in the neighborhood of Mayport, the smallest one I captured weighed 19 lbs. On one occasion we had a hand line captured between daylight and 7:20 A. M. eleven that averaged 45 lbs. My memory may fail me with regard to the fighting and staying qualities of the striped bass, but in my opinion channel bass are their equals. It is to be regretted that none of your Northern fishermen who are devotees of the rod and reel, and who can enjoy the capture of fish worthy of their steel, do not avail this season in the early part of September. If about twenty or twenty-five lbs. are considered unworthy of their daily notice, in the way of variety they can look on to from five to eight feet of grased lightning—a tarpon.

The voyage from New York to Savannah in August and September is a pleasant one; time about fifty-five hours. From Savannah to Jacksonville by train six hours, and from Jacksonville to Mayport by steamer less than three hours. At Mayport, where I have caught a goodly lot, where board can be obtained at \$10 per week. The temperature is no higher than in the North, the nights are cool, insect pests are not so bad as on the Jersey coast, the healthfulness of the

locality is beyond question, and the sea bathing is A1. Fishing is done from a boat; and to those who can enjoy right royal sport we will say try channel bass fishing. Even friend "Didymus" might find something to interest him.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., July 10, 1883.

AL. FRESCO.

### OSSEEP PARK.

BY O. W. R.

#### I.—THE HEART OF THE OSSEEPS.

"The cedar and the mountain pine,  
The willow on the fountain's brim,  
The tulip and the opulante,  
In reverence bend to Him.  
The song birds pour the sweetest lays,  
From tower and tree and middle air;  
The rushing river murmurs praise—  
All Nature worships there!"

ON the northern shore of Lake Winnepesaukee rise and extend from east to west the range of mountains called the Osseeps. The highest peak, Mount Shaw, (named in honor of the owner of Ossipee Park) is 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and from the observatory on its top (forty-five feet higher than the mountain's crest) an exceptionally fine view may be had in every direction, and the finest, anywhere obtainable, of the White and Franconia ranges.

The park is, *par excellence*, a natural one, and the desire and purpose of the owner is to keep it so; to preserve and foster its pristine beauty, and the hand of art (not always a soft or deft one, as associated with natural scenery) is only used to make accessible the rare loveliness of Nature's handiwork so lavishly spread throughout this lordly domain of 400 acres. The Hall, situated on a plateau on the mountain side, surrounded by a lawn of about seven acres, is 800 feet above the level of the lake, and for elegance of design and finish is a model.

It is thoroughly built and not thrown together in a haphazard way, but is comfortable for a long sojourn in the fall, when the mountains and meadows are ablaze with glory. It is well supplied with fire-places, and in their construction the useful and beautiful have joined hands, and the result is pleasant to more than one sense. I am sure that every sportsman will recall to mind the comfort of stretching before a blazing fire on the hearth after a hard day's tramp over the hills and by browsing stream, with or without "accessories," a wood-fire is a rare good thing of a rainy day or a chilly glooming. Every modern convenience, and, thank God! several good, old-fashioned ones, are to be found within the Hall, so that pleasure and comfort are not wholly dependent upon the state of the weather. Aside from the extensive and incomparable views to be had from the Hall and from the observatory on Crow's Nest—a height near the lawn—there is a marvel of beauty in the shape of a brook running through the clove, the falls and cascades and rapids of which are notable for peerless and peaceful beauty and picturesqueness. The Park is reached via Center Harbor, thence by trolley-coach to Moultonborough Corner, where the Park carriage will meet expected guests. For the present season only a dozen guests can be comfortably accommodated at a time, as the Hall was erected for its owner's summer occupancy and not for a hotel. The whole property is owned by Mr. B. F. Shaw, of the Shaw Stocking Company of Lowell, and is fitted and managed very like an Englishman's lodge in the Scottish Highlands, which it resembles more than any other American ever brought to my notice. It is a place designed and eminently fitted for the cultured taste, for the refined and for those who love the beauty and peace of nature rather than the fashion and worry of "society," as found of most country resorts. It has been called "the most beautiful place in New England," and I think it cannot be denied. For good and sufficient reasons shooting and fishing, within the domain, are strictly forbidden, but even the most ardent sportsman must forget, or hold in abeyance, his favorite pastime within the confines of this beautiful and peaceful spot—lung, as it were, between earth and heaven and deluged with "loveliness devoid of art."

Those who love Nature, rest, freedom from turmoil and a free enjoyment of all creature comforts, will find here the name of reasonable desire, and a revelation of wonderful beauty and magnificence.

I purpose to note some rambles and views taken hereabouts, yet though written about the place can never be fully described. Of it may it be truly writ—

"And in some calm, sequestered spot,  
While listening to thy choral strain,  
Past griefs shall be awhile forgot  
And pleasures bloom again."

THE HALL, July 17, 1883.

### THE COMING TOURNAMENT.

IN accordance with a resolution passed at the last meeting of the National Rod and Reel Association, President Endicott has appointed the following gentlemen as a committee of arrangements for the tournament to take place next October:

Chairman, Mr. James Benckard, President South Side Club, Long Island.  
Francis Endicott, President National Rod and Reel Association, *ex officio*.  
Eugene G. Blackford, Commissioner of Fisheries, New York.  
Samuel M. Blatchford, Squibnocket Club.  
Dr. E. Bradley, President Bloomingdale Park Association, Pennsylvania.  
Martin B. Brown, Waywavyanda Club.  
D. W. Cross, Audubon Club, Ohio.  
Chas. B. Everts, American Fishcultural Association.  
Hon. James Geddes, Onondaga Club, Syracuse.  
Wm. C. Harris, New York.  
Dr. James A. Henshall, Cynthiaia, Ky.  
Dr. C. J. Kewworth, Jacksonville, Fla.  
Robert B. Lawrence, Union Club, New York.  
William Blair Lord, Washington, D. C.  
Hon. Henry P. McGown, Cattyhunk Club, Thatcher Magoun, Jr., Boston.  
Fred Mather, Adirondack Club.  
Prof. A. M. Mayer, Stevens Institute, Hoboken.  
Barnet Phillips, American Fishcultural Association.  
Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, President Game and Fish Protective Society, New York.  
James L. Vallott, President Pasque Island Club.  
C. Van Brunt, Willemence Club.  
R. Van Vleet, Ichthyophagous Club.

Edward Weston, President Greenwood Lake Association.  
Locke W. Winchester, President Restigouche Salmon Club.

Louis B. Wright, Westminster Kennel Club.  
Rev. Henry L. Ziegenfuss, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.  
The committee will be divided into sub-committees on grounds, rules for the different contests, etc.

### BLACK BASS IN TROUT WATERS.

BY DR. J. A. HENSHALL.

IN the discussion following the reading of my paper "On the Distribution of the Black Bass" at the last meeting of the American Fishcultural Association, and published in FOREST AND STREAM of July 12, I am placed in a false position in regard to the introduction of black bass into trout waters, which I hasten to correct. I am utterly opposed to the introduction of black bass into waters in which there is the remotest chance for the brook trout or rainbow trout to thrive. I yield to no one in love and admiration for the brook trout. I was perfectly familiar with him before I ever saw a black bass, but I am not so blinded by prejudice but that I can share that love with the black bass, which for several reasons is destined to become the favorite game fish of America. "My offending had this extent, no more."

Let us look this thing squarely in the face. I do not wish to disturb any one's preference, but I do want to disabuse the minds of anglers of all prejudice in the matter. The brook trout must go. It has already gone from many streams, and is fast disappearing from others. It is sad to contemplate the extinction of the "anglers' pride" in public waters, but the stern fact remains that in this utilitarian age its days are numbered and its fate irreversibly sealed. As the red man disappears before the tread of the white man, the "living arrow" of the mountain streams goes with him.

The trout is essentially a creature of the pine forests. Its natural home is in waters shaded by pine, balsam, spruce and hemlock, where the cold mountain brooks retain their low temperature, and the air is redolent with balsamic fragrance; where the natural food of the trout is produced in the greatest abundance, and where its breeding grounds are undisturbed. But the iron has entered its soul. As the buffalo disappears before the iron horse, the brook trout vanishes before the axe of the lumberman. As the giants of the forest are laid low, and the rank and file decimated, and the wooden walls of the streams battered down, the hot, fiery sun leaps through the breaches, disclosing the most secret recesses of forest and stream to the bright glare of mid-day. The moisture of the earth is dissipated, the mosses and ferns become shriveled and dry, the wintergreen and partridge berry, the ground pine and trailing arbutus struggle feebly for existence; the waters decrease in size and increase in temperature; the conditions of the food supply and of the breeding grounds of the brook trout are changed; it deteriorates in size and numbers and vitality, until finally, in accordance with the immutable laws of nature and the great principle of "survival of the fittest" (and "the survival of the fittest" is the point of view, but the fittest to survive the changes and mutations consequent on the march of civilization), it disappears altogether.

Much has been said about the "trout hog" in connection with the decrease of the trout. But while he deserves all the odium and contempt heaped upon him by the honest angler, the result would be the same were the trout allowed undisturbed and peaceable possession of the streams, so far as the fish-hook is concerned, while the axe of the lumberman continues to ring its death knell.

Let us, then, cherish and foster and protect the crimson-spotted favorite of our youthful days as long as possible in public waters, and introduce the rainbow trout, or the Dolly Varden, or some of the Pacific black-spotted trout when he has disappeared; and when all these succumb, then, and not till then, introduce the black bass. But let us give these cousins of the brook trout a fair trial first, and without prejudice. There are plenty of lakes, ponds and large streams in the Eastern States into which the bass can be introduced without interfering with trout waters, and this is what I meant by saying, "If, then, there are waters in which the brook trout or rainbow trout will not thrive, do not hesitate to aid in the further distribution of the black bass by introducing that desirable species."

For many years the brook trout will be artificially cultivated, and the supply thus kept up in preserved waters by wealthy angling clubs; but by the alterations of the natural conditions of their existence they will gradually decrease in size and quality, until finally they either cease to be or degenerate to such a degree as to forfeit even this praiseworthy protection.

I must dissent from Mr. Endicott's statement that the black bass is the bluish of fresh waters. The black bass is voracious—so are all game fishes—but not more so than the brook trout. The character of a fish's teeth determines the nature of its food and the manner of its feeding. The bluish has the most formidable array of teeth of any fish of its size—compressed, lancet-shaped, covered with enamel, and exceedingly strong and sharp, in fact, miniature shark teeth—while the black bass has soft, small, brush-like teeth, incapable of wounding, and intended only for holding its prey, which is swallowed whole. The brook trout has longer, stronger and sharper teeth than the bass, and a large, long mouth, capable of swallowing a bigger fish than a black bass of equal weight. The mouth of the bass is very wide, for the purpose of taking in crawfish with their long and aggressive claws, and not, as supposed by some, for the swallowing of large fishes. The black bass gets the best of other game fishes, not by devouring the fishes themselves, but by devouring their food. For this reason, more than any other, they should not be introduced into the same waters with brook trout. The pike or pickerel is the bluish of fresh waters, and in dental capacity and destructive possibilities is not far behind him.

I regret the placing of black bass in Raquette Lake fully as much as Mr. Endicott, and although the trout were said to have been introduced there at the time it does not excuse their act. Such waters should be kept for the salmon tribe, until it is fully demonstrated that they will no longer live in them. The vandal who planted black bass in the Raquette Lake should have been dumped in with them.

I thank Mr. Endicott very heartily for the statement that he was annoyed by the continued rise and capture of black bass when fishing for trout in that lake. Perhaps this statement, when made, was true, but the black bass, the bluish of fresh waters, will tend to convince some of the doubting ones that the black bass will rise to the fly.

CYNTHIANA, KY., July, 1883.

## THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS DINNER.

OUR Texas correspondent, "N. A. T.," who sat through all the courses of the last Ichthyophagous Club next to Mr. F. Endicott, president of the National Rod and Reel Association, and still lives, we are happy to say, writes an account of the feast to the *Galveston News*. We are sorry to note that at the close of "N. A. T.'s" letter he casts a doubt on the record of the members of this club, as given by the *New York Sun*. The *Sun* is nothing if not correct, and its snake stories are received by the naturalists of all countries as valuable additions to our knowledge of reptiles, while its fishing trouts, backed, as they are, by the name of the learned Amos Cummings, will go down to a posterity which will marvel at the former wealth of the fisheries of America. With this bit of preamble we give the following extracts from the letter of Mr. Taylor:

"I managed to get down a little of all on the menu, but found the horse-shoe crab wretchedly poor eating. It took at least a half-pint of champagne to wash down a piece no bigger than the end of one's finger. As someone remarked, it tasted like the pith of dried elderberry brushes. I have no idea that the ichthyophagous will ever succeed in introducing the horse-shoe crab as a favorite article of food. I have the same opinion of the fresh-water mussel, which tastes just like green moss. The alligator steak was good; at least it could be worried down without an extra supply of wine. The fillets of sea cow were splendid, rich, tender, and carrying a mild flavor of banana. The animal is the manatee of the peninsula of Florida, and had never been tried as food before, so far as anyone knew. It is a fine success, and it is to be hoped that somebody will soon get a manatee ranch in the swamps of that State."

"The following are the names of the members and guests, with the 'fish record' of each as given by the *Sun*, for no man could be admitted without a 'fish record':"

NAME.	CATCH.
John Ford	Salmon in Loch Saor.
Landing tender.	Shad in the Connecticut.
Otto Witte	Crabs in the West.
EX-SURGENT General Ham-	
mond.	Buttricks in the District of Columbia.
R. E. Roosevelt	Goatskins in New York.
Prof. Jewell, Chicago	Snuffish in Culmer Lake.
Howard Carroll	Sardines in Long Island.
S. L. Woodford	Sturgeons in Washington.
Gordon L. Ford	Eels with Judge Lot.
Samuel P. Handy	Shad in the Connecticut.
Wm. Goodenough	Irish pike in Long Beach.
A. D. Williams	Trout in Headley's Lake, Saratoga, \$1 a pound.
Chas. E. Leonard	Perch in Cayuga River.
Prof. Mather	Nothing everywhere.
Eugene Shirkford	Shad in the Connecticut.
Chas. R. Miller	A sturgeon in New York.
Tom Barry	Husselt in the Cove of Cork.
Wm. Front, of Brooklyn	Herring in the Gut of Canso.
John H. Mortimer	Young oysters on a grizzly king.
Prof. J. J. Rice	Success in the Skagerrak.
Wm. Wernham	Every time.
Gilman, of Piquet	Suckers in Kinderhook.
Cornelius Van Brunt	Shad in the Connecticut.
B. F. Finstein	Pickel in Loch Ness.
John Thadon	Pickel in the Neckar.
Julius Simon	Sturgeon in the Neckar.
F. D. Curtis	Sturgeon in the Neckar.
J. A. Fendler	Plying fish in Cyprus.
Harriet Phillips	Shad roes in eating houses.
Wm. Taylor	Buffalo in the Rio Grande.
Francis Endicott	On the dinner.
Win. Drysdale	Is waiting to catch something.

"Now, if this fish record, as given to other gentlemen, is no more correct than that given to me, then I must say that the whole thing is a romance. I never caught a 'buffalo fish' in the Rio Grande, nor did I ever catch one of that sort of fish anywhere except in the fish markets at so much a pound."

Our correspondent is the first one that we have heard dispute the angling record of the members as given by the *Sun*. He denies the buffalo fish, and this, we fear, will tend to throw a doubt on what has been considered a truthful record. The club will be pained to learn that some papers have intimated that their dinner was prepared more in spirit of fun than as learned scientific sciences, as all who have attended them know them to be.

## A DAY WITH THE TROUT.

IT DID not arrive in season for the best fishing. It is only in the large spring-holes that one now meets with success. One such place I got of and have recently enjoyed to the utmost. But though I have often tried it, this is the first success. It must be struck at just the right time, and the time varies with the season. As the water of the stream grows too warm they school here, and very soon thereafter the otter and mink assemble to the feast, and it takes them but a moment to eat the water.

Monday morning, the 9th inst., found me, with my guide, picking our way over heath and bog, through windfalls, brush and over boulders, under a burning sun, each sacking a heavy load of grub and camp duffle. About twelve o'clock we reached the stream, and soon had the birch in the water. At one o'clock we arrived at the pool, laid the canoe alongside the low bank and set it in place with the paddles. My rod was already together, and I was with much trepidation that I unhooked from the reel-bar the stretcher, a golden pheasant, and let it fall, with the dropper, a Jennie Lind, lightly into the pool. In a flash a two-pounder struck, and as I sent home the barb, another, his fellow, was hooked and both landed. It was well I had previously soaked my leader, or one, or both, were lost.

It would fill a page to your paper to tell of the rise, strike and landing of all, but I will require the pen of a Davison or a Trim to do them justice. Every cast landed one or more, and of the 137, the limit of my catch, thirty pair were landed. I quit at four o'clock P. M., having fished just three hours. I had improvised a fish car from a packing case. That was full to repletion; still the trout seemed to suffer no diminution in numbers, and if possible the sport would have been the better as I was with much trepidation, and more than I would have done were it not that they would soon fall prey to their furred enemies. Bobby, my guide, could not care for them as they were reeled in. The most he could do was to pass them from my hand to the car. I never saw trout take flies so deep in the maw, and as a consequence, being without finger-stalls, fingers and thumbs were badly lacerated.

One beautiful picture presented itself and should be reproduced on canvas, only it would appear too extravagant for belief. I had hooked a large fish on the stretcher, and while reeling it in with the dropper a foot or more above the water, when four trout, apparently of a size and of about three-fourths pound weight, leaped simultaneously straight up all in a bunch and nearly their length out of the water to reach the fly. It was simply beautiful.

It was a tedious job towing the deeply-laden and square-ended car, and we had barely time to cut wood and put camp to rights for the night, kill and dress the fish, before it was dark. As I lay on the fragrant boughs drawing sleep from my pipe, the problem of how to utilize my beautiful fish presented itself, and before I slept it was solved. I laid them on a large pine tree that lay prone beside the camp, to drain and cool off. At one o'clock I awoke, arose and turned them over, finding them doing well in the cool night air. I slept no more, not even lying down again, so preoccupied was my mind with its pleasure. Long before dawn I was up, and the largest fish was packed with cool grass in a hamper, with the remainder strung on two forked branches. All this was done in the morning by the bright light of the camp-fire.

Bobby enjoyed the sleep of youth and innocence, so I got breakfast ready which was eaten in the first flush of dawn. We shouldered the fish, leaving all else for another party to fetch out. It was a heavy load to suck out and we had many miles to go before 9 o'clock, in order to hit the Boston express. We were in time to flag the train. All aboard then, for a sixteen miles ride to a station where a box and ice were obtained, and time enough to pack the fifty fish and start them on the way to dear friends in Boston, whom I trust enjoyed as much pleasure in receiving them as I did in—I was about to add taking, but as that could be the possibility will say so. The remainder were eaten at the home camp and given to settlers on the line.

CAMP LOT WARFIELD.  
CAMP STEWART, York county, New Brunswick, July 19.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUT STREAMS.

I HAVE just returned from a two weeks' outing at and in the vicinity of Berlin Falls, N. H. I have had my first class sport, having caught over 500 trout. This place is ninety-nine miles from Portland, and is reached via the Grand Trunk R. R. Fare from Boston for round trip via Portland steamer is \$7.50. The Cascade House, Mr. H. F. Marston, proprietor, is a well-kept hotel, and the charges are \$1 per day. There are many good trout brooks within easy distance. The best are Blackstrap, Chickawallup, Silver Stream, Chas. H. Marston, and the latter two are excellent pickered fishing in the Androskoggin River, which is but a rod or two from the hotel.

This river was formerly filled with trout, but the chemicals from a wood-pulp mill situated on the river at this place, have killed them nearly all. About half a mile below the hotel on the river, are the famous Berlin Falls. The scenery in this vicinity is very fine. Mr. Washington and the Sumner House, also Mr. Adams, can be seen from the piazza of the hotel. A friend and myself caught 174 lbs. of trout in one day's fishing from Chickawallup Brook, and on another day 25 lbs. from Blackstrap. My friend also took over 200 trout in one day from Horn Brook. The trout run good size, many weighing from 6 to 9 ounces, and some more.

On my return home I brought twenty-two trout weighing about 8 lbs. From what I saw while there, I should think the outlook for fall hunting was good. Partridges and rabbits are abundant. I saw deer tracks several times along Chickawallup Brook. An old hunter named Blodgett has trapped and killed four bears this season, and during my stay he caught a fifth, which escaped by gnawing off its paw and leaving it in the trap. We also saw three foxes.

E. M. W.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., July 23.

COLUMBIA RIVER SALMON FISHERIES.—The salmon fishing season on the Lower Columbia River is at its height. The run, which was very light early in the season, is now all that could be desired, so far as numbers are concerned, but the fish are somewhat smaller than the average of former years. The falling off in size is so considerable that many canners have been compelled to pay for the fish established last May, and the men, realizing the equities of the case, have accepted a slight reduction in many instances. Canners have no trouble in getting all the salmon they can use, and we have it from reliable sources that the pack for the season will be equal, or perhaps greater than for any former year. Several circumstances have conspired, however, to reduce the profits of the business. Labor in our department is unusually expensive, owing to the demand for workmen at the various railroad camps, the cost of the fish is from 15 to 20 per cent. greater than in any former year, and the price of the canned product is considerably less than the figures which have heretofore prevailed. The top figure in the market now is \$1.25 per dozen, or \$5 per case, while \$1.22 to \$1.23 has been accepted in several instances where parties were compelled to sell. Without much reason to hope for an advance, most of the packers are holding off, and it is estimated that not more than one-sixth of the season's pack has been sold up to this date. But one ship load has been dispatched to a foreign port, but there has been a steady series of shipments to San Francisco, where a considerable part of the pack is now warehoused ready for shipment to Liverpool, for the few buyers who have sufficient capital to take advantage of the market will make money, most of them will come out even on the season's work, and a few who are compelled to operate in a hand-to-mouth way, it is thought, will fall a little behind. If the effect of the year's misfortunes shall be to stop the building of canneries it will be well. The business is already overdone on the Columbia River.—Portland Oregonian, July 10.

THE FINE FISH.—Fall River, Mass., July 19.—A fish of which the sketch enclosed is a representation, was caught yesterday at Seacoast Point. Its color is a bright golden yellow, not unlike the yellow mackerel we sent you about four years since. No fisherman or any other man can give us any information as to the name or family this species belong to. In some respects it resembles the sea surgeon family. If you can help us out of this safely it will oblige your Fall River readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM*. F. A. [The fish is not very rare upon our coasts at this season. Your sketch was a very good one, and enabled us to recognize at a glance that the fish was the "orange file fish" (*Monacanthus tomentosus* DeKay). It is of the family Balistidae, a peculiarity of which is the trigger-like dorsal spine, which can be set as though incapable of being lowered and yet may be depressed at the will of the fish, the same as the pectoral spines of the catfish.]

GOOSE FISHING.—The editor of one of our Arkansas exchanges, in an issue just at hand, craves "the indulgence of readers this week. The type is not all as it should be. The *Coupositus natus* goes on their annual fish-catch." We should think so.

TWO FISHING TRIPS.—Nashua, N. H., July 9.—Reading in your issue of July 7 an article on fishing in Canada, it reminds me of my own trip. Last month (June) I went to my home, about 25 miles, and the landlord, Mr. Smith, and myself started at about 10 o'clock A. M., and an hour's drive brought us to a friend's farm, where a few nice trout brook. We asked permission to fish in the brook, which was given with the understanding that we were not to tell where we fished, and we caught eighty trout in about four hours' fishing, some of them half-pounders. I took my catch to Nashua to let them see, not hear, what I had done. Next morning I started on my Canada trip. A number of friends were going to Lenoxville, Canada, on a fishing excursion, one of them a hotel proprietor of fame, one a merchant, and the other a conductor on B. L. & H. R. R. Saturday 8-23 P. M. finds them all nicely tucked into a car, rods and basket of flies, a tin full of angleworms, so if they can't fish with the fly they can with the worm. They start off well for a three-days' trip, and the next day is a nice day to fish here at home, so we suppose, of course, it must be with them, but alas! the second day in the morning we look out, and lo! who do we see but our fishermen friends returning with not a single fish. Some one said: "Well! I guess didn't do the best, and only went twenty-five miles, and you went four hundred and fifty miles and not a fish." "Well," says Mr. J. G., the landlord, and "Well," says Mr. D. C., the merchant, "the water there was so high that we tried but could not get any where but the brook, so we did not get any fish, but we all tired out riding on the night express on the B. C. & M. R., and we have had enough of Canada fishing."—JESS.

THE ENGLISH ANGLING TOURNAMENT.—The prizes won in the Tournament at Hendon were presented to the winners by Mrs. R. R. Marston, at Foresters' Hall, on June 29. After the distribution Mr. Murphy presented a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Marston for her kindness in presenting the prizes, which was greatly appreciated, and by Mr. Marston, who had introduced these interesting tournaments into this country. Mr. Marston replied, and then proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Bates, who really had almost the sole management of the Tournament arrangements, and had succeeded most admirably. Mr. Bates, in replying, so ably described the objects of the Anglers' Benevolent Society that he at once secured a handsome donation to the funds from Mr. Heathcote, Mr. W. Evans, and Mr. Bates. Mr. Marston seconded, a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Wood for the interest he had taken in the Tournament—we should be glad to see him every year, even if he always carried off the best prizes, as he was doing to-night. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Wood briefly replied, expressing himself much gratified with the kind reception English anglers had given him—in fact, he felt "quite at home" over here, and he was delighted if he had been in any way able to aid so excellent a society as the Anglers' Benevolent. They had nothing of the kind in America. He would not detain them longer, as he felt much more in his element when playing a big black bass than addressing a meeting. (Laughter.)—*Fishing Gazette*.

A FISHWAY FOR THE SUSQUEHANNA.—Harrisburg, Pa.—In your issue of July 19 you notice that Professor Baird has approved and adopted the "McDonald fishway" for the Great Falls of the Potomac, and I presume this fishway will be put in at the expense of the general Government. If so, there are a million of people here in Pennsylvania who would pray and preach to have one erected at the Columbia Dam (I feel like putting an "n" to that word) on the Susquehanna. Our Fish(y) Commissioners have tried several times to do something beyond their ken, and have wasted several appropriations attempting to put a fishway in the dam, to have so far succeeded as to allow our fish to go down into Maryland, but not one to come back. The Susquehanna and its tributaries were good shad streams before the dams were built. Now, none get above the dam at Columbia except at intervals, such as a break in the dam or unusual high water. A good practical fishway at Columbia would fill the upper streams with undromous fish and bring joy and happiness to the angler's heart, and save millions of dollars to our people. With a view to having the question agitated, I ask you to insert the foregoing.—KEOKU.

TOWNSEND'S INLET FISHING.—It is scarcely worth while just now to point out any particular ground as the best for fishing. All along the New Jersey coast, from Barnegat to Cape May, reports come that fine catches of all the varieties are being made. Weakfish are so plentiful at some points, the baymen catch dozens of them at any price at the summer hotels, which have always been their markets. Sheepshead, however, never go a begging no matter how numerous they are, and at both Barnegat City and Beach Haven, the entire catch of the season is contracted for by hotels at a fixed price before the fish begin to arrive. Barnegat is always the choice when bluefish squidding is desired, and I believe the waters of this inlet are conceded to be the best for bluefish at sport along the Jersey coast; although the writer has found Little Egg Harbor inlet to be provided with bluefish enough to satisfy a very greedy fisherman. It has long been my desire instead of squidding for bluefish to be able to fish for them with a bass rod and light tackle. Has it been done, and can it be done, if so, cannot some one rise and explain?—HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES, July 21.—The Schuylkill River has been so high and turbid that bass fishing has not been all good during the week. I speak of the water as I noticed it to-day going to Norristown, Pa., seventeen miles from the city. It may be clearer further up stream, and no doubt the streams flowing into the Schuylkill are in better angling condition. Inquiries made coincided with the opinions formed on my way up. I noticed, while passing on the river, a small patch of water in mid-stream, near the Shawmont, evidently that of a fishing party which had settled down for a week's vacation; camp utensils hung on the trees, and the reflection of the sun on their bright surfaces and other indications, plainly visible from your correspondent's point of observation, told of the order and cleanliness of the temporary home of the angler. Without knowing whose camp it was, I will venture to guess it was that of the Schuylkill River, and I ask that a short account be given for *FOREST AND STREAM* of the catch made during their stay on the island.—HOMO.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—St. John.—In Telegraph Lake, near the head of Milkish, and in portions of the parishes of Westfield and Kingston, excellent fishing is afforded by many of the lakes and streams, and the locality is easily accessible by way of the steamer Enterprise.

**THE LARGEST BLACK BASS.**—After we went to press last week a monster black bass of the small-mouth species was brought to New York and shown at Mr. Blackford's, in Fulton Market. We believe it to be the largest fish of this species on record, and therefore its owner can claim to be a "high look" on this fish. Strangely to say it was not caught in any of the lakes of Western New York, nor in any waters which are the natural habitat of the fish, but in Lake Ronkonkomo on Long Island, where he was introduced only a few years ago. Its captor was Mr. Herbert Seymour, of Brooklyn, and as the fish weighed seven pounds, plump, on Mr. Blackford's scales twenty-four hours after it was caught; we do not doubt its claim to be an eight-pounder. Blackford diagnosed the fish, and pronounced it a small-mouth. Lake Ronkonkomo was stocked some four or five years ago with both the large and small-mouth black bass, but no authentic records of captures have been made.

**THE CANADIAN SALMON RUN.**—New York, July 18.—Contrary to general expectation, the present season has furnished an extra run of salmon in Provincial waters, and of very fine quality. This coming after some three years of unusual deficiency, may be a study for those who give attention to the habits of these migratory beauties. Leaving home with a party made up of four for a few days sport, we remained eight days and returned with four fish. The total catch was 197 fish, weighing 4,391 pounds, averaging over twenty-two pounds. The uniformity of size, weight and condition was remarkable. The score of the rods in numerical order stood: 77, 56, 39, 25—197. Heaviest fish, thirty-three pounds.—AN OLD HAND.

## Fishculture.

### THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

THE Rochester Post-Express, of July 18, gives the results of the shipments of fry from the State Hatchery at Munford in detail, as taken from the order books of Mr. Monroe A. Green. From this we learn that there were shipped 1,423,000 lake trout, 614,000 brook trout, 1,496 California mountain trout, 151,000 rainbow trout, and 30,000 hybrids, which were three-fourths brook and one-fourth lake trout.

But paper further than the prospects now are very encouraging for the erection of new hatching houses and buildings at the State hatcheries, Munford, and that the present buildings, which are a disgrace to the great State of New York, are to be removed or destroyed entirely. The grounds are to be enlarged, graded and otherwise improved. The increasing business of the hatcheries demand these improvements, and at once. Seven or eight years ago the hatcheries were established with a small stock of fish. Through the energies of those in charge it has successfully grown to its present mammoth proportions and stands at the head of the fisheries and hatcheries of the world. With the improvements completed the supply to the waters of the State of fish will be increased in a year a hundredfold. State Commissioner E. M. Smith is determined that these matters shall receive immediate attention.

There are a number of enemies of fish which destroy thousands annually along Spring Creek and in the ponds of the hatcheries, viz.: snakes, blue herons and kingfishers. Monroe A. Green wages a relentless war upon them, but they will multiply and increase in spite of his efforts. His experience in throwing a line or fly and catching snakes was illustrated yesterday in the city. Sitting in a boat with a light rod, fine line, with a tiny hook without a barb, he would make a cast, with a strong wind blowing, dropping the hook just over the head of a snake, just showing out of the water, fifty feet feet away, and in the twinkling of an eye the reptile would be on his way to the boat with the hook in the back of his head. The fly was thrown with as much precision as the majority of men would send a rifle ball.

### AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

[PROCEEDINGS CONTINUED.]

#### Second Day.

#### HISTORY OF THE EXPERIMENTS LEADING TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AUTOMATIC FISH HATCHING JAR.

BY M. McDONALD.

THE work of practical pisciculture was, until a comparatively recent period, confined for the most part to the hatching of different species of the Salmonidae. The incubation of the eggs was at first effected in troughs having the bottom covered with a layer of gravel, upon which the eggs were placed, and over which a current of fresh water was allowed to flow.

In succession followed the "grill system" of M. Coste and the different devices of movable trays, now in common use for hatching this class of eggs. In all these various methods the separation of the dead eggs from the live ones is effected by means of hand-picking. The necessity for the separation, although not as urgent in the case of the eggs of the Salmonidae in that the young develop in warmer waters and in much shorter periods of time, still entails a vast amount of labor in connection with the hatching operations.

Although the ingenuity of our fishculturists has greatly improved the forms of hatching apparatus for these eggs, yet up to a comparatively recent period no effective means of separation other than the above indicated has been found practicable. The U. S. Fish Commission, in the development of its work, had presented to it the necessity of dealing with the eggs of the whitefish and the shad, upon a scale unprecedented in the history of fishculture. Millions of eggs were to be hatched where fishculturists formerly handled only thousands, and the old methods of hand-picking were soon found to be inadequate.

In all of the forms of apparatus for bulk hatching heretofore devised, no adequate means is employed for the separation of the dead eggs from the living, all as they come from the fish, the unimpregnated as well as the impregnated, are placed in the apparatus and remain together.

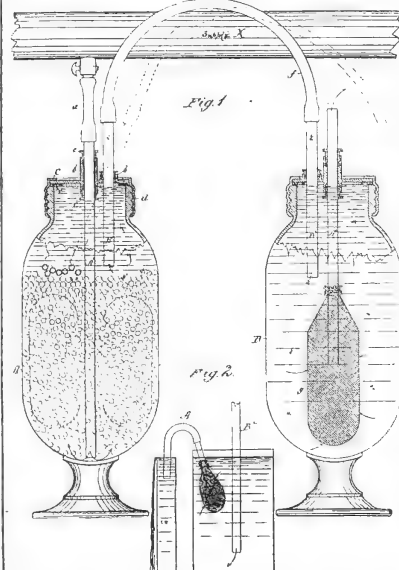
In the case of the whitefish, and more especially in the case of the shad eggs, which run through their period of incubation in a much shorter time, fungus rapidly develops among the entire loss of the eggs undergoing incubation. The attention of fishculturists was early directed to the serious losses thus arising, and various experiments have been made with a view of effecting the separation of the dead from the living eggs.

In 1878 Mr. F. N. Clark, the superintendent of the United States Hatchery, at Northville, Mich., attempted to effect the separation by introducing a gate into one side of the Bell and Mather cone, through which the shells and fish and dead eggs were to go out. This device, however, failed, and so far as it served for the collection of the young fish, was quite successful; but it was not found capable of doing the work for which it was first planned by Mr. Clark, and was abandoned.

Similar experiments, looking to the same result, were made by him with the Chase jar—the form of apparatus employed for the whitefish work at the Northville station. The result of these experiments, however, led Mr. Clark to the conclusion that an automatic or self-picking arrangement for effecting the complete separation of the dead from the live eggs was not practicable, and a paper to that effect was written and published by him in Vol. II, Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission. The present method employed by him for the separation of the dead whitefish eggs is to siphon off the dead eggs and such live eggs as are necessarily drawn over with them, and to transfer them to what he terms "hospital jars," the live eggs thus drawn being left to take their chances with the dead.

This mode of treatment undoubtedly has served to diminish materially the percentage of loss in the eggs thus treated by him, as in this way, by the sacrifice of a small proportion of the eggs he secures the very complete separation of all elements of contamination and disease from the great bulk of them.

In the spring of 1881, being in charge of a shad-hatching station on the Potomac River, and in position to observe closely the performance of the hatching apparatus in use, the question of the separation of the dead from the living eggs was taken up systematically with the view of devising a form of apparatus which would accomplish the purpose and which would be of such shape as to be of easy and convenient use in practice. Knowing that there was an apparent difference in the specific gravity of the living and the dead eggs I determined to see if I could not avail myself of this difference to effect the separation. The first form of apparatus employed is represented in Fig. 1,\* on the blackboard.



In the use of this apparatus I found that a fair separation could be effected, but to accomplish this required perfect stability of the vessel and careful manipulation. When the barges were lying quiet on the river and there was no tide swell in the river the separation went on quietly, the dead eggs being continually thrown off from the mass of living eggs and swept by the current over into the exit trough and carried off from the apparatus. The slightest oscillation, however, of the large, produced by waves, would derange the orderly movements of the eggs and required continual watchfulness on the part of the attendant to prevent considerable losses of live eggs. A second form of apparatus looking to the accomplishment of the same result was also tried.

The result with these forms of apparatus were not satisfactory in developing a method which could be conveniently applied in practice, yet they pointed the way to it. Later in the spring of 1881, while in charge of the hatchery, the suggestion of Professor Baird and in conjunction with Professor Ryder, we instituted in the basement of the Smithsonian Institution a series of experiments to determine the limit of healthful retardation of development that we could effect by lowering the temperature of the water employed. In order to subject the eggs conveniently to the action of the current of cold water they were placed in small, two-ounce laboratory flasks closely corked. Through the center of the cork was passed a glass tube which descended to within a short distance of the bottom of the flask and through which the current of water was admitted to the apparatus.

An exit tube, the lower extremity of which extends a short distance below the neck of the flask, provided for the escape of the water. While this form of apparatus had been devised by me in connection with the experiments on retardation above referred to, I had no sooner fixed upon the apparatus than I felt at once I had arrived at the solution of the question of automatic separation of the dead from the live eggs. An eight-ounce wide mouth glass jar, such as is used in the National Museum for holding alcoholic specimens was fitted up as indicated.

In this were placed 6,000 shad eggs, and a current of water turned on and regulated. The movement of the current established a regular rolling motion on the eggs, which brought each in succession to the surface. The dead eggs remained there, forming as they were freed from the mass of live eggs. By sliding down the exit tube to a suitable distance, I found that the dead eggs were feeling the influence of the escaping current, were by degrees drifted under the lower end of the tube, lifted by the

\*This consists essentially of an oblong trough with wooden ends and sloping glass sides, glass being used in order to be able to observe the movements of the eggs under the influence of the water. The trough rests upon a rectangular box made of boards, which serves at once as a firm base for the support of the trough and as a chamber for water upon the upper surface of the trough. The water, which enters the rectangular box forming the base of the apparatus through the supply pipe passes to the trough proper through a side extension, which is provided with a valve, which by means of the set rods can be pushed down so as to cut off the flow of water entirely. By setting the valve to allow a moderate flow of water, the water, which enters at about 1/32 of an inch, the water enters the hatching trough in thin sheets which are directed up the glass sides of trough. The effect of this is to give the water a rolling motion, the water being driven to the center. The water flows over the edges of the central trough, and escapes from the apparatus at the end. The dead eggs in their circuit in being lifted by the force of the current, are carried to the exit tube, and are swept out, leaving an absolutely clean mass of live eggs.

current, and swept out, leaving an absolutely clean mass of live eggs.

The mass of eggs was successfully hatched, and at the period of hatching not a dead egg was found in the bottle; nor do I think a live egg was lost in the whole course of the experiment.

The first experiments had been framed solely with reference to the assumed slight difference in the specific gravity of the living and the dead eggs. Attentive study of the movement of the eggs in the jar showed a still more potent influence for separation than the difference in the specific gravity. It is true there is a slight difference in this respect, but it is hardly appreciable. The more important difference, and that upon which the success of the apparatus depends, is the close adhesion which exists between the living eggs; the effect being that the live eggs roll in and out, and always in contact, even when they reach the surface, are by this adhesion carried around in the regular sequence of movement. On the other hand the dead eggs having once reached the surface, their adhesion to the underlying layer of eggs is not so strong, and they are ready in time for the shad hatching season. Consequently when they once reach the surface of the mass, they remain there until they are carried off by the exit tube.

Several experiments made with different lots of eggs gave uniformly the same satisfactory results.

In May, 1881, the apparatus was exhibited before a meeting of the Biological Society, held in the basement of the Smithsonian Institution. These experiments were so decisive, that I did not hesitate to recommend and urge the adoption of the new method in the work of the U. S. Fish Commission.

In the spring of 1882, it was determined to convert the old armory building into what is now known as the central hatchery and distributing station. Prof. S. F. Baird was the first to suggest his plan, and in the success of the new form of hatching apparatus by authorizing me to equip the station with them. The working form of apparatus not having been then even designed on paper, it was not possible to prepare the drawings and to have the jar complete and ready in time for the shad hatching season. An improvised form was devised in which cork stoppers were substituted for the screw cap, and metal tops employed in the form now fixed upon. Ten tables suitably planned to receive the waste water from the jars and carry it into the exit trough were constructed, the pipes for the distribution of water supply to the tables were introduced, and the station equipped with 300 of the jars. Each having a capacity of sixty to seventy thousand shad eggs, gave a total hatching capacity of 18,000,000, and at one time or another 900,000 for the entire shad hatching season. This was, of course, in excess of any possible production to be looked for; but in the organization of a shad hatching station it is necessary to provide for the contingency of the emergency, and it is better to have an interval of a few days of each other. The form of hatching apparatus used during the season is figured in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 26, 1882 (and here reprinted).

An arrangement of the present tables for the collection of the young fish as they hatch in appropriate receivers or aquaria was also devised. The present form of apparatus and the form contemplated in the first design, but only completed recently, is shown at Mr. Blackford's.

The method we have used of jars fitted up, one for the hatching of the eggs, the other for the collection of the young fish.

The jar consists essentially of a cylindrical glass vessel with hemispherical bottom. These are not blown, but pressed, in the glass, and the bottom is of the same material, which depends to some extent the perfect working of the jar. The glass foot which is shown in the improvised form has been omitted in the form now in use, the jar being supported upon a tripod of three glass legs, the lower ends of which are adapted to prevent the distortion of the bottom of the jar, which would necessarily result from the attachment of a single foot to it.

The top of the jar is cast with thread to receive a screw cap, the top of the bottom and the top surfaces are ground so that the plane of each shall be perpendicular to the axis of the jar and so that when the jar is resting upon its feet its axis shall be perfectly vertical.

The most important considerations to secure the proper working. The top of the jar is closed by a metallic disk perforated with two 3/16-inch holes, one perfectly central, which admits the tube that introduces the water into the jar, the other equally distant from the center, which introduces the tube for the escape of the water. A groove in the inner surface of this metallic plate carries a rubber collar, and when the plate is in place the tightening of the metallic screw cap, as in a fruit jar, seals the opening hermetically. Both the inlet and outlet tubes pass through stuffing boxes, by which means the tubes can be slid up and down easily and tightened firmly in any position we wish them to remain. The construction of the jar is such that when the metallic disk is in place the central tube takes the position of a vertical tube, and the lower end of the tube, which is the stuffing box, we can slide the central tube up or down so as to determine just what movement of the eggs we desire. If the quantity of water entering be small, or the head of water slight, without changing the feed of water we may vary the position of the central tube, which will cause the eggs to be pushed up or down, or to be almost in contact with the bottom of the jar we make a relatively small quantity of water do the work of a large quantity in producing motion. However, the position of the central tube, which controls the supply of water is needed and not a great deal of motion, we may secure this by increasing the feed and raising the lower end of the central or supply tube, so that the delivery of the water from it will be under less pressure. This central tube is connected by a rubber pipe with the pet cock which furnishes a supply of water under a constant head.

The exit tube serves a double purpose. First, as an outlet for the water, and secondly, at our pleasure to remove the live eggs from the jars. The exit tube is connected by a stuffing box, once in twenty-four hours—by loosening the screw of the stuffing box so that the tube will slide readily, pushing it down until the dead eggs nearest to the lower end are seen to begin to pass, and then pulling it up to remove the position of the exit tube, which will cause the live eggs to be swept off entirely. They may be allowed to pass off in the waste, or, better, collected by screens and fed to the fish in the aquaria, thus serving the double purpose of preventing the fouling of the water and furnishing a very important food for many varieties of fish. When the period of hatching approaches, instead of allowing the water from the hatching jars to pass directly into the sinks, it is necessary to conduct the water into a collecting tank, which will cause the construction to the hatching jar. 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BLACK—*Dogn*: 1st, T. Jacobs (Bend Or); 2d, Earl of Warwick (Cast)



Examine his feet, and if they are the cause of the trouble cleans with a stiff brush, and use tincture of myrrh as a wash. Feed on meat, and keep his bowels open with an occasional small dose of aloes.

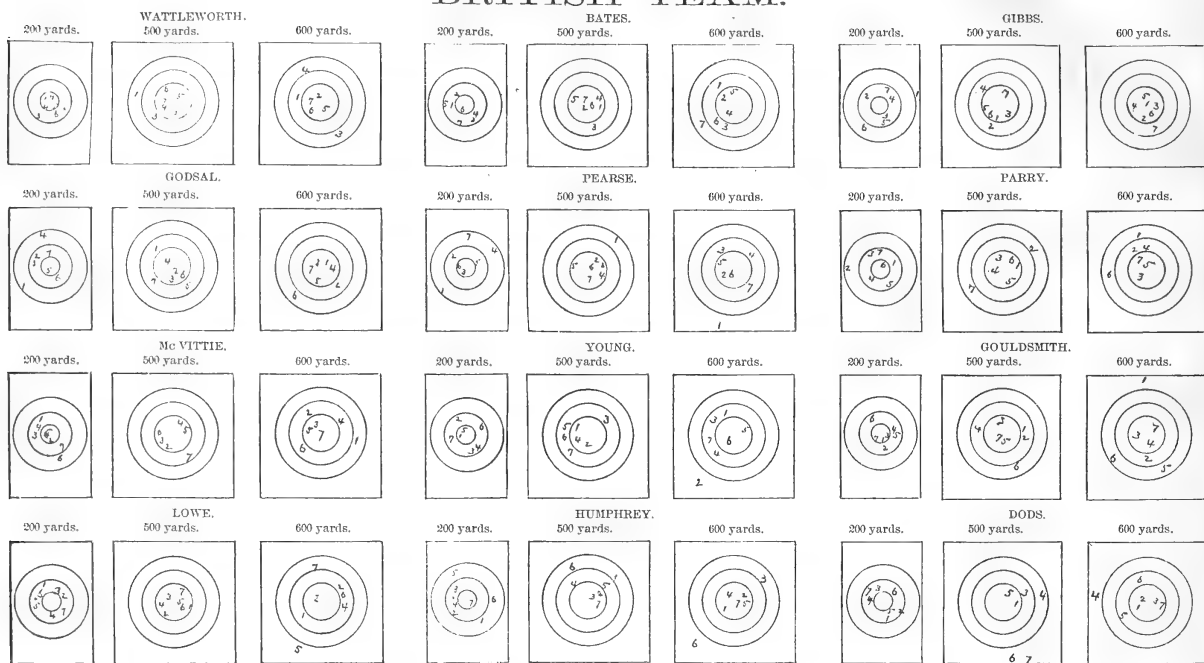
McVittie went very far off once, but only once. Godsal has a good target with a low nipper. Humphrey left bull and center severely alone, but otherwise was well distributed. Lowe did well after his opening miss, but it was not until his last two shots that he found the



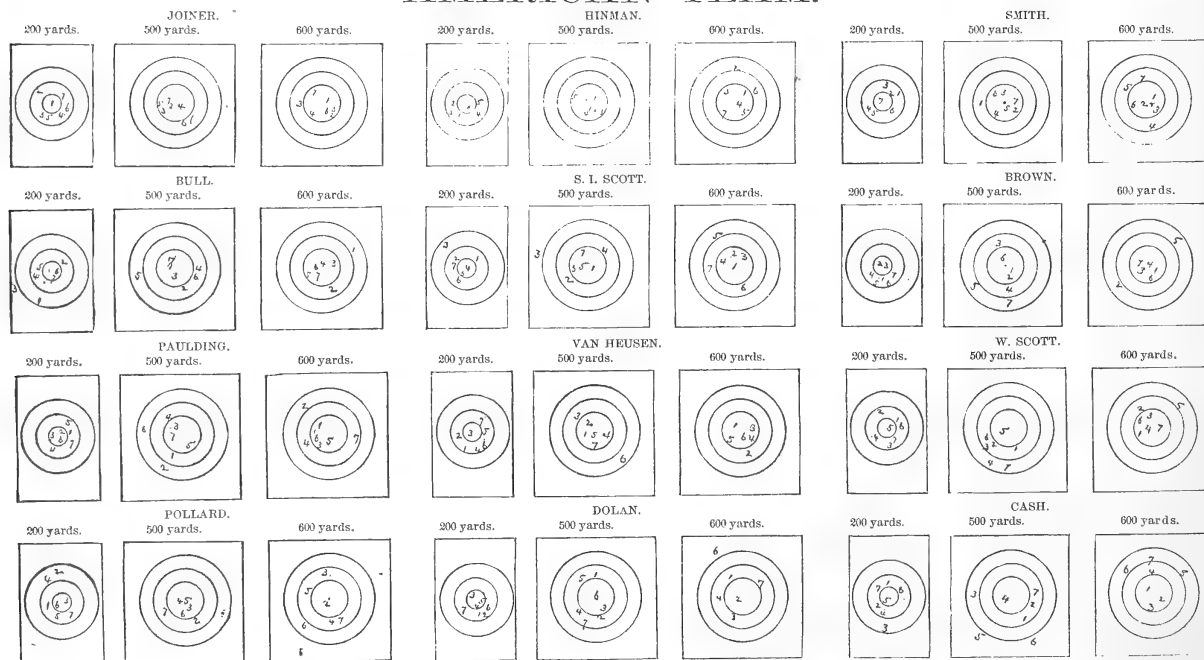


## FIRST STAGE TARGETS.

## BRITISH TEAM.



## AMERICAN TEAM.



## AN OFFICIAL OPINION.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA,  
OFFICE, No. 112 WILLIAM STREET,  
NEW YORK, July 22, 1883.

To the Editor of the *Forest and Stream*:  
It is not a difficult task for non-experts to offer critical observations about the inferiority of our American team. Unmerited reflections from those ignorant of facts are pardonable, while those who are familiar with rifle practice regard our defeat from a very different line of rational argument.

The National Rifle Association does not assume to become an apologist for inexperienced sharpshooters, but when amateurs attempt to mislead or misjudge the situation it becomes a pleasant duty to defend and instate the American team in its proper position.

The impression that these contests are shot under similar conditions and with similar rifles as in those matches which made American riflemen famous through consecutive victories does not seem to have escaped the attention of our countrymen. The truth is that it was impossible to induce our English friends to meet us, as of yore, with our fine sighted and scientifically adjusted weapons, that superinduced the most accurate marksmanship; and I repeat my former assertion that, with our fine rifles, America stands first and foremost, and it would be an exceedingly difficult undertaking to win the laurels that remain accredited to the United States.

British sharpshooters, under the enthusiastic direction of that whole-souled, genial rifleman, Sir Henry Halford, smarting under

repeated defeats, were extremely anxious to introduce a match that would enable Great Britain to win. After considerable correspondence the National Rifle Association concluded the terms and conditions, which were in every particular to their advantage. Instead of using the rifle with which our previous victories had been won, we agreed to use a strict military weapon, with open front and primitive rear sights—appliances which Americans have long since discarded as unprogressive and considered practically obsolete. The distances were divided into two stages—200, 500 and 600 yards—the regular military distances, where we can hold our own with any country, even with inferior military arms; the second stage was arranged to had any experience or practice. We expected to be beaten and never disguised our opinions; it was only a question of how many points, in the first competition on our team were armed with inferior military rifles, the English weapon being quite equal to our fine sporting rifles, so far as it referred to accurate rifling and skilful workmanship, a fact admitted by Sir Henry Halford and his team. On completion of the match our team were beaten under favorable conditions at all the distances, and submitted to it like soldiers and philosophers.

The greatest gain made by our British friends was at the long ranges, where twenty years' practice enabled them to become expert and masters of all the atmospheric conditions, including shooting in a rain storm. What had we to show against such experience? Three months' practice! Is it a wonder that we were beaten 170 points with such a combination of advantages? In addition to the enumerated

forces, as a matter of fact Great Britain has over 500 qualified marksmen in the first class to select fourteen men from; it was with the greatest difficulty that we could secure forty men to enter for competition for places on the team.

What did the first defeat accomplish for the return match? Our answer is, one of the objects of the match, it led to the production of a superior military rifle and another season of practice, thus giving us one and a half years' experience to our competitors' twenty at the longer ranges. Interested partisans have made an attack on the Brown rifle, with which more than one-half of the team were armed in the return match, and attribute the defeat to its use. Let the public draw their own conclusions from the following statement: The majority of the men in our team who used the other rifle are at the bottom of the list; so defeat cannot fall on the Brown rifle. Too much praise cannot be offered to Mr. Brown for his indefatigable attempts to produce a military arm equal to the English, calculated to assist in winning the Wimbledon competition; therefore, any attempt to involve it in our defeat is unjust and actuated by other than sound motives.

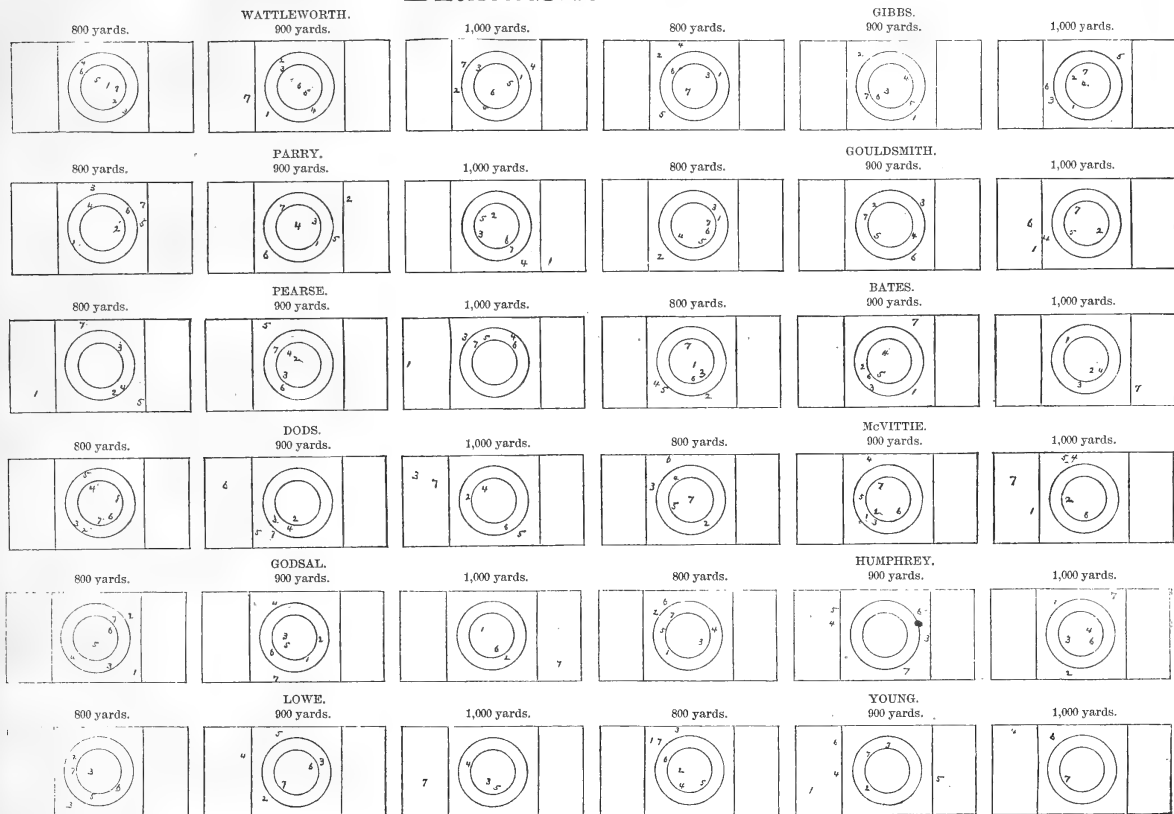
To the general facts connected with the match we can add nothing until the captain of the team, Colonel G. E. P. Howard, makes his report. To state that the results of the shooting by our team at 200, 500, 600 and 800 yds., with a lead at the latter distance of twenty-four points, was an unqualified surprise to every National Guardsman, and even to the British Volunteers, is simply to substantiate the truth. We had a perfect right to indulge

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 514.)

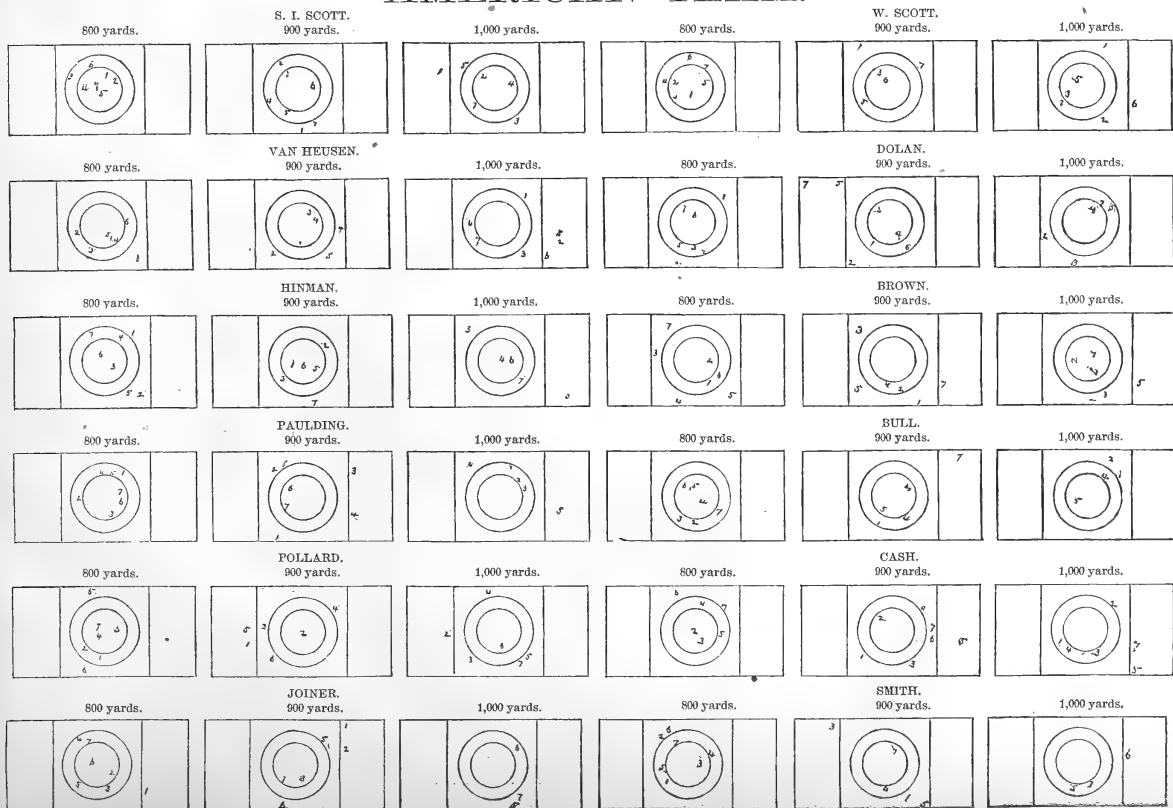


## SECOND STAGE TARGETS.

## BRITISH TEAM.



## AMERICAN TEAM.



the fond delusions of hope of a victory by the then recorded facts, and the four scores of shot, showing a gain of 30 per cent. per man, presented conclusive evidence that the team had neither lost their minds nor their nerves.

At the finish of the 900-yds. distance a rain storm is introduced, coming down in torrents—an absolutely new condition to our team, not only modifying the light, but obscuring the targets, and in such an atmosphere the men were allowed to continue the match "as they had no orders to the contrary from the British Council." The scores on both sides indicate demoralization, and in the sense of a perfect competition, while both teams showed equally good marksmanship, it cannot be considered the fair test under the circumstances. This observation is purely personal in its application, but many will readily concede the same. What we are anxious to emphasize is the fact of having made such rapid improvement over our first match, that we were able to surpass the efforts of the twelve best of all Great Britain at 300 yds. and 900 yds. 31 points to our credit, which is indeed a great victory in itself, and also of having reduced the loss of 10 to 45, under the most extraordinary conditions. It is our firm belief that if fair weather had continued, with our lead of 24 points at 900 yds., we would have been victorious. We are not dissatisfied with the result, but to impeach the capacity and ability of the sharpshooters on the team demands a refutation and plain statement of facts.

These competitions will undoubtedly be continued in the future between our National Guardsmen and the British Volunteers. The international match was created for the wholesome purpose, in a military sense, of improving the military rifles and as a stimulus to encourage sharpshooters among our National Guard and militia. The value of rifle practice has exhibited itself in the past, and we may have abundant opportunities in the future. With scarcely an army large enough to protect us from the ravages of our Indian chieftains, we must in time of peril, when the civil powers fail, suppress rebellion and riot through our citizen soldiery. Our institutions and education afford the means of judiciously arming the people, and the increasing population, annually augmented by the exponents of communism and socialism, and the increasing number of our military emergencies and possibilities, and in the event of our National Guard being called upon it is highly necessary that they should have an excellent knowledge of the use of the rifle. The rifle is the most important capacity should encourage rifle practice to even a greater extent than it does at the present time, supported strongly by every citizen who believes in the protection of life, property and the public welfare.

Already our National Guardsmen realize necessities which defend inspires, and it is safe to prognosticate that a greater interest will in future be taken in rifle practice. We feel sanguine that a victory can be expected in our next competition with British Volunteers.

GROVER J. STANLEY.

#### A NEW TARGET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With much satisfaction I have for a long time used a target system for rifle practice, and I have been thinking of a new target, and many particulars so much superior to either the Creedmoor or decimal systems that I venture to submit it for inspection.

I assume that a score from one to five is a definite and definite to represent the merit of a performance and that the diameter of the bullseye represents the size of the target by always representing one-fifth the diameter of the target. To illustrate, take a 30, bullseye, the target would be 30 in. in diameter, and the remainder of the score, 3, 2 and 1, would be represented by circles 2, 3, 4 and 5 in diameter respectively. 2, 3, 4 and 5 of the diameter of the bullseye, making 5, 11, 17 and 25. The sum of 1, 2, 3 and 4 being 10, we have also a ready computation by taking the sum of the diameters of the circles, after deducting the diameter of the bullseye, for the different circles.

An 80, bullseye would call for a 40 in. target divided as follows: 8, 15, 12, 12, 22, 49.

It will be observed that in these divisions the scores and diameters sustain the same relations to the bullseye under all circumstances, and the score represents the diameter of the bullseye, and the diameter of the bullseye represents the score. Also that the divisions are sufficiently close and yet simple to fairly meet any demands by varying the size of the bullseye.

I would like to have the opinion of some of our experts on the target of 5, 7, 11 and 25, as noted above.

WISCONSIN.

#### RANGE AND GALLERY.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Match shot by the Englewood Rifle Club, Conditions, 200 yds., off-hand, Creedmoor rules and target; copies of Farrow's "How to Shoot" as the "rule book" as first and second prizes. Weather stormy with a heavy wind veering from south to west, making one of the worst of the many bad days this season.

Match results: 1. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 2. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 3. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 4. 3 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 5. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 6. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 7. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 8. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 9. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 10. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 11. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 12. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 13. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 14. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 15. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 16. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 17. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 18. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 19. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 20. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 21. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 22. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 23. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 24. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 25. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 26. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 27. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 28. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 29. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 30. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 31. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 32. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 33. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 34. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 35. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 36. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 3. 37. 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 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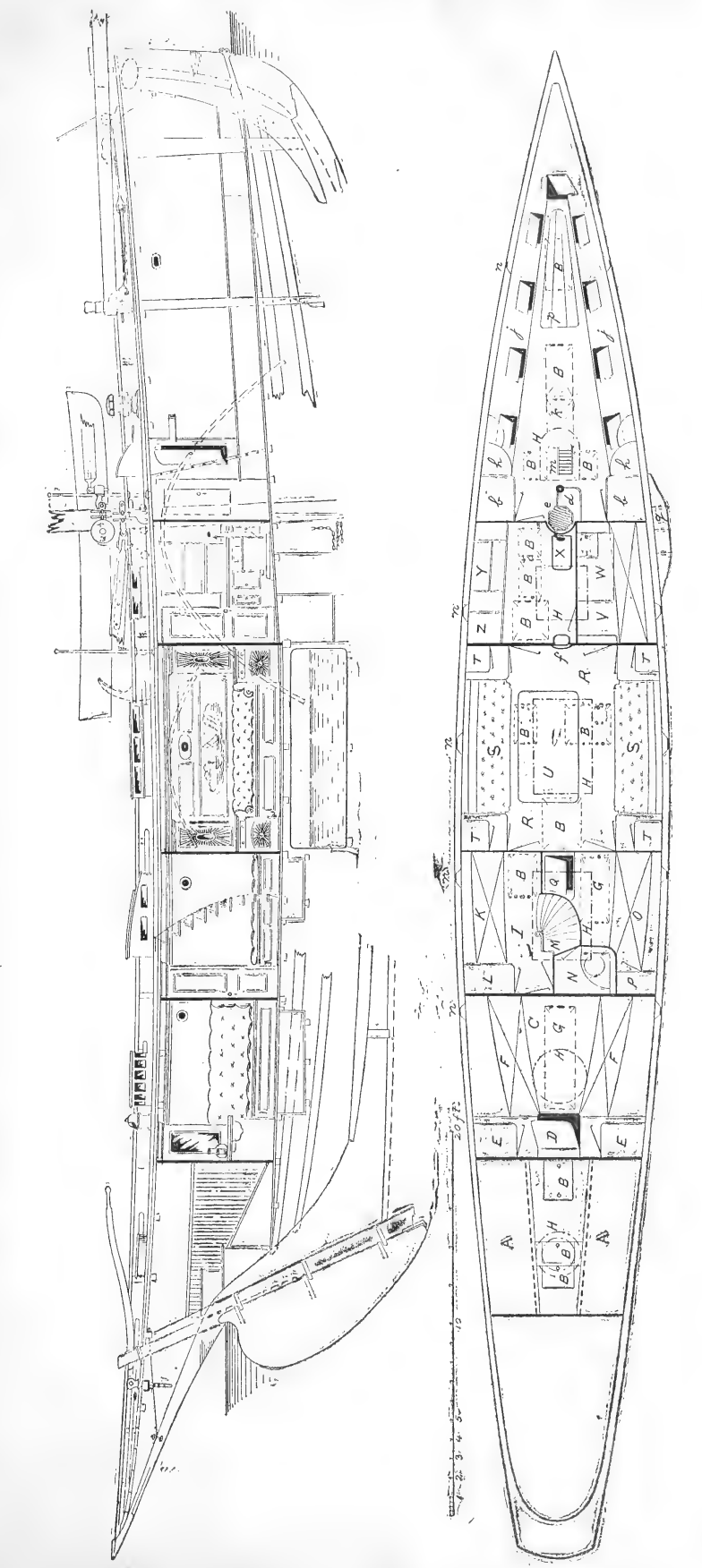
ILEEN.

THIS new cutter now building by Piegrass, at Greenpoint, for Mr. Padelford, promises to be the handsomest and best built work of the kind ever turned out in America. The design is one of Mr. John Harvey's best and is of extraordinary fairness and so well schemed out and fully digested in its many details that we look for a most creditable record, should her owner put his new vessel to a test in the principal matches this fall. Although planned in direct opposition to the prejudices and nonsensical dogmas of the fast-dying school of old-fashioned light displacement hobbies, the extreme proportions of the Ileen are not new nor untried. Mr. Harvey having previously put similar principles through thorough and satisfactory tests in his long practical experience in yacht building. We look forward with confidence to a complete realization of the intentions of both designer and owner as far as the planning of the yacht is concerned. That she will be the handsomest, smartest and best built and fitted vessel ever floated from a yard in America needs no assertion on our part, as a visit to the yard will afford ocular demonstration in confirmation. The chief dimensions of the Ileen are as follows:

Length over all	78ft.
Length on loadline	65.5ft.
Beam extreme	11.5ft.
Depth, top beams to top floor	11.5ft.
Least freeboard to covering board	3.6ft.
Bulwarks	1.4ft.
Greatest draft of water	11ft.
Displacement	80 tons.
Load on keel	30.5 tons.
Projected inside	12.5 tons.
Total ballast	44 tons.
Mast, deck to lower cap.	44.6ft.
Masthead	1ft.
Mast housed	11ft.
Mast above deck	53.6ft.
Topmast, fid to pin	34.4ft.
Topmast, pin to shoulder	1ft.
Topmast, pole	5.3ft.
Topmast, outboard	34ft.
Boresprit housed	13ft.
Boom	58.6ft.
Gaff	37.6ft.
Hoist of mainsail	35ft.
Topsail yard	55.6ft.
Spinnaker boom	60.6ft.
Diameter of mast at deck	12.5in.
Diameter of bowsprit at stem	9.4in.
Diameter of boom	11.4in.
Diameter of gaff	7.4in.
Diameter of topmast	7.4in.
Spread of crossrees	15ft.
Area mainsail	2,355sq. ft.
Area foresail	428sq. ft.
Area jib	630sq. ft.
Area three lower sails	3,485sq. ft.
Trysail gaff, length	14ft.
Trysail on foot	35ft.

In construction the Ileen is without a peer in America, and far ahead of usual customs in material, fastenings and accuracy of work. She is building under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Harvey, which is a guarantee that she will sail alike on both tacks, and that the drawings will be accurately reproduced "in the flesh." The plan followed is a very superior one, similar to that which has given such satisfaction in Bodouin, and made Wenmah the crack of our single-stickers. Lightness, with great strength, long life and a dry hold, are secured by Harvey's double-skin plan to a greater degree than any other work put in practice. The method consists essentially of a stout backbone and a light frame, with two sheathings of plank wrought in the greatest lengths obtainable over the frame, the seams of the inner and outer skins overlapping, giving a surface to caulk against, and with a coating of white lead between the skins, rendering a leak impossible. Mechanics will at once appreciate the enormous addition to strength thus gained. The two skins being thoroughly clinch-fastened with copper, and all butts and seams giving great shift to one another, virtually makes the hull a unit in construction throughout, whereas the usual method of building with heavy frame of short pieces and single thickness of plank is, by comparison, a bungling job, unmechanical in origin, and weak as well as leaky, and characterized as a bundle of sticks thrown together. Lightness and roominess of hull are secured in the Ileen as well, the saving going to increased ballast and accommodation.

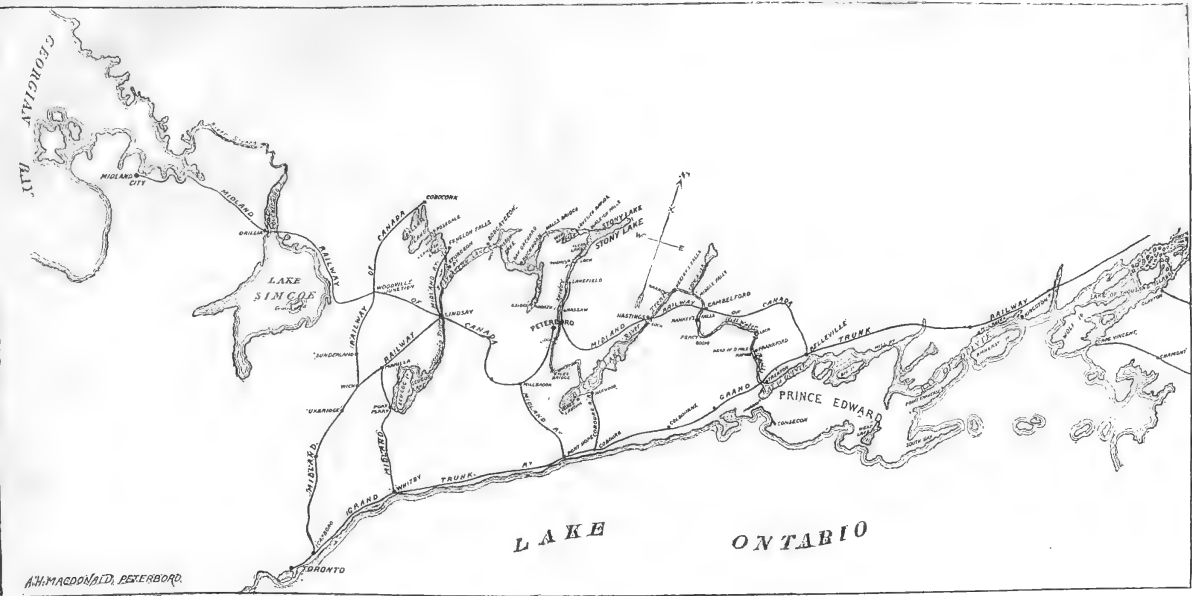
The keel proper is of selected white oak, 4ft. wide and 8in. deep. It is a "built" keel, composed of three pieces in width, so securely bolted together as to make the whole stronger than a large and more or less faulty balk, even could one be obtained to dress to the required shape. The lead keel is 18in. deep, 3ft. wide across the bottom, and 3.6ft. long. It is bolted up to the wood with 1 1/2in. copper, spaced 30in. apart, the bolts being driven diagonally to support the great width of lead better than if driven in the middle line only. The lead was cast separately and allowed to cool before being placed, so as to obviate all risk of splitting the wood keel by the contraction of the metal. The rocker to keel is moderate, as is also the roundup to forefoot, and but little is taken off the heel, the Harvey boats differing from other recent designs in not being so extravagantly cut up at the ends. The stem is 7 1/2in. sided, and the stern post 12in. at the head and 4in. at heel. Apron and knee forward and aft for deadwood aft with a long knee over all. The framing consists of regular sets of double timbers spaced 5ft. with two steam bent timbers between, giving a general spacing of 20in. All have double floors, which are 8in. sided, each. The two floors of the regular frames lay close together with long and short arms on alternate sides of the middle line. To their heads the heels of the first futtocks of the double frames butt. The steamed frames, however, run down between two 8in. floors, the heels being nipped by the heads of the floors, all being bolted through. These bent timbers are 3in., the first futtocks are 3 1/2in., second and third futtocks 3in. Owing to the easy form of the bottom most of the frames are in one piece from head to heel, which in itself adds greatly to the strength of the yacht. The steamed framing of course runs from covering board to keel each side. A main keelson is worked clear fore and aft in one length over the floors, the bolts of the lead and keel fastenings generally going up through the keelson, making a backbone which can never be logged or broken by the weight hung to it, and giving the hull perfect rigidity, preventing working in a seaway with the nuisance of opening seams as in yachts of ordinary construction. The keelson is of oak 3 1/2in. square, lead wood and bow fastenings are of 7 1/2in. Muntz's metal. There are besides sister keelsons 5 1/2in. square, also worked in one length fore and aft, and floor-head strakes 3 1/2x8 1/2in. The counter timbers are 4in. sided, and the quarter timbers are hewn out solid cedar. Clamps are 3 1/2x3 1/2, tapering in thickness to 1in. at the ends. An oak shelf is laid above these for the reception of the beam ends and is 5 1/2in. square. In ordinary practice this shelf is generally omitted, and the bearings of the beams seriously reduced. This fault is then made up in some cases, where builders are mechanics enough and possess some conscience, by resorting to a cumbersome system of kneeling, which in the end is more expensive and not as effective. The beams of the Ileen are 3 1/2 and 4in. sided. To prevent any possible distortion of the sheer by the pull of the rigging, a most excellent, simple and inexpensive expedient is resorted to. It is a comment upon the crude state of yacht building in America that something similar has not come into practice aboard our wide yachts, which are inherently weak structures, owing to their form and flat floor and the enormous rise required to drive them. In the Ileen a bar-iron strap is worked across a number of frames in the shape of an inverted arch, the ends reaching down to take two bolts through first futtock head and the crown passing up under the clamps. This iron strap is 2 1/2x3 1/2 iron. It is easily made and fastened in place at trifling cost, yet it would be in many cases the direct cause of preventing the sides being pulled up in wake of the rigging, thereby saving a material loss in market value to the boat in old age. Another strain had been worked over the frames in wake of the backstays for a like purpose. These inverted girders are indicated in the accompanying profile by the dotted arches. For tying the yacht's ends there are three large hooks in the bow and two aft. There are eight hanging knees of wood, and the principal cabin beams have also iron knees with four bolts clenched through frame and plank and also through the beams. Seven iron pillars serve as a vessel tie. They run from deck to keelson, and being located alongside the bulkheads do not interfere with the cabin arrangements. The best sheathing of plank is 5 1/2in. Georgia pine. The outer sheathing is all 1 1/2in. best oak, so put on as to lap seams with the inner skin. A layer of white lead is applied between the two. These skins are fastened together by eight 3 1/2in. copper bolts, clinched through between each frame. All butts and floor head strake are also through, fastened in each frame with 3 1/2in. copper. The fastening of the yacht throughout is all copper clinch work, no spikes or iron being permitted in such first-class work. The deck will be exceedingly handsome. Along the center will be a wide piece of thick stuff of Spanish cedar. The plank proper is 3 1/2in. thick and will be sprung with a taper fore and aft to the yacht's side, butting into the cedar strake amidships. Eight feet from the stern the fore and aft plank butts into athwartship plank sprung to the round of the arcboard. All deck fittings are to be of teak. They include a fore hatch, the 4x11 1/2ft. galley skylight 2.10x2.10ft.; main skylight, 4.9x6ft.; companion hatch, 4.5x1.5ft.; after cabin



- A-Sailroom.
- B-Hatches.
- C-Ladies' cabin.
- D-Dressers.
- F-Berths.
- G-Baths.
- H-Skylights.
- I-Steering.
- K-Berth.
- M-Compan's ladder.
- N-Skylights.
- O-Owner's berth.
- R-Main cabin.
- S-Sofas.
- T-Lockers.
- U-Cabin table.
- V-Captain's berth.
- X-Galley.
- Y-Pantry.
- d-Sink.
- m-Force's ladder.
- n-Side ports.
- p-Table.
- f-Electrifice.







ROUTES TO STONY LAKE.—SCALE, 20 MILES TO ONE INCH.

**Canoeing.**  
**FIXTURES.**  
Aug. 16, 17, 18—Iowa Canoe Club Regatta, Spirit Lake, Iowa.  
Aug. 20—American Canoe Association Meeting at Stony Lake.  
Aug. 21, 22, 23—American Canoe Association Regatta at Stony Lake.  
Aug. 24—American Canoe Association Meeting at Stony Lake.

A CRUISE ON THE MOKELOMNE.

FIRST PAPER.  
AND I had been making cruises for the last two years, but unfortunately they were most all made in my dining-room, with our legs "under the mahogany" (for I possess one of those relics of a bygone time, a mahogany dining table), and consequently we never got very far.  
Determined to do something to save our credit, I proposed to F. a real bona fide cruise, but F. had meanwhile proposed to a young lady, and this combined with a recent capsize on his part, upset our plans, and compelled him, as he thought, to decline the adventure. Made only the more determined by this defection, I accepted the invitation of a friend to take a trip to his ranch on the Mokelumne among the tules, and one Saturday afternoon, placing my canoe in water and donning a new jacket and a new white canvas belt, prepared in honor of the occasion, set sail from the boat-house of the San Francisco Canoe Club, with a chipping breeze.  
Now if there is one thing more than another which I detest, it is running before the wind in a heavy sea; and off Meigs' Wharf I found I must either sacrifice my dignity or take the chance of a ducking. When it is a question of dignity or ducking, dignity has to go to the wall, and so the balliards were let go, and the pocket handkerchief which serves the Folly as a memento incontinently bundled on deck. A few minutes' paddling brought us out of the wharf and under the shelter of the sea wall.  
To the average spectator a full-rigged ship is a construction of considerable magnitude, but if one wants to know how large a ship really is, let him paddle alongside of one in a canoe, the immensity of the subject will then strike him with commensurate force. The committee, as usual, hailed my appearance with those manifestations of interest which would be flattering if they were not so pointedly personal, and it is sometimes embarrassing to one's vanity to be gravely questioned by some venerable individual on the wharf in stentorian tones to have a care for one's personal safety, when one feels, my friends, that no one is more capable of looking out for that very thing than the person addressed, and no one probably less than the person offering the advice. Being firmly impressed with the idea that Noah, if he had had a good canoe, might have got along reasonably well without any ark on a certain great aquatic excursion of his, I am afraid I did not receive such warnings in a proper spirit, and generally feel more inclined to tell my advisers to go to—Congress than to heed their words. The first stage of my journey was to the Mokelumne upon my discovery of a certain small tugboat owned by my host, or a certain large bay barge, her consort, also his property, and these, or one of them, I was led to look for at Green street wharf, but when after dropping sail for the second time, for I had hoisted again as soon as I was out of rough water, an hour or more was spent in vain search and the Folly's nose was turned toward the boat house. I had gone but a short distance when I saw a small steamer lying at one of the wharves, and ran in to take a look at her, and while examining her I noted the arrival of a certain naval architect, who, in days when I had more money and kept a yacht, built me several boats. I knew that he had built the tug I was in search of,

MEMORANDA OF ROUTE FROM LINDSAY TO TRENTON BY RIVERS AND LAKES.

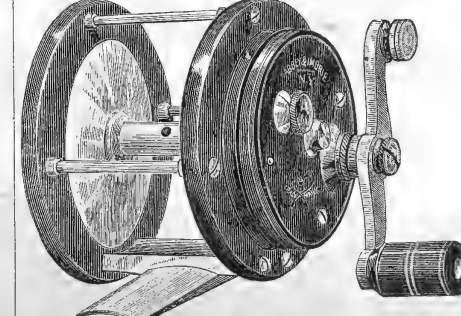
Stations.	Stillwater and River Navigation.	Interm. distance, miles.	Total distance, miles.	Remarks.
Lindsay to mouth of River Seugog.	Still water.	8	....	Slack current.
Mouth of River (Sturgeon Lake) to Bobcaygeon.	Still water.	12 1/2	20 1/2	Sturgeon Lake averages 1 1/2 miles wide.
Bobcaygeon to Pigeon Lake.	Smooth current.	1	21 1/2	Can lock through.
Mouth of River to foot Pigeon Lake.	Still water.	8	29 1/2	Pigeon Lake, one mile wide.
Narrows to Buckhorn Dam.	Still water.	6	35 1/2	
Buckhorn Dam to foot Rapids.	Strong current.	3 1/2	39 1/2	Portage right bank.
Head Deer Bay to Burleigh Rapids.	Still water, except Love's sick Rapids, twenty rods.	7 1/2	46 1/2	Can run Lovesick Rapids.
Burleigh Rapids.	Rough Rapids.	1 1/2	48 1/2	Carry on left bank or at side.
Foot Burleigh Rapids to A. C. A. Camp.	Still water.	6	54 1/2	Welcome to Stony Lake!
A. C. A. Camp to Young's Point.	Still water.	1 1/2	56 1/2	Keep to right bank at Young's Point.
Young's Point Rapids.	Still water.	1 1/2	58 1/2	Can lock through or run dam.
Foot of Rapids to Lakefield.	Continuous rapids.	9 1/2	68 1/2	Lakefield, carry on the left bank.
Lakefield to Little Lake—fall 90 feet.	Still water.	13	81 1/2	Rapids and mill ponds, four dams.
Little Lake to Whitt's Rapids.	Still water.	13	94 1/2	Can lock through or short portage.
Whitt's to mouth Otanabee River.	Slack current.	13	107 1/2	Slack current all way to Rice Lake.
Mouth River to foot of Rice Lake.	Still water.	13	120 1/2	Average width of lake, 3 miles.
Rice Lake to Hastings (lock).	Slack current.	12	132 1/2	River Trent, one-quarter mile wide.
Hastings to Healey's Falls.	Slack current.	12	144 1/2	Average width of river, 30 rods.
Healey's Falls—total fall 70 feet.	Half mile.	1 1/2	146 1/2	Carry on left bank one-quarter mile.
Foot Healey's Falls to Crow Bay.	Heavy rapids.	3	150 1/2	Half mile wide.
Head Crow Bay to Middle Falls.	Still water.	1	151 1/2	Carry on left bank one-quarter mile.
Middle Falls—total fall 23 feet.	Half mile.	1 1/2	153 1/2	Carry on right bank.
Middle Falls to Campbellford.	Rapids.	2 1/2	156 1/2	Carry on right bank one-quarter mile.
Campbellford to Ranney's Falls dam—fall 25 feet.	Rapids.	1	157 1/2	Continuous rapids, nine miles per hour; keep the left channel.
Foot Ranney's Falls to Percy Landing—fall 65 feet.	Rapids.	12	169 1/2	Open bay for five miles from Boom.
Percy Landing to Chisholm's Rapids.	Still water.	6	175 1/2	Carry on right bank.
Chisholm's Rapids.	Slack current.	6	181 1/2	River 50 rods wide.
Head Bay to head Nine Mile Rapids.	Rapids.	9	190 1/2	Continuous rapids, nine miles per hour.
Head Nine Mile Rapids to Trenton—fall 96 feet.	Rapids.	9	200 1/2	

Total fall from Rice Lake to Bay of Quinte, at Trenton... 365 feet.  
From Port Perry to foot Seugog Lake... 194 miles  
Seugog River to Lindsay, slack current... 90  
Cobocnic to mouth Gulf River... 3 "

And that he takes a sort of fatherly interest in all his productions, so as a sort of forlorn hope, I asked him if in his peregrinations he had seen aught of her. He hadn't; my spirits sank, but he heard that the barge was discharging at Folson street. My spirits rose again, but then it was a decidedly long pull to Folson street, against the head wind and getting late and no certainty at that. "Nothing venture, nothing win," thought I, and if I don't find her, I'll have a booming tide to come home with. Settling myself to business I worked my way along, hugging the wharves and looking for eddies, thinking all the time what a jolly place this would be for canoeing, if the wind did not blow hurricanes all summer, and the tide did not tear and churn so among the piles, until the dismounted shed falling to pieces over Folson street wharf, where in the old times the Constitution, the Golden Age, the Golden Gate, the John L. Stephens, the Moses Taylor, and a lot more "naval triumphs" that are ghosts now, were wont to make things lively, hove in sight. There, sure enough, hidden away in the shadow of her overgrown consort, lay the object

of my search, and mine host just in the act of locking the pilot-house to go ashore. A halloo acquainted him with my propinquity, and in a few minutes I was safely alongside. How he stared and laughed at my illupitican craft and my business-like air and costume, but he helped me haul the Folly on deck and stow all the movables in the pilot-house that the over-present and acquisitive wharfrat might not run off with them.  
WILL BROOKS, Canoe Folly, S. F. C. C.  
KENNEBEC AND MEGANTIC.—Vessels, Neide and Hubbard have returned from their cruise up the Kennebec and Dead rivers, Chain Ponds and Lake Megantic, and report many portages over dams and fles made life in the wilderness lively if not interesting. Game is plentiful about the Cham Ponds and Lake Megantic; few caribou but many moose and deer, and trout in all the streams. The trip down the Chaudiere was abandoned, owing to the low water. Dr. Neide will go to Stony Lake about August 1.

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9. Headaches, Sick Headaches, Vertigo, 25  
10. Dropsy, Bilious Stomach, 25  
11. Suppressed or Painful Periods, 25  
12. Menstrual Disorders, 25  
13. Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing, 25  
14. Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions, 25  
15. Rheumatism, Gout, Glandular Pains, 25  
16. Fever and Ague, Chills, Fever, Ague, 50  
17. Dropsy, Bilious Stomach, 25  
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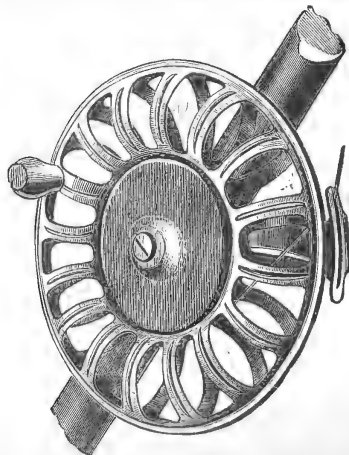
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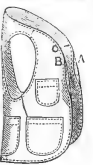
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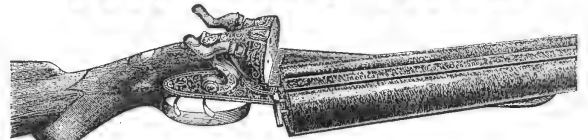
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